

# The Florence Tribune

VOL. I. LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers. FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1910 Subscription, \$1.00 a Year. No. 42

## REPUBLICANS NOMINATE

A Big Surprise is Sprung at Their Primaries on Tuesday When Hugh Suttie Got in the Game and Had His Friends Write in His Name for Mayor, But Game Was Not Successful, He Being Beaten by 13 Votes.

Tuesday was republican primary day.

On Monday everything was quiet and placid and not a ripple disturbed the political sea except small ones of treasurer and councilman from North ward.

Tuesday all was changed.

Early in the day the friends of Hugh Suttie organized a fight in his behalf for mayor.

Plans were carefully laid and scouts sent out to the faithful and the war was on.

Tuesday evening when the polls opened there was a big crowd on hand and in the two hours they were open 155 votes were cast.

Following is the result:

**NORTH OR FIRST WARD.**

For Mayor—

F. S. Tucker, 36.

Hugh Suttie, 29.

For City Clerk—

John Bondesson, 60.

For City Treasurer—

George Siert, 35.

William H. Thomas, 37.

Four Councilmen—

Frank D. Leach, 34c.

Paul A. Haskell, 28.

For City Central Committeemen—

Frank Brown, 55.

Louis Grebe, 43.

W. R. Wall, 51.

Tom Cluck, 1.

**SOUTH OR SECOND WARD.**

For Mayor—

F. S. Tucker, 41.

Hugh Suttie, 35.

For City Clerk—

John Bondesson, 70.

Hugh Suttie, 1.

For City Treasurer—

George Siert, 40.

William H. Thomas, 40.

For Councilman—

Carl Feldhusen, 59.

Dan Keller, 1.

For City Central Committeemen—

Frank Brown, 52.

Louis Grebe, 48.

W. R. Wall, 42.

M. C. Coe, 1.

A large crowd stayed at the polls until the vote was counted and much interest in the result was manifested.

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## FORT CALHOUN NEWS

William Arndt was working at Allison's.

Louis Vaughan was down from Blair to see his mother.

Frank Dudgeon, after two years' absence, has returned to Desota.

William Pusch was up from Omaha at his mother's on the bottoms.

Miss Mary Nichols made a home visit from Omaha over Sunday.

Mrs. Case and Miss Ruth have gone to Silver City, Ia., for a brief visit.

Mrs. Mary Crouse of Omaha was visiting in Blair and Fort Calhoun.

Republican primary for city officers will be Saturday night at 7:30 o'clock.

Gustav Nelson got \$9.00 per 100, or over \$27 for one hog in the local market.

Sunday, March 20, at 2:30 p. m., the Rev. Mr. Hilkeman will preach in German.

W. H. Woods spent two days in Tekamah with two of his married daughters.

One Tekamah man bought and baled over 3,000 tons of hay during the fall and winter.

Matthew Mathielsen was down from Blair at Henry Frahm's, who is still confined to his house.

Pioneer Henry Frahm was able to walk one block to visit his pioneer neighbor, George Neale.

Master Russell Curtis went with his uncle, Bert Curtis, of Tekamah, to take up land in Canada.

Frank Johnson, of Blair, passed through here with his daughter, who has been in an Omaha hospital.

Friday night the junior baseball club has a box social at the city hall, the Christian Endeavor held a business meeting at the parsonage and the Hamann sisters of Omaha came

## COW THOUGHT IT WAS SPRING

Man Prepares for Good Time by Painting His Boat Green, and Cow Thinks Spring Has Come.

The warm days of the first part of March ignited the fires of love for boating in the veins of a Florence man. Consequently he got out his old boat and looked it over.

"A little paint and a few repairs will put it in as good shape as ever and if I do it now I can enjoy an early ride and maybe get some ducks," said he.

Straightaway he began the repairs and the paint. What color is best suited.

"Ah, I will paint it a beautiful green and make it a thing of joy."

Suiting action to the word he did so and after completing the job put the boat out on a vacant lot to dry and where his neighbors could see and admire it and envy him the possession thereof.

But alas and alack. The family cow roamed on that lot and seeing the boat mistook it for spring verdure and ate off all the paint.

It is said the cow was Irish and gave green milk until Patrick's day.

The boat is still in need of paint.

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up and went with their cousins, the Schwayers, to spend the evening with the Landises.

Mrs. Herman Bolln, of Omaha, was at Joe Bolln's and Miss Godderson, of Blair, at Peter Holst's.

Mrs. Charles Rathjen and sons were visiting the former's brother, Carl Feldusen, in Florence.

Comrade Woods, of Fort Calhoun, and Comrade William Swihart, of Kennard, attended a Grand Army meet at Blair Saturday night.

Prof. George Green, the Omaha High school band tutor, is fitting up a summer cottage on the bottoms.

Farmers are quoting good seed potatoes at 75 cents. The same could have been sold last fall for 85 cents.

Mrs. Melton Moore, of Tekamah, formerly Miss Laurie Poole, of Coffman, is the mother of a fine girl, born March 8.

James Foley, who was brought up and married in Fort Calhoun in territorial days, recently of Blair, has now moved to Omaha.

William Cheely, of Blair once of Fort Calhoun, traveling for a milling firm, has had his salary raised three times in two years.

Lou Vaughan, the Blair architect, whose father was buried at Fortress Monroe in 1863, came to Fort Calhoun with his parents in 1859.

The Woman's club will entertain at the city hall March 18 at 7:30 p. m. for the benefit of the cemetery fund. Admission will be 35 cents. All kinds of good times are promised.

The county board of supervisors and the county bridge man, Beaty, were here and inspected a new steel road machine that Overseer John A. Johnson took out of his district.

The annual meeting of the Presbyterian church was held last week and Pastor Hilkeman was called for another year. Elder Stanley was re-elected elder for three years; C. A. Babbitt, elder to fill vacancy, and George Saltzman and Peter Holst trustees. The pastor now preaches at Fort Calhoun, Coffman, Long Creek and Desota. It was decided not to join the pastorate with the church at Blair.

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## DEMOCRATS NOMINATE

Hold Their Primaries on Wednesday Night and Try the Scheme of Nominating Dark Horses Without Avail. Grigg for City Clerk and Milo Simpson for Engineer Win Out, But Did Not File Their Names With Committee to Go on Ballot.

It's all set for the election now. Wednesday night the democrats held their primaries and nominated a full ticket.

Like the republicans they sprang a surprise by the friends of C. A. Grigg writing his name in for clerk and of Milo Simpson for engineer.

David Andrews' friends thought they could come it over Kelly in the south ward and seven wrote his name in, but Kelly had 14 votes when they were counted.

Fifty votes in all were cast, which is a good showing when there is no contest on except for mayor.

The judges of election did not count the wards separate, so we can only give the vote in full which was as follows:

For Mayor—

W. E. Rogers, 44.

F. M. King, 5.

For City Clerk—

C. A. Grigg, 26.

For City Treasurer—

W. B. Parks, 38.

For City Engineer—

Milo Simpson, 6.

John Lubold, 1.

For Councilman, North Ward—

Robert P. Craig.

For Councilman, South Ward—

D. F. Kelly, 14.

D. Andrews, 7.

For City Central Committeemen—

J. V. Shipley, 44.

Harry Brisbin, 43.

George Sorenson, 41.

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## LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

J. F. Drabek Writes Entertainingly of the Climate in That State Comparing Its Balmy Sunshine to Nebraska's Cold, Chilly Spring Weather.—Trees All in Bloom There and Nature is at Its Best.

Orland, Cal., March 5.

Editor of the Tribune:—

I could not resist the temptation of telling your kind readers of our early beautiful spring weather. While the Omaha papers, dated February 23, were telling about cold snap you had in Nebraska, 7-8 below zero, here we just commenced to enjoy fine spring weather. Almond trees had commenced to bloom about that time and have been in full bloom for a number of days past. Other trees, such as cherries, apricots and others are covered with blossoms. Alfalfa is growing very fast. Some of it will be ready for the mow about the last of this month, so I am told by the old settlers here.

Government work is progressing rapidly, preparing the water ditches for irrigation.

First three days in March the temperature reached 74 degrees heat. Today, March 4, 70 degrees in the shade.

I also had the pleasure of meeting our son Louis that I have not seen for about fifteen years. He was here in Orland on March 1. Of course he wanted to know all about the old neighbors and our home.

Some oranges and lemons are on the trees yet. Considerable of building is going on in town and country.

J. F. DRABEK.

## PAID TO RAILROADS.

Statistics Showing Revenues They Have Received.

Statistics showing the revenue received by the railroads from the sale of tickets, freight forwarded and freight received for the last year shows the ambitious smaller cities of the state line up in this position: Grand Island, first, \$324,839.79; Fremont, second, \$323,813.90; Beatrice, third, \$321,670.62; Hastings, fourth, \$308,430.39; Kearney, fifth, \$445,537.22; Nebraska City, sixth, \$424,939.12.

In the above group Nebraska City shows a decrease of about \$20,000 compared with the year before, while Fremont shows a decrease of about \$30,000. The other towns mentioned all show an increase.

Compared with last year Omaha and Lincoln show increases, while So. Omaha shows a decrease. For 1908 Omaha paid out to the railroads \$10,108,917.29, compared with \$10,392,994.34 for the last year; Lincoln paid to the railroads in 1908 \$3,930,936.08, compared with \$3,979,093.48. In 1908 South Omaha contributed \$6,010,448.99, compared with \$5,875,971.18.

Of the smaller cities Schuyler made the greatest increase of any town in the state, its increase being \$224,000. In the amount of the increase Schuyler ranks next to Omaha, which increased its expenditures with the railroads some \$284,000.

The total revenue for the entire state received by all the railroads for 1908 was \$48,112,241.66. For 1909 the total revenue amounted to \$50,640,137.75. Omaha and South Omaha contributed almost one-third of the revenue.

## NIGHT RACES AT FAIR.

The state fair board is figuring on having races at the state fair this year. The plan is to have the races and a display of fireworks each evening. Heretofore the board has been having the fireworks put on by a company, but it has discovered that it can put on the show itself and this will be done this year.

## CONSERVATION CONGRESS.

The state conservation congress, called by Governor Shallenberger to be held in Lincoln the last of March, promises to be a big meeting. The committee chosen to arrange the details has issued notice regarding the number of delegates to be chosen by the different political divisions and elected officers.

## MISSOURI PACIFIC TO FIGHT.

The Missouri Pacific railroad will fight the Bartos act, which provides that railroads shall maintain at depots a telephone for the convenience of the public. That is if the railway commission insists upon the installation of a telephone at Burr.

\$25 reward for the arrest and conviction of the thief who broke into the tool house on Main street and stole a lot of tools.—John Lubold.

James Nicholson left this week for Dayton, Mont., where he has homesteaded a farm.

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Franklin Pierce Jolly will give an entertainment consisting of impersonations, ventriloquism and dialect stories April 7 for the benefit of the Boys of Honor. This club is endeavoring to raise funds to carry on its work and have made advantageous terms with Mr. Jolly. Everybody in this vicinity should buy a ticket of the boys and then turn out and enjoy an evening of pleasure. We will have more to say about this next week.

## HITCHCOCK AFTER SENATORSHIP

Congressman Announces Himself as a Candidate for Senate and Announcement is Well Received.

Monday morning Congressman Gilbert M. Hitchcock announced himself as a candidate for United States senator, relinquishing his office of congressman.

The announcement brought great joy to the democrats of Florence and almost to a man they laud him as a good, clean man with a good record.

The World-Herald has been printing each day expressions of the people about his candidacy and each day Florence has been well represented and all of a very complimentary nature.

Among those who expressed themselves are Henry Anderson, W. B. Parks, John Lubold, James Brennehan, John Brisbin, W. A. Anderson, W. E. Rogers, Harry Brisbin, F. M. King, D. F. Kelly, R. P. Craig, W. R. Wall, David Andrews, Randall Polwek, Henry Holingsworth, A. F. Close, George Foster, Hugh Suttie, D. V. Shipley and W. B. Vreeland.

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## WHY DOES A GOOD HEN CACKLE?

A Barnyard Fable That is Worthy of Reading and After Reading Heeding.

The man who does not advertise should read this little fable:

In a certain barnyard there were two hens, one of which, when she laid an egg, cackled, because she knew when she had a good thing, and wanted others to know it—that hen believed in advertising. And many were the breakfasts her enterprise supplied.

"When the other hen laid eggs she disdained to cackle. 'What's the use?' she said. 'Everybody knows I lay eggs,' and she cackled not.

"One day the owner of the hens by accident discovered the nest of the Noiseless One, and it was full with eggs. But They Were Too Old to Use. And immediately he cut off the head of the hen that had refused to be 'modern' and advertise.

"Mr. Reader, are your goods becoming 'over-ripe'? Try 'cackling'—advertise."

## ALFALFA RATE STAYS DOWN.

The Burlington railroad has been refused permission to increase the rate on alfalfa hay from Scott's Bluff to Omaha from 20 to 23 cents. The order refusing this permission was issued by the railway commission a few days ago, after having received protests from the Omaha Commercial club and the Omaha Alfalfa Meal company.

It was set out by the company that when the Peters company's plant at Omaha burned some time ago the rate on alfalfa hay was reduced from 23 to 20 cents per 100 for the benefit of that company. Now that the company has got on its feet again the railroad desires to restore the old rate, and with its application was filed a statement from the Peters company waiving objection to the increase.

Those who protested, however, set out that the Peters company had established mills out in the state and was now shipping to Omaha the finished product and no longer was it interested in the rate on alfalfa hay.

## NEBRASKA NEWS.

Items of Interest from Over the State.

"The Government," a new fraternal society, will locate in (Beatrice, if sufficient encouragement is given.

Henry H. Verrell, a resident of Saunders county for over forty years, was found dead in his home in Memphis. Death was due to apoplexy. He was a native Brigham and was 74 years of age.

The board of education, at its regular meeting, decided to submit a proposition to the people of Nebraska City to vote for \$80,000 in bonds with which to erect a new high school. The matter will come up at a special election to be held on May 24.

The Business Men's association of the village of Diller, Jefferson county, is offering two sets of prizes, ten in all, for good roads in that vicinity. Five prizes are offered for one section running north from the village, and five for the section running south.

E. K. Wilkins, superintendent of construction of the postoffice at Grand Island, has been ordered by the supervising architect to take up the work on the Kearney postoffice, the change to take place at once. He will handle the work in that city exclusively, changing his residence there.

Max Wolf, who last year imported a number of draft horses from Europe, left last week for France to purchase another shipment, which he will bring to Albion. These horses Mr. Wolf expects to dispose of mainly at home. Boone county farmers took most of the former shipment.

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There is quite a movement of farmers, and especially of young farmers, from the high priced lands of Hamilton county, to the cheap lands of

**BIG BOY CRIED, WOMEN WEPT.**

Money Would Not Tempt United Doctors to Accept an Incurable Case.

His last hope gone, little Harry Brockman of North Platte, broke down and cried while women wept in sympathy and strong men silently wiped away tears. The boy, who is 15 years old, had come all the way to Omaha to see Dr. Ben W. Kinsey, chief of staff of the United Doctors. Henry was suffering from partial paralysis, due to a fall down stairs, and as many doctors had treated him and all had failed to cure, his last hope was centered in his faith in the great specialist.

The boy had been carried up the steps on his father's shoulder and on account of his weakened condition, other waiting patients gave up their turn in order that the poor boy might consult the specialist at once. After the boy had been thoroughly examined Dr. Kinsey placed his hand upon the little fellow's head and turning to the father said: "I am very sorry that it is not within my power to cure your boy, but such is the case and therefore I will not treat him." The father then offered to pay a large sum for treatment in the hope that even if the boy could not be cured he might be benefited, but the specialist remained firm, explaining that the boy's condition was due to a deformed condition of the spine and was incurable by medical treatment.

As Harry was being carried through the waiting room he realized that his last hope was blotted out and it was then that he broke down and cried and the waiting patients wept in sympathy. The little fellow brightened up enough to shake hands with Dr. Kinsey and thank him for the free examination and say he was glad there was one doctor honest enough not to take his papa's money when they could do him no good.

A reporter who was in the waiting room at the time asked if many such pathetic scenes were enacted there. The answer was that they are common, as the doctor never accepts a case for treatment unless he feels sure that he can effect a complete cure. He wants a clean record of cures—for only on such a foundation can such an enormous practice be maintained.

All day long every day the waiting rooms of the wonderful United Doctors' institute on the second floor of the Neville block, at the corner of 16th and Harney streets, is crowded with sick people waiting to be cured.

**VOCABULARY LIMITED THEN**



"Who wrote the dictionary?"  
"I don't know, but I bet he couldn't explain things to his wife when he got home at 3 a. m. any better than anybody else."

**PUBLISHED EVERY WINTER**

**Famous Cough and Cold Prescription Has Cured Hundreds Here.**

"Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of this mixture after each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle well each time." This is said to be the quickest cold and cough remedy known. It frequently cures the worst colds in twenty-four hours. But be sure to get only the genuine Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes put up in a tin screw-top case. Don't use the weaker pine preparations. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house.

**A New Version.**

Appropos of George Washington and the cherry tree story, Senator Beveridge said at a dinner in Indianapolis:

"I asked a little boy what this story was the other day, and he actually didn't know. He said he knew, though, the story about the judgment of Solomon, and he proceeded to tell it to me. 'Solomon,' he said, 'was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. The first woman said, 'It is my child.' The second said, 'No, it is mine.' 'But Solomon spoke up and declared:

"No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so that each of you will be supplied."

**Cause of the Increase.**

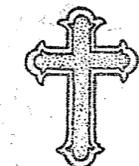
Going downtown the other morning in the street car Judge Reid looked up from his newspaper. "I see that the publisher of 'Anybody's' makes the claim that his magazine has a larger circulation than yours," he remarked to the proprietor of the Earth Monthly.

"Well, it's my fault if it has," snapped the other; "like a fool, I've been letting him run one of his ads. in the Earth."—Chicago News.

**No Joke.**  
"If an old maid says 'No' when he proposes, is she playing the coquette?"  
"No, she's playing the fool!"—Cleveland Leader.

Sit down and wait for things to come your way and the first thing that comes will be the wagon to haul you off to the county infirmary.

# The Cross in Art, History and Legend



AT THIS season when all the world over people of many races and tongues are meditating on the Cross of Christ; when long services are being held in memory of the greatest tragedy on Golgotha, and processions are solemnly marching to the stations of the Cross, bearing banners and crucifixes, and bowing reverently before altars and pictures commemorating the sorrowful walk to Calvary; when in the Holy Land thousands of pilgrims from every nation are treading the very "Via Dolorosa" on which he trod as he left the Holy City forever, carrying his cross to the "Accursed Hill" on the walls; it may be of interest to consider the history and traditions of this wonderful symbol under which we live and in the name of which so much has been wrought of world-wide good to humanity, and, alas! of great harm through Christian fanaticism.

Perhaps there is no other object on earth about which there has been more controversy, more dissensions and more superstitions than about this one great object for reverence on the one side, and for derision on the other. Ever since the crucifixion it has left a strong impress on the history of the nations and has been revered in the religion of all the sects bearing the name of Christ. It has been surrounded by traditions and mysticism and endowed with supernatural and miraculous attributes. It has been taken as the emblem of a faith under the banner of which great deeds of heroism have been done, as in olden days when pioneer messengers of the Story of the Cross filled with religious zeal entered bravely into uncivilized and barbarian lands, fearlessly ignoring great dangers.

Heralded by Christian banners the procession of civilization has spread to all parts of the world. Romans carried it to the Britons and Saxons. The worship of the sun as observed by the Incas was brought to an end through the ascendancy of Spanish bearers of the cross.

