

## IF I WERE ONLY A MAN

Miss Janet Sweet or Sweet Miss Janet Tells The Tribune Readers What She Would Do If She Were Only a Man and Incidentally Holds Him Up to the Scorn of all Women and Shows What a Coward He Really Is in Some Instances.

If I were a man I should feel that I had had a narrow escape. Why does a man always think that he has escaped death by a very narrow margin when he has only had an acute attack of indigestion? Of course he won't call it indigestion. Gastritis sounds worse and excites more sympathy.

Why does he positively know that he has had a close call from pneumonia just because he has had a bad cough and a case of the sniffles? Why is he sure that he has had "walking typhoid" for days, when he is simply experiencing a spell of spring laziness, slightly accentuated by late hours and a consequent lack of sleep? These "whys" are very puzzling and quite unanswerable. They are peculiarities of the masculine sex, scarcely one seeming to have escaped his allotted destiny.

Let him be smitten, however, with just an ordinary attack of some kind—say good, old fashioned cholera morbus, to which all flesh is occasionally heir. The household is immediately made well aware of the fact that the man of the house is undergoing pangs the like of which no other mortal has ever known.

And he is usually so noisy about it! "To each his suffering; all are men! Condemned alike to groan."

He feels that hearing is believing. How can you know that he is suffering unless you hear him? Of course, he does not argue this consciously and deliberately, but it sometimes seems as if he did, considering the volume of sound that is emitted in his suffering moments.

If you cautiously close the windows he will resent it bitterly. It seems like heartlessly shutting him in his agony.

He apparently feels no embarrassment whatever because the neighbors can hear him groaning.

He knows that every other man has done likewise under similar circumstances, and is therefore not in a position to criticize.

He also realizes that the gentler sex is ever sympathetic—where a man is concerned.

I must concede that a man usually suffers more than a woman under the same circumstances; but the excess of suffering is mental. He thinks of every possible complication. In anticipation he endures every one of them, and do they not say that anticipation is greater than realization.

It is a risk to tell even a perfectly well man that he looks wretched, that his appetite is off, and his color bad. He will surreptitiously and expeditiously hunt a looking glass and console with himself.

If he isn't strong minded beyond the usual run of his sex, he will feel sure the next day that he has just eluded a doctor's bill by the merest chance.

He will look down upon you. He will consider you utterly heartless and entirely lacking in that gentle sympathy and pity which humanizes the world; and I should quite agree with him—for once—if I were a man! If that don't hold you I don't know what will.

Won't some man please tell us what he would do "if I were only a woman."

### Biting Good in Blair.

Did you ever see or feel any more mosquitoes in the same length of time than you can this year if you expose yourself to them after night? They are something fierce and if they have been where there is any typhoid or malaria and have any germs on their noses we wouldn't be surprised to hear of a real epidemic breaking out at any time. We'll hope they have not and that they have kept their feet and faces clean so their bites won't be so poisonous. Wet weather is probably responsible for the excess of the pesky creatures, but they are short lived and scientists say they seldom get over two hundred yards away from where they are hatched, so here's hoping their tribe may rapidly decrease.—Blair Pilot.

Of course it is impossible for the people of Florence to know much of this subject except by reading.

### Important Notice.

If you are raising tomatoes for market, please report to us without delay your number of acres planted and present condition of plants.

FLORENCE CANNING & MFG. CO.

W. R. WALL, Secretary, at Farmers' State Bank, Florence.

## NEBRASKA'S BIG STATE FAIR

Biggest Display of Fat Cattle, Swine and Horses and Grains Promised for This Year.

Nebraska has moved forward in its state fair accommodations to handle its large live stock exhibits, equal to most state fairs in the great central west. It has now under progress of erection a live stock judging pavilion which will, when completed, cost over \$100,000. Thousands of visitors can be seated in a light, airy, roomy, comfortable auditorium and observe the judging of stock each day of the fair. The swine department has also been provided with two judging pavilions which will comfortably accommodate the judging of all breeds, and this may be carried on at the same time. These pavilions have been built in view of comfort for the big fat hogs and the convenience of the exhibitors and judges. The swine department is strictly a business division during the judging contests and convenience of handling the hogs and the comfort of these animals are the main features. A great hog show is assured. Some of the leading prize winners of the world are entered now for the Nebraska show.

The cattle division will exceed by far any show ever made in the state. There are not only better cattle to be shown, but better show conditions is getting to be the ambition of the breeders. The big, new cattle barn that was supposed to be equal to the demands for years to come is already crowded and other barns have been provided for the overflow. The state management has announced that it will provide good barn space for all cattle that are entered ten days before the fair opens. The motto is "Keep up to the live stock demands of the state, if it takes a new barn each year."

Draft horses are coming in greater numbers than heretofore, consequently new barns are being provided, which extends the draft horse division over a much larger space on the fair grounds. Ponies, saddle horses, mules and other classes of the equine exhibition will have a separate division and separate stables for their entertainment. Note the dates and send for premium lists—September 6 to 10, 1909.

