

# The Florence Tribune

VOL. I.

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No. 2

## HARRY MARTIN IS DROWNED

Bright Young Florence Lad Meets Death in Whirlpool in Missouri River, Sunday. While in Swimming, and All Florence is Shaken Up by the Sad Catastrophe and Sympathize with the Parents.

Attempting to swim through one of the most dangerous places in the Missouri river near Florence, Harry Martin, 17 years of age, was drowned at noon Sunday in sight of his companions near the north crib of the Omaha Water company at Florence. He was a son of Mrs. Harriet Taylor, wife of Elmer Taylor of Florence.

With Clifford Kierle and Tod Miller, the Martin boy was boat-riding on the Missouri river, and concluded to take a swim. He started down stream and before he knew it was in one of the whirlpools which are created and change frequently near the crib of the water company.

Even in the face of the rapids the boat was started at once for the spot where Martin went down and every effort made to rescue him. From the very rapids Clifford Kierle has pulled out several boys who have been drawn under, and tried to rescue Martin, but this time the boy was gone.

One hundred yards or more below the whirling waters released Harry Martin, and he came to the surface. But it was only for a moment. Rapids at that point, where the river is traveling twenty miles an hour and is thirty feet deep, drew him under as soon as his arms and head were fairly out of the water.

Since the last suction of the water far below the boat the body has not been seen, nor could hooks and dynamite recover it after 8 or 9 hours' work Sunday afternoon and evening. Those acquainted with the freaks of the Missouri river believe the body has been carried down the river past Omaha, the whirling current not permitting it to come to the surface for a moment. This has been the experience in the past with many, who have been drowned near Florence.

Weeks ago a young man named Sullivan was caught in the same rapids which took the life of Harry Martin, and long before Sullivan lost his life, workmen were caught in the maw of the whirlpool, and Florence people believe at least half a dozen have been claimed as victims of the current since the crib was built.

Friends of the young man who was drowned Sunday watched the river from the bridge in Omaha and below the city, while workmen were secured and dynamited in the whirlpools near the scene of the drowning.

Clifford Kierle, who was with him, said:

"We were boat-riding up north and went in swimming at the bend. Miller and myself dressed and rowed the boat down, while Martin started to swim around the crib. At the entrance of the creek he was caught in a whirlpool and sucked under. Immediately rowed to the place and made ready to save him, but he was shot up out of the water about 100 yards from where we were and immediately sank, never to appear again."

Besides the three boys in the boat there was a big crowd of boys on the crib, all of whom witnessed the tragedy.

The marshal says he will post a notice there that no swimming is allowed, and will arrest any boy found there.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have the sympathy of people of Florence, for Harry was a family fellow, beloved of all, and it is too bad that he should be taken away just as he was entering manhood.

He was insured for \$500 in the Court of Honor, having but recently joined the order.

Mrs. Taylor offers a reward of \$100 for the finding of the body. Men have been dynamiting the river all week in the hopes of raising the body.

Two sisters and a brother of Mrs. Taylor have been here this week, but the brother and one sister returned home Wednesday, the other sister remaining until the body is found.

### \$100 REWARD.

Mrs. Elmer Taylor will pay a reward of \$100 for the finding of the body of Harry Martin, drowned Sunday in the Missouri river. The boy is about 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, dark brown hair, blue eyes, and had on a dark bathing suit when drowned.

### PIANO VOTES.

As the judges were unable to get the votes counted in time for this week's issue we are compelled to omit the vote. The judges and Mr. McClure say they will have the votes counted in time for the issue next week.

## HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

The Class of '09 Presents Program and Receives Diplomas at Pascale's Hall Wednesday Evening.

This year's class of graduates of the Florence High School held their commencement exercises at Pascale's hall on Wednesday evening and presented the following program:

Processional—Mrs. Harold Reynolds. Invocation, Rev. Clyde. Pilgrim's Chorus (Wagner)—Chorus. Piano solo (selected)—Mrs. Harold Reynolds.

"Who Is Sylvia?" "Serenade" (Schubert)—Chorus.

Solo, "Sing, Smile, Slumber" (Gounod)—Maud Grebe.

Class Address—Prof. E. U. Graff, Principal Omaha High School.

A Moonlight Boat Ride—Adaptation from Verdi's.

Il Trovatore—Chorus.

Presentation of Diplomas—J. F. McLane.

Benediction.

The class roll and organization is as follows:

Clifford Kierle, President.

Irving B. Allison, Secretary.

Sara Craig.

Maud Grebe.

Viola Van Syckel.

Class Motto: "Climb, though the Rocks be rugged."

Class Colors: Green and white.

Class Flower: Pink rose.

May all of these graduates go for a higher education is the best wish that could be bestowed on them, for the world today demands the man or woman of the best education. Plenty there are to fill the positions not requiring a good education, but few for the best paying positions that demand the best brains.

Florence people should feel proud of the product of its high school, and while the class is small, every effort should be made to see that a larger class is graduated every year.

The hall was completely filled with friends of the school, about 350 being present. The stage was decorated in green and with a large panel in the center and on each side with the letters '09. Across the front of the stage on a green background in white letters was the motto "Climb Though the Rocks be Rugged." On the platform besides the graduates were Prof. J. F. McLane, County Superintendent W. A. Yoder, Mr. Graff and Rev. Clyde of the Plymouth Congregational church, Omaha.

## COFFMAN NEWS

Miss Anna Potter of Florence was visiting at Thos. Petersen's Sunday.

Mr. Hans Stuben attended the picnic in Bennington Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Saum were visiting home folks Sunday.

Mrs. Chris. Pedersen was visiting home folks Sunday.

Mr. Walter Larsen was visiting at the Vanzagt home Sunday.

Mr. Roy Chase and Miss Lena Vansays were visiting at Windy Hill Sunday.

Mrs. U. M. Ewing and daughter Lena were visiting at Chris. Pedersen's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins of South Omaha were visiting at Gus Sachs over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary and Henrietta Lund and Miss Mary Conner of Omaha were visiting at Paul Nelson's the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lubold, Mrs. L. W. Reynolds and Willie Barber formed a theater party that enjoyed "The Marriage of William Ashe" at the Boyd Tuesday evening. It is getting to be quite the thing now for Florence people to make theater parties these days.

Charter No. 1056.

Report of Condition of FARMERS' STATE BANK OF FLORENCE.

Florence, Nebr., June 2nd, 1909.

Statement of Farmers State Bank

Close of Business May 22, 1909.

As called for by the State Banking Board, Lincoln, Nebr.—Commenced business April 19, 1909.

Resources.

Loans and discounts.....\$8,186.95

Due from National banks.....2,182.20

Banking House fixtures.....500.00

Cash on hand.....1,357.66

Total.....\$12,226.81

Liabilities.

Capital Stock.....\$10,000.00

Undivided profits.....25.90

Deposits subject to check...2,090.91

Time certificates.....110.00

Total.....\$12,226.81

W. R. WALL, F. T. PARKER, President. Cashr.

W. R. WALL, SOREN C. PEDERSEN, J. P. FINLEY, F. T. PARKER, R. H. OLMSTED, Directors.

## MUSIC AGAIN THE THEME

A Florence Citizen Returns from Berlin, Where He Has Been Intimate with Royalty, and Made So Good That His Fame Is World-Wide, Although Only 19 Years of Age.

Mr. Stanislav Letovsky, son of Stahley Letovsky, whose farm is north of town on the Calhoun road, returned last week from Berlin, where he has been pursuing his piano and musical composition studies since his graduation from the Omaha High School in 1907.

Here is a young man of only 19, son of a resident of this town, who has been quietly working away at his studies and has achieved fame abroad in less than two years.

But, as I once before stated, I am not sufficiently educated in music to do justice to the young man, so have left to Mr. Thomas J. Kelly the task of doing so.

Mr. Kelly says:

Very often one hears of some one who is going to be a great musician, or of some one who is going to be a great singer, and very often those whose praises are sung and chanted in advance of the gentle art of "making good," before they have really done anything praiseworthy, do not come up to expectations, or they sink into the stagnant waters of mediocrity.

But it is ever a cause for congratulation when one comes across a person, especially a young person, who quietly and without much heralding goes about his work in a serious, determined manner and really achieves.

Of such a one would the writer now compose a paragraph of sincere appreciation.

Clever people are comparatively numerous. Talented persons are met with here and there. A "genius" is an exceptional rarity.

Some people have a "genius" for one thing and some have a "genius" for another, but to "be" a genius, that is quite another matter.

Without any home patriotism, or a twisting of the truth for the sake of "local" pride, or anything of that sort, the music critic of the Bee refers to Stanislav Letovsky as "A Genius, by the Grace of God."

Here is a young man who, just a couple of brief years ago, was doing his work at the High School like any other faithful student. He was spending his time outside of school hours in the serious study of music. When he became proficient enough, he sought and secured employment in the orchestras, and gained an invaluable experience in what is called "routine."

He practiced diligently at his piano, and helped his father, S. B. Letovsky, the well known local musician, in the copying, transposition and arranging of songs, accompaniments and orchestral compositions. He worked just as hard as any man works who is working to pile up money, but he was piling up wisdom, which is greater than rubies, and knowledge which is beyond the wealth of the gold of Ophir.

He possesses already a small fortune in wealth of ideas, and he has compounded interest on his talents.

And such a fortune is unaffected by market or exchange.

The work began to tell. The genius began to burst forth; the lamp was trimmed and the oil was not lacking, and the light began to burn.

It burned so brightly that it attracted attention in that brilliant city of Berlin, whose musical firmament is ablaze with stars of great brilliancy.

And its radiance streamed northward until it arrived at Kiel, where the German emperor's brother, Prince Heinrich, lives. And there in the Stadt theater this young man from Florence, a genius at the age of 18 years (think of it!) is conducting opera.

Look at the slender figure of the youth, as he raises his baton over the assembled orchestra of eminent players and thorough musicians. Mark the seriousness of the countenance, the lustre of the eyes, the steadiness of control, the sincerity of purpose, and then—some one is seen approaching the royal box, and you notice that the prince has summoned the young conductor to his box in order to bestow upon him the royal congratulations.

And not yet 19 years of age! It sounds like a biography of one of the masters.

During his work at Kiel this young man has been one of four conductors; he has been engaged in working out the roles for performances, in private rehearsals for the greatest operas, and contrary to custom, has in first year sat in the conductor's chair and conducted operas and operettas publicly.

But Stanislav Letovsky has also been attracting much attention by his pianoforte solo work. He has played

## GIRL MURDERED NEAR FLORENCE

Annie Nelson Suspected to Have Been Assaulted and Murdered on River Road North of Florence.

The police of Omaha think Miss Annie Nelson, sister-in-law of Knute Larson, was murdered on the river road just north of Pries lake, on May 22 and the body dragged across the bottoms and thrown into the Missouri river.

The body of Annie Nelson, a Danish woman 22 years of age, was found floating in the Missouri river, two miles north of Locust street, at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. The appearance of the body and the other circumstances in the case cause Coroner Heafey and the police to believe that she was criminally assaulted two weeks ago, was then murdered and the body thrown into the river to conceal the double crime.

A rigid investigation will be made in the hope of clearing up the mystery and bringing the supposed fiend to justice. No one is as yet suspected of the crime.

The autopsy was held Sunday evening and an inquest will be held at 11 o'clock this morning.

Leaving her home, which was that of her brother-in-law, William Negethon, at Fifth and Locust streets, in East Omaha, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning of Saturday, May 22, the young woman was not heard from until Sunday, when the family identified the body. She had left the Negethon home to meet her mother, 65 years of age, who lived with Knute Larson, Miss Nelson's brother-in-law, on a farm five miles north of Florence.