Being the keynote and the "glory" of the Christian religion this emblem soon became prized in other directions besides those ecclesiastic. With the triumph of Christianity the cross at once was recognized as a universal symbol of highest nobility and honor. It was now considered to add dignity to the crowns and scepters of emperors and princes. It became the proud-

est ensign of knightly rank. The greatest warriors were proud to see the cross on the hilts of their swords as well as on the banners under which they fought. It also became a sign of merit for valor and bravery—a reward for deeds of honor, as the iron cross of Prussia established by William III. for patriotic bravery in war.

It was worn also as a protection in times of trouble. To denote the consecration of those devoted to the aid of the suffering and needy; the Red Cross was the confederation of societies in different countries for the betterment of conditions of the wounded soldiers in campaigns on land and sea. In Crusader days, beginning with Peter the Hermit, in 1094, starting out to deliver the Holy Land from the dominion of the infidel, the brave warriors were thus named because of the red cross they wore as badges on their right shoulders.

The archbishop's crozier—the ensign of his office—is the staff with a cross head, distinguishing it from the "pastoral" staff of bishops and abbots, which have a shepherd's crook.

Thus has been experienced the saying of Justin Martyr so many years ago—that "the sign of the cross was impressed upon the whole of nature. There is hardly a handicraftsman also but uses the figure of it among the implements of his industry. It forms a part of man himself." Man has been created in this form as has been beautifully illustrated by Emily Collier in the painting depicting the Holy Child's expression of his love—"So wide is my love."

In the middle ages and in Crusaders' days the cross was the distinctive symbol of the Christian in contradistinction to the Crescent of the Mohammedan.

The custom of marking one's signature by a cross was first adopted by Christians in the year 110 to distinguish them from the pagans, and it stood for a silent oath.

The early Christians immediately used this sign, which was connected with their religion, as a secret message to one another in their first days of persecution. Mingling with the persecutors of their faith, they could thus make themselves known to each other without calling the attention of those around them. In visiting the catacombs in Rome, where they hid from fear of their persecutors, it is intensely interesting to notice that the sign so sacred to them is carved and engraved all around the walls of their prison cells and above the tombs of their brethren.

## Easter Milk



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

### HAS NOT SLEPT SINCE LIGHTNING STRUCK HIM

NEW JERSEY POLICE CHIEF CLAIMS HE HAS NOT SLEPT IN TWENTY YEARS.

Hackettstown, N. J.—Alonzo Wire of this place, 12 years head of the police department, says that for the last 20 years he has not closed his eyes in sleep. He came near it, he says, several times recently, when he found himself getting drowsy in front of a hot fire, but when he would attempt to take advantage of it and lie down to compose himself for the long-sought nap, sleep would flit away and he would pass the night, as he passed so many others, in wide-eyed wakefulness.

He does not go to bed now, but reclines on a couch in the front room of his home, where in the darkness he



The Bolt Made Him Deaf for a Time.

allows his thoughts to wander and confuse themselves as they will in the nearest semblance to sleep of which he is capable.

Neither Wire nor the physicians who have studied his case are able to assign a cause for the condition, nor can they explain why it is that he has retained a state of robust health for all these years of insomnia.

He has even done hard manual work in the open air at frequent intervals without being able to woo the coy goddess of sleep.

The only result at all noticeable from his long-continued wakefulness has been a loss of weight in the past score of years, amounting to between 75 and 80 pounds. He used to weigh nearly 280 pounds, and now he tips the scale at barely 200.

Wire says he believes that a stroke of lightning he received 30 years ago might have something to do with his peculiarity, though it happened years before he first suffered with insomnia. The bolt made him deaf for a time. He was driving a team of horses into a barn at the approach of a thunderstorm. The horses were knocked down and other men were stunned.

For some years while suffering from insomnia Wire had a job as night watchman for the Lackawanna railroad, but he never slept during the days. Mrs. Ware bears him out in that statement. He is the alarm clock for the family. No matter what time one of them wants to get up in the morning, Father Wire is there to rouse him. He listens all through the night to the striking of the town clock.

Wire says he suffers from more or less restlessness at times, but the strange malady has not impaired his health or strength to any degree. His physician, who says that Wire's age, 63, is such now that he ought to have regular and ample rest, has been treating him with a view to inducing drowsiness, but thus far without result.

**Real Boy.**

An illustration of a belief she has that the kindergarten is quite as productive of mirth as it is of other things, Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, in her new Harper book, 'The Biography of a Boy,' relates what happened to Binks when at the kindergarten he was set to making lemon-colored, glazed-paper chains. Binks objected to forging them, expressed aversion to them when finished, and then suddenly recollied upon himself, producing them at a truly prolific rate. The teacher hoped that his industry had not been accompanied with smearing of paste upon his person.

"No, there isn't too much paste on 'em," he assured her affably; "there isn't none at all. I made 'em without." "Listen, children, while clever little Martin tells us how he made the ends of his strips hold together without using paste," cried Mrs. Trayner, trustfully.

"I spit on 'em," said Binks briefly.

**Black Canary and White Sparrows.** Yesterday the fifty-first annual national cage bird show, promoted by the London and Provincial Ornithological society, was opened at the Crystal Palace. The total entry is about 2,000.

One class was a collection of curiosities. A white jackdaw, two white sparrows, a white "blackbird" and a clear yellow yellowhammer were benched. A Hunstein bird of paradise, valued at £1,500, and a black canary attracted a great deal of attention.—London Daily News.

**A GOOD COUGH MIXTURE.**

Simple Home-Made Remedy That Is Free from Opiates and Harmful Drugs.

An effective remedy that will usually break up a cold in twenty-four hours, is easily made by mixing together in a large bottle two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. This mixture will cure any cough that is curable, and is not expensive as it makes enough to last the average family an entire year. Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

**TRAGIC RECOLLECTION.**



Henderson—Ever meet with any serious accident while traveling?  
Henpeck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

**TINY BABY'S PITIFUL CASE**

"Our baby when two months old was suffering with terrible eczema from head to foot, all over her body. The baby looked just like a skinned rabbit. We were unable to put clothes on her. At first it seemed to be a few matted pimples. They would break the skin and peel off leaving the underneath skin red as though it were scalded. Then a few more pimples would appear and spread all over the body, leaving the baby all raw without skin from head to foot. On top of her head there appeared a heavy scab a quarter of an inch thick. It was awful to see so small a baby look as she did. Imagine! The doctor was afraid to put his hands to the child. We tried several doctors' remedies but all failed.

"Then we decided to try Cuticura. By using the Cuticura Ointment we softened the scab and it came off. Under this, where the real matter was, by washing with the Cuticura Soap and applying the Cuticura Ointment, a new skin soon appeared. We also gave baby four drops of the Cuticura Resolvent three times daily. After three days you could see the baby gaining a little skin which would peel off and heal underneath. Now the baby is four months old. She is a fine picture of a fat little baby and all's well. We only used one cake of Cuticura Soap, two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent. If people would know what Cuticura is there would be few suffering with eczema. Mrs. Joseph Kossmann, 7 St. John's Place, Ridgewood Heights, N. Y., Apr. 30 and May 4, '09."

**The Wise Doc.**

"The doctor has ordered me to eat only the plainest food."  
"For how long?"  
"Till I have paid his bill, I guess."

**Beautiful Post Cards Free.**

Send 5 stamps for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Birthday, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 22 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

"If the shoe fits, wear it," is a time-worn saying, but with a woman if the shoe fits she takes it back because it is too big.

**PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**  
PAIN OINTMENT guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Never depend on a stuttering man, he'll break his word.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's never too late to mend—until it is too late.

Lewis' Single Binder, the famous straight 32 cigar—annual sale \$350,000.

To enjoy love or sausages one must have a lot of confidence.

**THINKING OF BUYING A SEPARATOR?**

Just a moment, Mr. Farmer, or Mr. Dairyman; do you know what make of machine will give you the best results, work easiest, last longest and is cleaned the quickest? Remember, used twice a day, if times a week or 50 times a year involves a strain that demands perfect construction.

**National Cream Separator**

will easily prove its superiority on examination or comparison with other makes. Thorough tests have demonstrated that it skims closer than any other machine made. The comparatively few parts make it easiest to run and keep clean. Let us send you our catalogue containing full particulars and testimonials of hundreds of satisfied owners. Then ask and insist on your dealer demonstrating a National before buying.

THE NATIONAL DAIRY MACHINE COMPANY  
Goshen, Indiana Chicago, Illinois

**FOR SALE** A limited amount of Great Western Portland Cement, paying a dividend of 8%. We are obliged to enlarge our plant, due to the increase in business, and offer the above stock to those seeking investments. For particulars, address

**GREAT WESTERN PORTLAND CEMENT CO.** ALL BANK BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO.

**MICA AXLE GREASE**

is the turning-point to economy in wear and tear of wagons. Try a box. Every dealer, everywhere

**MICA STANDARD OIL CO.** (Incorporated)

## HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

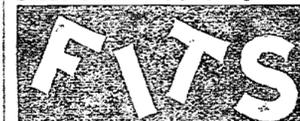
**Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

Sabatius, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you full permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs. H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabatius, Me. Another, Vermont, Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

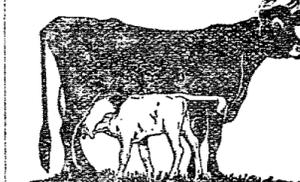
**Trial Bottle Free By Mail**



**KOW-KURE**

It is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a cow cure. Barrenness, retained after-birth, abortion, scours, caked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without KOW-KURE. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "Cow Medicine" sent FREE. Ask your local dealer for KOW-KURE or send to the manufacturers.

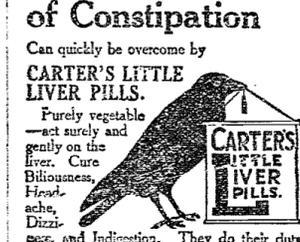
DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO. Lyndonville, Vt.



## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature:



W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 12-1910.

# Ben and Mary

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

(Copyright, 1929 by Associated Literary Press.)

It began the day Mary Lester was nine years old and Ben Holmes was ten. He overtook her on her way to the little country schoolhouse, which he was also bound. They were son and daughter of farmers.

They did not say much to each other on that mile walk. He had a stick of "real store gum" which he divided with her, and she said that if she ever broke her new slate pencil she would give him half of it. There might have been no love but for the red-headed boy who snatched her half-eaten apple away at the noon hour. She burst into tears over it, and Ben Holmes sailed into the offender and forced his head into a snowdrift. From that moment on, she was the vine and he the oak.

During four winter terms Ben Holmes and Mary Lester walked to school together, and when the snow was deep he carried her over the worst places on his back. They felt themselves "engaged" from the day he licked the red-headed boy. They used to discuss marriage in the most sober manner. It was years ahead of them; of course, but if any one had told them that their minds might undergo a change they would have been astonished.

When Mary was 13 she was sent away to stay with an aunt and attend a higher school. Ben had to take his place at farm work. They wrote each other every week, and the boy soon discovered that the girl was getting ahead of him. He spent his evenings catching up. He became his own teacher and added much to his store of knowledge.

At 15, when Mary came home, he saw a great change in her, but she could see very little in him. Higher education hadn't changed her so much, but mingling with the world had. She had a certain assurance and polish that Ben regarded with dismay. She kidded him; she corrected him; she criticized him. Her three months at home brought little pleasure to him, and when she went away again for another long stay he felt that he had lost her. A few letters passed, and then they dropped out of each other's lives. It has been so thousands of times.

If plowing, sowing, planting and reaping makes a clodhopper, then Ben Holmes became one. He had freckles and sunburns and frostbites and calloused hands. If Mary Lester came home for a few weeks and he called at the house, he was overpowered. Night after night he had studied to improve while others slept, and yet she had soared above him. She held him at a distance; she wouldn't talk of school days; she smiled at his awkwardness.

It came to Ben at last that he must give it up. They called him a smart young man, but he realized that there was something that must go with education.

He could not quench his love for the girl he had fought for and carried on his back and built play-houses for. He carried it with him every day, but at the same time he recognized the hopelessness of it.

"Mary's home for good, I guess" announced his mother one evening as Ben sat bent over a book.

He had heard so three days before, but had said nothing.

"She's brought one of her girl chums with her."

He had heard that, too.

"And they say, Ben—they say that a young feller arrived to-day who's going to marry her. He's come to see her father about it. Polly Davis saw him as he drove up to the house, and she says he is slick as a button. Wears an overcoat trimmed with fur, and is rich. She says he will be a great match."

Ben had been preparing himself for the blow, but it came with stunning force after all. The letters in the book turned upside down, and he found his teeth shut hard.

"Polly says they are all going sliding down-hill this evening," continued the mother. "The hill road is as slippery as ice, and Jabez Turner has bent them his big sled and his oxen to draw it back up hill. It's about time for 'em to be at it now. Why don't you go and see the fun?"

The mother didn't know the son. She thought the past was the past with him. Nothing told her that at that very moment his love was burning more fiercely than ever. Go to join the party? Go even to see them from a distance? Not for all the money in the world. He looked at his mother in astonishment as she suggested it. And, yet, ten minutes later, he laid aside his book, put on his overcoat and left the house.

The hill was down the road; he meant to walk in the opposite direction, but he didn't. He turned down the road. He did not mean to descend the hill by the footpath to the railroad tracks running along the valley, but he did that same thing. He did not mean to walk west to where the vehicles coming down the long and winding hill crossed the tracks, but he reached it just as the sled was being drawn up again after its first flight. There were half a dozen young people, and he could hear their talk and laughter. Mary Lester seemed happiest of all.

Ben said to himself that he would go home now, but he didn't go. It was blow upon blow to know that Mary and her lover were there, and yet he

would wait and get a nearer view of them. The prisoner who realizes that his case is hopeless is relieved when the judge pronounces sentence. Ben walked a hundred feet up the hill and sat down behind a stump. When the sled came along he could see and not be seen. Ten minutes later the distant shouts warned him that the descent had begun. Then another sound struck his ears. It was the heavy rumble of an approaching freight train. The sled might cross the tracks ahead of it, or it might fall by a few seconds. At best it was running a fearful risk.

Two hundred feet above the watching man the sled suddenly shot into view, and its half dozen occupants were shouting and laughing. Then came the hoarse shriek of a locomotive. They were higher up and could better see their danger. They began jumping off, and Ben noticed that the first one to go was a man. The last one left was Mary Lester! She was on her knees with her hands over her face. There were only seconds in which to act. Even if Ben could leap upon the sled there would be no time to control it, nor yet to seize the girl and leap off. The long train was thundering up. There was only one thing to do.

The girl did not see it done, but the engineer did. In the moonlight he saw the sled and knew that it must strike the middle of his train and be ground to splinters. Those on the road above did not see it. Their eyes were open, but they were blinded by the coming horror.

From behind the stump a human body shot out on the roadway just a second ahead of the sled and the praying girl. One runner passed over it. It was meant that this should happen. As the runner rose the course of the sled was deflected and it turned to the left and ran parallel with the rails until it struck a stone and overturned with a crash.

It was days after that night that Ben opened his eyes to recognize those about his bedside. There were broken bones and bad bruises.

"Did I save Mary?" he asked his mother.

"Yes," she answered, "but don't talk now."

He had saved her for another, but even if that were so he felt a gladness in his heart and shut his eyes and slept. It was weeks before they would tell him all, and even then it was some one else who told the tale. It was Mary Lester herself. One of her arms was still in splints and she limped a bit, but there was a glad smile on her face as she stood beside his chair and said:

"Ben, dear Ben! He is a gentleman, and he was the first to jump! You are only a clodhopper, and yet you offered your life to save mine. Get well, Ben, because you know that old engagement holds good yet!"

The Delightful Limelight Man.

Forbes Robertson at a dinner praised the American critical sense.

"But," he said, sighing, "isn't your criticism in its clarity and directness too cruel sometimes?"

"I remember a brother actor who played one night in a small western town. At the climax of the third act of his play the limelight was always thrown upon him. In this town, however, the limelight man shot the light nine or ten feet to the left, and it was from the blackest shadow that my friend had to make his best speech."

"Naturally, at the end of the act he indignantly asked the limelight man why the deuce the light hadn't been thrown where it belonged."

"Fly in the way," the limelight man answered, biting a chew from a plug of tobacco.

"Why didn't you move the fly, then?" shouted my friend.

"The limelight man rolled his tobacco to the other cheek, looked at my friend dreamily and drawled, as he turned on his heel:

"If ye could act, I guess ye wouldn't want no limelight."

Gods of the Pueblo Indian.

The religions of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona embody a complex mythology in which a very large number of gods have part. In the sacred dances of the Indians these various deities are impersonated by men wearing masks and costumes, each peculiar to the particular god impersonated, and the details of which are rigidly adhered to year after year and generation after generation. To perpetuate the religion it is needful of course, that instruction in the character and attributes of the divinities be given to the children of the tribe; and to enable the young minds to grasp the intricacies of the study, small images of the gods are made of wood, painted and dressed in every detail just as the masked dancers are dressed who represent the same gods in the religious ceremonies.—Wide World Magazine.

Iron Cross of Prussia.

The iron cross is the Prussian order of knighthood instituted March 10, 1813, by Frederick William III, and conferred for distinguished services in the war when carried on. The decoration is an iron cross with silver mounting. The grand cross is one of double size, presented exclusively for the gaining of a decisive battle or the capture or brave defense of a fortress

# BETZVILLE TALES

Orone McDooble and Andrus Gobble.

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

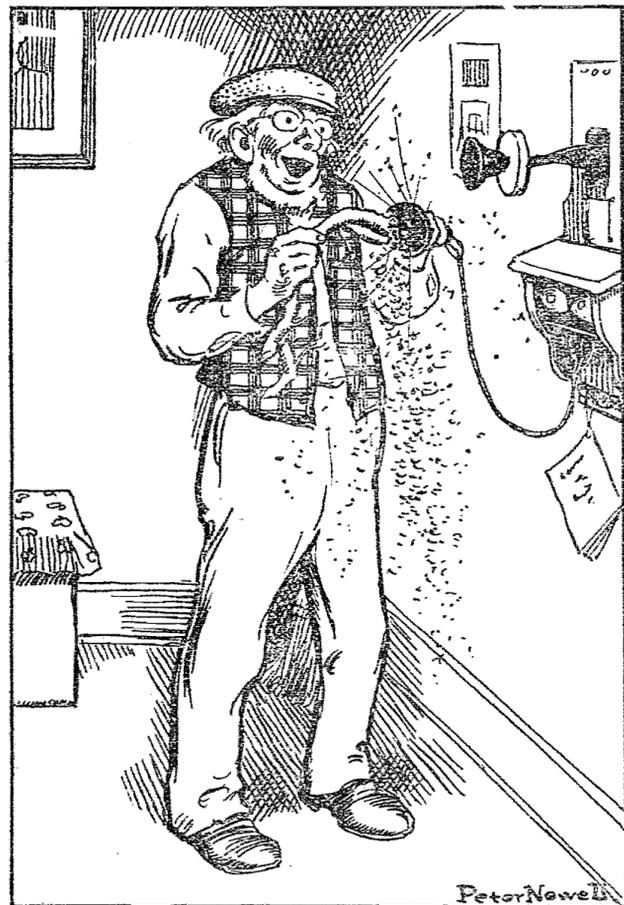
Old Andrus Gobble, of Betzville, was one of the shrewdest men in town, but twice in his life he made mistakes. Once was when he lent money to Orone McDooble, and once was when he thought he could work the money out of Orone.

It seems that a couple of years ago a syndicate of prominent Betzville agriculturists decided to build a telephone line, and when they went to Orone he said he would be glad to go into it, and he subscribed one hundred dollars, but when the time came to pay up, he did not have the money, so he went to old Andrus Gobble and began talking a loan out of him. Old Andrus refused at first, but Orone has a harsh, grating voice, like the rough edge of a rasp file, and after he had talked to old Andrus awhile Andrus felt his ear drums giving away. Every time Orone said a word it was like rasping a file across Andrus's ear drums, and in a few minutes his ear drums were rasped down so thin that they palpitated painfully, and they were hardly any thicker than a sheet of tissue paper. Old Andrus saw that if Orone coaxed a few minutes more his ear drums would be worn quite through, so he told him to shut off his voice and he would lend him the money. So Orone did, and Andrus made the loan.