### Oranges.

Oranges are growing rapidly in favor and are coming to be an all-the-year-around accompaniment of the breakfast table. The extent to which the business is growing is shown by the report that one railroad during April carried out of southern California 3,984 carloads of the fruit, destined for the eastern markets. This represented 268,000,000 oranges, valued at \$4,000,000. Florida used to hold the palm for orange culture, and still is a good second to California. But the figures carry their own suggestiveness of the importance which citrus fruits hold among the manifold agricultural products of the country. And oranges are mightily healthful as food.

### Useful Work of Blacksnake.

There are many farmers in this country who are in love with the blacksnakes which they have on their places, and believe the reptiles are better than any cats or dogs in removing the rats and mice from the premises. It is a well known fact that the snakes destroy hundreds of pests in a season, and for this reason they are liked by the farmers. There are some men who would cause all sorts of trouble to a man who would harm a reptile of this kind.—Tooea (Ga.) Record.

### The Old Man and Death.

An old man that had traveled a long way with a great bundle of fagots found himself so weary that he flung it down and called upon death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. "Death" came straightway at his call and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good sir," said the old man, "just do me the favor to help me up with my bundle of fagots."—Aesop.

### A Correct Diagnosis.

The Doctor—"Ah, yes! Very nervous, irregular pulse, palpitation of the heart and feverish. Let me see your tongue?" "There's nothing the matter with me, sir, I just came to ask for your daughter's hand!"

### Here's Candor.

"I like to be complimented once in a while, and I enjoy being flattered," says the editor of the Howard Court, "but there's one old girl around here making me as one of her old beaux."—Atlanta Constitution.

### LOST

Silk hand bag with gold watch and chain. Elgin movement, chain long, heavy solid linked chain, card with my name complimentary to Tekamah races. Fremont score card, small change and pennies. Liberal reward for its return.

KATE F. RYAN  
Tekamah, Neb.

## STILL THEY PLAY HORSE

Council Adjourns Meeting From Night to Night in an Effort to do Business, but Meetings All Wind Up in Miserable Farces, Not Enough Business Being Transacted in All Meetings to Make One Busy Night.

Last week the council met on Monday evening and after much discussion and some work adjourned until Wednesday. A quorum not being present they adjourned until Thursday evening. Thursday evening they frittered away the time with hot air oratory and adjourned until Monday.

Monday it was the same old story: Hot air, playing to the galleries and accomplishing nothing.

The clerk called the roll and all answered present.

Up jumps the councilman from the southeast part of town and relieves himself of an opinion on the desirability of having automobiles go slower through the town and proposed that two signs be placed on Main street warning them of the speed limit as set by the state of Nebraska. He made a motion to that effect which was amended to read four signs, two on Fifth and two on Main, which was carried and soon he that rides may read.

During the discussion it was remarked that automobiles go along Main street at the rate of 50 miles an hour, but others said it was impossible to go five miles an hour in the present state of the street.

It was suggested that possibly Main street could be paved by fining the drivers of automobiles that can be caught exceeding the limit.

Then the boys got theirs. It was proposed to limit swimming in the river above the cofferdam to those who wore swimming suits.

Allen said he was greatly shocked the other night in driving up that road to see the boys in swimming, but couldn't say whether they had suits on or not as they were in the water.

It was proposed to do away entirely with swimming inside the city limits but was finally determined to prohibit swimming within a certain distance of the public highway and the attorney was instructed to draw up an ordinance to that effect.

The contract of William H. Taylor to put in the sewer was approved as was also his bond in the sum of \$500 signed by J. C. Reninger, J. H. Hollingsworth and Andrew Anderson.

Allen wanted to know why the weeds around the canning factory were not cut. He said the factory might can them. Mayor Tucker then asked about the weeds all over town and said they should be cut in all places and not one particular spot picked out. The subject was too hot to handle further and was dropped.

Allen then said he had acted as special policeman in the south part of town for two years without pay and wanted to serve again this year, and he would even come up town if he was telephoned for. No action was taken.

Allen moved that all bids on the sidewalks be laid over until the next regular meeting, and the motion carried.

Kelly then wanted all bids put in sealed envelopes and not opened until the meeting.

The dumping of garbage north of town was brought before the council and the marshal said he would stop it and if necessary would make the merchants go out and clean up all they had dumped there.

The council then adjourned to the next regular meeting Monday evening.

### Brussels' Domestic Problem.

A Brussels merchant advertised for a servant. One applicant pleased him. The terms and the outtings were arranged when the girl asked: "Who washes the dishes?" Taken aback, the merchant asked her to repeat her question. The girl did so without turning a hair. "Madame washes the dishes and I dry them," replied the merchant. "Can you play the piano?" he asked. "No," was the reply. "Then I am afraid you will not do," said the merchant. The girl retired with a dignified air. With a politeness which is described as exquisite, she turned, according to the Throne and Country, to the merchant and said: "Tomorrow I shall take lessons at the conservatoire, and as soon as I begin to make progress I will call again." This story is certified as authentic.