The mother had intended visiting her relatives in East Omaha and was going by the river road across the bottom land. Her daughter, who worked out as a domestic, but was out of employment at the time, hoped to meet her half way between the two houses and accompany her to the Negethon home.

When the mother arrived safely at her intended destination and the daughter failed to appear, the family became alarmed, but said nothing to the police until Monday, May 24. The latter were told that foul play was feared, or that the woman had become lost, as she could not speak English, and they made an investigation, but without result.

Sunday morning C. P. Selgaard, 3711 South Thirteenth street, who works at the Cudahy plant in South Omaha, was fishing on the river bank two miles north from the foot of Locust street. Selgaard noticed a nude body floating a foot or two under water, about five feet from the Nebraska shore, and with some other men secured it with a fish line and then told a dairyman living nearby.

The latter notified Negethon, supposing it might be the body of his sister-in-law. Negethon identified the corpse which had been taken out of the water.

Coroner Heafey took possession and declared after examining the body that he suspected Miss Nelson had been assaulted, then murdered, and that the man or men guilty of the crime had thrown the body into the river.

Marks on the corpse indicate that the victim had been cruelly beaten and probably dragged over the ground after becoming unconscious. The supposed scene of the assault is on the bottom road north of Florence, near Pries lake, which would necessitate dragging the body some distance to the river.

The body had been in the water about two weeks, judging from its condition. It was badly decomposed when found, and portions had been eaten away by fishes. The marks of ill-treatment were plainly discernable and told the tale of the young woman's fate.

a great deal and has received much flattering press comment.

And in the realm of composition he has not only done some serious things, but he has actually secured a publisher, and a publisher whose house is one of the most important in Europe. This was accomplished largely through the influence of Mr. Paul Juon, one of the most distinguished of the modern composers, to whom Letovsky was introduced by Mr. Joseph Gahn, one of the young man's former teachers. Mr. Gahn presented the case so strongly to Mr. Juon that the latter took a great interest in the young composer, and, being impressed with his unusual gifts, gave him the benefit of his influence. The sonata Opus 1 has already been accepted and his Variations Op. 2, his five pianoforte compositions and his Slavic Rhapsody will soon make their appearance.

Mr. Letovsky is now in Florence, visiting his family, and he will leave for Kiel in August, where he will resume his work at an increased stipend. He probably will give a concert in Omaha in the near future.

—Thomas J. Kelly.

## CITY COUNCIL HAS BIG CROWD

City cads meet Monday evening with a big crowd present to listen to the proceedings and to see the councilmen appear with flowers in their lapels. Tribune is made official paper for the ensuing year.

A big crowd was at the city hall Monday evening when the council appeared ready for business.

Each councilman wore a big white peony in his lapel while the Mayor had a red one.

Everyone present was guessing whether a woman's club had been formed and presented the flowers preparatory to asking some favors of the august body.

It's now up to the councilmen to explain where the flowers came from and if there is any significance in their wearing the flowers.

Mr. Allen of the south ward told the council that the superintendent of the C. St. P. M. & O. road was entitled to thanks for the way he had fixed the bridge across Spring creek.

Less than thirty days ago the council passed a resolution asking that the railroad company remove all sunken and broken piles from the bed of the creek. The railroad company did so and did such a good job that Mr. Allen felt it his duty to bring it before the council.

A petition reciting that it was unjust to pave Main street the full length and assess the cost all over the city, that the Main street should be paved only in the business district, etc., was read. It had the signatures of 140 people and was referred to the committee of the whole which met Thursday night at the city hall, to take for a report in this week's paper. The communication of W. H. Haller took the same course.

Fire inspector Gamble made a report that was placed on file.

The sidewalk ordinance received its second reading.

The electric light company was instructed to see that the light in the park was turned on. The water company was instructed to put in a new fountain and sewer in the park and turn on the water.

Mr. J. E. Taylor appeared and presented receipts showing he had paid the grading tax on his property twice—once to the city treasurer and once to the county treasurer. The council ordered the repayment to Mr. Taylor of the tax to the city.

The city treasurer presented his report showing the condition of the funds of the city. Here is a summary:

Bal on hand May 1.....\$ 65.98

Collections in May.....2,384.42

Total.....\$2,450.40

May 1, bal. Water fund.....\$726.11

May collections.....43.61

Bal. June 1.....\$769.72

May 1, bal S. U. fund.....\$ 99.75

May collections.....118.46

Bal. June 1.....\$218.21

May 1, balance in Gr. fund.....\$ 50.26

Collections.....59.89

Bal. June 1.....\$110.15

Paid to School fund.....\$2,000.00

Paid out of General fund.....442.41

Bal. June 1 General fund.....16.99

June 1 bal. in all funds.....1,105.07

The city marshal was instructed to enforce ordinance 38 providing for license of pool tables and bowling alleys and prohibiting minors from playing.

The council by unanimous vote made the Tribune the official paper for the ensuing year.

Hugh Suttie was instructed to take a census of the city at the time he takes the school census and was allowed \$10 as compensation for doing so.

The council will hold a special meeting Monday night to open bids for the paving of Main street.

### M. W. A. DRILL TEAM DANCE.

The drill team of the Modern Woodmen of America will give a dance at Pascale's hall, Saturday evening, and a large crowd is looked for, as the sixteen young men composing the team are all Florence boys and very popular in the younger set. They deserve all the success possible, for when sixteen young men give of their time freely to drill and study, so they can put on the work creditably for their fellow lodgemen, they are certainly loyal and worthy of support.

### INCREASE OF POPULATION.

Mr. John Erickson and family have just moved from Sioux City, Ia., to Florence, and are now occupying one of Dave Andrews' houses. It will be good news to Hugh Suttie to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Erickson have three pairs of twins. Mr. Erickson is employed at the Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co.

## FLORENCE BASEBALL DOPE.

Mighty Good Games Are Played Here for the Benefit of the Fans, and Ought to Draw Big Crowds.

There is some mighty good baseball being played every week at the Florence ball park, and a big turnout of the fans should be made to encourage such good work.

The Americans beat the Townsend "All Stars" Sunday at Florence Park by a score of 4 to 2, this being the eleventh straight game for the Americans.

Brodbeck pitched a great game, allowing but three hits, one being a home run, bringing in the only runs. The features of the game was the one-handed catch of a hard line drive by Collins at a critical moment. Spellman was the particular star for the Townsends, bringing in the only runs and catching a good game.

Next Sunday the Americans play the Ramblers at Florence Park.

### The score:

AMERICANS.

	AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Collins, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	0
Denny, 3b.....	2	2	0	1	1
Farley, 1b.....	4	3	0	0	0
Rapp, 2b.....	4	1	0	2	1
Williams, c.....	4	0	8	1	0
Fox, rf.....	4	2	2	0	1
Dygart, lf.....	4	1	4	0	0
Dennison, cf.....	4	1	3	0	0
Smith, ss.....	4	2	0	1	0
Brodbeck, p.....	4	1	0	2	0
Totals.....	37	13	27	8	3

### TOWNSENDS.

	AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Eastman, ss.....	4	0	1	5	1
Durkee, 3b.....	4	0	2	2	0
Hall, 2b.....	3	1	3	2	0
Spellman, c.....	3	1	9	4	0
Quigley, 1b.....	4	1	10	1	0
Biglow, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0
Lehr, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0
Mullen, rf.....	4	0	1	0	0
Faber, p.....	3	0	0	2	0

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# With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

## Reduced to the Ranks

By J. W. FOLEY.

(Being a letter from William Gayboy, just off the college baseball team, to his brother Bob, written from a small town in the country.)

My Dear Bob:

Have you a couple of twentys you can send down here into the bush until salary day comes around again? I am out of the major league class and the old gentleman has sent me into the tall grass until I get over my Charley-horse. I am the ostensible manager of one of the old gentleman's branch houses down here, with a devil of a bookkeeper as the watchdog of the treasury. He is one of those old faithfuls you read about in Dickens, and never a scratch of the pen will he make on a check until he gets O. K. from the old gentleman. He is deaf in the sympathetic ear, the bookkeeper is, and when I go to him for an advance on next month's pay he gets writer's cramp in his pitching arm. The old gentleman is hard as a granite wall this time. He says I'm not built for fast company and I'll have to play in a bush league until I get my head and am able to locate them when they come over the pan and don't bite at the wild ones. When he got my batting average from my major league engagement he cut me off the salary list and sent me down here as extra man.

I don't know exactly what was the matter with my playing but the old gentleman said it wouldn't do. He sent me up to Andover when I came out of school and put me up near the head of the batting order with a lot

of veterans who have been on the diamond for 15 years. I made good at the start, drove out a homer or two and cleaned the bases when runs counted, and I had a letter from the old gentleman offering me a place as playing manager of the Andover concern if I held up my average.



"He is Deaf in the Sympathetic Ear."

Then I got swelled. Let a fellow make a homer in a close game and he's apt to think he can go through the season on his record. The bleachers will stand that for a while but if you fan once or twice at a critical moment or bunt out a few easy runs

they're apt to rise up and carol for your release. That's the way it was with the old gentleman. I thought I was the only one in the bunch who could stick better than .300 and it was me to the race course on afternoons when the firm needed good men with the willow. The old gentleman wrote up once or twice that he heard I was slow on the base lines and was apt to go out Maying when there was a game on at the dress goods counter. The fans had me swelled with the notion the old gentleman wouldn't dare send me to the bench. I wrote the old gentleman I could drive one to the club house whenever I wanted to, but that I was young, with an infinite capacity for enjoyment, and if he didn't crowd me I'd settle down after while into a steady sticker. But he wrote back that gate receipts were what counted and he bush-leagued me for fair. That's why I'm here.

It's a general merchandise game down here. The diamond is small, and the fence is only about 30 feet back of the base lines. Anybody can drive one over. It takes them about two weeks to get the figures from the big games up on the score board and I feel like Christy Mathewson in the box against the high school team.

If I stay here six months I'll be able to sleep all through a championship series between the Nationals and the Americans in the front row of the grand stand. Have pity, Bobby, and send me the two twentys. I want to run up to the city and see if they still get news by telegraph.

Your affectionate brother,

BILL.

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## The King's Kibosh

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

Once upon a time there was a king of the east. There was a chalk line running around the earth from north to south, and this chalk line was the king's promenade.

One pleasant spring morning he put on his little green hat with the cute little bow in the back and calling Don John Keep, one of the retainers of the castle and all else that was not nailed down, and said to him:

"John, thou knowest that I am a monarch of great rank."

"That don't bother me none, your majesty," replied John. "You know I ain't got no sense of smell."

"And thou knowest, Don John Keep," continued the king, "that the king of the west is a haughty and grasping man, rooting where he has

"Don't be a fool!" snapped the King of the West. "If you have ever read a fairy story you know the hero never turns back! Lead me to her!"

"Well, where is she?" asked the King of the West when they were gathered about the couch whereon reposed the royal mother-in-law.

"That's it."

"Are you trying to hand me a lemon?"

At this remark a shudder shook the form of the sleeping mother-in-law.

"Her nose is crooked!" continued the king.

At this remark the mother-in-law's hand went to the sleeping mother-in-law's nose.

"She has false teeth!"

"Thou liest, caltiff!" hissed the mother-in-law without batting an eye.

"And she is sixty!"

A miracle! The mother-in-law awoke

and struck the floor running, and it was the King of the West whom she was after, though the King of the East left so suddenly that he did not know this. He went out of the door going due north and he came into his back door, through the summer kitchen, the hallway, the bathroom, the best parlor, over the center table and out into the hall just in time to see his own coat tails disappearing out of the front door. As he sat on the back steps that night knocking the sand out of his shoes there was a royal flush of pleasure on his cheek and he told himself: "Well, I got the kibosh on both of them all rights! And I am just bound to be called 'The Roosevelt of my generation!' The trouble with me has been that I never had the right incentive to make that run before today."