Then he started right in trying to collect, but he had a hard job of it. Orone did not have any cash, nor anything to attach. All he had was the

and Orone's grating voice would grate up the horse-radish. Old Andrus Gobble used to stand by and weep, and he was never exactly sure whether he wept most for joy or whether he was weeping a plain horse-radish weep. He would stand there and the tears would run down his face in streams. The fact was that he was weeping a full quantity of horse-radish weep, and a full quantity of joy weep too.

And that was why old Andrus Gobble over-reached himself, as I said. The human body should consist of two thirds water, and an average man perspires two pints per day, but old Andrus hustled so over his horse-radish job that he was perspiring about a gallon a day right along, and he was weeping a gallon of joy tears and three gallons of horse-radish tears, and he was losing a good deal more water than any man could afford to lose. Even the teeth, which are the driest part of a man, contain ten per cent of water. Old Andrus began to feel that he was getting pretty dry, and he took to drinking water copiously, but to save his life he couldn't drink five gallons of water a day. Three gallons was all he could possibly manage, and that left him two gallons short every day, and no man of the age of old Andrus Gobble can afford to shrink two gallons a day any length of time. In three weeks he was so dry that he rustled when he walked, like an autumn leaf, and he kept getting dryer and dryer. Two or three



As Soon as Orone's Grating Voice Struck the Horse Radish Roots It Began Grating Them, and the Horse Radish Fell Like a Shower.

right to have a telephone instrument in his house and connection with the Inter-farm Telephone line. Every time old Andrus Gobble telephoned him about the debt Orone would begin a hard-luck story about eighteen furlongs long, and his grating voice would file a little more off old Andrus's ear drums, until the old man had to slap up the receiver in self-protection. But the telephone line was composed, part of the way, of the top wire of old Andrus's barb wire fence, and one day when old Andrus went out to look at the fence he found that every barb on the top wire had been filed off close, and it did not take him an instant to realize that it was Orone's grating, rasping voice that had filed off the barbs as it passed over the wire.

So old Andrus, who is a cute old coddler, saw at once how he could get even with Orone, and he got right to work and planted his ten acre south field in horse radish. As soon as the horse radish was ripe he dug a couple of roots and went in to the telephone and called up Orone and asked him when he would pay up. When Orone began one of his long explanations, old Andrus took the receiver from his ear and held the horse-radish roots up in front of the receiver, and the result was like magic. As soon as Orone's grating voice struck the horse-radish roots it began grating them, and the ground horse-radish fell like a shower. So old Andrus knew the plan would work all right. From that on, as fast as he dug his crop of horse-radish, old Andrus would take it in to the telephone and call up Orone and ask him about that hundred dollars, and Orone would begin explaining, and old Andrus would turn the telephone receiver on the pile of horse-radish roots, like the nozzle of a hose,

times a spark from his pipe fell on him and set him afire, and if it hadn't been that his hands were wet with tears he would probably have gone up like a flash. He was mighty careful about sparks after that.

By the ninth of November he was so dry that he could not weep any more. He had wept all the weeps out of him. There was no more moisture in old Andrus Gobble. On the tenth of November he was perfectly desiccated. Even the moisture in his ears, that made hearing possible, had dried up, and the old coddler was as deaf as a bat, but he went right on with his horse-radish job. He brought in a basket of horse-radish and called Orone on the telephone and asked him when he meant to pay that money, and Orone began answering in his grating voice, but old Andrus could not hear a sound. He kept yelling at Orone, and Orone kept talking, and all the while Orone's grating voice was getting in its work on old Andrus, grating him down and grating him down, and in five minutes old Andrus was all grated to a pile of white dust. Then he gave a last yelp at Orone and passed away entirely.

(Copyright, 1929, by W. G. Chapman.)

Increased Use of Rat Skins.

Use of rat skins in the manufacture of fancy articles is increasing. Last year the trade in Great Britain alone amounted to \$250,000, and supplies of brown rat skins are being sought in lots of from 100 to 10,000. It is proposed to start a business in Calcutta for securing and preparing the skins of the brown rat, to be used, among a variety of purposes, in the binding of books and the making of purses, gloves, and various articles for women's use and wear. The supply of rats in Calcutta is said to be inexhaustible.

## BEGIN WAR ON D. A. R. HEAD

Friend's Recent Dismissal of Miss Gerald and May Sue Mrs. Scott, President General.

Washington.—A controversy that may develop into an issue in the annual convention has cropped out in the Daughters of the American Rev-



Mrs. Matthew Scott.

lution, as a result of the action of the president general, Mrs. Matthew Scott, in dismissing Miss Agnes Gerald, a clerk at the organization's headquarters, for alleged insubordination. Miss Gerald's relatives and friends assert that they will have the entire anti-administration contingent in the fight they intend to make on Mrs. Scott.

Some of Miss Gerald's relatives threaten legal action for damages against Mrs. Scott. The young woman, it appears, was dismissed because she refused to answer a question put to her in the transaction of the organization's business at headquarters by Mrs. Amos G. Draper, editor of the genealogical department of the society's magazine. Miss Gerald and Mrs. Draper, it seems, had not been on speaking terms personally for three years.

## ALARM CLOCK FEEDS HORSES

Manchester Man Arrange Timepiece So That Animals Are Given Meals Automatically.

During the cold of two weeks ago, George Howe of Center Hill, Manchester, began to wonder how he might have his horses watered and fed early in the morning and at the same time how he might be able to stay snugly wrapped up in bed.

The result was an invention—a practical invention—which is operating daily and well at the Howe stables. Mr. Howe has rigged up an ordinary alarm clock, with a big gong. At the same time the key, which when set at 5:30 operates on the back of the clock and unwinds a cord which, attached to a double leverage light wire releases a weight. This weight in turn slides several quarts of oats into each stall and removes the covers of the water pails.

Thus by simply loading his invention with water and oats and winding the alarm clock, Mr. Howe sleeps until he wishes to get up, while every morning regularly on the dot, his horses hear their breakfast gong and by the time they are on their feet and ready, their morning rations are awaiting them.

Moreover, all the horses are fed simultaneously and there is no jealous neighing because one horse is fed before his neighbor.

## STIRS IRE OF CONGRESSMEN

Justice Wright, Who Sentenced Gompers and Mitchell, Orders Law-makers to Explain.

Washington.—Justice Daniel Thew Wright, the Washington jurist who sentenced labor leaders Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison to jail for contempt of court, has established another precedent that may stir up all



Justice Daniel T. Wright.

kinds of judicial and legislative strife and now has United States Senator Reed Smoot of Utah as an opponent.

Justice Wright recently ordered the house and senate committee on printing to appear before him and show cause why they should not award the contract for certain government supplies in the usual manner.

The congressmen are incensed over what they term a usurpation of their authority.

A big bowl of

## Quaker Oats

is the best dish you can serve.

Delicious and nourishing.

Good for all ages and all conditions.

Economical and strengthening.

Left Behind.

"I engaged a model the other day," said the artist sadly, "for her beautiful hair. I never saw anything quite so magnificent or abundant. When she got here I didn't like the way she had it done up, so I asked her to change it. I thought she had a kind of embarrassed look, but she went behind the screen and took it down and did it up all over again. When she came from behind the screen I was shocked. "She had left half her beautiful hair behind the screen!"

STATE OF OHIO OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 21st day of December, A. D. 1929.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Hard Worker.

Tramp—I'd like ter do something to pay for all this, but I'm a cripple, mum.

Housekeeper—You don't look it. What's the matter?

Tramp—Writer's cramp, mum. I've been keeping a list of all the people wot offered me work, mum.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Wm. D. Hoar*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Honest Truth.

This isn't a comic paper joke; it actually happened on Elliot street in the South end yesterday. A hardware dealer hung a sign outside his door reading: "Our skates are guaranteed in every way." A newsboy tore it down and hung it up in front of a liquor store next door.—Boston Journal.

All Old Folks

That take NATURE'S REMEDY (No. 1) tonight will feel better in the morning. It sweetens the stomach, corrects the liver, lowers the blood, prevents biliousness and eliminates the rheumatism. Better than Pills for Liver Ills, because it's different—it's thorough, easy—sure to act. Get a 50c Box. All Druggists, The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis.

A Personal Definition.

Penley (stuck for a word)—Let's see! What is that you call a man who marries more than one wife?

Grump—An idiot, I call him.—Boston Transcript.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Aches, Swellings, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Consistency.

"It seems to me that your husband is not of a very even temper."

"Oh, he certainly is. He growls the whole time."—Rire.

Pettit's Eye Salve 100 Years Old,

relieves tired eyes, quickly cures eye aches, inflamed, sore, watery or ulcerated eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

A woman waters her grief with her tears and it springs into a lovely flower; a man salts his with bitterness and it turns to a thorn.

HEAD, BACK AND LEGS ACHES?

Accompanying this is a bottle of that is a sure cure for aches and pains. It is a sure cure for aches and pains. It is a sure cure for aches and pains.

There is no wrong a man can do but is a thwarting of the living right.

—MacDonald.

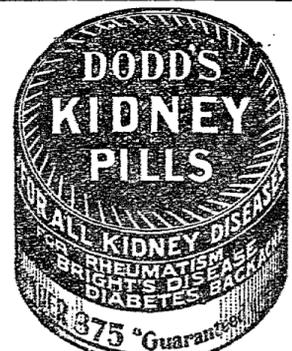
ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

When the worst comes to the worst one may as well try to make the best of it.

Many who used to smoke the cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

The decay of poetry may be due to the fact that so much of it is rotten.



DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and strongest clothes bleach.

Established in 1909.

Office at

BANK OF FLORENCE

Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel. 315. JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Tel. 155.

Published every Friday afternoon at Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

Entered as second-class matter June 4, 1909 at the postoffice at Florence, Nebraska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor: F. S. Tucker. City Clerk: Charles Cottrell. City Treasurer: W. H. Thomas. City Attorney: R. H. Olmsted. City Engineer: Harold Reynolds. City Marshal: Aaron Marr. Councilmen: Robert Craig, J. H. Price, Charles Allen, Dan F. Kelly, Police Judge: J. K. Lowry.

Fire Department: HOSE COMPANY NO. 1. FIRE DEPARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the second Monday evening in each month.

SCHOOL BOARD. Meets the first Tuesday evening in the month at the school building.

Florence, Neb., Friday, March 18, 1910

BRAIN STORMS

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Life's a mixed up sort of mess, that is, for the most of us; Good and bad things, more or less, happen to the host of us, From the day we're born, I guess, till it makes a ghost of us.

Time'll never rest a bit; So, I say, let's not be glum, nor be sulky, none of us; Though we may not get a plum, each unlucky one of us, Do let's take things as they come, every mother's son of us, And just make the best of it.

Might as well be bright and gay as to fuss and flury us; Fretting won't keep Death away, only makes him hurry us; We can't add another day, so why let it worry us— Why not make a jest of it? Why not laugh when things go wrong, may be that would brighten us; Bear our burdens with a song, surely that would lighten us; If we jolly fate along, it will never frighten us; So let's make the best of it.

Wealth and riches manifold, they're not everything to us; Cheery hearts are more than gold, for they ever sing to us; Perfect happiness untold, that is what they bring to us, — Why not go in quest of it? Merry voice and hearty hand, better they than sighs for us; Ringing laughter through the land beats a world of cries for us. Here's a plank on which to stand that'll win the prize for us; Always make the best of it.

It's spring all right. Both republicans and democrats can verify that. The democrats took a lively interest in the primaries of the republicans Tuesday and the republicans reciprocated Wednesday.

The stage is all set now for the fight on April 5. Why didn't both parties hold their primaries the same day and have them wide open as the last legislature tried to have them. Wouldn't there have been some fun?

Burlington Changes Rate. Attorney General Thompson has been instructed by the railway commission to proceed against the Burlington for changing a rate without permission. It is charged that the Burlington changed its rule governing the milling in transit. Under the old rule millers had a milling in transit rate good for six months. This was changed by the railroad. It is charged, so that a joint agent could inspect the amount of grain on hand and if there was any shortage to deduct that from the amount of the proposed shipments.

Insurance Rates Differ. State Auditor Barton is making an effort to prevent discrimination in rates charged for fire insurance by companies in Nebraska. He has received evidence that many companies charge less for a policy in some localities than in others on the same class of risks and even in the same localities he has evidence that there is discrimination. It has been reported that while there is a rate war on at Hastings insurance is being written for 10 cents a hundred, while in Lincoln the rate is \$1.20 a hundred.

No Donation Received. Reports circulated over the country soon after John D. Rockefeller made his recent announcement regarding his philanthropic intentions said that among his beneficiaries in the past was a gift to the anti-saloon league of \$100,000. Superintendent Poulson says no such donation has been received.

MADE SWITCH ON EDIBLES

Why the Jones Family Ate Liver While the Dogs Fared Sumptuously on Pork Chops.

A bill district negro went to a butcher shop to buy pork chops, just before they took one of those sudden jumps in price, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times. Pork chops were two pounds for a quarter and Sam got a quarter's worth. As he paid for the chops he saw some liver on the counter, so he ordered a pound for his dogs. The butcher took his long, keen knife and very carefully sliced the liver, Sam looking on, surprised to see the man take such pains. He threw down a dime, after the liver was wrapped up.

"Twenty cents more," said the butcher. "Why, man," said Sam, "I nevah paid mo' dan ten cents a pound for livah in my life."

"Oh," said the butcher, "that was cow's liver. This is calf's liver." Sam scratched his head, but he was loath to reject the liver after the butcher took such pains with it, so he paid the money. On the way home he thought hard and to some purpose, for at the house, placing the packages on the kitchen table, he remarked to his wife:

"I bought two pounds of pork chops foh de Joneses and a pound of livah foh de dawgs. But dis livah am calf's livah. De pork chops cost two pounds for a quahab, de livah 30 cents a pound. No dogs shan't eat any bettah dan deir boss, so de Joneses'll eat de livah and de dogs can have de pork chops."

WATER FROM OCEAN DEPTHS

Cylinder with Valves is Now Commonly Used to Raise it to the Surface.

The water bottle for getting water for analysis from selected depths in the ocean is a cylinder of brass, German silver, or other metal which resists the corrosion of sea water, generally about two inches in diameter and 12 to 14 inches long, with upward opening valves at the top and bottom, connected together on a central stem. Lugs are cast on the side of the cylinder for conveniently securing it at any point along the length of the line by which it is to be lowered into the sea. During the lowering of the line the valves of the bottles are kept unseated by the passage of the water through the cylinder during its descent, but when the motion is reversed the valves seat themselves and are locked by the descent of a small propeller in the framework about the upper valve, which rides idly on a sleeve during the lowering of the bottle, but descends along a screw thread to press the valves upon their seats when the line commences to be hauled up.

A specimen of water at the depth to which the water bottle has descended is thus brought to the surface confined within the bottle, and a series of specimens from different depths may be obtained at one haul by securing a series of water bottles at the required intervals along the sounding line.—Scientific American.

In the Box Office. All was quiet in the theater ticket office. Only the noise of a bull pup crunching dog biscuits disturbed the smoky atmosphere. Suddenly the telephone bell rang loud and long.

"Bang," went the ticket seller's feet off the desk to the floor. He grabbed the telephone receiver in feverish haste. "Hello!" he said. "Is this the Empire?" a sweet voice asked.

"Yes, ma'am." "Well, do you put on 'Clothes' to-morrow afternoon?" The ticket seller gasped. "Well, he bursted out, 'if I don't I'll lose my job.'"

The other receiver went up with a bang, and after all it was only one of the many questions that a ticket seller always has to be prepared for.—North Adams Transcript.

Made Oliver Herford Famous. Oliver Herford first sprang into fame as a wit so long ago as when Mrs. James Brown-Potter, whose husband was a near relative of the late Bishop Potter, created a sensation by relinquishing home and family to go upon the stage. While the sensation was at its height the bishop, who felt that disgrace had been brought upon the Potter name by the lady's choice of a career, chanced at a dinner at the Players' club in New York to challenge anyone present to make a joke about him that was not a pun based on the verb "to potter." Herford's response, "Actresses will happen in the best regulated families" won him the laurel wreath of the club and it has not yet gone out of his possession.—Frank M. White, in American Magazine.

How Cowper Would Open His Eyes. In the eighteenth century, as to-day, your poet sometimes gave himself up to rueful reflection on the market value of his wares. In a letter of Cowper's, lately sold at auction, occurs this reference: "I am no very good arithmetician, yet I calculated the other day in my morning walk that my two volumes at the price of three guineas will cost the purchaser less than the seventh part of a farthing per line. Yet there are lines among them that have cost me the labor of hours." How Cowper would have opened his eyes at the "oodles of money" made by some of his successors, such as Tennyson or Kipling.

The Souffler Florist. "I don't believe that God ever made the flowers to sell," said the Broad street florist. "If I was rich I wouldn't sell a one. I would raise the beautiful things to give away to people who need them, to the poor and the sick and the tired." The florist looked as if he meant what he said, too.—Newark News.

Poetry. I must deplore the scant attention paid nowadays to the first of arts. Poetry is the real source of music, painting and sculpture, and the way it is neglected or put to scorn these days is one of the many signs of national decadence.—Marie Corelli.

Life. Metaphysicians say that life beyond the grave has been proved by mediums. Other people who have attended seances say they are assured there was life behind a convenient curtain from which hands and things emerged at intervals.—Exchange.

The Smiths of Ireland. One fact in the report of the registrar-general for Ireland is calculated to surprise the average Englishman. The 33,700 "Smiths" of Ireland, we learn, outnumber the "O'Briens" by 300. It should make Ireland stare, too.—Westminster Gazette.

Use the Nut Cracker. Just a little nick out of the enamel of a tooth made by cracking a nut in the mouth may spoil a tooth forever. When you have nuts to crack use a hammer or a nut cracker and save your teeth.

The Philosopher of Folly. "The reason auctioneers make money," says the Philosopher of Folly, "is that so many people think it only costs 'em a nickel to raise the other fellow's bid five cents."

To Improve Light of Lamp. A small lump of camphor dropped in the oil reeracle of a lamp will improve the light and make the flame clearer and brighter. A few drops of vinegar will have a similar effect.

Wants to Be Praised. A man who doesn't eat things which would, if he consumed them, make him sick always feels that his self-sacrifice has been in vain if other people do not regard him as a hero.

Doing Good Service. Anybody who can produce anything beautiful is doing some good for mankind.

Preposterous. "They say Harold Coddington has brain fever." "Impossible. Could an anglerworm have water on the knee?"

Laugh and Be Glad. A good laugh is sunshine in the house.—Thackeray.

Japanese Burial Practice. Japanese dead are buried in a squat posture, chin upon knees.

McCoy & Olmsted, Attorneys, Brancels Building.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT. To Walter Jones, Non-Resident Defendant: You will take notice that on the 25th day of November, 1909, the undersigned, Mabel Jones, filed a petition in the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, against you to obtain an absolute divorce from you on the ground that you have wilfully abandoned said plaintiff without just cause for the term of more than two years prior to the filing of said petition, and that she be granted the care, custody and education of our child, Carol Jones. You are requested to answer or otherwise plead to said petition on or before the 18th day of April, 1910.

MABEL JONES, Plaintiff.