### Dock for Brazilian Dreadnoughts.

The government of Brazil has called for bids for the construction of a great floating drydock to accommodate war and merchant vessels, and especially the new battleships of the Dreadnought type now being constructed in England for the Brazilian navy. The dock, which is to be built at Rio de Janeiro, is to have a length of 543 feet and a width of 83 feet.

## OMAHA WANTS ANNEXATION

What They Say About Their Scheme to Annex Florence and All the Other Suburbs.

"Annexation meetings are proposed to be held in Benson, Florence and Dundee by people of those places who favor annexation and the mayor and Chairman Cole and others of the committee will be asked to attend them," says the World-Herald.

"Some of those from each place that I have talked with favor annexation," says Mr. Cole, "but I have not seen enough to form a judgment as to the sentiment. The few I have seen think annexation the proper thing to do. The law, the Mike Lee bill, under which annexation must be brought about, if at all, provides that 10 per cent of the people of each place proposed to be annexed, must sign a call for an election and that a majority of the people of each place must vote for annexation."

Mr. Cole thinks that the advantages of annexation to Benson, Florence and Dundee being a part of Greater Omaha would be first to promote the school facilities, give suburban fire and police stations under the efficient supervision of Omaha officials. Benson, which is growing fast and which says it needs more school facilities, he thinks, would be especially benefitted.

Mayor Dahlgren feels that both the present city of Omaha and Benson, Florence and Dundee would all benefit. We think they have another guess coming when we can get along on 53 mills for taxes against 98 mills in Omaha.

## KELLOGG TROPHY A BEAUTY

Pictures Show Prize Corn Flake Man Will Offer at the Corn Show.

That the W. K. Kellogg National Corn trophy, to be awarded to the exhibitor of the best single ear of corn at the National Corn exposition, will be a magnificent thing is indicated by a drawing which has been forwarded to the corn show officers by the maker, Tiffany of New York.

The trophy is to be of silver, thirty inches high, standing upon an ebony base. Bronze Indian eagles in bas relief will decorate the lower portion of the cup and above this will be a beautiful figure of a girl with an armful of corn, representing the "Sweetheart of the Corn," the central figure of the Kellogg advertising.

This will be enameled in natural colors. About it will be great ears of corn in solid gold with bronze husks. Around the rim of the cup will be lettered the words in gold, "Sweetheart of the Corn."

The lid is to be crowned with a big ear of corn in solid gold with bronze husks and silver silks.

Still another trophy is in sight for the exposition. This is a second barley trophy from Wisconsin. The Wisconsin experiment association has donated a trophy for the best sample of six-row barley and word has now been received that the Milwaukee chamber of commerce will probably offer a trophy for the best sample of Oderbrucker barley.

### Letter from Mrs. Taylor.

I, Mrs. Harriet Taylor, mother of Harry Martin, who was accidentally drowned while bathing in the river near Florence, Neb., desire to inform the public that Harry's benefit certificate for \$500 in the Court of Honor was paid in full within nine days from the date that the supreme office at Springfield, Ill., received the proof of death, and would have been paid in full in five days had it not been that the papers were returned for correction.

I feel it my duty to make this public statement to my many inquiring friends, and especially to those who may have entertained any doubt about the Court of Honor paying the claim. I desire to extend my heartfelt thanks to all the members of Florence Court No. 358 and all other friends who have so kindly assisted me during my bereavement. I wish to acknowledge receipt of several kind and encouraging letters from Bro. A. L. Hereford, Supreme Chancellor; Bro. Robinson, Supreme Recorder, and others, which is absolute proof of the true fraternal spirit that exists in the hearts and minds of these noble men, to whom has been trusted the management of this great and grand organization. I hope and pray that Providence will long extend their usefulness.

Yours very truly and fraternally,  
MRS. HARRIET TAYLOR.

### Amputated His Own Toes.

A German tourist has been found by a gendarme lying unconscious in a stable at St. Sulpice, in the Canton of Neuchâtel, Switzerland. The man lost himself in the snow, and his feet became frostbitten. He crawled to the stable, and in his agony took out his pocket knife and amputated two of his toes. Then he fainted, and is now in the hospital.

## MAYOR SERVED WITH INJUNCTION

Freeman S. Tucker, Mayor, Charles Cottrell, City Clerk, and the City of Florence is Restrained by Judge Troup from Letting the Contract for the Paving of Main Street, Upon Application of James H. Faris, and Case is Set for Aug. 3 Before Judge Estelle.

The council met Thursday. It did not approve the bond of M. Ford for paving of Main street.

The reason therefor was a restraining order issued by Judge Troup at the instance of James H. Faris by his attorney, William H. Thompson.

Here is the injunction and order of court: "In the District Court of Douglas Co., Nebraska.

"James H. Faris, plaintiff, vs. Freeman S. Tucker, mayor, Charles Cottrell, clerk, and City of Florence, defendants.