With a sigh of satisfied ambition he went upstairs, snipped his wife, kicked the cat and went to bed, and lived happily forever after.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

## The Third Ingredient

By H. M. EGBERT.

"I told you, Peter, folks what uses dynamite is fools," said Clansky, of the third section of the Universal Brotherhood, leaning at his companion through the darkness of the cellar. "You can't buy picric acid and them things without the policemen get after you. Gunpowder is made easy, and it's just as good, if you mix it well and use enough."

"I tell you I don't like to do it, Meester Clansky," his companion whimpered.

"What?" hissed the Russian, assuming a minatory attitude, at which his tool covered instinctively. "What did you say? Ain't you a downtrodden proletariat?"

"Dot's so," muttered the German. "Then be one, Peter. Arouse, ye slave. Isn't Schmitz a greedy, grasping, bloodsucking landlord? Didn't he fire you out of your job because you let the policemen find you putting that horse into his sausages? Ain't he turned you out of this very basement, to starve in the streets tomorrow, while he fastens like a leech on the palethroat of the proletariats?"

"Dot's so," said the German, his face flushing with anger at the remembrance of his lost job in the delicatessen shop overhead where Schmitz, ignorant of the conspirators below, was counting up the receipts of the day.

"You come to me, your friend," said Clansky. "I said, 'the Brotherhood will stand by you in your struggle against the capitalists. Wipe your hands in his gore. Get sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre at three different shops, and I'll show you how to mix them.' And now you falter and cringe before the oppressor."

"No, I don't," Clansky, said the German, fired to resolution. "Where's the bomb?"

"It is here," said the Russian, dramatically, opening the grip he had brought with him. With infinite care he took from it a heavy metallic object like a cannon ball, from one end of which depended a long wisp of fuse. He placed it firmly in position against a cross beam.

"Down with the capitalists," he cried, lighting the fuse; and with hasty accord they sought the refuge

of the streets. From the corner of the block they awaited the inevitable explosion. Nothing occurred. Clansky turned pale.

"Mein Gott, she's gone out," he whispered. "Come back and light her again."

They hurried into the basement. And suddenly a figure leaped out of the darkness like a tiger and felled them to the ground.

"Trying to stink out my business, you scum, are you?" roared Schmitz. "Burning your punk balls under my



"Where's the Bomb?"

delicatessen store." And with the unrestrained fury of 200 pounds of snow and bone he trounced them and flung them groaning into the passage way. The basement door slammed in their faces.

"You miserable fool, Peter," groaned Clansky, as they nursed their bruises in the corner saloon. "The fuse was right. You must have bought the wrong materials. What did you get?"

"I got sulphur and charcoal and salt," said Peter, dolefully.

"Salt, you blockhead?" cried Clansky. "I said saltpetre. Not salt, but saltpetre, petre, petre."

"Ja," answered the German. "You said: 'Go to three different shops and buy some sulphur, some charcoal, and some salt, Peter.'"

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

# THE VOGUE IN PARIS

## ONCE A LIFE SAVER

Secretary Dickinson Rescued an Aged Man from River.

Hugged by Mr. Taft, but When All Detroit Wanted to Make a Hero of Him, Chief of War Department Ran Away.

Cincinnati, O.—There is an incident in the life of J. M. Dickinson, secretary of war, which his innate modesty will not permit him to discuss.

It happened some 12 or 15 years ago, the year the American Bar association met at Detroit. The business session had come to a close, and that evening the party went up the Detroit river in yachts for an excursion. They were late returning. It was pitch dark.

One of the members of the party was James J. Joy, then about 80 years old, one of the prominent and distinguished men of Detroit, and otherwise identified with the best commercial, social and political interests of his state. He died some years ago.

Mr. Joy started to leave the boat by the gangplank. The darkness deceived him and what he supposed was the wharf was one of the shadows



DAINTY, dazzling, delicious, such are the creations which Dame Fashion has introduced for the summer of 1909.

To accommodate the clinging, silky, floppy styles now in vogue, materials are all of a kind calculated to fall in soft folds and drape in folds known as "classic," and which are purely Parisian, and as much superior to classic folds as the smart Paris gown is to the cumbersome toga, writes Marie de Montaigne.

Sheer white embroidered robes are features of this and the coming season, and these are distinguished for the delicacy and exquisite workmanship of the embroidery. This, in the better class of machine-made embroidery, rivals hand work in beauty, and only an adept or the person who paid the bills could tell the difference between them.

Our first illustration shows an admirable design in the latest mode for our warm season. It is a gown that may be made up in a wide variety of materials, from cloth to chiffon, or linen to mull. A gorgeous dinner gown could be created by making the gumpie and stock; the full drawn puff across the front between the empire band and sash, and the sleeves of silver tissue with a gown of thin blue satin; or of gold tissue with any kind of black evening material. In the first case the empire bolero with its short upper sleeves; the sash, cuffs, edge of overskirt and bottom of skirt would be embroidered or braided in silver. In the next instance the black gown would be embroidered in gold.

To make an afternoon gown of this model use soft silk or satin, and work an elaborate pattern of hand-embroidery or soutache braid over the broad part of the bodice, which is formed somewhat on the bolero order in regard to brevity, and which serves to support the skirt by means of two broad, embroidered straps which are buttoned to the top of the sash. Of course, the strap is usually sewed firmly to the sash, but it is quite possible to fasten it on the button and with a concealed hook and eye in each corner. This would permit one to wear a sheer blouse on a warm day without the embroidered covering.

The overskirt is looped in upward folds on each side, and is embroidered to harmonize with the design used upon the bodice. This begins in a tiny scallop high up the front of the overskirt, and increases in the size of scallops towards the bottom. Buttons or button effects are set in each scallop. Usually these are of raised embroidery, beginning with a mere dot and growing to quite a large disc lower down on the overskirt.

Upon the skirt is repeated another harmonizing embroidery or braid design that extends around the bottom on and above the hem and straggles up charmingly into an irregular point upon the front of the skirt.

The bottom of the skirt lies on the floor in full, floppy folds all around and has a slight trail in the back.

Between the embroidered bolero sleeves and cuff is a plain sleeve, fitted and buttoned down the outer side.

This may be of the dress material or of the sheer fabric used for the collar and front of the gown.

When built of thin white or flowered summer cotton fabrics the embellished portions of the gown may be cut out of all-over embroidery or lace and supplied by edgings and flouncings to match.

Striped linen is used in making up the gown shown in the illustration on the right. A combination of plain and striped linen would also be most effective in this model, while silk, in the same plan, would also serve charmingly.

The coat is built to fasten at one side under a panel front, in each of which is inserted along the middle a piece of trimming material. A semi-fitted effect is given the garment by means of narrow plaits or pin tucks that extend from below the bust down and emphasize a short-waisted appearance. A babyish round collar is edged with trimming, which may be either a striped material or tucking, similar to that used upon the coat panel. Large buttons decorate each shoulder and also the sleeve cuff and straps around the upper arm. Perhaps the most striking feature in the gown is its pretty sleeve. This is mousquetaire, of three-quarter length, and shows, below it, a fitted cuff of lace or such embroidered material as may be selected to trim the dress with. A plaited skirt, made walking length, completes an effective costume, which might be made up attractively in any cotton, linen, silk or thin wool goods suitable for a dress to be worn in the forenoon.

With this costume is shown a basin-shaped hat with flowers around the crown and big loops of soft ribbon hanging over the back.

Linen is an admirable material in which to build the model shown. It is a style equally adapted to light wool and silk fabrics.—Boston Herald.

## ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR.



A Becoming Coronet of Silver Filigree and Seed Pearls.

Dainty gloves for summer evening wear are of delicately tinted silk, embroidered in jewels.



Jacob M. Dickinson.

cast athwart the water. He stepped from the boat out into space. There was a splash, a muffled cry, then silence.

Dickinson was directly behind Joy. He did not hesitate an instant. There was no time to pull off a coat or kick off shoes. It was a case of instant action or no action whatever. An expert swimmer, Dickinson required no preparation. He plunged into the darkness and the waters below to save a life if to save it were possible.

For a moment the waters closed over him, then he came to the surface, treading water, and looking about. Within a few seconds he spied Joy who was supported by the great coat he wore, ballooning about him. The octogenarian was growing feeble, and help came just in time. Dickinson seized the cape of the coat that enveloped Joy and held him above water.

The great danger that threatened now was that he might be crushed between the wharf and the boat. In the meantime the excitement of the situation had communicated itself to the other members of the party, and the engineer was warned in the nick of time.

Dickinson's son, then a boy, now a man engaged in business in Seattle, was the first to render practical assistance. He caught up a coil of rope and threw one end over. His father grasped it, the boat's searchlight having been turned on to aid him in his work of rescue, and gave it to Joy, who was yet able to cling to it and help in some slight measure those who then pulled him out of the water.

Dickinson kept himself above water until Joy had been rescued and his own turn came. Then, his wet clothes sticking to him and the water running from them, he, too, was pulled aboard. He was hurried into a cabin.

The first man to enter it was William Howard Taft, one of the members of the bar association. He didn't care how wet Dickinson was. He just threw both arms around him and hugged him in the exuberance of his joy and admiration.

"That was a splendid thing you did to-night, old man," he shouted.

"The next day everybody made a hero of Dickinson. But Dickinson couldn't stand it. It was entirely too much for him. He just took a train and sneaked away.

## The New Force.

He (commonplace and business)—I don't know what came over me, but I felt an irresistible impulse to buy a new motor car.

She (unusual and psychic)—That, my dear, was auto suggestion.

# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.  
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POST OFFICE NEWS STAND  
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JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr.  
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF  
FLORENCE.

**CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.**  
Mayor: E. S. Tucker  
City Clerk: Charles Cottrell  
City Treasurer: W. H. Thomas  
City Engineer: Harold Reynolds  
City Marshal: Chas. Baughman  
Councillmen:  
Robert Craig  
J. H. Price  
Charles Allen  
Dan P. Kelly  
J. R. Lowry  
Police Judge

**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**  
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DEPARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the second Monday evening in each month.  
W. B. Parks, President; W. R. Wall, Secretary.

**SCHOOL BOARD.**  
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the month at this school building.  
W. E. Rogers, Chairman  
Hugh Suttle, Secretary

**TRADES UNION COUNCIL**  
OMAHA, NEB.

FLORENCE, JUNE 11, 1909.

Three big days.

Don't forget July 3, July 4 and July 5.

If you see it in the Tribune it is official.

Rain, rain, rain. Have you had enough of it yet?

The Tribune is the official paper of the city of Florence.

The council meetings are becoming regular mass meetings these days.

How about the street car service? Is it not time something was done to have it bettered?

Many a Florence mother will now worry over her boy going swimming or fishing at the river.

Why will boys take such desperate chances in the river, when it is the most treacherous river in the world?

Are you doing anything to boost the big celebration, and bring a large crowd here for three days?

If there is ever an occasion when you do not get your paper on time, please let us know, as we always publish on time, and want our readers to get their paper on time.

**SLANDER.**

That stinging sheet, The Bumble Bee, published in the small village to the south of us, evidently cannot afford to hire a correspondent in this thriving metropolitan city, but in order to appease the demand for news has one of its reporters manufacture news from here.

Listen to what it said this week: FLORENCE FLITTINGS.

Rained today.  
Rained yesterday.  
Rained Monday, too.  
Rained every day this week.

On some parts of the macadam roadway leading to Omaha you would not know it was paved.

The florists whose hot-houses were in the path of the spring hail storms have nice new glass in them—that's about all they have in them.

Since he moved out here to his farm Myron Learned is getting to look more like a farmer every day.

Florence expects to be particularly popular after the 8 o'clock closing law goes into effect. You know, Florence is the home of the water supply, and water is very refreshing.