FLORENCE TRIBUNE—LEGAL NOTICE OF INCORPORATION. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a corporation under the laws of the State of Nebraska under the name of Keirle Grading Co.; that the principal place of business of said corporation is at Florence, Nebraska, with authority to transact business throughout the United States; that the general nature of the business to be transacted by this corporation shall be a general grading, contracting and construction business, and in connection therewith it shall have the right to buy, hold, exchange, mortgage and convey real estate, and to purchase, own, sell or exchange horses and mules and all such other personal property as it may deem proper and necessary in connection with its business; also to borrow money and give its notes

and other evidence of indebtedness and to secure the payment thereof, and generally to do and perform such other business as may be incidental to grading and general contracting business; that the capital stock of said corporation is \$10,000.00, divided into 200 shares of the par value of \$50.00 each; that \$6,000.00 of said capital stock shall be subscribed for when the corporation begins business, and all stock shall be fully paid up when issued and be non-assessable; that the corporation shall commence business on the 15th day of March, 1910, and terminate on the 15th day of March, 1925; that the highest amount of indebtedness authorized shall not exceed two-thirds of its capital stock; that the affairs of the corporation shall be conducted by a board of directors; the articles of incorporation may be amended at any annual or specially called meeting.

Dated March 16, 1910.

NEIRLE, N. C. BONDESEN, R. H. OLMSTED.

M 18-25, A 1-3.

ORDINANCE NO. 264.

Introduced February 7, 1910, by Councilman Robert Craig.

AN ORDINANCE establishing the grade of that part of State street from the west curb line of Bluff street west to a point 700 feet west of the west line of Elk street; and of that part of Elk street north of the north curb line of State street north to the north curb line of Fillmore street, in the City of Florence, and repealing all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. That the grade of that part of State street from the west curb line of Bluff street west to a point 700 feet west of the west line of Elk street, in the City of Florence, be and the same hereby is established at the following elevations, the grades being uniform straight lines between the points specified in said part of said State street, to-wit:

Table with 3 columns: Street description, S. Curb Elevations, N. Curb Elevations. Includes West curb line of Bluff street, East curb line of Prospect street, etc.

Section 2. That the grade of that part of Elk street north of the north curb line of State street north to the north curb line of Fillmore street, in the City of Florence, be and the same hereby is established at the following elevations, the grades being uniform straight lines between the points specified in said part of said Elk street, to-wit:

Table with 3 columns: Street description, W. Curb Elevations, E. Curb Elevations. Includes North curb of State street, South curb of Willitt street, etc.

Section 3. That all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance be and the same are hereby repealed.

Section 4. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 7th day of March, 1910.

F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

Attest: CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 266.

Introduced March 7, 1910, by Councilman Robert Craig.

AN ORDINANCE requiring the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company to pave that portion of Main street occupied by its tracks from Jackson street to Briggs street with vitrified brick paving blocks in conformity with the paving specifications of the City of Florence, and on file with the City Clerk, and prohibiting the use by said street railway company of stone for said paving.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. That the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company be and it is hereby required, forthwith and without unnecessary delay, to pave with vitrified brick blocks and otherwise in accordance with the paving specifications of the City of Florence, on file with the City Clerk, that portion of Main street in said city which is occupied by the tracks of said railway company from Jackson street to Briggs street.

Section 2. That it shall be unlawful for said Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company to use or substitute for said vitrified brick paving blocks for its part of said paving on said Main street any stone or granite blocks.

Section 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 7th day of March, 1910.

F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

Attest: CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian Church. Sunday Services. Sunday school—10:00 a. m. Preaching—11:00 a. m. C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m. Mid-Week Service. Wednesday—8:00 p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend these services. William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

Church Services Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer Church. Services next Sunday. Sermon—3:00 p. m. Sunday school—4:30 p. m. Our services are conducted in the Swedish language. All Scandinavians are most cordially welcome.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F. Charles G. Carlson, Noble Grand. Lloyd Saums, Vice-Grand. W. E. Rogers, Secretary. J. C. Kindred, Treasurer. Meet every Friday at Pascale's hall. Visitors welcome.

Fontanella Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles. Past Worthy President: James Stribling.

Worthy President: E. L. Platz. Worthy Vice-President: F. B. Taylor. Worthy Secretary: M. B. Thompson. Worthy Treasurer: Henry Anderson. Worthy Chaplain: Daniel Kelly. Inside Guard: Wm. A. Scott. Outside Guard: W. A. Dunn. Physician: Dr. W. L. Ross. Conductor: P. H. Peterson. Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Golding, W. P. Thomas. Meets every Wednesday in Cole's hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A. Worthy Adviser: Samuel Jensen. Venerable Consul: C. J. Larson. Banker: F. D. Leach. Clerk: Gus Nelson. Escort: James Johnson. Sentry: M. M. Crum. Physician: Dr. A. B. Adams. Board of Managers: W. R. Wall, Charles Johnson and A. P. Johnson. Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month in Pascale's Hall.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

Past Oracle: Mrs. Emma Powell. Oracle: Mrs. J. Taylor. Vice Oracle: Mrs. George Foster. Chancellor: Mrs. J. J. Cole. Inside Sentinel: Rose Simpson. Outside Sentinel: Mary Leach. Recorder: Mrs. Newell Burton. Physician: Dr. A. B. Adams. Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James Johnson. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at Pascale's Hall.

Court of Honor.

Past Chancellor: Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett. Chancellor: John Langenbach. Vice Chancellor: Mrs. Ennis. Recorder: Mrs. Gus Nelson. Chaplain: Mrs. Harriet Taylor. Guide: Clyde Miller. Guard: Clarence Leach. Outside Sentinel: Mrs. Adam. Physician: Dr. Adams. Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. E. Hollett. Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

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The things in which you are most interested.

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See the Dot! Is the dot large? Oh, no! The dot is small as a pin-head, yet you see the dot on this whole page because it is very conspicuous!

Does the dot say anything? Oh, no; it's only a dot. What a pity to put a senseless dot where a good ad read by everybody would be worth something!

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That is what your advertising is, and it will be of interest to the public, and bring to you that increase of business you are looking for if you give us your store news to print.

Advertisement for THE KNABE PIANO ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR. Features portraits of distinguished artists who have used and endorsed the piano, including Mark Hambourg, C. Saint-Saens, Eugen d'Albert, Emil Sauer, Teresa Carreno, Alfred Grunfeld, Dr. Hails von Bulow, and P. Schiarowski.

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**In Love or War**

By Richard Barker Shelton

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Felicia was plainly annoyed. She bit her lip and sighed wearily—that particular sort of a sigh that sent Remick's heart downward with all the sureness of a sounding lead.

"Bobby, why will you?" she said in tones of utter despair.

Remick squared his big shoulders in determination.

"You should know very well why," he declared flatly. "I—"

"Yes, oh, yes, of course," said Felicia hastily. "Please don't go over all that again. But let me say once for all, Bobby, finally and irrevocably, that it is utterly impossible."

Remick's mouth set obstinately. There was a look upon his face at that moment that said plainly it was absolutely and irrevocably nothing of the sort.

"And," Felicia went on, "it must cease. You must stop all this silly nonsense if you care to see me at all."

"I care very much indeed, Felicia," he replied, "but the truth of the matter is that seeing you is not enough. Therefore, permit me to say with a decision which will compare very favorably with your own in intensity, that I shall be very persistent; that upon every occasion that offers an opportunity I shall repeat what I have just said."

Felicia's beautiful eyes shot out warning sparks. An angry red crept into her cheeks; for Felicia, spoiled child that she was in many ways, could brook no crossing of her will.

"Then, Bobby Remick," she said firmly, "you will never get your next opportunity."

"Won't I, though?" he laughed easily.

That laugh nettled Felicia sorely. The sparks in her eyes flared into a veritable flame.

"If you ever do—if you ever get another chance," she declared in low, unsteady tones, "I will answer you



just as you dictate. You have brought this upon yourself. Now, good-by—forever."

She swept out of the room—swept out very grandly and very laughingly. Remick, left there alone to meditate upon his undoing, whistled softly under his breath.

"My, my!" he murmured half aloud, "wouldn't that shake your foundations? Never give me another chance, eh? And if she does, she says I may do the dictating! H'm!"

He took up his hat and stick and went out into the cheerless gray of the cloudy afternoon. For once in his life he was really alarmed. Plainly he had gone rather too far in this matter with Felicia.

He strode along aimlessly, unmindful whether his steps were taking him. It began to rain—a dreary, dripping downpour that bade fair to drench him to the skin, but Remick, his mind a turmoil of troubled thoughts, poked along with his head lowered to the driving rain, quite unmindful of his own discomfort. He was thinking—a rather new and disturbing process for light-hearted Bobby Remick—and his thoughts could give the dismal weather cards and spades when it came to actual gloom.

Presently he caught his breath sharply and stopped short, for drawn up to the curb before a little craftsman's shop—a shop where Felicia was wont to purchase candlesticks and andirons and queer little bronze lanterns—was the Grahams' motor. On the front seat, his yellow raincoat gleaming with moisture, the collar turned high about his ears and a pair of disfiguring goggles hiding his eyes sat Chris, the Grahams' chauffeur.

Remick's teeth came together with a click. Three eager strides took him across the sidewalk to the side of the waiting car.

"Chris, what are you doing here?" he demanded.

Chris raised a gloved hand to the rim of his cap.

"Waitin' for Miss Felicia, sir," he explained.

"Who is with her?"

"No, one, sir. She came down this afternoon quite alone."

A great, glad light came into Remick's eyes. As he did so his hand went into his pocket and something

crisp and green found its way into the chauffeur's palm.

"Chris, you're a mighty good fellow; and I think you're a discreet one as well," said he. "Now, have you enough sporting blood in your veins to take a chance and do just as I say?"

Chris looked a bit dubious. Then he glanced at the contents of his right hand, and his doubts seemed to be of the order that are amenable to reason.

"I want that coat and those goggles," said Remick, "and I want to change places with you for an hour or so."

Chris hesitated. "It will cost me my job, sir," he said.

"I'll get you another just as good," Remick declared.

Still Chris hesitated. Remick drew himself up.

"Will you do it in the peaceable fashion I suggest," he asked, "or do you want me to take that coat and those goggles by force? I'm desperate, Chris, and at the present moment I'm perfectly capable of following such a course."

Chris grinned. "That bein' the case, sir, and in event of anything happenin' to my job you'll sure find me another, I'll take a chance. Hurry, now," he went on, sliding out of the car. "Miss Felicia may come out any minute."

Into the friendly concealment of a near-by doorway the two conspirators stepped. In a moment Remick, his identity effectually concealed by the high collar of the yellow coat and the goggles, climbed into the car, and perched at the wheel in an attitude very like the one Chris was prone to affect. Chris, meantime, swinging Remick's stick, wearing Remick's hat, and smoking, with much satisfaction, one of Remick's cigars, strode jauntily away down the street and was lost in the hurrying crowds on the sidewalk.

Three minutes later Felicia came out of the little shop. The proprietor himself opened the door for her, escorted her to the car and helped her in.

"And you'll find me a mate to that candlestick, Mr. Barlow," Felicia was asking.

"I'll do my best, Miss Graham," the rotund little shopkeeper assured her. Then, "Home, Chris," she ordered, while Remick's heart all but jumped out of his mouth.

Away went the car, swung a corner to the smooth, gleaming asphalt of the avenue and went tearing along at a great pace. The streets went past in rapid succession; a lever was pressed down and the car answered with a wild burst of speed.

Felicia gasped. "Chris, what has Mr. Graham told you often about speeding this car?" she said severely. "Slow down at once. You are way beyond the speed limit."

There was no sign that the chauffeur had heard her. The car, roaring and puffing, shot ahead. Felicia raised her voice to make herself heard above the noise of the throbbing engine.

"Chris"—there was a note of alarm in her voice—"what does this mean? Where on earth are you going? You've passed the house. Stop! Do you hear me? Stop at once!"

She reached forward to touch his arm. They shot across a bridge and struck a smooth, hard macadam road in the suburbs. The houses were set back from the street. The great elms bordering it on either side, offered a certain friendly concealment.

The car slowed down and stopped. On the back seat a frightened girl saw the chauffeur shed his goggles and whisk down the upturned collar of his coat. And facing her, Remick was smiling blandly.

"Now then," he said in tones he strove to make matter of fact, "I shall proceed at once to dictate that answer to my question. You promised, Felicia! You know you did," he said.

Felicia gasped again. But she was not the person to accept defeat ungracefully. Her head was lifted proudly. Her nose went the fraction of an inch higher.

"Well," said she, "proceed with the dictation."

Then her eyes fell. A beautiful color tinged her cheeks.

"Perhaps—perhaps—I'm not half as angry about it all as you imagine," she observed softly.

Evils of Tipping System.

There is no city on earth where the tip system is more deeply rooted than in Paris; and yet, if we are to believe M. Jabsonnat, secretary of the Chambre Syndicale Ouvriere des Limonadiers, the cafe and restaurant waiters desire nothing better than to see the abolition of the pourboire. "When that day arrives," he says, "our comrades will realize the necessity of grouping themselves together for the purpose of obtaining a fixed salary from their employers. To-day we receive no salary only the pourboire, and not always that. Some employers, finding that we make too much, deduct as much as 40, 50 and even 60 per cent. of our tips. I could tell you of one cafe where 18 employees hand over to the house over \$2,400 a year. Most employes are paid for working; we others pay for the privilege."—The Caterer.

Woman's Long and Useful Life.

Mrs. Dinah E. Sprague, who celebrated her one-hundredth birthday last May, is the oldest member of the Woman's Relief corps. Though born in New York, Mrs. Sprague was among the early settlers of Cleveland. During the civil war a large number of soldiers camped on the heights above Cleveland, and Mrs. Sprague was untiring in her efforts to better the condition of the sick and wounded in this camp. At the age of ninety Mrs. Sprague claimed her right to the ballot by voting for university trustees.

**He Whom Diogenes Sought**

By Belle Maniates

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It was fully expected that the verdict would be "Not Guilty." Not that the evidence demanded such verdict, but the case had resolved purely and simply into a political affair, and the jurymen were all of the party in power. The defendant was Walter Ledeem, a popular young politician, clubman and society man. His air of confidence waned as the jury continued to remain out. When night came with no returns, he grew nervous. By morning he was white-faced and his finger nails were gnawed to the skin.

At last the foreman announced that there was no possibility of an agreement. The last, and in fact all of the ballots, had stood eleven to one for acquittal. When it was divulged that Jerry Winters was the one who had stood out, amazement and indignation ran high among Walter's clique. Jerry was an associate of the defendant, and, moreover, was said to be engaged to the defendant's sister, Edith.

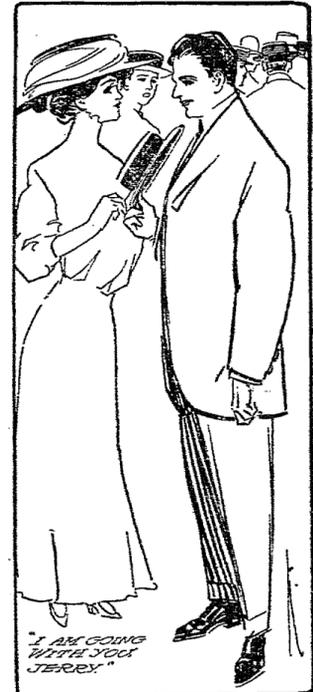
To all remonstrances, inquiries and demands, Jerry had one answer: "The evidence showed that he was guilty. I did my duty."

It was clearly borne in upon the obdurate young jurymen that any political aspirations he might have entertained were doomed. It was to be expected that Walter would consider him an enemy, but all Riverton watched with much curiosity to see what Edith would do. Jerry proceeded immediately to justify himself.

"I couldn't do otherwise, Edith," he said, manfully. "I strained every point I could. I tried my best to find a flaw in the evidence. There was none. I could not perjure myself."

"Jerry Winters", flashed the girl, "it was my brother you wanted to convict!"

"Don't, Edith!" he pleaded with a harassed look. "I tried my best to for-



get that fact. I had to give an unbiased opinion."

"Jerry!" she exclaimed, wildly, "don't ever dare speak to me again. I hate you! We are not only strangers henceforth, but enemies."

"Edith," he said, sadly, "nothing could make me your enemy."

As time went on, Walter had a new trial and was acquitted. His vindictiveness toward Jerry, however, did not diminish, and he did his best to injure his former friend. Still there were men who respected Jerry for his action. But neither the animosity of Walter and his coterie, nor the approbation of law abiders mattered much to Jerry. All he wanted or cared for was Edith and Edith's love. But she cut him publicly and with disdainful demeanor.

One day in early autumn, when baseball enthusiasm waxed high, when crowds gathered and waited and stamped in front of the places where the scores were shown, a crucial game was played at Riverton. The home team, the Stalwarts, were to play against the Lions. This was to be the game of games, for if the Stalwarts won it meant the pennant. All Riverton turned out to witness the game and shouted for the Stalwarts.

A gay young crowd was on the grand stand behind the plate. Among them were Walter and Edith. To their right, alone, was Jerry.

"Grand, gloomy and peculiar, the secretary sat alone," quoted Walter with a sneer and a glance at Jerry.

Edith looked, but she did not sneer. She found herself looking surreptitiously and longingly at the lean-faced, honest-eyed man who had squared his shoulders at society's disapprobation. There seemed to be some delay in the starting of the game.

"The umpire's sick, and they're looking up another," reported Walter after a tour of investigation.

In a few minutes the manager for the Stalwarts approached Jerry, who had played two seasons ago with the Stalwarts and was considered expert authority in all matters pertaining to the popular game. After a short conference Jerry left the stand and went down to the ground.

"Oh, Jerry's going to umpire!" exclaimed some one sitting near Edith, whose interest in the game was now intensified.

"The manager of the Lions won't consent," said Walter, "to have an ex-member of the opposing team act as umpire."

But the manager of the Lions knew of Jerry's proficiency in the game. He had heard also of his stanchness in the Ledeem case. He took Jerry's measure at a glance and announced that he was perfectly satisfied with the choice.

It was a close game, and people were breathless in their intensity and crazy in their cheering. At last came an awful moment. It was the last inning, and to that point the game was a tie. Then came a play that called for a close decision. It was so close that the spectators, and even some of the players, could not determine whether or not the man was "out."

Jerry decided for the Lions. The Stalwarts were manly and abided stoically by the umpire's decision, but hisses, jeers and groans came from the bleachers and from that part of the grand stand where Walter and his friends sat.

Jerry's decision in the Ledeem trial had made him unpopular only with a certain class, but now he felt that every one was against him. He knew he was down and out for evermore in Riverton.

Angry groups were gathering here and there on the way out of the grounds.

"You'd better not go down the street just now, Winters," said the manager of one of the teams. "You know what crazy fools a baseball mob is made up of."

Jerry's jaw came forward and he said decisively that he would go now. He went.

There were mutterings as he passed out of the gate and walked down the street. He walked alone until he was a block from the grounds. Then some one stepped up behind him—a girl—a every fair, tremulous girl, who said, timidly and softly:

"Jerry!"

"Edith!"

"I am going with you, Jerry, if you will let me. I've shut my eyes and my heart all this time, and something has opened them. I don't know enough about baseball to judge professionally of your decision, but a baseball friend sat right behind me, and when every one was mad and yelling at you this man said: 'By —! There is the man Diogenes was looking for. There's nothing so rare nowadays as an honest man!' I wanted to hug him, but I'll hug you instead, Jerry—if you will—if you will care."

He turned to her with a wonderful light in his eyes.

"Edith, you are all I do care for!"

**REASONING POWER OF SPIDER**

Remarkable Ability of Instincts Has Been Proved by Patient Scientific Research.

The instinct of the spider is always an interesting subject for study. Recently a naturalist placed a small spider in the center of a large spider's web some four feet above ground. The large spider soon rushed from its hiding place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured to the foliage.

The big insect gained rapidly upon the little one, but the fugitive was equal to the emergency, for when barely an inch ahead of the other it cut with one of its rear legs the line behind itself, thus securing its own escape, the ferocious pursuer falling to the ground.