"Comes now the plaintiff and for cause of action herein, says that he now is and for many years last past has been a resident of the city of Florence; that he is a taxpayer in said city; that the defendant, Freeman S. Tucker, is mayor of said city, and that Charles Cottrell is the city clerk of said city; that the city of Florence is a municipal corporation, having more than 1,000 inhabitants and less than 5,000, and is governed by the provisions of chapter 37, Cobby's Statutes for the year 1907. That on or about the 19th day of July, 1909, the city council of said city, as declared by the said mayor, pretended to order the paving of Main street in said city from Jackson street to the south line of Brigg street in said city; that no ordinance ordering the paving of Main street within said limits was ever passed by the city council of said city or ever approved; that no estimate by the city engineer of the city of Florence has ever been made or published as to the cost of paving said Main street from said Jackson street to said south line of Brigg street.

"Plaintiff further says that no bids have ever been received, published or called for for the paving of said Main street from said Jackson street to the said south line of Brigg street.

"Plaintiff further says that the city of Florence is the owner of certain property abutting on said Main street and adjacent thereto, and that the cost of the paving of said Main street to the said city on account of such ownership will exceed the amount of the annual appropriation of said city, and will exceed the amount appropriated for the current year, and that there is not money in the fund that has been or can be appropriated for that purpose to pay all costs of said paving to the said city.

"Plaintiff further says that the said city of Florence is composed of two wards, and elects and now has four aldermen or councilmen, and no more; that on the vote ordering said Main street paved within the limits hereinafore set forth two of the said councilmen voted in the affirmative and two voted in the negative, or against paving said Main street; that the mayor, without authority, cast what he called the determining vote in favor of the paving of said Main street, and declared the motion or order to pave Main street within the limits hereinafore set forth carried. That said motion or resolution or order included the approval of a contract and the letting of bids for paving said Main street within said limits, and ordered a contract entered into between the said city and one M. Ford for the paving of Main street within said limits, and that said motion, order or resolution ordering and authorizing a contract to be entered into between said city and M. Ford was voted for by two of said councilmen and two of said councilmen voted against said resolution, whereupon the mayor voted in favor of said order or resolution and declared the same carried and said contract awarded by the said city to the said M. Ford.

"Plaintiff further says that all of said proceedings are illegal and void and without authority of law; that the said mayor will, unless restrained by this court, sign and deliver said contract, to the irreparable injury of this plaintiff and the taxpayers of the said city.

"Plaintiff further says that the contractor's bond has not been approved by the said city, but that the mayor and two of the councilmen of said city threaten to and will, unless restrained by this court, approve said bond and deliver said contract.

"This plaintiff further says that the said M. Ford, to whom it is pretended that the contract is awarded, is not the lowest bidder for the paving of said Main street, and that no competitive bids were called for or pub-

## COUNCIL PAYS SIDEWALK BILLS

After Failing to Meet Wednesday of Last Week Get Together on Thursday and Pay the Bills.

After all the hot air about something going to be doing at the Wednesday evening meeting of the council two members, Kelly and Allen, failed to show up.

The rest met and adjourned until Thursday and as an injunction had been issued the two missing members showed up meek as lambs and when the bill of Lawrence Fay for sidewalks was called up, allowed the bill for \$799.11.

But there were fireworks. When the bids for sidewalks were taken up to award the contract there was something doing.

Emil Hanson's bid was the lowest but was thrown out because it was not accompanied by a certified check.

John Lubold presented figures showing he was the lowest bidder, while Mr. Beebe said he was the lowest and heated words filled the air.

The matter was disposed of by adjourning until Monday evening, allowing Mr. Beebe a chance to present his figures showing he was the lowest bidder.

lished for the paving of said Main street from Jackson street to the south line of Brigg street in said city.

"Wherefore, plaintiff says that the said Freeman S. Tucker be enjoined from signing or delivering any contract or entering into any contract on behalf of the said city for the paving of said Main street, and that the defendant, Charles Cottrell, clerk, be enjoined and prohibited from signing or delivering any contract for the paving of said Main street or from affixing the seal of the said city thereto, and that said city, its agents, officers and employees and each and all of them, be enjoined and prohibited from signing, delivering or seeking to deliver a contract for the paving of said Main street, and that each and all of the defendants, their agents, employees and attorneys be prohibited from delivering or signing said contract, or from approving, or seeking to approve the contractor's pretended bond, and that they and each and all of them be enjoined from paving or attempting to pave said Main street within the limits set forth herein, and for all such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

"WILL H. THOMPSON,

"Attorney for Plaintiff.

"State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.:

"James H. Faris, being first duly sworn, on his oath says that he is the plaintiff in the above entitled action; that he has read the petition and the statements made therein are true.

"JAMES H. FARIS.

"Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 22d day of July, 1909.

(Seal.)

W. H. THOMPSON,

"Notary Public.

"In the District Court of Douglas Co., Nebraska.

"James H. Faris, plaintiff, vs. Freeman S. Tucker, mayor, Charles Cottrell, clerk, and the city of Florence, defendants.