Welcome to Jim Kelly and George West, and our other Florence farmers.

The real facts in the case are as follows:

It did not rain "today," but last night.

It did not rain yesterday, but just poured.

It did not rain Monday, but sprinkled.

The very idea of saying there is a macadam road between Omaha and Florence, when the mayor and city council say there is not, and are trying to have the mud holes filled by paving! It is not yet paved, but will be some day. At present it is like a sultry place we know of—paved with good intentions only.

The florists say they have no new glass in their houses. They are too busy pulling weeds and selling flowers to put glass in; and anyway, with the glass out it doesn't cost them anything to water their plants.

We would like to know how under the sun Myron Learned could look more like a farmer than he did when living in Omaha. The brightest looking men in the world describes the looks of a farmer.

If Omaha don't behave itself we will have the City Council of Florence make an 8 o'clock closing law for the water company, and not allow them to make water after that time. We would like to know what Omaha would do if the saloons close at 8 o'clock, and we stop making water for them at the same hour?

If the Bumble Bee desires the real news of this city, here it is:

Mayor Tucker's fences were all fixed this spring, and he is painting them now.

Hugh Suttle has asked the marshal not to kill any more dogs until he has finished taking the "senses." He is

counting the babies for the school board.

The big cat at the Maney Lee poultry farm had seven kittens last week. They hatch kittens, as well as eggs.

Mr. Olmsted, our efficient and ever watchful city attorney, cut his lawn last week, but the dandelions are still there.

The city councilmen appeared with nothing but a big white pony on last Monday night, and it attracted lots of attention.

Mr. McClure says he doesn't sell many sox these days, as everybody is wearing rubber boots on account of the mud.

Miss Phroncia Smith bought a dozen eggs last week. She generally buys a dozen each spring.

An automobile passed through Florence last week. We wonder why it didn't stop.

If the editor of the Bumble Bee wants the news of this big city he had better do as everyone else does—read the Tribune, the official paper of the city, whose editor tells all he knows for \$1.00 a year.

The young men of Florence are not playing golf now, because they get the same exercise swinging a scythe.

The girls of Florence say they wish it was leap year. We guess that accounts for the lack of weddings these days. Brace up, boys.

Dan Kelly, our handsome councilman, spent 10 cents last week and had his mustache shaved off. When he went home the dog wouldn't let him come in the gate, and his wife came out with the broom, thinking he was a tramp. He had a hard time to make people believe who he was, but says it times keep good and he can earn 10 cents he will keep it off.

J. J. Cole is throwing advertisements for cascades on his moving picture screen.

Our enterprising general store merchants, Anderson & Hollingsworth, have had a sign painted on their window. They have a pump in front of their store, which is used constantly.

The bricklayers on Henry Anderson's building are having a hard time.

Although the river is rising higher every day, it is still going down—to the gulf.

James Nicholson has a bear in his garden, but then his garden is different from some others.

The editor gets 2 cents a week for telling all he knows, and yet some people say it isn't worth it.

William P. Thomas is a busy man these days, for as soon as he gets home from the railroad office he starts in to paint his house. He expects to finish it this year.

**THE RAT PROBLEM.**

The rat is believed to be the worst mammalian pest known to man. Not only does it destroy property worth millions of dollars every year, but it is now known to be the principal agent in disseminating bubonic plague. This is not a contagious disease in the ordinary sense. The infection is spread from rat to rat, and rat to man, by means of the rat flea.

The United States department of agriculture, through its biological survey, has recently given the rat problem serious attention. The results of that work have appeared in a bulletin on "The Brown Rat."

Among the most common foods of rats are corn and other grain. If fed on grain alone, it is estimated that one rat will eat 60 cents' worth in a year, while of oatmeal it will consume \$1.80 worth. If we suppose the number of rats in the United States to be equal to the number of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, it would cost more than \$100,000,000 a year to board them on grain.

But the damage done by rats is not to be measured by what they eat. Through pollution of food products they do as much damage as by eating them. Besides, they do great damage by digging under buildings and embankments, by gnawing woodwork, by cutting holes in sacks and by cutting up goods and papers to make nests. They kill young poultry and squabs. They steal eggs. They frequently destroy the nests of wild birds. They have been known to gnaw holes in lead pipes, and they cause fires by gnawing the insulating covering from electric wires where they pass under the floors or inside partitions. They also cause fires by carrying and gnawing matches.

Though a serious pest on farms, rats commit their greatest depredations in cities. An attempt has been made to secure from the business men of Washington, D. C., estimates of the annual losses due to rats and mice. The data secured indicate losses exceeding \$200,000.

The rapidity with which rats multiply is the main reason why man appears to make so little headway in their destruction. The females give birth to large litters of young, and the intervals between the litters are short. More than 20 young rats have been found in a single nest, and it is safe to estimate the average litter at more than 10. It has been calculated that a single pair of rats and their progeny breeding without interruption and suffering no losses would in three years increase to more than 20,000,000.

The author of this bulletin says hawks and owls, especially the latter, destroy great number of rats, a good work which man should encourage. Weasels, minks and skunks are also rat destroyers. He recommends the persistent use of traps and poisons. But he thinks the most promising lines of effort lie in (1) rat-proof construction of buildings, especially the use of concrete in foundations; and (2) reducing the food supply of rats by the disposal of garbage, and the protection of food supplies.

## PIANO TO BE GIVEN AWAY

While the Tribune cannot give away the piano we have joined forces with Mr. T. W. McClure who will see that the girl receiving the highest vote gets a piano as agreed upon.

While the present publishers of the Tribune are in no way responsible for the giving away of the piano in the contest held by the Gazette, they have decided that inasmuch as the people have already paid in money for the contest and received nothing, not even the paper, they will join Mr. McClure in giving away the piano at the Eagles' celebration of the Fourth of July on Monday, July 5, to the one receiving the highest votes.

All money paid for subscriptions for the Tribune during this contest can be paid to McClure or the Bank of Florence, who will issue a receipt for same as well as the votes. Next week we will publish the vote and every week thereafter.

**RULES OF CONTEST.**

1. Announcement—This piano and Popular Voting Contest will be conducted on strictly honest business principles, with perfect justice and fairness to all concerned.

2. Prizes—The first prize shall be a fine first class piano, of a leading make, valued at \$400.

3. Candidates—Any young lady, married or single, in this and adjoining counties, is eligible to a place in the contest. The most popular lady is the one who shall receive the most votes; to her shall be awarded the beautiful upright piano. Other candidates to receive their choice of prizes in order, according to their standing of votes.

4. Tie in Votes—In case of a tie, the value of the prizes will be equally divided, or a like prize to those tying.

5. Classes of Votes—The votes are issued in coupons of the following denominations:

6. General Instruction—Votes will not be allowed on subscriptions at less than regular price of the paper.

New subscriptions, 500 votes for \$1.00; 5-year subscriptions, 5,000 for \$5.00.

Right is reserved to add additional classes of votes, and other publications, also to change or modify these rules and regulations as necessity demands.

The publishers are not to tell whom anyone votes for, except in case of alleged error or irregularity.

Each contestant is requested to send as a cabinet size photograph for publication as soon as convenient.

Contestants should keep a list of their votes turned in each week, and see that publisher's figures verify it.

All coupons should be placed in envelopes with names of contestants written plainly thereon.

An awarding committee of three of the best business men are to be appointed to make final count and distribution of prizes.

The contest shall close at 4 o'clock. Two weeks previous to date of closing the judges are to take the ballot box, carefully locked or sealed, to the bank announced, where it will be kept on a table in front window during business hours, and in the vault at night, until close of contest, when the awarding committee takes charge and makes final count.

During the last two weeks all voting must be done in the locked box at the bank. If secrecy in voting is desired, place your cash subscriptions, together with other votes and coupons, in sealed envelopes with name of contestant on same, and deposit in ballot box. Envelopes and subscription blanks will be furnished for this purpose. The strict compliance with these rules guarantees a fair and square deal to all concerned.

**T. W. McClure's Special Prizes.**

No. 1—Seven yards fancy wool taffeta for lady's suit; \$21; one silk umbrella, \$15; three pairs silk hose, \$10; one silk undershirt, \$13; fine pair walking boots, \$6; one silk opera shawl, \$5.

No. 2—102-piece Glendale pattern, Elite shape dinner set, one of Johnson Bros' newest creations, and the pattern is one of the prettiest ever produced, \$35.

**Who Are Giving Votes Away.**

Theo. W. McClure, Florence Lumber and Coal Co., and the Tribune. Ask for votes.

**Do the Square Thing.**

The above mentioned merchants in Florence are giving FREE TWENTY-FIVE VOTES with each CASH PURCHASE of one dollar, except the Florence Lumber & Coal Co., which gives votes only with cash purchases of coal. When making purchases at the stores of any of these tradesmen ask for votes and cast them for some girl in the contest or who ought to be in, and thus give her your assistance and support. You are not doing the square thing by your own daughter or your neighbor's daughter if you do not get the merchants' coupon, to which you are entitled, and present them to her or cast them yourself at our office. Help the girls. Do it now. Subscribe for the Tribune, that being one of the best ways of helping the girls.

**AMUSEMENTS**

**At the Boyd**

"Brown of Harvard," Rida Johnson Young's comedy in four acts, will be the offering at the Boyd by the Woodward Stock company for the coming week, and will be presented with the same careful attention to detail in acting and stage setting that has marked

the season so far. It is a splendid play of college spirit with the "heart interest" element strongly developed. The author has handled the topic deftly, so that she not only preserves the bubbling enthusiasm of a bunch of college men bent on athletic achievement as well as the accumulation of knowledge but she also presents the additional ingredients of romantic adventure and downright villainy. The action of the play culminates at the great boat race scene in the fourth act, where Brown of Harvard takes the place of the missing stroke oar and pilots the crew to victory against the English visitors. Just as he is hailed as the hero of the moment, he is accused of having connived at leading astray the sister of one of the students, and in order to clear himself he must expose the missing member of the crew, who is the brother of the girl he loves. It is a most thrilling climax, and carries the interest well through to the very end of the fourth act. The part will be a splendid opportunity for Mr. Morrison, while Messrs. Alderson, Denithorne and Lindholm have other strong roles.

## LEGAL NOTICES

D. C. PATTERSON, Attorney,  
Omaha, Nebr.

**NOTICE.**  
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska,  
Parkway Real Estate Company, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
France J. Plym and Lew Pixley, Defendants.

To France J. Plym and Lew Pixley, defendants in the above action:

You are hereby notified that on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree:

That the plaintiff is the owner and is seized in fee simple of lot three (3) in block four (4), in Leavenworth Terrace, an addition to the City of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska.

That you, France J. Plym, have no title to or interest in lot three (3), in block four (4), in Leavenworth Terrace, an addition to the City of Omaha, in Douglas County, Nebraska.

That the title to the plaintiff in and to said lot be forever quieted in it, and that the plaintiff have such further and other relief in the premises as it may be entitled to.

You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909.

PARKWAY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, Plaintiff.  
Dated this 7th day of June, A. D. 1909.  
J-11-18-25-2

D. C. PATTERSON, Attorney,  
Omaha, Nebr.

**NOTICE.**  
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska,  
Prudential Real Estate Company, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
Harry T. Jones, et al., Defendants.