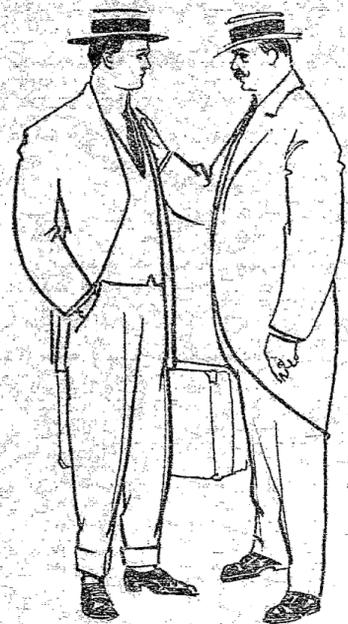
The naturalist says: "It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending to avoid some threatened danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied." From this it would seem that the little creature's action was the result of some sort of reasoning.

The same naturalist says that spiders are cannibals, and they are naturally pugnacious. But they do not fight for the satisfaction of eating one another. "When two spiders fight there is generally a very good reason for the attack and the vigorous defense that follows."

"It is generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web from lack of material. The glutinous excretion from which the slender threads are spun is limited, therefore spiders cannot keep on constructing new snares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web-producing powers of their younger neighbors, and this they do without scruple. As soon as a spider's web-constructing material has become exhausted and its last web destroyed, it sets out in search of another home, and unless it should chance to find one that is tenantless a battle usually ensues, which ends only with the retreat or death of the invader or defender."

**Under the Surface.**

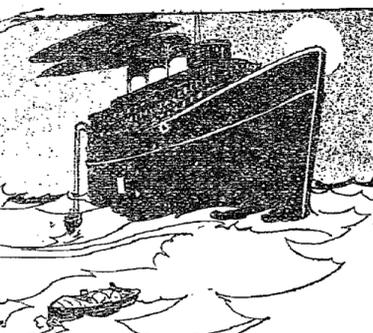
There is a sentimental side hidden away down deep in many men, which only rarely is apparent on the surface. Kipling's imperturbable, inscrutable magnate, with his hard face that was like an iron mask to his competitors, could be shaken like a flag in the wind by his emotions when his only child was, as he believed, taken from him forever. There is not one of us who has not some hidden spring which, when touched, can shatter in an eye-winking the proud edifice of our laborious pretense of cold indifference that we show to the world most of the time.



# HOW OPIUM IS SMUGGLED

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

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## THE RETURN VISIT

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOUR OWN EXPENSES? HE ASKED

**YOUNG MAN**, just graduated from college, arrived in Vancouver in search of a modest business opportunity. This means that he had a little money—a few hundred dollars, perhaps. If he had had no money he would have been merely in search of a job, but he had enough to enable him to be moderately independent—that is, he could take the time to look about him for something that seemed to hold out some promise for the future. So it was a modest business opportunity and not merely a job that he was seeking.

But modest business opportunities seemed to be scarce that season. At any rate, he could find nothing that held out the promise he deemed necessary and he finally decided to see what he could do on the other side of the line. He still had a little money and Chicago looked pretty good to him. He would see what there was for a young college graduate in Chicago.

Naturally he told his Vancouver friends of his new purpose. He had found no Vancouver opportunity, but he had found a few Vancouver friends and the circumstances would seem to indicate that these friends were not among the leading citizens. One of them was properly solicitous for his financial welfare on so long a trip.

"Why don't you make your own expenses?" he asked.

"Tickled to death to do it," returned the college man, promptly. "It's the first ray of sunlight I've seen. But how?"

"Take a little opium back with you." Very likely the friend did not lead up to the point with these exact words—I was not there and I can't say positively just how the subject was broached—but somebody with whom the college man became chummy did suggest to him that it would be a shame for a man in his financial condition to waste money on a trip to Chicago, when he might just as well make some on the same trip.

Opium smuggling, however, did not look like a good and safe investment to the college man. It seldom does look enticing to the man to whom it is proposed for the first time. Somehow, it carries with it visions of all sorts of unpleasant things, including revenue cutters, customs officers and jails. The college man had to be convinced, but his friend convinced him.

"Easiest thing in the world for a man like you," said the friend. "A Chinaman can't smuggle, because he's always under suspicion. Besides, it's harder for him to get across the line anyhow. Then there are lots of others who are always under suspicion when they get near the border. But you have everything in your favor. The fact that you should want to go to Chicago or anywhere else is quite natural and nobody will give it a passing thought."

The college man was tempted, but he was curious to know how much there would be in it for him. "You make it all," said the friend, "barring a little commission to me for arranging it for you. Nobody is going to employ you to do the job, but you can do it yourself. You buy the opium here and sell it in Chicago. You can get names and addresses here, before leaving, of people who will buy it from you in Chicago. They may even be notified that you are coming. It can all be arranged easily. You can get it over the line and there will be no trouble about the rest of it."

The college man not only assumed all the personal risk, but he also assumed all the financial risk. He bought 25 pounds of opium and received his instructions.

It would have been cheaper, of course, to have delivered the opium at Seattle or Portland. A man regularly engaged in the business probably would have tried Seattle, although the risk would have been greater at that time. But the college man was going to Chicago anyway, so he decided to try Portal, N. D., and he was so successful, as a result of his instructions, that the opium was safely stored away where nobody but the porter of the car could find it when they crossed the line. This added a little to his expense, for the porter naturally had to be remembered, but he had been informed that it was by far the safest plan when you could get hold of the right porter.

Arriving in Chicago, he ambled down South Clark street and presently he had consummated a little deal that left him somewhat better off financially than he had been when he purchased the opium at Vancouver. In other words, he had more than covered his expenses.

There is one peculiar thing about smuggling; it never seems to be wrong. Dangerous it may be, but never wrong. An ordinary mortal, so honest that he will cheerfully tender

his fare to the street car conductor who has overlooked him (and that's going some), will not only cheat his government by smuggling, but actually boast of it proudly as a laudable achievement. Ladies of irreproachable character and connections will take more pride in a smuggled frock or necklace than in any other possession and men of high repute have been known to hearken to the lure of the fellow who says he has a consignment of smuggled cigars.

This is worth remembering in the case of the college youth. If his Vancouver friend had suggested that he make expenses by cheating a storekeeper or floundering a farmer, there would have been an immediate estrangement and probably a fight. But to beat Uncle Sam did not disturb his conscience in the least. That was merely a game, an interesting game, in which he matched his wits against the government's. And it was so interesting and so easy that he did it again. Why go to the trouble of looking for a modest business opportunity when it was possible to make from 100 to 200 per cent. on money briefly invested and have so much fun doing it?

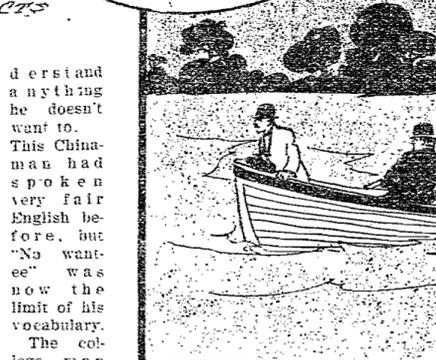
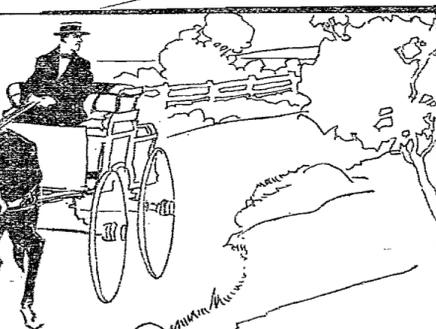
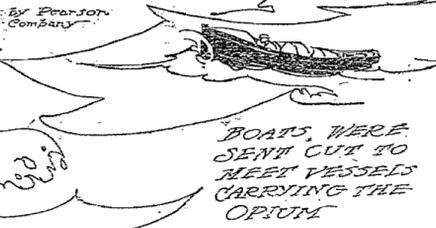
The college man did not go again to Vancouver, but he went to Winnipeg, Regina, Moose Jaw, and to other towns that were nearer Chicago. He used various routes and resorted to various schemes for getting his stuff over the line. He used Neche and Emerson, both almost due south from Winnipeg. He brought opium over the line in the bottom of a coal box and concealed almost every other place that the ingenuity of a complacent railroad man could suggest. He brought it over with horse and buggy, taking the train again far enough south to escape the train inspection. He had occasional assistance on both sides of the line (for the game of beating the government is always alluring), but he brought the stuff over the line himself. He tried almost every possible method and place along the border between Portal and Emerson, and, because he changed methods and places frequently he made things quite interesting in a small way for Uncle Sam. It is one thing to know, with reasonable certainty, that a man is engaged in an unlawful business and quite another to catch him in the act and get the requisite proof. So Uncle Sam had reason to give some thought to this case.

But one day the college man ambled into a Chinese store on South Clark street, Chicago, and offered to sell some opium. He never had sold any here before. Just why he should have tried it this time I can't say, for he certainly had other markets, but there doubtless was some reason that seemed to him sufficient. Perhaps his other markets were glutted; perhaps he had been informed that he could get a better price here. Anyhow, it was the big mistake of his career as a smuggler.

The Chinaman dickered with him, found out all he could and told him to come back in an hour. This particular Chinaman was not in the business of buying or selling contraband opium. Furthermore, a Chinaman who is not in the business occasionally finds much advantage in being on the side of the government. He might not have betrayed another Chinaman, but he had no scruples in the case of a white man.

"No wantee," said the Chink when the college man returned.

The college man was naturally annoyed. He tried to argue that the Chinaman had agreed to take some of the stuff, but you can't argue successfully with a man who won't un-



derstand anything he doesn't want to. This Chinaman had spoken very fair English before, but "No wantee" was now the limit of his vocabulary. The college man relieved his mind of some burning thought about the Chinese in general and then left. The Chinaman signaled to a couple of men across the street, who thereupon shadowed the college man to his hotel. It is not enough to arrest a smuggler; he must be taken at a time and place that will uncover the contraband goods that he happens to have on hand.

When the college man opened the door of his room in response to a knock two men confronted him. One of them blocked the closing of the door with his foot and the other reached in and got the college man. Then they searched his room and found the opium, which was clearly contraband because it lacked the stamp that Uncle Sam puts on the duty-paid article.

The college man got a term of years and the Chinaman got his "moieety." "Moieety" in this instance, is what the court awards the man who puts a smuggler and smuggled goods within the reach of the law. Its size depends largely upon the value of the goods seized. The courts are inclined to be generous, however, and the "moieety" for smuggled opium not infrequently has reached a thousand or two thousand dollars.

The college man stuck to the business too long, which is a failing of most smugglers. It is so easy at first that they think it will always be just as easy, quite forgetting that the dangers and difficulties increase with each trip; for a man cannot cross the border often without becoming an object of suspicion. So Uncle Sam usually gets the smuggler in the end, although it occasionally happens that the latter is frightened out of the business before he is caught.

There is a case of a Winnipeg man, for instance, who was a member of a firm that dealt largely in opium. The Winnipeg sales were not sufficient for this firm, and, besides, there was something alluring in the price at which opium could be sold on the other side of the line. Men would cheerfully contract in Winnipeg for opium at this price—if it could be delivered in the United States—and the firm went into the business of so delivering it.

man engaged in a legitimate business in Winnipeg should go frequently to St. Paul. But he was too cautious to stick to one method of smuggling and what went through in a Pullman car was merely incidental to what crossed the line in other ways. He sent it over in loads of wheat and wood and other commodities. Hunting for opium in a load of wheat is no easy task and a man is unlikely to undertake it unless he has pretty good reason to believe it is there.

In the "open" season this man was also a great sportsman and his hunting was all done close to the border. A man in search of prairie chickens may drive from Manitoba into North Dakota at almost any point along the line and there is nothing in it to occasion surprise. He kept so close to the line that he was always getting over it.

Just what aroused the suspicions of the United States officers I am unable to say, but one day one of them was waiting for the hunter. Unfortunately for the officer, it is all prairie here and the hunter saw him. Furthermore, there was something about the situation that made the hunter suspicious and he promptly turned and headed back for Canada. The officer started after him. The hunter urged his horse to a run and it is asserted in Winnipeg that his cart bumped the bumps for something over a mile in a way that loosened all his teeth. However, he crossed the line a few hundred yards ahead of his pursuer. Then he returned to Winnipeg, put the opium back in stock and announced that, so far as he was concerned, the firm had retired from the smuggling business. Which was wise. After a man is once "spotted" the only way for him to avoid trouble is to quit.

Another smuggler did a thriving business at St. John, N. D. He was supposed to be a farmer in that vicinity, became well known and popular at St. John and made regular trips to that town for the entirely proper purpose of shipping butter, eggs and other

farm produce to market. No one is likely to be suspicious of a shipment of butter by a farmer whom everybody knows. But this particular farmer got opium from the other side of the line and this opium was shipped with his farm produce. My information as to him and his methods was secured on the Canadian side, where they are not particularly interested in the enforcement of United States laws, and I cannot say positively whether he was ever caught, but I understand that he was.

These stories, and particularly the story of the college man, serve to illustrate the various features of the opium smuggling business. For one thing, contrary to the popular belief, the Chinaman does not engage in it—at least, not directly. He is usually back of it.

The story of a sensational case at Seattle will illustrate this. It relates to the days when there was a big enough profit in opium smuggling to warrant a wholesale business—before the reduction of duty made it so much of a one-man enterprise—and there was a fleet of small boats operating in Puget sound. Also there was a United States inspector engaged in the business. He reasoned that he was there to watch others but that there was no one to watch him, which is where he made his mistake, for he was caught one night in a launch with \$20,000 worth of the stuff.

Immediately there was great excitement in Chinatown. No Chinaman was on the launch, but nevertheless Chinatown was so desperately worried that some of the leading merchants met in haste and put up the amount of the inspector's bond. He might tell something, you know; he might uncover those behind him—those who were putting up the money and taking the opium. It was much better that they should lose both the opium and the amount of the bond and that he should have a chance to skip. They did lose both and he did skip, but it is worth remembering that he was brought back from Mexico some time later. He also stuck to the business too long and Uncle Sam is tireless in pursuit when he has evidence against an offender.

The Korean is the greediest and the biggest eater in the world. Most any man in Korea will eat anything he can get, and he will take a dozen meals a day if he has the chance.

"I understand that you have some visitors from the country at your house," said Mrs. Wilson, cheerily, when she met Mrs. Warburton waiting for the car on the corner. "That makes a pleasant change."

Mrs. Warburton coughed—one of those noncommittal coughs that may mean almost anything.

"Yes," she said, "they are relatives of my husband from down in the country, where we stayed part of last summer. They came up to do some fall shopping and, of course, camped down on us."

"Of course," chirruped Mrs. Wilson. "It's a case of turn about. Now you have a chance to repay them for your delightful stay on the farm. I think it's so nice to have a big house and—"

"You just try having a big house some time and see how you like it," suggested Mrs. Warburton, grimly. "Not that these aren't the nicest people in the world," she said, hastily, recalling Mrs. Wilson's predilection for retailing gossip, "but it was rather unexpected, if the truth must be told. When I invited them last summer in a general sort of way I certainly never expected five of them to come piling in on me after telephoning from downtown."

"Five?" said Mrs. Wilson, elevating here eyebrows.

"Five," repeated Mrs. Warburton. "My husband's brother and his wife and the three girls. What do you think of that? And me just breaking in an immigrant maid that never saw a gas range until last week!"

"You can talk all you like," went on Mrs. Warburton, "about paying up for visiting on the farm by entertaining your country relatives in town, but let me tell you they get the best of it." "Why, I don't see—" began Mrs. Wilson.

"Of course you don't," retorted Mrs. Warburton, decisively, "because you've never been through it. When James and I were in the country in June with little Bobbie these people never had to do a hand's turn for us. At least they didn't seem to feel called upon to do anything to entertain us and we were satisfied to be let alone to wander around in the woods or sit in the shade while they went on with their work as though we weren't on earth. The only time they put themselves out was when they got up a picnic and it would have been a lot better if they had never thought of it. We went trailing off to some creek in a wagon without springs and sat down to a cold lunch in the damp woods, eating stuff overrun with ants and fighting mosquitoes, and little Bobbie fell into the creek and was dried out behind a blackberry bush."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Wilson, peering anxiously up the street for the missing trolley car.

"Yes, but when they come up here and pile in on top of us we have to turn everything upside down to entertain them," went on Mrs. Warburton, bitterly. "Oh, yes, bless you! Like most women from the country, the girls want to go trailing about gaping in at the windows of the big stores. So I have to pilot them around. You know I detest shopping—I don't go downtown once a month. Honestly, I've been in some of those stores so often in the last few days that I believe the house detectives are treading an eye on me, expecting to see me pick up a waist or a pair of shoes."

"Why, you poor thing!" said Mrs. Wilson, sympathetically.

"But that isn't the worst," continued the indignant hostess. "Oh, dear, no! James has to come in for his share of it. After dragging me all over town every day until I'm tired out, they have to haul us both out to a theater nearly every night. Why, I need a rest cure."

"You can hardly blame them, though," argued Mrs. Wilson. "They don't have big stores or theaters at home, you know."

"That's not my fault," snapped Mrs. Warburton. "Why should I be made to suffer for the shortcomings of the rural districts? Country people think that city people live in a whirl of excitement and have nothing on their minds except racing downtown to shop in the daytime, tearing home on crowded elevated trains to eat a picked-up dinner and dashing back downtown again to the theater. I declare, as James says, I'm all in!"

"Why, you poor dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson. "You must be really fagged out!"

"Well, I am," admitted Mrs. Warburton, "but don't mention a word to anybody, because they're James' relatives and really they're the nicest people in the world."

"When they are at home," suggested Mrs. Wilson, motioning to the motor man.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Warburton.

**Won by Diplomacy.**  
In 1747 Mr. John Brown was invited to become the pastor of a church at Hingham. There was but one opponent to his settlement, a man whom Mr. Brown won over by a stroke of good humor. He asked for the grounds of his opposition. "I like your person and your manner," was the reply, "but your preaching, sir, I disapprove." "Then," said Mr. Brown, "we are agreed. I do not like my preaching very well myself, but how great a folly it is for you and me to set up our opinion against that of the whole parish." The force of this reasoning appealed to the man, and he at once withdrew his objections.



# EASIER AT ATLANTIC CITY

By WALDON FAWCETT

**D**IFFERENT localities throughout the United States have varied forms of Easter observance, each novel and distinctive in its way, but it is safe to say that the most spectacular of these events is the great Easter parade on the board walk at Atlantic City. Each American city, to be sure, has its Easter parade along about church time on the joyous morning, but none of these, not even the famous show of fashion on Fifth avenue, New York, can approach in magnitude and splendor the informal procession in honor of the spring holiday at the seaside.



PHOTOS COPYRIGHTED BY WALDON FAWCETT



THE GREAT EASTER PARADE AT ATLANTIC CITY

It is no commonplace sight, this panorama of 150,000 people, all attired in their most impressive raiment, tramping up and down an esplanade five miles long to see and be seen.

Perhaps, if you haven't been initiated, you raise your eyebrows at the thought of Atlantic City as an Easter resort. We are wont to think of seashore resorts as bleak places in winter, with biting winds sweeping over the sand stretches and whipping mournfully the tattered remnants of last season's ice cream signs. Surely no person bent on enjoying an Easter vacation would go elsewhere than to a southern resort—certainly not farther north than Old Point Comfort, at any rate. That logic is passing, however, for all that it was very well in its way and sounds plausible even today. The people of the eastern part of the United States have come to accept Atlantic City generally as the pre-eminent Easter mecca and the pleasure loving residents of the middle west and the far west are gradually taking the same view, although they had long been accustomed to recognize it only as a summer paradise and the middle west to this day reserves its main pilgrimage for August, when one may see in bathing at one time as many people as reside in the state of Wyoming.