### RESTRAINING ORDER.

"Upon the application of the plaintiff herein for an injunction on his petition, duly verified, and it being necessary that the defendants have notice of the application before an injunction is granted, it is therefore ordered that said cause be set for hearing on the 24th day of July, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the equity court room No. 5, and that the plaintiff forthwith notify the defendants of the time and place of said hearing, and that until the further order of the court a restraining order be and is hereby allowed, restraining the defendant, Freeman S. Tucker, from signing or delivering or entering into any contract on behalf of the city of Florence with one M. Ford or with any other person for the paving of Main street in said city, and restraining the defendant, Charles Cottrell, from signing or delivering any contract for the paving of said Main street or from affixing the seal of the said city thereto, and restraining the said city of Florence, its agents, officers, attorneys and employees, and each and all of them, from signing, delivering or seeking to deliver any contract for the paving of said Main street in the said city of Florence, and that the said defendants and each and all of them, their agents, employees and attorneys be and are restrained from approving or seeking to approve any bond given for the faithful performance of any contract for the paving of said Main street and that the defendants and each and all of them are restrained from paving or attempting to pave, or from taking any steps to pave said Main street upon the plaintiff executing an undertaking in the sum of \$200, as required by law.

"By the Court.

"A. C. TROUP, Judge."







# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at  
POSTOFFICE NEWS STAND  
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.  
LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor.  
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr.  
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 DE-  
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the  
second Monday evening in each month.  
Andrew Anderson, President; Wilbur  
Nichols, Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treas-  
urer; George Gamble, chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.  
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the  
month at the school building.  
W. E. Rogers.....Chairman  
Hugh Suttie.....Secretary

TRADE UNION COUNCIL  
OMAHA, NEB.

Florence, Neb., July 30, 1903.

When a man lets go his competent,  
help and tries to do his work alone  
and falls down the excuse that the  
delay was due to incompetent help  
may fool some but not all the people.

If the city officials will stop the  
scoreching by automobiles through  
Florence the city officials will be en-  
titled to a vote of thanks by our  
citizens.

The Tribune started the injunction  
habit in Florence and it seems to be  
growing.

If you don't believe the city hall is  
well built just look at the ceiling of  
the clerk's office where the plaster is  
all off.

If the committee on streets and  
alleys would see that the weeds were  
cut along the sidewalks ladies might  
walk along without spoiling their  
dresses on wet weeds.

We heard a man say the other  
evening that the weeds were so high  
around his house he could not see the  
road, so he went out and chopped  
down a cherry tree, but even then he  
could not see the road. We suggest  
that it would be better to cut the  
weeds than cherry trees.

In the meantime don't forget that  
the tax levy this year in Florence is  
1 mill less than last year while in  
Omaha there is a 40 per cent increase.

We added 26 new names to our list  
of subscribers last week which only  
proves that the people are willing to  
pay for a paper that will give them  
the news.

The Tribune is the only paper that  
has a representative at all public  
meetings and gives its readers an ac-  
curate account of what is going on.

If any of the adjoining cities and  
towns want to enter into a union with  
Omaha under one corporate name they  
will have to get busy and consummate  
the program before the census  
taker starts out. After the census  
figures of 1910 are officially registered  
the subject of annexation will not ap-  
peal to Omaha quite so forcibly.—  
Omaha Bee.

Annexation before 1910 does not  
appeal to adjoining cities when Omaha  
is threatened with a 98 mill levy.

Some one said the paper hanging  
from the ceiling in the city hall was  
caused by the rasping voice of one  
of the council men trying to impress  
the audience with his ability as a hot  
air artist.

No wonder it was cold at the coun-  
cil meeting Thursday evening. There  
was an ice cream social up stairs.

Those attending the council meet-  
ing last Thursday had to go upstairs  
for a sociable time.

ASK SCOTT.  
A customer came in to see J. A.  
Scott, manager of Minne-Lusa Lumber  
Co., last week and wanted to buy  
twenty-five pickets to mend his fence.  
He only had the money to pay for  
twenty-four and had to go home. Scott  
said he would have let him take the  
other picket free, only he was afraid  
he might take of fence.

Annexation looks good to those who  
have a 98 mill levy to pay, but not  
to those who have only 52 mills.

Why don't the city take some ac-  
tion looking toward preserving the  
natural wild beauty of the river road?

Was that a million dollar rain Sun-  
day?

Florence seems to like injunctions.

What is the use of going to the  
summer resorts to bump the bumps  
when you can ride on the Florence  
street car?

The Idea of Progressiveness.  
Right here in Benson there is an  
element of progressiveness.  
The men who make up this el-  
ement have strong imaginations. They  
can see ahead of their noses. They  
can see the day when Benson will  
have a population of 10,000, and they  
believe in getting ready for that day.  
They are asking that hills and grades  
be leveled, that sidewalks be put in,  
that streets be parked, that new res-  
idents and visitors be encouraged to  
see what a lively little town Benson  
really is.

There was strong opposition to  
these men at first.  
"I came to Benson to get into the  
country."

"If I wanted to live in the city I  
would not have come to Benson. I'd  
have stayed in Omaha."

Those were some of the opponents'  
pleas.