To Anna Jones Brown, Graham P. Browne, Minnie M. Uebel (real name unknown), O. H. Eggleston (first real name unknown), Laura W. Whittier, Charles P. Spafard, Elizabeth R. Penfield, Will G. Simonson and Allie J. Simonson, defendants in the above action:

You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree:

That the plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of lot ten (10) in block eight (8), in Myers, Richards & Tilden's addition; lot four (4) in block two (2), in Folsom Place; lot three (3) in block two (2), in Folsom Place; the east half of lot nine (9) in block one (1), in Folsom Place; lots nine (9) and ten (10) in block fifteen (15), in Omaha Heights, and lot fourteen (14) in block sixteen (16), in Central Park, all being additions to the City of Omaha; and lots four (4) and fourteen (14) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition, and lot fifteen (15) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition, being additions to South Omaha, all in Douglas County, Nebraska.

That you, Anna Jones Brown, have no title to or interest in lot ten (10) in block eight (8), in Myers, Richards & Tilden's addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Graham P. Browne, have no title to or interest in lot four (4) in block two (2), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Minnie M. Uebel (real name unknown), have no title to or interest in lot three (3) in block two (2), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, O. H. Eggleston (first real name unknown), have no title to or interest in the east half of lot nine (9) in block one (1), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Laura W. Whittier, have no title to or interest in lots four (4) and fourteen (14) in block one (1), in Mt. Douglas Addition to South Omaha.

That you, Charles P. Spafard, have no title to or interest in lot fifteen (15) in block one (1), in Mt. Douglas addition to South Omaha.

That you, Elizabeth R. Penfield, have no title to or interest in lots nine (9) and ten (10) in block fifteen (15), in Omaha Heights, an addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Will G. Simonson and Allie J. Simonson, have no title to or interest in lot fourteen (14) in block sixteen (16), in Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha.

All above described property being in Douglas County, Nebraska.

That the title to the plaintiff in and to said real estate be forever quieted in it, and that the plaintiff have such further and other relief in the premises as it may be entitled to.

You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909.

PRUDENTIAL REAL ESTATE COMPANY, Plaintiff.  
By D. C. PATTERSON, Its Attorney.  
Dated this 4th day of June, A. D. 1909.  
J-11-18-25-3

D. C. PATTERSON, Attorney,  
Omaha, Nebr.

**NOTICE.**  
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska,  
D. C. Patterson, Trustee, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
Charles E. Reiter, et al., Defendants.

To Charles E. Reiter, et al., J. F. Toy (first real name unknown), Louisa P. Ambler, executrix of estate of Henry Ambler, deceased, Caroline B. Fort, executrix under the last will and testament of Mary Fort, deceased, Christian P. L. G. Jacobs, Ione Ambler, Mrs. M. Weber, Charles G. Brown, (first real name unknown), Alphy Skeet, George E. Mitchell, Edward A. Broadbill, Frederick Lee, Stephen G. Miller, Charles G. Brown, Anderson, Robert Craig, Robert W. Craig, P. Shoyer (first real name unknown), Hugh H. Baxter, the Ballou State Banking Company of Sioux City, Iowa, Oscar Ricker, Theo. K. Funk, John Baker, Thomas J. Shaw, Western Wheel Scraper Company, John Johnston, Elmer G. Field, Somerset Trust Company, Harry B. Holman, Rebecca A. Wesson, the unknown heirs of Andrew Gilchrist, deceased, and Florence Land and Trust Company, Henry B. Clarke, William B. Waddell, and R. Lewis McCune (first real name unknown), defendants in the above action:

You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree: that the plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of lot eight (8) in block fourteen (14), in Ambler Place; lot eleven (11) in block three (3), in Ambler Place; lot three (3) in block three (3), in Ambler Place; lots four (4) and five (5) in block twelve (12), in Ambler Place; lot nine (9) in block two (2), in Brookline; lot one (1) in block two (2), in Everett

Coming to Florence to Spend the **FOURTH?**

If so, come in and see our new lines of

# WASH GOODS

For Shirt Waists and Dresses, including all the new creations of the dry goods market.

## McCLURE'S

FLORENCE, NEB.

"WE SELL EVERYTHING"

We Have the Largest List of **LOTS** in FLORENCE \$175 TO \$300

\$5.00 Down and \$5 a Month on the cheaper lots and \$10 Down and \$10 a Month on the higher priced lots. Be sure to see us before you buy. We write **FIRE INSURANCE** Hastings & Heyden 1614 Harney St.

**James Nicholson**  
BLUE RIBBON GARDEN

At the end of the car line.

Storz Celebrated Artesian Well Water Beer.

**Wanted---Salesmen**

Would you like to earn big money and have steady, pleasant employment? We pay Cash weekly to salesmen for selling Stark Trees and we want a few good men in this territory at once. Stark Trees are easy to sell. They have an 83-year record behind them and they are the best trees grown.

We furnish an order-getting outfit free. Write for our liberal Salesmen's offer.

**STARK BROS NURSERY & HARDWARE CO.**  
LOUISIANA, - - - MISSOURI.

Ask For **METZ** Famous Bottled Beer at Henry Anderson's, Florence

**The New Drug Store**  
**BELL DRUG CO.**

Prescriptions carefully compounded. Toilet Goods, Perfumes, Patent Medicines. Try our Soda. It's good.

MAIN STREET. TEL 378.

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Books and advice free. Highest references. 20 years experience. We are registered attorneys. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion as to patentability.

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# The Clew of the Liquor Bottles

Edited by William J. Bacon

A True Story of the Secret Service, as Told by Capt. Dickson

**S**OME years ago, before I became connected with the United States secret service in the east, I was engaged by a member of the western express companies to do some special work for them," began Capt. Dickson. "My headquarters were in Denver and my work, on the whole, was decidedly interesting. One adventure in particular made me proud of my service for our company, although it was largely a matter of luck that brought about my success in that instance. I am a firm believer in luck, for it plays an important part in every man's life, and it has figured to a large extent in my own affairs; I am free to confess.

"A daring express robbery had been committed in the western part of the state, near the Utah line, by three men. The messenger had been murdered and the passengers throughout the train robbed of all their money. The hold-up men secured something more than \$15,000 from the express company's safe and fully \$5,000 from the passengers. They took nothing but money, however, leaving valuable jewelry, diamonds and watches with their owners, and ignoring the parcels in the express car. This circumstance showed that the gang was composed of experienced thieves, for money is the hardest thing in the world to trace.

"I was notified of the robbery on the afternoon of the second day after it occurred, and although I hastened to the spot with all dispatch and made my arrangement by wire, it was noon of the third day before I alighted at the nearest station. Here I had arranged for two horses and a prospector's outfit, deeming it best to follow the bandits in the disguise of a miner, as the robbery had been made at a point near the mining region of southwestern Colorado, and I expected to find the criminals at some of the numerous mining camps.

"I have never been a believer in disguises except as to clothing. All efforts to change the face with grease paints and wigs and the like only tend to attract attention and direct suspicion to the man thus togged out. The casual observer might not notice the deception, but the criminal, and especially the hunted criminal, is no casual observer. He has formed the habit of noticing everything, and he will detect the least false point in a man's appearance and shun him as if he were afflicted with the plague.

"A change of dress will work wonders in a man's appearance. If a man can wear other clothes than those he is accustomed to, and wear them easily and naturally, he can more effectively disguise himself by this means than he can with all the wigs and paints and whiskers in existence.

"Coming across the continental divide, I had suffered a slight attack of indigestion. I sent the porter after a flask of whisky, asking for a certain brand. He returned in a few minutes with one of the diminutive little bottles customarily sold on sleeping cars at a quarter a bottle. It was not the kind I had ordered, but the porter explained that this was the only brand of liquor the company sold, and I had to be content with it. The label of the bottle stated that it was put up expressly for the company.

"On reaching my destination, I immediately assumed the character of a miner and set about my inquiry. There was little information to be gathered beyond what was contained in the express company's report of the robbery, of which I had a carbon copy. Satisfied that time spent here would be wasted, I set out for the scene of the robbery, riding a wiry little pony and leading another on which was packed my outfit of grub and cooking implements and miner's tools.

"The place was a desolate spot. The road ran through a broad alkali valley which had not, at that time, been brought under cultivation by irrigation. It was easy to pick up the trail of bandits and follow it across the valley in a southwesterly direction to the foot-hills of the Rockies, where the trail disappeared, the rocky ground leaving no trace of hoof-prints.

"From this point on, it was to be a matter of luck and guesswork. I believed my men had made for Telluride, Ouray, Silverton or some other mining camp, but I was not rash enough to venture a guess as to which it might be at that stage of the game. These camps, with their rough, shifting population, offered capital retreats for criminals, and from past experiences I knew that my three rogues would, in all probability, remain in one of these camps until the excitement from the robbery had subsided, and then make for civilization to spend their money.

"For three days I drifted at random through the mountains, following trails and paths, for there were no roads, endeavoring to pick up some clew or find the place where my party had spent the first night after the robbery. The hold-up had occurred about noon, and, by hard riding, the three highwaymen could penetrate some ten or twenty miles into the fastness of the mountains before it became too dark to travel further. It was out of the question for any one to advance through that region after dark. I hoped to find the place of their camp, and felt sure I would do so by persevering.

"Late the third afternoon I stumbled on the ashes of a campfire, and close beside it, among the firs and cedars, I found where horses had been tied. This was what I had searched for, and I felt sure that I would here find something of value. I camped a short distance from the place so I would not disturb it, leaving my examination until the next morning, when I would have a good light, it then being too dark to attempt such a thing.

"That night, by the light of my campfire, I read again the report of the robbery as given by the train hands. Near the last of it was the account of the sleeping car porter who related, with evident grief, that he had been relieved of \$6.15 in silver, and that the bandits had rifled the liquor cabinet of the buffet, taking with them all of the whisky and a few bottles of the rarer and stronger wines.

"Early next morning I examined the deserted camp of the highwaymen. There was nothing but a burned-out pile of ashes and charred sticks and a few empty bottles. The bottles gave the clew for which I searched. The highwaymen had certainly made their

men. They had not stopped there certainly, so I took the trail to Telluride, a mining camp farther on in the mountains. Telluride was then a camp of 800 or 1,000 souls, and there was a bit of a mining boom on which daily brought new prospectors to swell its citizenship, fatuous souls brought there by the greed of gold—a lure that never fails to attract victims in swarms. For three days I searched in vain through the saloons and dance halls and other places where the rough miners congregated without finding a trace of my three rogues. That infallible sixth sense of mine was doing its best to keep me longer in Telluride, although my judgment told me to move on to Silverton; but in the end my intuition won the fight and I remained.

"One evening I was drinking with a raw-boned miner. The whisky was abominable. The distillery where it was made would never have recognized its product in its present form. I complained of the poor quality of whisky and asked my acquaintance if there were not some better stuff to be found in the camp. He said there was not, at any of the bars, but that he had been given an amazingly good drink by a miner, whose name he mentioned. He said it had been in a little bottle which held just enough to tease one, but it was the best liquor he had drunk since he left Kentucky many years before. He licked his lips in pleasant memory of the drink.

"I almost gave myself away, so keen was my pleasure at this chance remark. I inquired about the gen-

"It would have been the rankest folly to have attempted their arrest without assistance—although I did tackle such a job once in my salad days, as this scar will testify," and he pointed to an ugly wound at the back of his neck, partially covered by his flowing gray locks. "But that is another story. I decided to call on the United States deputy marshal, a man of tigerish bravery, for assistance. There was no chink or crack in the door through which I could gain a peek at the interior of the cabin, so I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled around to the back of the cabin where I thought there might be a window. There was a window, but it was closed with a heavy shutter, and I could not find any point to peep through; but I did find something on the way around. My hand touched something round and smooth, and I clutched it involuntarily. It was one of the little whisky flasks. After I had left the cabin I struck a match and examined it. The label of the car company was still on it.