Just what converted Atlantic City from a summer playground into an all-the-year resort, with

especial fascinations at Eastertide, is difficult to determine, although the residents of this pleasure metropolis ascribe it all to their discovery that the Gulf stream comes nearer to the coast off Atlantic City than at any other place north of Florida and thus moderates the temperature and softens the ocean breezes in a degree not enjoyed elsewhere. Candor compels the confession that there have been Easter Sundays when Atlantic City presented a decidedly chilly aspect out of doors, and even under the best conditions

most of the women in the Easter parade wear furs, but as a rule the air is bracing and mild enough to encourage lengthy constitutionals. Incidentally it may be remarked that the luxurious rolling chairs which constitute a distinctive feature of life at Atlantic are not so well patronized at Easter as in dog days. Easter weather is of a kind to encourage walking and the chairs which are abroad at this season are housed in with glass.

The student of human nature—and there is no better place in the world for such study—instinctively draws contrasts between the Easter throng and the summer vacation crowd at Atlantic City. In July and August, when the city by the sea is entertaining some 200,000 visitors a day, this whirlpool of humanity is filled for the most part with wage earners and salaried folk and their families who can afford but one vacation a year and elect to enjoy it here, tarrying beside the sea for a week or ten days or two weeks.



A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT OF THE LITTLE FOLKS

At Easter, on the other hand, the assemblage at Atlantic City is recruited largely from the wealthy and leisure classes—it is the rendezvous of fashion at this period, just as are Newport and Bar Harbor in midsummer.

For all that the influx at Easter does not equal that when the summer excursion business is at flood tide, almost all of Atlantic City's one thousand hotels and boarding houses are open to receive the spring merry-makers who pour in at the rate of 300 carloads a day for several days before Easter. What the Easter invaders lack in numbers they make up in spending power and this insures them a double welcome on the great amusement highway where the opportunities of retail trade are such that as much as \$3,000 a year rental is charged for a tiny store room. That the Easter rush seaward means such a golden harvest for the hotel keepers and merchants at the Brighton of America is all the more significant when it is taken into consideration that many of the Easter visitors come only for the "week end"—that is, for the interval from Friday afternoon to Monday morning.

Atlantic City at Eastertide is the board walk and the board walk is Atlantic City. In the summer the great bathing beach is, of course, the prime attraction for many of the visitors, but nobody cares to indulge in a dip in old ocean at Easter unless, maybe, it be some venturesome individual in quest of notoriety. This being the case, the board walk becomes the center of attraction and right well does it meet the responsibility. Following the example of Atlantic City, almost every seaside community has erected a board walk, but the one at Atlantic City is in a class by itself. It is upward of five miles long, is 40 feet wide throughout its main section and cost more than a quarter of a million dollars.

On the one hand this board walk affords promenade an unobstructed view of the sea, while on the other the marine esplanade is lined with hundreds of restaurants, amusement places of every imaginable kind and the most fascinating shops in America. Interspersed at frequent intervals are art auction rooms. A large proportion of the visitors to Atlantic City are women and of course no woman can resist the temptation of real bargains—a fact of which the wily Japs who conduct these auction emporiums are manifestly well aware. Aside from the never-ending procession of variegated humanity, unlimited free amusement is provided by the picturesque "barkers," the fakirs, the street musicians and the sand sculptors who line the board walk. Finally great amusement piers of steel construction—each, in effect, an "annex" of the board walk—extend seaward from the beach a third of a mile or more and afford visitors all the sensations of life on an ocean liner save the seasickness. On these piers are the great music halls and concert auditoriums, where are held the popular dances for which Atlantic City is famous.

## TO SERVE CHICKEN

TWO EXCELLENT METHODS OF PREPARATION.

Yearling Hen Really Has Better Taste Than the Younger Fowl—Chicken Biscuit Is Delicious—Try Chicken Mousse.

**Chicken Biscuit.**—There is more taste in a yearling hen than in a chicken, but many people prefer the latter. In any case, only a fat hen or chicken should be used, as a thin chicken is almost tasteless. If a rich gravy is not liked a part of the fat may be removed before cooking. The chicken should be cleaned, unjointed, and placed over the fire with water to cover. It should be skimmed. Add more water from time to time, cook until tender, season with salt and pepper while it is cooking. One hour before the chicken is to be served, make a rich biscuit dough as follows: Take one quart sifted flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and sift again. Work in one heaping tablespoonful of lard moisten with sweet milk. Roll out into a sheet, one inch thick and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a moderately hot oven until a golden brown. Thicken the chicken gravy, break the hot biscuits into halves, and drop them in, to remain for two minutes, and serve with the chicken in a large tureen.

**Chicken Mousse.**—One tablespoonful of gelatine, one-quarter cupful cold chicken stock, three-quarters cupful hot chicken stock, highly seasoned, one cupful of heavy cream, one cupful of cold cooked chicken, cut in small pieces, salt and pepper. Soak gelatine in cold stock, dissolve in hot stock and strain. When mixture begins to thicken, beat, using an egg-beater, until frothy, then add cream, beaten stiff, and chicken. Add more salt and pepper if necessary. Turn into baking powder or cocoa cans first dipped in cold water, then chill. When ready to serve, turn mousse from molds, cut in one inch slices and arrange on lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. If a more elaborate dish is liked, surround with a mayonnaise dressing. This is particularly fine.

### Fish Cake.

One pound of cooked whitefish, one tablespoonful of bread crumbs, four eggs and two extra yolks, four heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of sour cream, one cupful of water, salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one finely chopped onion, one tablespoonful of flour. Mix together the bread crumbs, butter and two beaten yolks of eggs.

Cook them over the fire till they are like paste, then add the onion, turn the mixture into a basin. When it has cooled add the remaining eggs and after well beating, then half of the flour, mustard, and finely chopped fish. Mix all thoroughly together, and shape it into a round cake. Brush it with beaten egg. Roll it in bread crumbs, and bake it, basting it frequently with water and finally with the cream, to which has been added the rest of the flour.

### When Dusting.

Don't use a feather duster except for pictures, as it simply moves the dust from one place to another.

The best plan is to have at hand a bowl of clean cold water; wring a cloth out of this as dry as possible and use it to remove dust. Then quickly polish with a clean, dry duster. If allowed to dry before rubbing the furniture will look smeary.

Books should be dusted at least once a fortnight. A dry duster must be used for this, as a damp one might cause mildew. If the bindings have become mildewed, try rubbing them with a very little ammonia. They should be rubbed dry with a clean duster immediately afterward.—Home Chat.

### Savory Rolls.

One pound of flour, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg, pinch of salt, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder into a basin. Rub in the butter with the tips of the fingers.

Beat up the egg and milk, and make a smooth dough. Put on a floured baking board, make into small rolls, and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. When done, split down and butter, and fill with grated cheese. When served cold split down and butter, and fill with pounded sardines, mustard and cress.

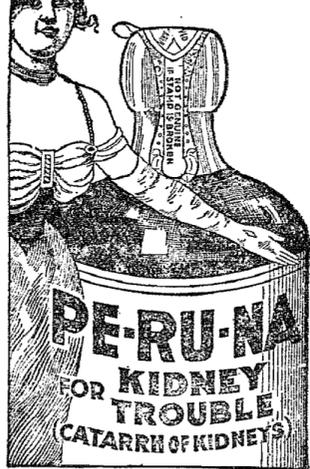
### Scalloped Nut Loaf.

Toast some stale bread a golden brown and cover the bottom of your baking dish. Next put in large pieces of raw tomato, then a thin layer of ground pecan nuts, then a layer of cooked rice and continue in the same way till the dish is full. Grate some stale cheese and put a thin layer over the top of dish. Bake about 20 or 25 minutes in a moderate oven, gradually increasing the heat. Watch carefully, as it will brown very quickly. Serve with vegetable salad.

### Pralenes.

Two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of maple sirup, one-half cupful of cream. Boil until a soft ball can be formed when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire, adding a table spoonful of butter, and beat until creamy, putting in a cup of chopped nut meats and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Drop into buttered tins and set outdoors to cool.

## DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS.



**For Lame Back**

An aching back is instantly relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment. This liniment takes the place of massage and is better than sticky plasters. It penetrates—without rubbing—through the skin and muscular tissue right to the bone, quickens the blood, relieves congestion, and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

**Here's the Proof.**  
Mr. JAMES C. LEE, of 1100 8th St., S.E., Washington, D.C., writes: "Thirty years ago I fell from a scaffold and seriously injured my back. I suffered terribly at times; from the small of my back all around my stomach was just as if I had been beaten with a club. I used every plaster I could get with no relief. Sloan's Liniment took the pain right out, and I can now do as much harder work as any man in the shop, thanks to

## Sloan's Liniment

Mr. J. P. EVANS, of Mt. Airy, Ga., says: "After being afflicted for three years with rheumatism, I used Sloan's Liniment, and was cured sound and well, and am glad to say I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since. My leg was badly swollen from my hip to my knee. One-half a bottle took the pain and swelling out."

Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints. Prices, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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by ELECTROPODES. New Electric Treatment. Guaranteed with each set. Electrodes are available. If not at your Druggist's, send us \$1.00. State whether for man or woman in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 927

245 Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.

## Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c., 25c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 927

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PAY WHEN CURED

ALL RECTAL DISEASES cured without a surgical operation, and GUARANTEED to last a LIFETIME. No Chloroform. Ether or other general anæsthetics used. THEATRE EXAMINATION FREE.

DR. E. R. TARRY, 225 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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is the word to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS & COLDS

### RESURRECTION.

A magic wand hath touched the sleeping earth, And at its summons, lo, a glorious dawn! To countless joys rock, field and hill give birth, And myriad triumphs in a breath are born.

Old winter's woe, like mist, hath rolled away And over all a rose-hued splendor glows; Love, pleasure, hope—as flowers—adorn the day; Ecstatic peace in every streamlet flows.

Sweet spring is here! The Easter of our souls! O'erfilled with promise; burdened with delight;

A noble purpose in each hour that rolls; A precious treasure in each moment's flight.

O magic wand! O faithful hand and true! We give thee praise and gratitude for this—Thy touch hath quickened blood and brain anew

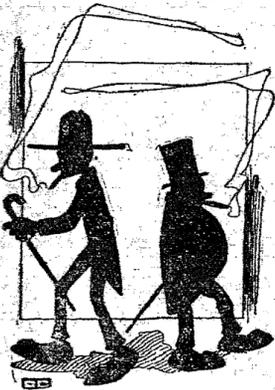
And thrilled our lips with fresh-filled cup of bliss. —Lurana W. Sheldon, in Metropolitan Magazine.

### STRANGE EASTER RITES.

In no corner of this whimsical old world of ours can there be found more naive traditions of Eastertide than those treasured in the heart of the Macedonian race, on the border between Europe and Asia.

Even before the 40 days' fast is quite over, the rejoicing that is to flower full-blown at Easter begins, crocswise, to push its bright way upward through the gloom of abstinence and vigil, says a writer in Housekeeper. On Palm Sunday, in little bands of three and four the

**COULDN'T SPEAK.**



They never speak as they pass by. They both keep mum. No need to ask the reason why—They're deaf and dumb.

**FOR THE SKIN AND SCALP**

Because of its delicate, emollient, sanative, antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, united with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors, Cuticura Soap is unrivaled for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, and, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for dispelling itching, irritation and inflammation and preventing clogging of the pores, the cause of many disfiguring facial eruptions. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and lustrous, glossy hair, will find that Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment realize every expectation. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass. Send to them for the latest Cuticura Book, an authority on the best care of the skin, scalp, hair and hands. It is mailed free on request.

**An Irresistible Petition.**  
"And now, Lawd-uh," a bit ominously proceeded the square-headed Brother Tarr, in his supplication, "in de convolution dat am gwine to take place soon's I meet up wid Brudder Dingford—sneaky scoun'rel wid side-whiskers dat's been up-slippin' an' up-slidin' 'round mah yaller wife—be nootral, Lawd; dat's all I axes—I'll do de rest! 'I has been, as you kin see for yo'self by de church books, a pillah in good an' efficient stan'in' for de dese many years, an' de tudder gen'laman am a puhsidin' eldah; so I has'n't de brazen statuary, Lawd, to axn' yo' to take mah side in de battle. But if yo' kain't help, dess hang off an' be nootral. Git yo'self a comfable place in de shade som'ers, an' sed down, an' yo'll see one o' de peartest fights yo' ever had de pleasure o' witnessin', Amen!"

**Let the Doubters Ask Me.**  
James Houser of Henderson, Iowa, wrote the following open letter to the United Doctors, the famous specialists who are located on the second floor of the Neville block, Omaha:  
"Dear Doctors—I have been so benefited by the treatment I have received from you that I feel I ought to write and thank you personally. I have been telling all my friends and neighbors about you and have been the means of many of them going to see you for different ailments and diseases, and all who have taken your treatment have been benefited and pronounce your methods of cure nothing less than wonderful. For myself, I can say, truthfully, that you have done me so much good that I can scarcely explain it. I haven't had any of my nervous spells since I commenced your treatment and I have better health in every way than I have had in the past ten years.  
"I feel grateful to you and recommend your work to every one. If any one is so foolish to doubt the ability of so great a medical firm as the United Doctors, just tell them to ask me and I can also refer them to many others."

**"JAMES HOUSER."**  
**Driven by Hunger to Desperation.**  
Mrs. Mode had just returned home from the country, to discover her previously well-stocked wardrobe empty. "Good gracious, Herbert," she cried to her husband, "where are all my clothes? And what in the world is that big black patch out on the lawn?" "Nelly," he replied mournfully, "after I had starved for two whole days, you wrote me that the key of the pantry was in the pocket of your bolero. Well, I don't know a bolero from a box-plated ruffe, and I was desperate, so I took all the things out on the lawn and burned them. Then I found the key among the ashes."—Success Magazine.

**Determining Sex.**  
Mark Twain says that he has always taken woman's part.  
"For instance," he relates, "I once strongly reprimanded a woman out in Hannibal, Mo. Here was the occasion: "So this is a little girl, eh?" I said to her as she displayed her children to me. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?"  
"Yassah," the woman replied. "Yassah, dat's a girl, too."—Everybody's Magazine.

**PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**  
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blood, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.  
It's difficult to convince a woman that other women are as good as they want her to think they are.  
**FERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER**  
When thoroughly rubbed in relieves strains and sprains in joints or muscles from any cause. All druggists, 25, 50, 60c. sizes. Large bottles the cheapest.  
Father Time was probably nursed in the lapse of ages.

**QUESTION OF ETHICS**

"Papa," began Bobby one evening after dinner, "if a feller was to find anything, what's he to do?"  
His father looked over the top of his paper and regarded him absently.  
"Oh, advertise, I suppose," he said. "That is, unless the thing he found was already advertised as lost. Why?"  
"Oh, nothing," replied Bobby. "I was just wondering. I knew a feller once that found a dog."  
"Was it valuable?"  
"Not so awful. You see, he was just a common yeller dog, with an awful scraggy tail. He took him home and kept him."  
"Maybe some little child cried because her pet was lost," Bobby's father said. "Did he have a collar on?"  
"I don't know. Then I knew 'nother feller that found ten cents, and it was my ten cents and he wouldn't give it back. That was Sam, and he says finders is keepers."  
"Well, it isn't. If you found anything I should be very much ashamed of you if you didn't take it back at once."

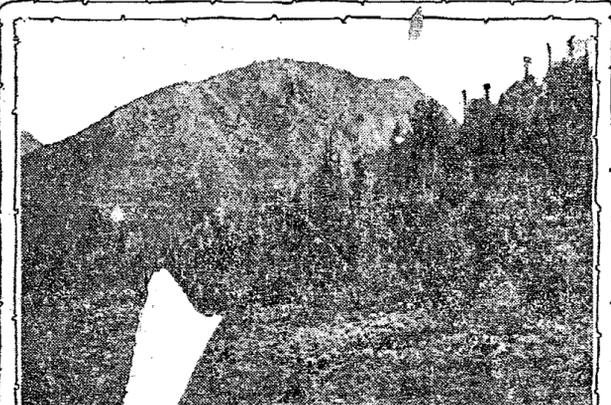
"We got a place in Billy's cellar to play ball," said Bobby, hurriedly. "We want to keep in practice, so we pray catch when it's bad weather. Billy's a swell catcher, all right."  
"I thought you said you lost your ball."  
"Well, this is another one," said Bobby. "The one I had was fine, but it went down a sewer hole. Billy had another, but it rolled under a wagon and got smashed. I would 'a' said it was Billy's fault, but he wanted the driver to pay for it."  
"Did the driver pay him?"  
"I should say not," Bobby replied, scornfully. "He belongs to the meanest grocery in town, anyhow, that driver. He won't ever let a feller hitch or have a ride, and when Harry Simmons tossed a snowball at him he chased Harry two blocks. And they don't ever put a blanket on the horse."  
"I think you would have been glad if some one had brought your ball back to you."  
"Oh, but they couldn't," said Bobby. "It was gone for good just as soon as it hit the sewer hole. I don't see why they have these bars so far apart. 'Most anything could fall in. Mamie Kelly knows a woman who lost a solid gold watch down one of 'em. Billy says he bet's it was only plated."  
"Well is it the watch that has been found?"  
"No, sir; they couldn't ever get that without taking up the pipes, could they? Mamie Kelly says it was lost a couple of years ago."  
"Oh, I thought it was an occurrence in modern history," said his father. "What has been found, then?"  
"Well," Bobby began, nervously, "a feller I know found a knife. It's a bully knife, with six blades, and only two broke. It's just what anybody'd want who didn't have one, like me. I don't know why nobody gave me a knife for Christmas."  
"That was a serious oversight, I admit," said his father. "Go on."  
"Well—now—er—can't the feller keep it?"  
"It belongs to somebody. Do you know whose it is?"  
"I think maybe I do."  
"Well, then, I advise you to tell this boy when you happen to meet him that you know whose knife he found, so that he may take it to the owner."  
"Yes—but—" Bobby stammered.  
"You see, it's Sam's knife, and Sam says finders is keepers. I'd like to know why a feller should act different to Sam than Sam did to me. He kept my ten cents."

"Now, look here, Bobby," said his father, seriously. "Of course you haven't told me who found that knife, but just suppose it was you, 'what would you do?"  
Bobby gave his father a startled look and then gazed at the spot where his toe was digging a hole in the rug.  
"Come, Bobby," his father reminded him. "I am waiting."  
"Well," said Bobby, slowly, "I guess if it was me, I'd give it back."  
"Yes, I think you would."  
Bobby reached for his coat, which was conveniently at hand.  
"I'll be back pretty soon," he said, hastily. "I'm just going over to Sam's."

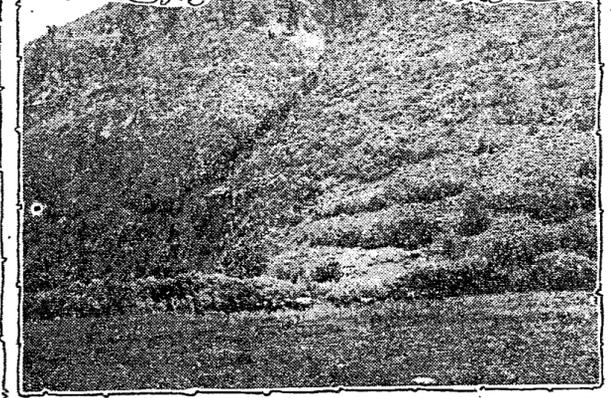
**London's Sunday Mail Service.**  
There is no postal delivery in London on a Sunday, but it is possible to send a letter by "express delivery" on Saturday which will be delivered on Sunday on payment of a fairly high mileage rate by the recipient. A new system was introduced last Sunday by which envelopes marked on the outside "for telephone delivery" are opened on Sunday and the contents telephoned to the addressee at 8:30 a. m.  
The charge in addition to the ordinary two cents postage is six cents for every 30 words. Thus a 60-word message would cost 14 cents as compared with 60 cents if sent by telegraph, while express delivery might be cheaper if the distance was not great from the receiving postoffice.  
Only 42 messages were handled the first Sunday and many of these were sent by newspapers to test the service.