But—  
Most of these same opponents are  
in the ranks of those men with the  
strong imaginations.

It took time to change them, how-  
ever.

But they did change, because those  
men who saw ahead showed that  
with improvements Benson property  
would increase in value, that an el-  
ement of progressiveness would be in-  
stilled into all the citizens, that every-  
body would be benefited by getting  
ready for a 10,000 population.

When the town assumed the water  
works, and pipes and a water system  
were installed, there was a howl at  
the expense. People wanted to use  
their own well water. But now they  
see that the Benson city water is un-  
excelled, even by their own well wa-  
ter. And, gee whiz! who wants to go  
out into the freezing cold to pump  
a frozen pump or break a back over  
a pump that needs oil when a simple  
turn of a rap does the whole business.  
And that right in our own house.

The usual practice in most cities is  
to build for today only.

Perhaps Benson is following along  
some of the well laid "today" plans  
of other cities, and when tomorrow  
comes will find what might have  
been done better.

Oh! let the calamity howlers howl  
all they wish. Benson has proven  
herself no mossback, but is deter-  
mined to be in the front rank of pro-  
gressiveness.

Yes, we are a wise lot, are we not?  
Yes, we are—not—Benson times.

This editorial is so pat to the situ-  
ation in Florence that we reproduce it  
in its entirety.

## Eggs Are Eggs.

The egg output of this country rep-  
resents a greater annual value than  
our production of gold or any other  
mineral, excepting only coal. Hence  
it is a serious matter that 5 per cent  
of all eggs sent to market should be  
culled out as "dirties" and sold at a  
discount of at least 20 per cent. This  
signifies a loss of 1 per cent of the  
total value of the egg crop.

The common trade name for the  
cracked eggs is "checks." Those in  
which the fracture is not readily ob-  
servable are called "blind checks." Handlers of such produce detect the  
latter by clicking the eggs together,  
or incidentally to the "candling" pro-  
cess. "Dents" are eggs whose shells  
have been pushed in without ruptur-  
ing the lining membrane. "Leakers"  
have lost part of their contents, and  
are not only a loss themselves, but  
do damage by smearing other eggs.

The eggs handled by a western  
produce house will ordinarily show  
from 4 to 7 per cent of "checks." In  
further handling the same eggs will  
suffer additional breakage equivalent  
to from 1 to 3 per cent. Eight per  
cent from hen to market is stated by  
the Department of Agriculture to be  
a fair estimate for broken eggs. Such  
eggs are worth less than "dirties." Probably they represent a loss of 2  
per cent of the total egg crop.

There is no kind of egg, however,  
that is a total loss. Even rotten eggs  
of the most advanced description are  
sold for a price to leather manufac-  
turers. Those that are pretty bad,  
but still possible, are disposed of in  
large cities to pushcart dealers at 3  
cents a dozen wholesale—by whom  
they are retailed among the poor by  
the pint, liquid measure.

Badly broken eggs are thrown in  
with the rotten ones. Great quanti-  
ties of stale eggs (known in the trade  
as seconds) are broken into cans  
holding 30 dozen each, frozen solid,  
and kept in cold storage until wanted.  
Before being sold they are thawed.  
For "checks" and "dirties" there is  
always a good demand by cheap res-  
taurants, bakers and boarding houses,  
which get them usually at about half  
price.

## A Maiden's Way.

A nifty dress, a roguish smile,  
That's a maiden's way,  
A bit flirtatious all the while,  
That's a maiden's way;  
Perhaps a new beau every night,  
Or fancy bonnets out of sight,  
Perhaps ten suitors in a plight—  
That's a maiden's way.

A laugh that's filled with witching  
grace,

That's a maiden's way,  
Or else a shy look on her face,  
That's a maiden's way;  
A simple word that makes men try  
To scale the mountain, sail the sky,  
Or stick a dragon in the eye,  
That's a maiden's way.

A word of sympathy and love,

That's a maiden's way,  
When skies are darkened up above,  
That's a maiden's way;  
A trust more true than heaven's bliss,  
Companionship when fate's amiss,  
A cheering word—a simple kiss,  
That's a maiden's way.

## CHILDREN'S STORIES

These stories were written by  
the editor some years ago to a  
little girl in place of letters, and  
he received original stories by  
her in return. They are pub-  
lished for our little ones, and  
by request.

### A Little Girl and Her Kitten.

Not many years ago there lived a  
little girl, who was just a common  
little girl, even as you and I. This  
little girl was a good little girl, and  
so one day when a little kitten came  
to her house that was almost starved  
to death, and that had no home, she  
wanted to take the kitten and give it  
a home. Her mamma said she could  
keep the kitten if she would take care  
of it and feed it.

She told her mother she would. So  
she went to the store and asked the  
man for a box and when he gave it to  
her, she took it home and put lots of  
straw and old clothes into it for the  
kitty to sleep in. Every night she  
would lock the kitty up in her box and  
every morning she would go out and  
get and give it some breakfast.

Don't you think she was a good  
girl?