"The deputy marshal was found at one of the dance halls and he soon summoned a reliable posse. We surrounded the cabin, from which still issued the sounds of revelry. The men were stationed at every point about it. Then the marshal and I rapped on the door. In response to our summons one of the miners staggered across the floor and threw the door wide open. We tripped him up and rushed over him into the cabin. The men were too drunk to make any resistance, and we captured them without



ONE OF THE MINERS  
THREW THE DOOR WIDE OPEN

camp here. Each bottle bore the label of the sleeping car company, and some of them were the diminutive flasks of which I had drunk one on the trip from Denver. There was not a scrap of paper anywhere else to be found.

"Elated with my success, I made a survey of the country and discovered a half-obscure trail leading farther into the mountains. I took up this trail and followed it as best I could until nightfall. Often I lost it, and sometimes I spent an hour or more casting about to pick it up again, as I have seen hounds baffled on the trail of a fox. About three o'clock that afternoon I found something that made my eyes sparkle. Shattered into a thousand pieces was the remains of one of the small whisky bottles on a large flat rock beside the trail where it had doubtless been cast in a playful mood induced by its contents. Among the fragments I found the label of the car company.

"It was the dry season, and this was in my favor, for no rains came to obliterate the trail. For five days I followed the bandits across the hills and through the valleys, verifying my route from time to time by fragments of broken whisky bottles along the way, and at the places where they had camped for a night. The buffet-car must have been well stocked, for I found many bottles in this journey.

"The trail eventually came to a well beaten road, which, from my map, I learned was the stage and mail route from Montrose, the nearest railroad point to Ouray, then a rather insignificant mining settlement. I lost no time in getting to Ouray, for it was impossible to trail my men along this road and I was sure they had headed for the mining camp.

"Two days were spent at Ouray without finding a trace of the three

erous owner of the good liquor, with a show of indifference I was far from feeling. He was a late arrival, it seemed, and lived in a shanty far up on the mountain-side with two companions. The three were making a rather poor attempt to work a claim they had preempted.

"Getting away from my loquacious miner-friend, I climbed the steep trail to the cabin and set about an investigation of it with great caution. The men were at home, and from the sounds issuing from its closed doors I guessed they were having a rare old time that evening. I approached to the very door and listened with my ear to the planks to sounds of revelry within. The men were gambling and drinking, and I could hear the clink of coins and the rattle of bottles and the ribald jests with which they made their bets and gloated over their winnings and cursed their luck when they lost. I heard sufficient to make me sure that my much-sought bandits were in the cabin, although there was no direct mention of the express robbery.

a shot being fired. They were having a big stud-poker game, played with gold pieces and currency instead of chips. There was some \$8,000 or \$10,000 upon the table. Strewed about the floor were many whisky and wine bottles. In a box beneath one of the bunks was a solitary pint bottle of whisky, the last remnant of the contents of the buffet car's liquor store. It was, as I said, a clean case of luck."

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**Played on Ancient Instruments.**  
At a concert which took place in the large hall of the Royal museum at Stuttgart, recently, at which the king and queen of Wurtemberg were present, no instruments were used save spinets, clavicebolas and pianos of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The most interesting of these were the one which was once owned by Johann Sebastian Bach, and another on which Queen Louise of Prussia learned to play.

## Pittsburg Man Is "Loaded"

Perfect Fiend to Quote Statistics, According to Writer in Harper's.

The Pittsburg man can carry more figures of large denomination on his person without your suspecting their existence than any other citizen of the United States. He is a reservoir of decimals and statistics. He must have ample justification, however, before he turns the spigot, but when he does there is a torrent no man can stem.

If provoked and inclined to extend himself, in a five-minute talk he can fill you so full of miscellaneous indus-

tries—natural gas, steel rails, tinplate, petroleum, steel pipes and sheet metal, fire bricks, tumblers, tableware, coke, pickles, and all that sort of thing—that you will begin to feel like a combination delicatessen and hardware store.

I have not begun to enumerate the different data I have collected on this subject, as I have no desire to make the reader feel small or to lose confidence in himself. As I have pointed out before, the Pittsburg man, or the man who is under the influence of Pittsburg, must be provoked before he unburdens.—C. H. White, in Harper's.

# PROFITABLE TRUCK FARMING IN ATLANTIC COAST STATES

Besides the Staple Market-Garden Crops Grown, There Are Many Others Which Are Peculiar to Certain Localities and Climate.



One Day's Harvest.

The development and extension of truck farming in the Atlantic coast states has been coincident with the development of transportation facilities throughout that section. The phenomenal growth of the great consuming centers of the country has stimulated a corresponding growth and extension of the food-producing territory, especially of that capable of producing perishable truck crops.

Transportation facilities, together with cheap labor and cheap lands at the south, have made it possible to produce products out of season at the north in competition with greenhouse products.

The first development of truck farming, as we now recognize it, as distinguished from market gardening, took place about Norfolk, Va., and Charleston, S. C. Both of these places were provided with steamship connections to northern ports before rapid railway transportation became a feature in the moving of perishable products and as a result of these advantages for reaching the markets these two ports became important truck-producing centers for supplying the northern trade.

Besides these advantages, the peculiar geographic formation of the territory immediately surrounding Norfolk gives it a winter climate characteristic of sections many miles southward. The fact that the coast line of the United States at this particular point is very broken, together with the proximity of the Gulf stream, gives this area a winter climate which enables it to produce some of the standard

and, since it is grown on a very extensive scale (see Fig. 1), it must be so distributed as to meet only the immediate demands of the market to which it is sent.

At the north the crop is of a very different character, both in variety and in the method of its cultivation. The great bulk of the northern-grown cabbage may be considered as a truck-crop feature of the general farming in sections where the industry has gained a foothold. The cabbage crop takes a regular place in the farm rotation in those communities where the industry has become a permanent feature. In some sections it forms the chief money crop of the fall season, occupying a position similar to that held by potatoes in other sections.

This great crop is measured by thousands of acres and millions of tons. At harvest time, in October and November, it is shipped to the great consuming centers in bulk in carload lots. It is stored by thousands of tons in specially constructed warehouses, to be sent out as the demands of the market will justify during the winter season. It is also manufactured into sauerkraut, which finds its way to the great cities as rapidly as there is a demand for it. A sauerkraut factory with wagons filled with cabbages is shown in Fig. 2.

Besides the staple market-garden crops of the north which are now extensively grown as truck crops throughout the South Atlantic coast region, there are crops which are more or less peculiar to certain localities. As illustrations, the water



Wagon with Cabbage at Sauerkraut Factory.

garden crops without protection and many of the more tender crops with only slight protection during the winter months. The islands off the coast of South Carolina, in the vicinity of Charleston, are so protected by the warm currents and by the atmosphere of the sea that orange trees are grown successfully in the open, and in some favorable seasons are known to produce fruit. It is therefore possible to grow the hardier truck crops in the open and the more tender ones with very slight protection during the winter.

The advantages of the Norfolk region for truck work appealed to a Jerseyman by the name of Hugh Bates, who went to this section about 1840. Naturally he followed the practices of his home people of New Jersey in the new territory, and, while he found some of his precautions unnecessary, his work on the whole was successful. He was followed later by other growers from the same territory.

It was not until 30 years later that the first all-rail shipments of truck were made from this territory. Railways began carrying the products from Norfolk to northern markets in 1885, and from Charleston in 1888.

The methods employed to adapt cabbage to the requirements of the market and to the different areas in the trucking region are distinct and each forms a chapter in the cultural history of this important truck crop. For instance, at the south cabbage is a winter crop, seeds being sown during September and October, the plants transplanted to the field at the beginning of winter, and kept in a slowly growing condition throughout the colder portion of the year, to be forced rapidly by the addition of stimulating fertilizers early in the spring to supply the demands of the market as the warm weather comes on. This product is naturally very soft and must be consumed with little delay;

melons of Georgia, the kale of Norfolk and the sweet potatoes of eastern Maryland and of New Jersey stand out preeminently. The northern areas of the trucking region also are characterized by particular crops adapted to comparatively restricted areas.

**Leaking Drains.**—Faulty junctions of drain laterals with mains are the cause of impeding the flow of water in the main, and of lodging silt and finally blocking the drain, says the Engineer Magazine. It is sometimes best, when the lateral has plenty of fall, to make the junction two inches above the head of the main. In any event, the junction should not be right angled, but preferably at an angle of 30 degrees. The silt basin is a valuable device in draining; its use and importance cannot be too well understood. It may be used at the junction of two or more drains in a line of drain, where it is necessary to change the grade from a steeper to a less steep one. The purpose of the silt basin is to collect silt or mud in a part of the basin below the line of tile, and thus prevent the silt from lodging in the drain and finally blocking the flow. In form the basin is a small well, 12 to 24 inches in diameter, extending from 12 inches below the line of tile to the ground surface, where it is provided with a movable cover to allow occasional cleaning. It may be constructed of brick, stone or plank.

**Liquid Manure.**—If it be true, as the experiment stations seem to prove, that the liquid excrement of live stock contains more than 50 per cent. of all the fertilizing properties of the foods fed, it would seem to be especially important that a campaign be begun to induce stockmen to save and use these liquids. New England would be much more prosperous if this were done.

# WHISPERING SMITH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY ANDRE BOWLES

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Wrecking Boss.

News of the wreck at Smoky Creek reached Medicine Bend from Point of Rocks at five o'clock. Sinclair, in person, was overseeing the making up of his wrecking train, and the yard, usually quiet at that hour of the morning, was alive with the hurry of men and engines. In the trainmaster's room of the weather-beaten headquarters building nicknamed by railroad men "The Wickup," early comers—sleepy-faced, keen-eyed trainmen—lounged on the tables and in chairs discussing the reports from Point of Rocks, and among them crew-callers and messengers moved in and out. Two minutes after they had their orders and were pulling out of the upper yard, with right of way over everything to Point of Rocks.

The wreck had occurred just west of the creek. A fast east-bound freight train, double-headed, had left the track on the long curve around the hill, and when the wrecking train backed through Ten Shed cut the sun streamed over the heaps of jammed and twisted cars strung all the way from the point of the curve to the foot of Smoky hill. The crew of the train that lay in the ditch walked slowly up the track to where the wreckers had pulled up, and the freight conductor asked for Sinclair. Men rigging the derrick pointed to the hind car. The conductor, swinging up the caboose steps, made his way inside among the men that were passing out tools. The air within was bluish-thick with tobacco smoke, but through the haze the freightman saw facing him, in the far corner of the den-like interior, a man seated behind an old dining-car table, finishing his breakfast; one glimpse was enough to identify the dark beard of Sinclair, foreman of the bridges and boss of the wrecking gang.

Beside him stood a steaming coffee tank, and in his right hand he held an enormous tin cup that he was about to raise to his mouth when he saw the freight conductor. With a laugh, Sinclair threw up his left hand and beckoned him over. Then he shook his hair just a little, tossed back his head, opened an unusual mouth, drained the cup at a gulp, and cursing the freightman fraternally, exclaimed: "How many cars have you ditched this time?"

The trainman, a sober-faced fellow, answered, dryly: "All I had."

"Running too fast, eh?" glared Sinclair.

With the box cars piled 40 feet high on the track, the conductor was too old a hand to begin a controversy. "Our time's fast," was all he said.

Sinclair rose and exclaimed: "Come on!" And the two, leaving the car, started up the track. The wrecking boss paid no attention to his companion as they forged ahead, but where the train had hit the curve he scanned the track as he would a blue print. "They'll have your scalp for this," he declared, abruptly.

"I reckon they will."

"What's your name?"

"Stevens."

"Looks like all day for you, doesn't it? No matter; I guess I can help you out."

Where the merchandise cars lay, below the switch, the train crew knew that a tramp had been caught. At intervals they heard groans under the wreckage, which was piled high there. Sinclair stopped at the derrick, and the freight conductor went on to where his brakeman had enlisted two of Sinclair's giants to help get out the tramp. A brake beam had crushed the man's legs, and the pallor of his face showed that he was hurt internally, but he was conscious and moaned softly. The men had started to carry him to the way car when Sinclair came up, asked what they were doing, and ordered them back to the wreck. They hastily laid the tramp down. "But he wants water," protested a brakeman who was walking behind, carrying his arm in a sling.