**So Soon?**  
"Is life a blank to you now?"  
"Why do you ask such a question as that?"  
"You haven't made any entries in your diary for several days."

**NATIONAL FORESTS AS PASTURES**



COTTONWOOD CANYON, UTAH



CATTLE PASTURES ON LOGAN RIVER

**R**EPORTS on the national forest business for the last year show that 4,449 cattle and horse permits, and 1,283 sheep permits were issued, allowing the grazing of 118,079 head of cattle, 6,799 horses and 905,446 sheep, in Utah.

Accepting the last year book issued by the department of agriculture as an authority, this means that nearly 29 per cent. of all the cattle, over five per cent. of all the horses and mules, and 29 per cent. of all the sheep owned in Utah on January 1, 1909, were provided with range upon the national forests of this state during the period mentioned.

In connection with these privileges, other special uses of government land were allowed where such privileges were essential to a proper control of the stock, such as the inclosure of limited areas of land for pastures, the building of cabins, drift and division fences, corrals, excavation of stock tanks, and construction of reservoirs. Twenty-six such permits were issued during the year covering 2,565 acres of land, and three and one-fourth miles of right of way. The total number in effect is 48, the area involved being 5,730 acres, and the rights of way 11 miles. Of these permits 35 were issued on the basis of a nominal rental for the use of the land, the remaining 13 without charge.

The use of the range in the Manti forest is more complete and intensive than in any other national forest in the United States, and it is typical of the Utah forests. Consequently, the experimental work has been largely confined to this forest. During the year a complete botanical survey was made, every plant being collected, classified and analyzed to determine its properties and its value. Areas containing poisonous plants were mapped and periods during which they could be used in safety were determined. Experimental areas were reseeded with native and introduced plants preliminary to beginning work on a large scale, and considerable valuable data secured. This work is of equal value to other sections of Utah, and its effect will eventually be far reaching.

As a side issue the forest officers killed eight bear, one mountain lion, 231 coyotes and 22 wildcats. This number, while not large, means a considerable reduction in the amount of stock destroyed by such animals, and helps compensate the stock owner for the fees paid by him.

At present seven associations of stock growers are co-operating with the forest service in its administration of the forests as it affects their interests, but there is room for many more. The forest service needs the experience and advice of the stockmen to enable it to secure the best results from the government's timber lands, and it encourages such organization. Recognition will be granted to any organization whose membership constitutes a majority of the users of a forest or district, and this recognition entitles the association to notice of proposed action and the right to be heard in reference to increases or decreases in the number of stock to be allowed the following season, divisions of the range between different classes of stock or its owners, or special rules to meet local conditions. The recommendations of an advisory board representing an association which has secured recognition, will be accepted and adopted in all cases where the rights of non-members or of other established interests will permit of such action, subject of course to the regulations prescribed by the secretary of

agriculture. This means that a large degree of local administration follows the organization of an association, and as a matter of business the stockmen of this state should take advantage of the opportunity to the fullest extent.  
The chief problem that the Utah stock grower has had to meet is that of providing summer range for his stock. Of winter range Utah has an abundance, the large deserts alone being enough to support the sheep of the state in a normal winter. In addition, Utah is thickly dotted with prosperous farming communities where the quantities of forage produced are often in excess of the demand than otherwise, and where in many cases the feeding of live stock affords the only means of disposal. This condition created a keen demand for spring and summer ranges, a demand complicated by the strong competition between the stockowner who winter grazed his stock at points remote from the summer range, and the owner who winter fed his stock upon the products of his ranch adjacent to the summer grazing lands. The result was not hard to forecast. Ranges became poorer and less productive each year, stock deteriorated in weight and quality, and losses were heavier. This was the condition that existed when the national forests were placed under the present system of grazing control. The forests occupying, as they do, the higher and more mountainous portions of the state, exert a considerable influence upon the summer range problem, for within their borders a considerable percentage of the summer range is located.  
Few outside of the interested stock growers are aware of what has been accomplished by reasonable regulation and control within a very few years. The dwellers in certain towns, and the ranchers in certain communities know that the watersheds upon which they are dependent have been protected by the proper regulation of grazing. The stockmen know that the numbers of stock allowed have been reduced to the actual carrying capacity of the range but not below it; that the ranges have been equitably divided between the different classes of stock, and the owners; that the small rancher remote from market centers who must dispose of his crop and gain his livelihood by raising and feeding cattle is provided with a range adequate to his needs; while at the same time full consideration is given to prior use of the range by the stock growers who winter their stock on the deserts. Extensive investigations are being conducted for the purpose of improving ranges by artificial and natural reseeding; to discover means of eradicating poisonous plants, or to prevent loss of stock. Forest officers are assigned to the work of destroying predatory animals in localities where the loss of stock warrants such work. Range improvements are constructed wherever required to facilitate the handling of livestock or to protect forest interests. All of this work has tended toward a solution of Utah's chief grazing problem, and toward the advancement of the interests of every stock grower in the state.

Follow this advice.  
Quaker Oats is the best of all foods; it is also the cheapest. When such men as Prof. Fisher of Yale University and Sir James Crichton Browne, LL.D., F.R.S. of London spend the best part of their lives in studying the great question of the nourishing and strengthening qualities of different foods, it is certain that their advice is absolutely safe to follow.  
Professor Fisher found in his experiments for testing the strength and endurance of athletes that the meat eaters were exhausted long before the men who were fed on such food as Quaker Oats. The powers of endurance of the non-meat eaters were about eight times those of the meat eaters.  
Sir James Crichton Browne says—eat more oatmeal, eat plenty of it and eat it frequently. 59

**WERE NO TROLLEY CARS THEN.**



Abel Stringham—I tell you, my boy, Shakespeare could never have written a drama like yours.  
Playwright—You are very complimentary.  
Abel Stringham—Not at all. Take, for instance, that trolley car accident in the third act.

**May Make Convents into Sanatoria.**  
Efforts are being made in Bulgaria to abolish the numerous monasteries and convents of the Greek Catholic church and to use their buildings and revenues for the establishment and maintenance of tuberculosis sanatoria. King Ferdinand has given 100,000 francs for the erection of a national sanatorium. The death rate from tuberculosis in Bulgaria is very high, being 31 for every 10,000 living.

**The Modern Spirit**  
"Can anything be more indicative of the spirit of the time," asks an observer, writing from Paris, "than this? A group of three at a fashionable restaurant table, old lady, middle aged man and young woman of the 'society age.' The man, giving an order to the waiter: 'Bring my mother a glass of milk, a beer for me and an absinthe for my daughter.'"

She Was.  
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"The abandoned creature!"—Cleveland Leader.

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For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

**The Army of Constipation**

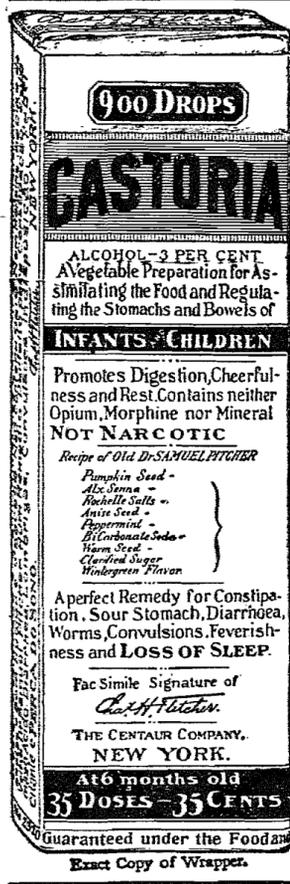
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**The Voice of the Wind**  
By ISABEL MOORE

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Once a king had a daughter whom he dearly loved. She had always been brought up very sensibly, in spite of her being a princess, and had been taught how to dress herself and how to do up her own hair without the help of a lady's maid. And her habit was, after she had dressed in the morning, to go into the garden to get a breath of fragrant air before breakfast and to gather a flower to place in her hair.

One day, when she was in the garden, she heard a voice saying:

"How will you have your troubles—when you are young or when you are old?"

This happened several times and the princess, filled with curiosity and tired of hearing always the same question, went one day into the palace and said to her maid of honor:

"Do you know what has happened to me these last few days? I keep hearing a voice that says to me, when I am gathering my flowers, 'Which will you do; go through your troubles in your youth, or in your old age?'"

The maid of honor replied: "Listen, royal lady: For my part, I should say that I preferred having my troubles when young. With my old age I would acquire more power."

The princess combed and dressed herself the next morning and went into the garden as usual, where she heard the voice that spoke to her; and when it asked her the curious question, the princess replied that she would rather go through her troubles in her youth than in her old age.

The voice rejoined: "Take leave, then, of everything here that is yours."

"That is not so difficult," said the princess.

But when she came to actually say good-by it was another matter. It



was even difficult to decide which one of her possessions to take farewell of first. There were here father and mother and brother and sisters. There was her beautiful apartment in the palace and there was her garden. There were her maids of honor, her fine carriage and her pretty dresses. There was her saddle horse, a perfectly trained Arabian pony. There were her dolls and other playthings, which she still loved although she was getting a little too grown-up to play with them. There were her dog and her kitten. Really, it was very difficult indeed!

Her father and mother wept bitterly, of course, but they were convinced of the wisdom of her choice to have her troubles while she was young and strong enough to bear them. At last the good-bys to her parents were all said. For the grandeur of the palace the princess did not care greatly, but her garden was very dear to her, and she was grieved when she took her last walk in it.

"According to the natural course of events, however," she said bravely to herself, "I shall see it again, for I am young."

Her pony snuggled his nose into her hand and begged her to go for a ride that morning. The princess only kissed his cheek and passed on.

Her dog was a delightful little French poodle that seemed to have springs in his feet, he pranced about so. His name was Bonino, which means a daisy. The princess had named him because he was pure white and rather fluffy—a jolly little dog that twinkled about and had a lovely pink smile somewhere, on him.

Her kitten was named Suspiro, which, in Portuguese, means a sigh. He was the last of a litter of nine kittens and might much better have been called a laugh, for a happier puss was never seen. His mother had named him, however, and her point of view had naturally been different from that of other people.

Bonino and Suspiro followed their princess from the royal stables almost to the palace for, somehow, they understood that she was going away. The last she saw of the dears Suspiro was under a garden seat with his back so arched up that the seat nearly toppled on the peak of it, and Bonino was capering madly about and uttering sharp, enthusiastic barks. This was their favorite game.

At last, however, all the good-bys were said. Then the princess went forth to meet the Wind, for it was the voice of the Wind that had asked her when she would prefer having her

troubles, in her youth or in her old age.

He was a cross old Wind, with deep furrowed cheeks and eyes like a cold winter's sky. And he seized the lovely princess roughly and led her along the highways and byways of the world. Just as surely as she thought she knew in which direction they were going, he would buffet her madly about until she was quite willing to go in any direction at all, or merely to whirl around and around for his entertainment, or even to drop down upon the ground. Sometimes he would blow from all directions at once. Sometimes he would lift her entirely off her pretty feet and whirl her along like a withered leaf of the forest.

All the time the princess uttered no complaint. Once in a while she wept a few showery, wind-swept tears; and once in a while she tried desperately to understand what it all meant. But she never resisted the Wind, no matter how much he abused or howled at her. And the more she gave herself up to him, bravely and uncomplainingly, the angrier he became.

"There's no doing anything with you! There's no doing anything with you!" he would yell in her ear.

"I'll do anything that you say," she protested.

"That's the trouble! That's the trouble!" he puffed.

"It may be one of your troubles, but it is not one of mine," said the princess.

Whereupon the Wind got angrier than he ever had been before—which was such a degree of anger that he actually got a little discouraged. It wasn't much fun always to have his own way! So he decided to try to break the sweet spirit of the princess by shutting her up in the Tower of Ill Luck.

This tower was the very most forlorn place in the whole world. It was as lonesome as a grave; dark as midnight; chill as an iceberg. But the princess said to herself:

"A grave is only for the body; midnight hath stars; an iceberg gives out beautiful lights when the sun's rays glance upon it."

In the Tower of Ill Luck the princess stood alone with her own soul before God; but, as her soul was pure, there was no trouble.

One day she heard a human voice. A human voice can be a very sweet thing to hear. It was the voice of a man who passed by the foot of the Tower of Ill Luck. He was crying out:

"Who'll buy troubles! Who'll buy troubles!"

"Buy troubles!" the princess repeated to herself. "Why should any one buy troubles? I have had mine given to me freely. And yet—and yet—it is passing strange—but I am not troubled by my troubles!"

She looked out of a tiny, iron-barred window in the tower and saw that the man with troubles to sell was carrying a basket of flowers.

"Troubles!" cried the princess. "Do you call those beautiful things troubles?"

"They will wither," said the man. "They give you while they live," said the princess.

"Troubles always come in clusters," said the man, holding up a tempting bouquet.

"So do joys," said the princess, softly.

"Will you buy?" asked the man. "Why should I buy?" asked the princess.

"Oh, go home! go home! go home!" cried the man, suddenly turning into the Wind—which he really was—and tearing and stamping madly about. "There's no doing anything with you! Go home, I say, and be happy! We'll try it again when you are old."

"You can't," said the princess, "because you promised my troubles to me now. And you promised to give them to me, not sell them to me!"

"Oh, go home! go home! go home, anyway!" he roared.

And he blew and he blew till he blew himself into the Tower of Ill Luck so that it shook to its foundations; and he blew and he blew till he blew himself and the princess out of the Tower of Ill Luck.

On the highway, as they were nearing the palace, the princess was met by Bonino and Suspiro.

**The Royal Assent.**  
"Le Roy le veault!" ("The king wills it") is the form of the words in which the English king is accustomed to signify his royal assent to a bill which has passed both houses of parliament and is ready to be made statute law.

They are, however, not the only form of old Norman-French words which has survived and is still in usage in our parliamentary system. Thus, for instance, when a bill is sent up for consideration from the commons to the lords, it is indorsed by the clerk with the words, "Soit baillie aux Seigneurs" ("Let it be sent to the Lords"), and when the converse operation takes place the corresponding words are "Soit baillie aux Communs."

The royal assent to money bills is more elaborately expressed: "Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veault!" ("The king thanks his loyal subjects, accepts their gift, and so wills it"). For private bills still another form of assent is used: "Soit fait comme il est desire!" ("Let it be done as desired").

—Tit-Bits.

**Paganini.**  
The great violinist is said to have died without any kind of religious rites. During the evening of the day of his death he would allow no light in the room, but suddenly he asked that the curtains might be opened, when he looked happily at the moonshine. Then, calling for his violin, he began playing on his favorite G string, and, playing, his spirit passed away.

**The Sunset**  
By FRANCOIS COPPEE

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That afternoon late in October had been magnificent and the peaceable lounge had spent the whole of it in book-hunting. He had examined the book-stalls, beginning at the breast-work of St. Michael's quay, not in the hope of finding a rare Aldus or a priceless Elzevir—it is now too late for one to pick up "Le Patisserie Francois" on a two-sous counter—but merely in order to enjoy for a longer time the beautiful walk along the banks of the Seine and to beguile his thoughts with the last smile of the fine season.

The lovely day! A clear sky, a warm sun, and, now and then, the sudden caress of a cool, light breeze. About half-way on his course, in front of the Hotel des Monnaies, the book-hunter had found and bought, for the modest sum of two francs, a copy, somewhat damaged but still very presentable, of Aloysius Bertrand's "Gaspard de la Nuit," which filled the most important gap in his collection of the romantics. Then, tenderly squeezing his new-found treasure under his arm, he had continued his inspection so far as Pont-Royal, where he arrived at about five o'clock. He was a little weary; the round tables set out in front of the Cafe d'Orsay invited him to rest. So he seated himself and ordered a glass of beer.

Then he looked about him; the hour was exquisite. Below, to the left, the sun was setting majestically in the pale blue sky, which trembled beneath his rays, and he threw his golden farewell to the fair Parisian landscape. The group of plane-trees, the branches of which mingled with the yards of the frigate, the slender poplars which shaded the Vigier baths, and, farther off, the tufted chestnut-trees on the terrace by the water, all had just begun to glow under the sunset's long

There will be a sale at the Bon Marche. There will be great bargains.

And without attracting the attention of these giddy-pates or of anyone else, the sun was still going down with pomp and royal slowness. Now he touched the glass dome of the Palais de l'Industrie, which gleamed like a diamond mountain. The appearance of the sky had changed. Remaining clear toward the east, it had taken a deeper shade, while toward the west long, violet clouds, fringed with gold, rested motionless in a depth of turquoise blue.

A big captain and a slender second lieutenant, tightly belted in their uniforms, came from the cavalry quarters, dragging their sabres upon the sidewalk, and paused for a moment on the threshold of the cafe.

"I'm sure of it, captain. Lieutenant Tardieu will be included in the January promotions. It is his turn."

"Very well; I tell you that he has not the seniority."

"It is very easy for us to make sure about it. Let us consult the year-book."

And they went into a cafe, where for some time they called for absinthe.

At that moment the sun, which was veiled by the distant trees of the Champs Elysees, plunged below the horizon and suddenly darkness fell upon everything. In a few seconds the houses and the monuments became sad and gloomy, as if they had aged a hundred years. The autumn foliage, the crests of which had just before been still shining, now took a somber, rusty tone. The birds' concert lasted for a moment, growing feebler, then became silent. A cold wind blew from the north and crossed the space before me like a long sigh of regret.

But, at the same time, in obedience to that law which decrees that all fires when they die shall give forth a brighter light, the sun, which had already passed out of sight, displayed all the wonders of the twilight in that part of the sky where his remembrance still prevailed; and below, toward the Pont de la Concorde, above the river, a grotto of precious stones hollowed itself on the horizon, making one think of those caverns in which the Asiatic despots buried their treasures. Round this glowing beacon light the clouds heaped themselves up, ceaselessly changing their shades and their forms. At first they had massed themselves together, like a range of golden mountains; then the chain had broken and an archipelago of ruby-colored islands swam in an ocean delicately green; but then the islands lengthened and transformed themselves into serpents of light, fiery fishes; and suddenly, before one could take note of it, other clouds had formed, further off, to right and to left, everywhere, outlining fugitive phantoms, clothing themselves in hues which would have driven Veronese to despair, building up and hastily throwing down airy towers of Babel. Some of them were enormous, with sides buried in the distance with architectural perspectives. One great cloud, of a violet-brown, twisted itself like a crocodile, opening vast jaws, and far above, all alone, one little cloud, pure as a maiden, looked like a flower blooming in the infinite.

Then an omnibus crossed the Pont Royal. It was full and a whole row of passengers on top sat directly in front of the marvelous twilight. But some sensational event had happened just then—a triple assassination or a ministerial crisis—and all these men sat reading the evening newspapers, putting the commonplaceness of a leading editorial or the horror of a crime between their eyes and the sublime fairylands of the sunset.

The sun was conquered, but before wholly disappearing he tried one last effort against the indifference of the citizens, and from the bottom of his gulf he darted such a crimson light that the whole landscape was on fire. The solitudes of the sky flushed, as if from shame; the river flowed on its waves of blood and of roses, and the fronts of the houses and the faces of the passers-by glowed under this rosy reflection.

But the book-hunter, sitting before the Cafe d'Orsay, vainly watched the faces, vainly listened to the scraps of talk of those who passed in front of him. There were silent artisans, going home to their evening soup, bent by toil, their eyes fixed upon the ground; there was a couple of men of letters about to tear a colleague to pieces; there were men of business and financiers, absorbed in mental calculations, dreaming of some stratagem against their neighbor's property; there was a pretty woman whose eyes sought nothing but the caressing flattery of other eyes.

Not one of these beings had any care for the sunset.

One only, a man of the middle class, who gave his arm to his wife, condescended to cast his eyes upon the horizon; then he uttered these simple words:

"The sky is red. That is a sign of wind."