I do.  
This little girl used to go to school.  
One day as she was returning from  
school with the other little girls, one  
of them told her to look at her kitty,  
which was on the street car track.  
The car was coming and she thought  
the car was going to run over it, so  
she cried and hollered for them not  
to run over her kitty.

The motorman was a kind man, so  
he stopped and pushed the kitty off  
the track with his broom.

Don't you think this was a kind  
man?

I do.  
All little children should be kind  
to animals and not hurt them, but  
should try and help them for they  
cannot talk and tell you when they  
are hurt.

It is better to have a cold nose than  
a cold heart.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

The Court of Honor held a picnic  
at Courtland Beach on Thursday, in  
celebration of the 14th birthday of the  
order.

Mrs. Harriet Taylor, who is visit-  
ing at Shenandoah, Ia., is expected  
home today. She will bring her  
daughter with her.

The council will meet at the city  
hall Monday evening.

Mr. H. J. Calhoun has bought lot 7  
in block 53, and will build soon.

Miss Eva Cohansen and Miss Nel-  
son of Bancroft were guests of Mrs.  
C. M. Cottrell Saturday.

Miss Sofia Anderson entertained  
the Florence Social Whirl at a lawn  
sociable Wednesday evening. The  
lawn was prettily decorated with Ja-  
panese lanterns, and all had a good  
time.

Frank Parker returned from his  
eastern trip Wednesday morning.

Be sure and vote for Charles Cot-  
trell for assessor.

Mrs. C. M. Cottrell entertained at  
luncheon Tuesday Mrs. B. Chambers  
and Mrs. Howell Gerton of Omaha  
and Miss Barger of Tarkio, Mo.

Lost—A 50-foot steel tape. Reward  
if returned to Charles Cottrell at the  
postoffice.

Miss Carrie Parks is spending the  
week the guest of Miss Percell of  
South Omaha.

Don't fail to see that big game of  
baseball Sunday between the Hollis  
and Americans.

Miss Mable Cole left Wednesday to  
visit relatives and friends in Blair.  
She expects to be gone a month.

Miss Agnes Shipley returned Wed-  
nesday from her vacation at DeSoto.

Don't fail to see that big game of  
baseball Sunday between the Hollis  
and Americans.

Harry Dodds is again carrying the  
mail on route 1. He hardly succeed-  
ed in establishing a reputation as  
champion fish catcher, although he  
did get some pretty good strings.

John Lawson is visiting with Hugh  
Sutties.

Don't fail to see that big game of  
baseball Sunday between the Hollis  
and Americans.

Miss Signa Bondesson expects to  
leave shortly for her South Dakota  
claim. She has received word from  
Washington that she has been ap-  
pointed postmaster at Ideal. It was  
an ideal selection.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Pres-  
byterian church met Wednesday at  
the residence of Mrs. Carlson.

Carl Peterson and Glen Marr have  
started a cement block manufacturing  
business on Fourth street.

The Florence lodge of the Court of  
Honor won the Nebraska state ban-  
ner for the current period. It was  
previously held by the Beatrice lodge.

Don't fail to see that big game of  
baseball Sunday between the Hollis  
and Americans.

The Fruit Growers' association  
loaded a car of fruit Wednesday even-  
ing.

Don't fail to see that big game of  
baseball Sunday between the Hollis  
and Americans.

The school board will hold its reg-  
ular meeting at the school house on  
Tuesday evening.

One of the best games of ball to be  
seen in Florence this year will be  
played Sunday, when the two crack  
amateur teams, the Hollis and Amer-  
icans, cross bats. These teams are  
very evenly matched, and both have  
been putting up the best kind of base-  
ball. Those who attend, and there  
will be a big crowd, will more than  
get their money's worth.

### Beliefs of Gamblers.

Many people, especially among those  
who gamble, have a profound belief in  
lucky and unlucky numbers. An old  
Italian woman at Nice was an invet-  
erate player at the "loto" stakes,  
which are decided by numbers. She  
had no system properly so called, but  
wherever she went she kept her eyes  
open for numbers, and whether it was  
on a tramway car or on a steamer, a  
sack of coals or a matchbox, she used  
to regard the numbers she collected  
in this haphazard way as good for her  
"petits billets."

### 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.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal  
Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President, R. H. Olmsted  
Worthy President.....Hugh Suttie  
Worthy Vice President James Stribling  
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson  
Worthy Treasurer.....F. H. Reynolds  
Worthy Chaplain.....Paul Haskell  
Inside Guard.....Nels Bondesson  
Outside Guard.....Wm. Storms, Jr.  
Physician.....Dr. W. A. Akers  
Trustees: M. B. Parks, Dan Kelly,  
John Lubold.  
Meets every Wednesday in Wall's  
hall.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of  
America.

Past Oracle.....Emma Powell  
Oracle.....Blanche Thompson  
Vice Oracle.....Harriet Taylor  
Chancellor.....Mary Nelson  
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson  
Outside Sentinel.....Elizabeth Hollett  
Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton  
Recorder.....Susan Nichols  
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams  
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary  
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, Elmer  
Taylor.  
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at Wall's  
Hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A. F.  
Venerable Consul.....J. A. Fox  
W. A. A.....C. J. Larsen  
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Clerk.....W. R. Wall  
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Builders.  
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go through

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ness career without advertising.