"Water!" bawled Sinclair. "Have my men got nothing to do but carry a tramp to water? Get ahead there and help unload those refrigerators. He'll find water fast enough. Let the damned hobo crawl down to the creek after it."

The tramp was too far gone for resentment; he had fainted when they laid him down, and his half-glazed eyes, staring at the sky, gave no evidence that he heard anything.

The sun rose hot, for in the Red desert sky there is rarely a cloud. Sinclair took the little hill nearest the switch to bellow his orders from, running down among the men whenever necessary to help carry them out. Within 30 minutes, though apparently an impression had been made on the great heaps of wreckage and splintered equipment, Sinclair had the job in hand.

The freight conductor, Stevens, afraid of no man, had come up to speak to Sinclair, and Sinclair, with a smile, laid a cordial hand on his shoulder. "Stevens, it's all right. I'll get you out of this. Come here." He led the conductor down the track

where they had walked in the morning. He pointed to flange-marks on the ties. "See there—there's where the first wheels left the track, and they left on the inside of the curve; a thin flange under the first refrigerator broke. I've got the wheel itself back there for evidence. They can't talk fast running against that. Damn a private car line, anyway! Give me a cigar—haven't got any? Great guns, man, there's a case of Key Wests open up ahead; go fill your pockets and your grip. Don't be bashful; you've got friends on the division, if you are Irish, eh?"

"Sure, only I don't smoke," said Stevens, with diplomacy.

"Well, you drink, don't you? There's a barrel of brandy open at the switch."

The brandy cask stood up-ended near the water butt, and the men dipped out of both with cups. They were working now half naked at the wreck. The sun hung in a cloudless sky, the air was still, and along the right of way huge wrecking fires added to the scorching heat. Ten feet from the water butt lay a flattened mass of rags. Crusted in smoke and blood and dirt, crushed by a vise of beams and wheels out of human semblance, and left now an aimless, twitching thing, the tramp clutched at Stevens' foot as he passed. "Water!"

"Hello, old boy, how the devil did you get here?" exclaimed Stevens, retreating in alarm.

"Water!"

Stevens stepped to the butt and filled a cup. The tramp's eyes were closed. Stevens poured the water over his face; then he lifted the man's head and put a cupful to his lips.

"Is that hobo alive yet?" asked Sinclair, coming back smoking a cigar.

"What does he want now? Water? Don't waste any time on him."

"It's bad luck refusing water," muttered Stevens, holding the cup.

"He'll be dead in a minute," growled Sinclair.

The sound of his voice roused the falling man to a fury. He opened his bloodshot eyes, and with the dregs of an ebbing vitality cursed Sinclair with a frenzy that made Stevens draw back. If Sinclair was startled he gave no sign. "Go to hell!" he exclaimed, harshly.

With a ghastly effort the man made his retort. He held up his blood-soaked fingers. "I'm going all right—I know that," he gasped, with a curse, "but I'll come back for you!"

Sinclair, unshaken, stood his ground. He repeated his imprecation more violently; but Stevens, swallowing, stole out of hearing. As he disappeared, a train whistled in the west.

## CHAPTER II.

### At Smoky Creek.

Karg, Sinclair's crew-foreman, came running over to him from a pile of merchandise that had been set off the right of way on the wagon road for loot. "That's the superintendent's car coming, ain't it, Murray?" he cried, looking across the creek at the approaching train.

"What of it?" returned Sinclair.

"Why, we're just loading the team." The incoming train, an engine with a way car, two flats, and the Bear Dance derrick, slowed up at one end of the wreck while Sinclair and his foreman talked. Three men could be seen getting out of the way car—McCloud, the superintendent, and Reed Young, the Scotch roadmaster, and Bill Dancing. A gang of trackmen filed slowly out after them.

The leaders of the party made their way down the curve, and Sinclair, with Karg, met them at the point. McCloud asked questions about the wreck and the chances of getting the track clear, and while they talked Sinclair sent Karg to get the new derrick into action. Sinclair then asked McCloud to walk with him up the track to see where the cars had left the rail. The two men showed in contrast as they stepped along the ties. McCloud was not alone younger and below Sinclair's height; his broad Stetson hat flattened him somewhat. His movement was deliberate beside Sinclair's litherness, and his face, though burned by sun and wind, was boyish, while Sinclair's was strongly lined.

"Just a moment," suggested McCloud, mildly, as Sinclair hastened past the goods piled in the wagon road. "Whose team is that, Sinclair?" The road followed the right of way where they stood, and a four-horse team of heavy mules was pulling a loaded ranch wagon up the grade when McCloud spoke.

Sinclair answered cordially. "That's my team from over on the Frenchman. I picked them up at Denver. Nice mules, McCloud, ain't they? Give me mules every time for heavy work. If I had just a hundred more of 'em the company could have my job—what?"

"Yes. What's that stuff they are hauling?"

"That's a little stuff rashed up in the merchandise car; there's some tobacco there and a little wine, I guess. The cases are all smashed."



"Water!" bawled Sinclair, "Have My Men Got Nothing to Do But Carry Tramps to Water?"

"Let's look at it."

"Oh, there's nothing there that's any good, McCloud."

"Let's look at it."

As Bill Dancing and Young walked behind the two men toward the wagon, Dancing made extraordinary efforts to wink at the roadmaster. "That's a good story about the mules coming from Denver, ain't it?" he muttered. Young, unwilling to commit himself, stopped to light his pipe. When he and Dancing joined Sinclair and McCloud the talk between the superintendent and the wrecking boss had become animated.

"I always do something for my men out of a wreck when I can; that's the way I get the work out of them," Sinclair was saying. "A little stuff like this," he added, nodding toward the wagon, "comes handy for presents, and the company couldn't get any salvage out of it, anyway. I get the value a dozen times over in quick work. Look there!" Sinclair pointed to where the naked men heaved and wrenched in the sun. "Where could you get white men to work like that if you didn't jolly them along once in a while? What? You haven't been here long, McCloud," smiled Sinclair, laying a hand with heavy affection on the young man's shoulder. "Ask any man on the division who gets the work out of his men—who gets the wrecks cleaned up and the track cleared. Ain't that what you want?"

"Certainly, Sinclair; no man that ever saw you handle a wreck would undertake to do it better."

"Then what's all this fuss about?"

"We've been over all this matter before, as you know. The claim department won't stand for this looting; that's the whole story. Here are ten or twelve cases of champagne on your wagon—soiled a little, but worth a lot of money."

"That was a mistake loading that up; I admit it; it was Karg's carelessness."

"Here is one whole case of cigars and part of another," continued McCloud, climbing from one wheel to another of the wagon. "There is a thousand dollars in this load! I know you've got good men, Sinclair. If they are not getting paid as they should be, give them time and a half or double time, but put it in the pay checks. The freight loss and damage account increased 200 per cent. last year. No railroad company can keep that rate up and last, Sinclair."

"Hang the company!" The claim agents are a pack of thieves," cried Sinclair. "Look here, McCloud, what's a pay check to a man that's sick, compared with a bottle of good wine?"

"When one of your men is sick and needs wine, let me know," returned McCloud; "I'll see that he gets it. Your men don't wear silk dresses, do they?" he asked, pointing to another case of goods under the driver's seat. "Have that stuff all hauled back and loaded into a box car on track."

"Not by a damned sight!" exclaimed Sinclair. He turned to his ranch driver, Barney Rebstock. "You haul that stuff where you were told to haul it, Barney." Then: "You and I may as well have an understanding right here," he said, as McCloud walked to the head of the mules.

"By all means, and I'll begin by countermanding that order right now. Take your load straight back to that car," directed McCloud, pointing up the track. Barney, a ranch hand with a cigarette face, looked surlily at McCloud.

Sinclair raised a finger at the boy,

"You drive straight ahead where I told you to drive. I don't propose to have my affairs interfered with by you or anybody else, McCloud. You and I can settle this thing ourselves," he added, walking straight toward the superintendent.

"Get away from those mules!" yelled Barney at the same moment, cracking his whip.

McCloud's dull eyes hardly lightened as he looked at the driver. "Don't swing your whip this way, my boy," he said, laying hold quietly of the near bridle.

"Drop that bridle!" roared Sinclair. "I'll drop your mules in their tracks if they move one foot forward. Dancing, unhook those traces," said McCloud, peremptorily. "Dump the wine out of that wagon box, Young." Then he turned to Sinclair and pointed to the wreck. "Get back to your work."

The sun marked the five men rooted for an instant on the hillside. Dancing jumped at the traces, Reed Young clambered over the wheel, and Sinclair, livid, faced McCloud. With a bitter denunciation of interlopers, claim agents, and "fresh" railroad men generally, Sinclair swore he would not go back to work, and a case of wine crashing to the ground infuriated him. He turned on his heel and started for the wreck. "Call off the men!" he yelled to Karg at the derrick. The foreman passed the word. The derrickmen, dropping their hooks and chains in some surprise, moved out of the wreckage. The axmen and laborers gathered around the foreman and followed him toward Sinclair.

"Boys," cried Sinclair, "we've got a new superintendent, a college guy. You know what they are; the company has tried 'em before. They draw the salaries and we do the work. This one down here now is making his little kick about the few pickings we get out of our jobs. You can go back to your work or you can stand right here with me till we get our rights. What?"

Half a dozen men began talking at once. The derrickman from below, a hatchet-faced wiper, with the visor of a greasy cap cocked over his ear, stuck his head between the uprights and called out shrilly: "What's er matter, Murray?" and a few men laughed. Barney had deserted the mules. Dancing and Young, with small regard for loss or damage, were emptying the wagon like deckhands, for in a fight such as now appeared imminent, possession of the goods even on the ground seemed vital to prestige. McCloud waited only long enough to assure the emptying of the wagon, and then followed Sinclair to where he had assembled his men. "Sinclair, put your men back to work."

"Not till we know just how we stand," Sinclair answered, insolently. He continued to speak, but McCloud turned to the men. "Boys, go back to your work. Your boss and I can settle our own differences. I'll see that you lose nothing by working hard."

"And you'll see we make nothing, won't you?" suggested Karg.

"I'll see that every man in the crew gets twice what is coming to him—all except you, Karg. I discharge you now," Sinclair, will you go back to work?"

"No!"

"Then take your time. Any men that want to go back to work may step over to the switch," added McCloud.

Not a man moved. Sinclair and Karg smiled at each other, and with no apparent embarrassment McCloud him-



self smiled. "I like to see men loyal to their bosses," he said, good-naturedly. "I wouldn't give much for a man that wouldn't stick to his boss if he thought him right. But a question has come up here, boys, that must be settled once for all. This wreck-looting on the mountain division is going to stop—right here—at this articular wreck. On that point there is no room for discussion. Now, any man that agrees with me on that matter may step over here and I'll discuss with him any other grievance. If what I say about looting is a grievance, it can't be discussed. Is there any man that wants to come over?" No man stirred.

"Sinclair, you've got good men," continued McCloud, unmoved. "You are leading them into pretty deep water. There's a chance yet for you to get them out of serious trouble if you think as much of them as they do of you. Will you advise them to go back to work—all except Karg?"

Sinclair glared in high humor. "Oh, I couldn't do that! I'm discharged!" he protested, bowing low.

"I don't want to be overhasty," returned McCloud. "This is a serious business, as you know better than they do, and there will never be as good a time to fix it up as now. There is a chance for you, I say, Sinclair, to take hold if you want to now."

"Why, I'll take hold if you'll take your nose out of my business and agree to keep it out."