Night came on. In the dark blue of the east a few feeble stars had just begun to twinkle; nothing remained of the twilight but a ruddy haze, like that which follows the explosion of fireworks, and the lounge, whose contemplation of nature that evening had made him a poet, was for an instant quite proud and troubled as he thought that the sunset had been for him alone.

The Highest Telephone.  
The highest telephone in the world is said to be on Monte Rosa. The line attains a height of about 4,875 yards above the sea level. It passes over Mount Olen, thence to Giufetti, and on to the observatory of Monte Rosa.

There will be a sale at the Bon Marche. There will be great bargains.

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# The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By  
CYRUS TOWNSEND  
BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
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## CHAPTER I.

### The Primitive Norm.

Whether she had fainted or fallen asleep, she did not know, but this one thing she was sure, it had been dark when consciousness left her and it was now broad day, although the light seemed to come to her with a greenish tinge which was quite unfamiliar. The transition between her state of yesterday and that of to-day was as great as if she had been born into morning from the womb of midnight and like a young animal she drank it in blindly with closed eyes. She could hear the thunderous roaring of the breakers crashing upon the barrier reef. Alone—her boat had been wrecked in the darkness of the night before—the sound softened and mellowed by distance came to her in a deep, low accompaniment to the sharper and nearer sounds of the birds singing and the breeze rustling gently through the long leaves of the trees overhead.

The dry sand on which she lay was soft and yielding and made a comfortable bed for her tired body racked with weary days in the constraint and narrowness of a small boat. It was warm, too. She had been drenched when she scrambled on the shore and fell prostrate, on the beach, retaining just strength enough and purpose enough to crawl painfully inward to where the tall palms grow before she lapsed in whatsoever way it might have been into oblivion.

Incoherent thoughts raced through her bewildered brain; each one, however, bringing her a little nearer the awakening point of realization. Then there ran through her young body a primal pang which dispelled the tremulous and vague illusions which her fancy had woven about herself as she lay warm and snug and sunny at the foot of the tall trees, and she realized that she was frightfully thirsty, so thirsty that she did not know how hungry she was.

The demand for the material awakened the animal in her. Her thoughts centered instantly; they were at once localized on one supreme desire. Coincidentally her eyes unclosed and she sat up blinking in the strong light. The rising sun still low on the horizon smote her full in the eyes and left her for the moment dazed again. She sat leaning upon her hands extended behind her back staring seaward, saying nothing, thinking nothing, until a strange sound to the right of her attracted her attention. It was a sound made by a human voice and yet it was like nothing human that she had ever heard. It was a wordless, languageless ejaculation, but it roused her interest at once despite her material cravings.

She weakly turned her head and there standing erect with folded arms looking down upon her was a man. He was unclothed entirely save for a fantastic girdle of palm leaves about his waist. She stared at him, puzzled, amazed, affrighted. He returned her look with an intent curiosity in which there was no suggestion of evil purpose, rather of great incomprehension, an amazing wonderment. There was nothing about him, save the fact that he was there, which should have caused any alarm in her heart, for with a woman's swift mastery of the possibilities of the other sex, she noticed in her vague terror and wonderment that he was remarkably good to look at. Indeed, she thought that she had never seen so splendid a specimen of physical manhood as that before her. In color he was white. Save that he was bronzed by the tropic sun, he was perhaps whiter than she was. His hair, which hung about his head in a wild, matted tangle, not unpicturesque, was golden; his eyes bright blue. Beneath his beard, unkempt but short and curly, she could see his firm, clean-cut lips. His proportions were superb. He was limbed and chested like the Apollo Belvedere. In him grace and strength strove for predominance. He was totally unlike all that she had read of the aborigines of the South seas.

It was the man who broke the silence, as it had been the man who had broken the spell of her slumber. He made that queer little chuckling noise in his throat which sounded familiar enough and yet she had heard it from the lips of no man before. It meant nothing to her except that he who stood before her at least was not dumb, although the noise he made was certainly no articulate speech as she knew speech or could imagine it.

At any rate it was a stimulus to her. She opened her own parched lips and strove to make reply, but her thirst, with a rising terror and nervousness made her dumb and no sound came forth. The man might be preparing to kill her. He could do so, if he willed, she thought, but she must drink or die. If she could not speak, she could make signs. She leaned forward raised her arm, hollowed her hand and dipped as if from a well and made as if to pour it into her lips. Then she stretched out both her hands to him in the attitude of petition. The man stared hard at her. His brow wrinkled. It was such a simple sign that any savage would have comprehended it, she thought, and yet it appeared to her, watching in despair, that it took

a long time for the idea to beat into his brain. She could wait no longer. She rose to her knees and stretched out her hands again.

"Water!" she gasped in a hoarse whisper. "Water, or I die!" The man had started violently at her speech. Giving him no time to recover, she went through the motion again, this time with greater effect. For the man turned and vanished. She sank down on the sand too exhausted to follow him even with her eyes. If he brought the water she would drink it and live; if he did not, she would lie where she was and die. She did not care much, she thought, which would happen. She had so sickened of life before she essayed that open boat, that she believed it was simply an animal craving in her which would make her take the water in case it should be brought her. And yet when he did appear with a cocoanut shell brimming with clear, sparkling liquid, she felt as though the elixir of life had been proffered her.

She seized the shell with both hands which yet so trembled that most of the precious water spilled on her dress as she carried it to her parched lips. This was good in the end, for if that vessel had been the famed Jotunheim drinking horn, she would have drained it dry ere she set it down. As it was, she got but little; yet that little was enough to set her heart beating once more. Emptying the shell of the last drop—and with that keenness of perception which her long training had intensified and developed, marking the while that it had not been cut clean by any knife or saw or human implement, but was jagged and broken as if from a fall, she dropped it on the sand and looked again toward the man. He held in his hand fruit of some kind, she did not know what it was. It might have been poison. What mattered it? Having drunk she must also eat. It looked edible, it was inviting to the eye and smell, and as she sunk her teeth into it, she found it agreeable to the taste also. He had brought it to her. If he had meant harm, present harm, surely he would not have given the water. She ate it confidently.

As the man saw her partake of what he had given her, he clapped his hands and laughed. She was grateful for that laugh. It was more human than the babbling sounds which he made before.

There was but little of the fruit, just what a child would have brought and this again was good for her, for had there been an abundance, in her need she would have eaten until she had made herself ill. When she had partaken, she rose to her feet. Before doing this she had extended her hand to him as if seeking assistance, but he had simply stared at her uncomprehending and she had been forced to get to her feet unaided. Once standing, she trembled and would have fallen, but that she caught his arm and steadied herself by holding tightly to it. The man started back at her touch. Color came and went in his face; little shudders swept over him; his mouth opened; he looked at her with a singular expression of awe not unmixed with terror in his eyes, for this was the first time in his recollection or what would have been his recollection if his retrospective faculties had been developed, that he had ever felt the touch of a woman's hand, of any human hand upon him.

Noticing his peculiar demeanor in the, to her, perfectly natural situation, the woman summoning some of the remains of the reserve of force which is in every human body until life is gone, released his arm and stared about her leaning against the trunk of the nearest palm. This time, and for the first time, she took in that expanse of sea, lonely yet beautiful, upon which her eyes were to look so often. Out of the deep and the night she had come. Into what deep and into what day had she arrived?

She turned and surveyed the shore. The beach curved sharply to the right and to the left, the long barrier reef following roughly its contour until the land obscured it on either side. Back of her stretched a grove of palms and back of that rose a hill; its crest bare and crag-like towered above a sea of verdure. Through a chance vista she saw the mass of rock as a mountain peak. On one side high precipitous cliffs ran down close to the shore and shut out the view. Over them water fell to the beach.

Save in the person of the man beside her there was not an evidence of humanity anywhere. No curl of smoke rose above the trees. No distant call of human voices smote the fearful hollow of her ear. The breeze made music in the tall palms and in the thick verdure farther up the hill side, birds sang softly here and there, but there was a tropical stillness to which the great heaving diapason on the distant barriers was a foundation of sound upon which to build a lonely quiet. Human beings there might be, there must be, on that island, if island it were; but if so, they must be abiding on the farther side. She and the man were alone.

Standing on her feet, with a slight renewal of her strength from what she had eaten and drunk, the woman now felt less fear of the man. He had treated her kindly. His aspect was gentle, even amiable. He looked at her wistfully, bending his brows from time to time and ever and again shaking his head, as a great dog looks at the master with whom he would fain speak, whose language he would fain



"Water!" She Gasped in a Hoarse Whisper.

understand, to whom he would fain impart his own ideas if he could. She stared at him perplexed. She was entirely at loss what to do, until her eyes roving past him detected a dark object on the water line just where the still blueness touched the white sand. The sunlight was reflected from gleams of metal, and thinking that she recognized it, she stepped from the shade of the palms and made her way unsteadily toward it. The man, without a sound, followed closely at her side.

Her vision had been correct, for she drew out of the sand a leather handbag, such as women carry. It had been elaborately fitted with bottles and mirrors and toilet articles. Alas, it was in a sad state of dilapidation now. The bottles were broken, their contents gone. The bag had been lying in the boat when it had been hurled over the barrier in the night and the same storm and tide which had borne her ashore had hurled it also on the sand. But it had come open in the battering and its contents were pitifully ruined. With eager eyes and fingers she examined everything. She found intact a little mirror, a pair of scissors, a little housewife which was not a part of the fittings and she wondered how it failed of being washed away, two combs and a package of hairpins.

She had fought against starvation and thirst and loneliness and despair as she had fought against men and she had not given way. She had set her teeth and locked her hands and endured hardship like the stoutest hearted, most determined soldier in the history of human struggles. But as the realization of this small misfortune burst upon her, she sank down on the sands and put her head in her hands and sobbed. Tears did her good. She had her cry out, utterly unbindered, for the man stood by, shaking his head and staring at her and making those strange little sounds, but offering in no way to molest her.

The water was beautifully clear and she could see on the other side of the barrier the remains of her boat. Perhaps some time, if there were need, she could get to that boat, but for the present all the fotsam and jetsam of her wild and fearful voyage lay in a water-soaked bag full of broken glass and battered silver from which she had rescued a pair of scissors, a mirror, two combs, a housewife full of rusty needles and some hairpins. O vanitas vanitatum!

She was wearing a serviceable dress of blue serge with a sailor's blouse and a short skirt. Putting her precious treasure trove within the loose blouse and carrying the battered bag which she meant to examine more carefully later, she turned and made for the shade of the trees again. For one thing the sun rising rapidly was gaining power and beating down with great force upon her bare head. She had enjoyed the protection of a wonderfully plaited straw hat on her long voyage else she could not have borne the heat, but that, too, was gone.

As she walked inland, she noticed again off to her right that stream of water which dropped over the tall cliff in a slender waterfall a sweet inviting pool at the base before it ran through the sands toward the sea. She made her way thither and at the brink knelt down and took long draughts of



The Silence of the Man Oppressed Her.

it. Eating and drinking evidently went together in the mind of the man, for when she raised her head, she found him standing before her with both hands filled with some of the fruit she had partaken of before and other fruit. She thought she recognized the bread-fruit and a species of banana. At any rate, she ate again and having by this time recovered to some extent her mental poise, she ate sparingly and with caution.

Then having satisfied her material needs, she knelt down by the stream and washed her face and hands. How sweet was the freshness of that water to her face burned by the sun and the wind and subjected for a long time to the hard spray of the briny seas. She would have been glad to have taken off her clothing and plunged into the pool, to have washed the salt of days from her tired body, to have had the stimulus and refreshment of its sparkling coolness over her weary limbs. But in the presence of her dog-like attendant this was not yet possible.

Still she could and must arrange her hair. Of all the articles in her dressing bag, she was more fervently thankful at that moment for the combs than anything else, the combs and the little mirror and the hairpins—small things indeed, but human happiness as a rule turns on things so small that the investigator and promoter thereof generally overlook them. And we know not the significance of the little until upon some desert island we are left with only those.

It was still early, about eight o'clock. How was she to pass the day? She must do something. She felt she could not sit idly staring from sea to shore. She must be moving. No business called her; she must invent some. The compelling necessity of a soul not born for idleness was upon her. She would explore the land. That was logically the first thing to be done any way and this was a highly trained woman who thought to live by rule and law albeit her rules were poor ones.

She started inland, the man following after. She had gained confidence in herself with every passing moment. The man who looked at her as a dog she would treat as one. She must

have some privacy. She could not always have him trailing at her heels. She turned by a great boulder, pointed to it, laid her hand on the man's shoulder and gently forced him to a sitting position by it. Then she walked away. He stared wistfully after her departing figure, and as she turned around to look at him, he sprang to his feet.

"No, no!" she cried imperatively, making backward threatening motions with her hands, whereat he resumed his sitting position, staring at her until he lost her among the trees.

Presently she turned and came back to him. It was so deathly lonely without him. He leaped to his feet as he saw her coming and clapped his hands as a child might have done, his face breaking out the while into a smile that was both trustful and touching. She felt better since she had him under this control, and together they walked on under the trees.

## CHAPTER II.

### Conscious of His Manhood.

High noon and they were back at the landing place and she at least was very tired. Accompanied by the man, who made not the slightest attempt to guide her, after some difficulty she had succeeded in forcing her way through the trees to the top of the hill. Part of the time she had followed the course of the rivulet from which she had drunk at the foot of the cliff. She was determined to get to the top, for she must see what was upon the other side. Humanity's supreme desire when facing the hills has always been to see what was on the other side. The stimulus of the unknown was upon her, but it was coupled with a very lively desire begot of stern necessity to know what there was to be known of the land upon which she had been cast up by the sea.

Her view from the hilltop—she did not essay the unclothed and jagged peak; she could make her way around its base and see all that there was to see—was not reassuring. She could detect on the other side of the island no more evidence of life than were presented by that she had first touched upon. In every direction lay the unweeded sea. The day was brilliantly clear; there was not a cloud in the sky. No mist dimmed the translucent purity of the warm air. Nothing broke the far horizon. The island, fair and beautiful, was set alone in a mighty ocean. In so far as she could tell, she and the man were alone upon it. The thought oppressed her. She strove to throw it off. The silence of the man oppressed her as well. She turned to him at last and cried out, the words wrung from her by the horror of the situation.

"Man, man, whence came you? How are you called? What language do you speak? Why are you here?"

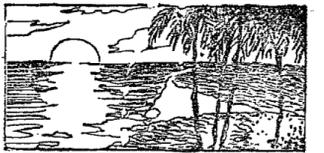
The sound of her own voice gave her courage. Waiting for no answer, and indeed she realized that none could come, she stepped to the brow of the hill where the trees happened not to be and raising her voice called and called and called. There were answering echoes from the jagged crag behind her, but when these died away there was silence unbroken save by the queer babbling, chuckling noises of the man.

She looked at him with a sudden sinking of the heart. Had this godlike creature roaming the woods, this fawn of the island been denied a brain, articulate speech? Was she doomed to spend the rest of her life alone in this paradise of the Pacific with a harmless madman forever by her side? What a situation was that in which she found herself!

She was a highly specialized product of the greatest of universities. In science and in philosophy she was a master and a doctor. She should have had resources within herself which would enable her to be independent of the outside world, a world in which her experience, self-brought, had been bitter, in which the last few weeks had been one long disillusionment. And yet she was now overwhelmed with craving for companionship, for articulate speech, as if she had never looked into a book or given a thought to the deep things of life. If this man beside her would only do something, say something, be something rather than a silent satellite forever staring in wonder. If she could only solve the mystery of his presence, answer the interrogation that his very existence there alone presented.

Her future, her present, indeed, should have engrossed her mind. What she was to do, how she was to live, the terrible problems in which his presence on the island involved her should have been the objects of her attention; they should have afforded food for thought to the keenest of women. She simply forgot them in her puzzled wonder at him. It would have been much simpler from one point of view if she had found the island uninhabited, and yet since the man was human and alive, in spite of her judgment, her heart was glad that he was there.

She motioned to him to sit down and then she sat in front of him and studied him. He looked as little like a fool as like a knave. She could, indeed, detect no evidence of any intellectual capacity, but she thought, as she studied him keenly, that he possessed unlimited intellectual possibilities. There was a mind back of those bright blue eyes, that broad noble brow, but it seemed to her a mind entirely undeveloped, mind utterly



latent. Here was a soul, she thought half in fancy, half in earnest, that was virgin to the world. How wise, how deeply learned she might be she was face to face with this primeval norm.

Could she teach this man anything? He seemed tractable, reverential, deferential now. Knowledge was power. Would it be power with him? Could she open those sealed doors of his mind, what floods would pour out therefrom, of power, of passion? Would she be swept away? It mattered not. She must try. The impulse seized her to begin now. Fixing her dark eyes upon him, she pointed directly at him with her finger.

"Man," she said clearly and emphatically.

He was always looking at her. He had scarcely taken his eyes from her since she had seen him in the tall grass by the shore, but at her gesture and word his eyes brightened. There was that little wrinkling of the brow again which she had noticed, outward and visible sign of an inward attempt at comprehension.

"Man!" she said passionately.

"Man," she repeated over and over again.

And then the unexpected happened. After innumerable guttural attempts, her unwitting pupil managed to articulate something that bore a distinct resemblance to the clearly cut monosyllable.

"Man!" he said at last.

It was a tremendous step in evolution, almost too great for any untutored human brain, for at once the man before her received a name and the idea of name as well. In that instant, on the heaven kissed hill, he was differentiated from all the rest of creation forever. His consciousness hitherto vague, floating, incoherent, indefinite, was localized, given a habitation and a name. He knew himself in some way to be.

"Man!" he cried, growing more and more confident with every repetition and more and more accurate in catching the very intonation with which she spoke.

"Man!" he cried, laying his hand upon his breast. "Man!"

He leaped to his feet and stretched out his arms. The doors were open a little way. Ideas were beginning to edge their way through the crack.

"Man! Man! Man!" he cried again and again, looking eagerly at her.

She rose in turn and patted him on the shoulder encouragingly as she might a dog. And again the touch, the second touch that she had given him, affected him strangely, so strangely that for a moment she felt the soul within her shrink, but realizing instantly that her domination over him was spiritual and immaterial and that the slightest evidence of timidity would be translated into universal language which even the lowest creation understands and that her dominion would go on the instant, she mastered herself and mastered him. Although she was but a woman whom he might have broken in his hands, she dominated him as the conscious soul ever dominates the unconscious soul.

She essayed no more lessons, but turned and retraced her way to the shore where she had landed, which because she had landed there, she called home. On the way she attempted an experiment. She plucked from a low bush a bright colored fruit of whose quality and characteristics she was ignorant and slowly made as if to convey it to her lips.

"Man!" cried the voice behind her, uttering its only word.

She turned to find her companion looking fixedly at her and proffering other fruit which he had quickly gathered. She handed him that she had plucked in exchange. He shook his head, not in negation but rather in bewilderment and threw it from him, and then she understood in some way that the fruit was not good for food. How he had divined it, she could not tell. Some compensating instinct, sharpened by use into a protecting quality, had taught him. She had no such instinct. She had learned to depend upon reason and observation, and these failed her in the presence of this unknown. She was humbled a little in this thought.

She craved meat and salt, having been trained to these things, the artificial diet and stimulant to which she had become accustomed, and her craving was the more insistent because she had been without them all that time in the boat. And yet when she had eaten the fruit that nature had provided in that tropic island, her craving was abated and she was satisfied. She felt that she could soon grow accustomed to such a diet if it were necessary. So musing she passed on under the trees and sat down on the sand again.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Looking Out for Him.

Yeast—Looking for some one you expected to come back for old-bone week?

Crimsonbeak—Yes.

"Can I help you?"

"Perhaps. I was looking for a fellow who borrowed \$5 from me ten years ago and who forgot to pay it back. I thought perhaps he'd come to town and try to borrow \$5 more."