"Is there any man here that wants to go back to work for the company?" continued McCloud, evenly. It was one man against 30; McCloud saw there was not the shadow of a chance to win the strikers over. "This lets all of you out, you understand, boys," he added; "and you can never work again for the company on this division if you don't take hold now."

"Boys," exclaimed Sinclair, better humored every moment, "I'll guarantee you work on this division when all the fresh superintendents are run out of the country, and I'll lay this matter before Bucks himself, and don't you forget it!"

"You will have a chilly job of it," interposed McCloud.

"So will you, my hearty, before you get trains running past here," retorted the wrecking boss. "Come on, boys."

The disaffected men drew off. The emptied wagon, its load scattered on the ground, stood deserted on the hillside, and the mules drooped in the heat. Bill Dancing, a giant and a dangerous one, stood lone guard over the loot, and Young had been called over by McCloud. "How many men have you got with you, Reed?"

"Eleven."

"How long will it take them to clean up this mess with what help we can run in this afternoon?"

Young studied the prospect before replying. "They're green at this sort of thing, of course; they might be fussing here till to-morrow noon, I'm afraid; perhaps till to-morrow night, Mr. McCloud."

"That won't do!" The two men stood for a moment in a study. "The merchandise is all unloaded, isn't it?" said McCloud, reflectively. "Get your men here and bring a water bucket with you."

McCloud walked down to the engine of the wrecking train and gave orders to the train and engine crews. The best of the refrigerator cars had been railed, and they were pulled to a safe distance from the wreck. Young brought the bucket, and McCloud pointed to the caskful of brandy. "Throw that brandy over the wreckage, Reed."

The roadmaster started. "Burn the whole thing up, eh?"

"Everything on the track."

"Bully! It's a shame to waste the liquor, but it's Sinclair's fault. Here, boys, scatter this stuff where it will catch good, and touch her off. Everything goes—the whole pile. Burn up everything; that's orders. If you can get a few rails here, now, I'll give you a track by sundown, Mr. McCloud, in spite of Sinclair and the devil."

The remains of many cars lay in heaps along the curve, and the trackmen like firebugs ran in and out of them. A tongue of flame leaped from the middle of a pile of stock cars. In five minutes the wreck was burning; in ten minutes the flames were crackling fiercely; then in another instant the wreck burst into a conflagration that rose hissing and seething a hundred feet straight up in the air.

From where they stood, Sinclair's men looked on. They were non-plused, but their boss had not lost his nerve. He walked back to McCloud. "You're going to send us back to Medicine Bend with the car, I suppose?"

McCloud spoke amiably. "Not on your life. Take your personal stuff out of the car and tell your men to take theirs; then get off the train and off the right of way."

"Going to turn us loose on Red desert, are you?" asked Sinclair, steadily.

"You've turned yourselves loose."

"Come to my office in Medicine Bend and I'll talk to you about it," returned McCloud, impassively.

"Well, boys," roared Sinclair, going back to his followers, "we can't ride on this road now! But I want to tell you there's something to eat for every one of you over at my place on the Crawling Stone, and a place to sleep—and something to drink," he added, cursing McCloud once more.

## CHAPTER III.

### Dicksie.

The wreckers, drifting in the blaze of the sun across the broad alkali valley, saw the smoke of the wreck-fire behind them. No breath of wind stirred it. With the stillness of a signal column it rose, thin and black, and high in the air spread motionless, like a huge umbrella, above Smoky creek. Reed Young had gone with an engine to wire for re-enforcements, and McCloud, active among the trackmen until the conflagration spent itself, had retired to the shade of the hill.

Reclining against a rock with his legs crossed, he had clasped his hands behind his head and sat looking at the iron writhing in the dying heat of the fire. The sound of hoofs aroused him, and looking below he saw a horsewoman reining up near his men at the wreck. She rode an American horse, thin and rangy, and the experienced way in which she checked him drew him back almost to his haunches. But McCloud's eyes were fixed on the slender figure of the rider. Her boot flashed in the stirrup while she spoke to the nearest man, and her horse stretched his neck and nosed the brown alkali-grass that spread thinly along the road.

To McCloud she was something like an apparition. He sat spellbound until the trackman indiscreetly pointed him out, and the eyes of the visitor, turning his way, caught him with his hands on the rock in an attitude openly curious. She turned immediately away, but McCloud rose and started



She Was Something Like an Apparition.

down the hill. The horse's head was pulled up, and there were signs of departure. He quickened his steps. Once he saw, or thought he saw, the rider's head so turned that her eyes might have commanded one appearing from his quarter; yet he could catch no further glimpse of her face. A second surprise awaited him. Just as she seemed about to ride away, she dropped lightly from the horse to the ground, and he saw how confident in figure she was. As she began to try her saddle-girths, McCloud attempted a greeting. She could not ignore his hat, held rather high above his head as he approached, but she gave him the slightest nod in return—one that made no attempt to explain why she was there or where she had come from.

"Pardon me," ventured McCloud, "have you lost your way?"

He was immediately conscious that he had said the wrong thing. The expression of her eyes implied that it was foolish to suppose she was lost, but she only answered: "I saw the smoke and feared the bridge was on fire."

Something in her voice made him almost sorry he had intervened; if she stood in need of help of any sort it was not apparent, and her gaze was confusing.

"I presume Mr. Sinclair is here?" she said, presently.

"I am sorry to say he is not."

"He usually has charge of the wrecks, I think. What a dreadful fire!" she murmured, looking down the track. "Was it a passenger wreck?"

She turned abruptly on McCloud to ask the question. Her eyes were brown, too, he saw, and a doubt assailed him. Was she pretty?

"Only a freight wreck," he answered.

"I thought if there were passengers hurt I could send help from the ranch. Were you the conductor?"

"Fortunately not."

"And no one was hurt?"

"Only a tramp. We are burning the wreck to clear the track."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**IDLE CHATTER**

Union precinct has formed an improvement committee.

Mrs. Elmer Taylor returned from Shenandoah, Ia., Saturday.

E. H. Christie of Omaha was a Florence visitor Wednesday.

E. A. Snell bought lot 5, block 82, of the Merchants' National bank.

The city council will open bids for the new paving Monday night.

Newell Burton and Hugh Suttie visited with Omaha friends Saturday evening.

John Lubold sold to Mr. White of the Germania Insurance Co. lots 6 and 7, block 58.

Miss Tracy left Tuesday morning to attend the postmasters' convention at Lincoln.

Mrs. Charles Creighton of Omaha was the guest of Florence friends on Friday evening.

Mrs. John Brisbin, Mrs. Harry Brisbin and Mrs. Ross were guests of Mrs. John Eyer Friday afternoon.

Lucien Thompson is now working for the Nebraska Telephone company in the Florence office.

George Gamble has recovered from his recent illness, during which he lost 16 pounds in one week.

Miss Anna Potter was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peterson at Coffman Sunday.

Rev. Amos, the new minister, will conduct the services at the Presbyterian church Sunday.

William Thompson is attending the encampment of the Omaha High School Cadets at Ashland this week.

There will be a good time for all who come to Florence to attend the Eagles' Fourth of July celebration. Make your plans to attend.

Edward Heyden of Hastings & Heyden bought lots 11 and 12, Florence Heights, while Mrs. Heyden bought lot 15 in the same addition.

The volunteer fire department will meet Monday evening and request all who have keys to the fire house to turn them in at that time.

Owing to the death of Harry Martin the Royal Neighbors of America, Violet Camp, postponed their meeting until Monday evening.

Harry Cozar received the second price at the Brodegard auction in Omaha Tuesday and now is possessor of a beautiful cut glass nappy.

Last week the Farmers' State bank made a change in its directory by the addition of R. H. Olmsted. F. T. Parker was elected cashier of the bank.

W. L. Ross was a guest at Happy Hollow Country club Saturday afternoon when the High School debaters of Omaha and Chicago were entertained.

Charles E. Ady of the National Life Insurance company purchased lot 16 Florence Heights this week and will erect a handsome house this summer. He paid \$3,200 for the property.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. McClure were guests at the wedding of Sidney L. Edholm and Alice Twiss in Omaha Wednesday. Mr. Edholm is a sister of Mrs. McClure.

The school board will hold their annual meeting at the school house on Monday evening, June 28. Two new members are to be elected, that many going out each year.

The fourth of July celebration committee have been instructed not to have anything on the program that will conflict with the laws of Nebraska.

O. W. Nelson sold lots 1 and 2, block 72, to Dr. Ramsey this week.

mediately at the house for five house.

The official paper of the city and if you want to know what is going on in the city you should be a subscriber at \$1.00 a year.

The fourth and fifth grades of the Florence school enjoyed a picnic at Hanscom Park Saturday afternoon. They were chaperoned by Miss Carr, Miss Meyer and Miss Wright.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols attended the memorial services of the Royal Neighbors of America in Omaha Sunday evening. But few others attended, owing to the death of Harry Martin.

If you want to smoke going down in the morning, try one of the brands Charles Cottrell keeps at the Post-office News Stand. He also has the morning Omaha papers.

A number of the younger folks surprised Miss Mabel Cole at her home on Bluff and State streets last Friday night. After an enjoyable evening with games refreshments were served.

Mrs. E. L. Platz, Miss Alice Platz and Master Ellis Platz leave for Lincoln today to visit Mr. Platz's mother and sisters. Miss Alice Platz will remain for some time, while the others, with Miss Elizabeth Platz, will return Monday.

William Ross, son of Dr. Ross, was one of the debaters on the Omaha High School team that defeated the Englewood High School team at Creighton university in Omaha last Friday night. The question discussed was: "Resolved, That the Galveston plan of municipal government should be adopted in American cities."

Mr. J. A. Scott, manager of the Minne-Lusa Lumber company, was married Wednesday evening to Miss Nellie Stevenson of Lincoln. The ceremony took place in Lincoln and the couple expect to return to Florence Friday. They will occupy the new house of Charles Bangman.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell Burton entertained Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reynolds and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted, Mr. and Mrs. John Lubold, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Suttie, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. Will Thomas, Messrs. Dan Kelly, Charles Thompson, Edward Berryman, Willis Barber and Jay Golding Wednesday evening after the high school graduation exercises at Pascale's hall.

Last Wednesday evening the City Marshall, arrested five men for having too many shoes in their possession and trying to sell them. In the afternoon these men entered McClure's store and while one engaged the attention of the clerks in the back end of the store the others made away with the shoes. Two of the men, escaped from the marshal. The judge sentenced one of the men to 30 days in county jail and \$10 and costs. Credit is due the marshal for his quick work with the thieves.

The members and friends of the Presbyterian church held a reception for the Rev. Mr. Amos and wife at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted Monday evening. An impromptu musical program was given by Mesdames Hartman and Reynolds, Misses Van Syckel and Emery, piano; Mesdames Price and Leirt, solos, and Mr. Amos Cottrell, violin. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Hartman, Rev. and Mrs. Amos, Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted, Mr. and Mrs. Price; Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Cottrell, Mrs. Yoder, Mrs. Anderson; Miss Sidner, Miss Van Syckel, Miss Anderson, Miss Mable Allison, Miss Mildred Allison, Miss Curry; Mr. Carlson, Mr. Amos Cottrell.

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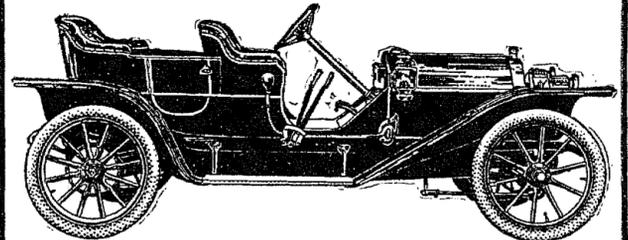


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