Equally Important are the ques-  
tions

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Month on the higher  
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## John Lubold

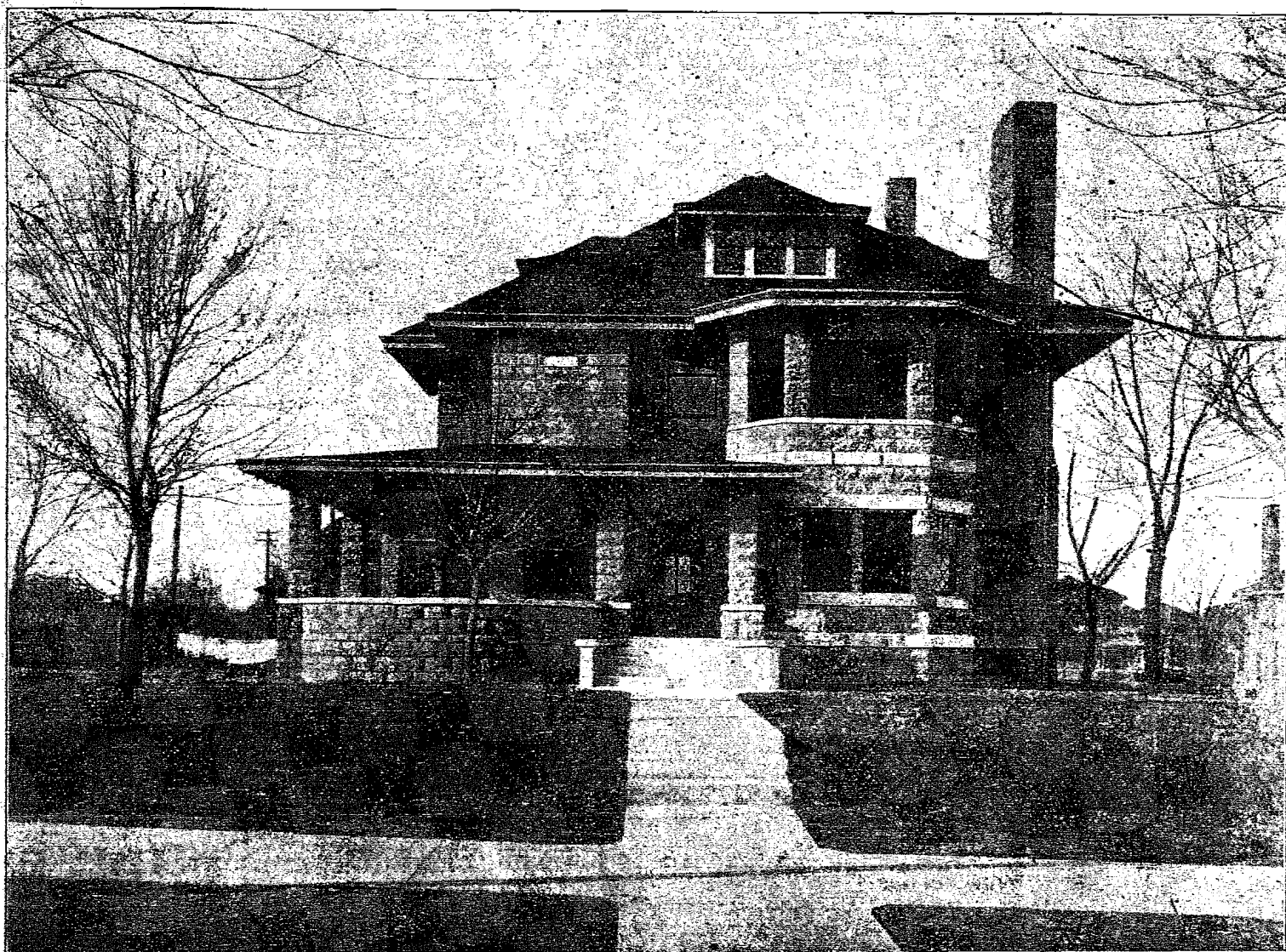
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THERE are secrets in the poultry business, as in any other; the best methods and newest discoveries seldom reach the amateur poultry raiser and the general public for years after they are originated. A new method of absolutely insuring the fertility of setting eggs, for example, has

### Enormous Cash Value

and its discoverer is not to be blamed for keeping it to himself. Now, for the first time, the secrets of many of the most successful poultrymen are made public. No confidence has been violated; every secret has been

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(1) by outright purchase; (2) by free permission given the author, Michael K. Boyer, (3) by collecting old, valuable, but little known methods; (4) by Mr. Boyer's own experience covering 30 busy years. Since this book was first advertised four or five months ago, it has been necessary to print eight editions, and many new and valuable secrets have been added to the original book.

### Read What Purchasers Say

I received your book "Poultry Secrets," and am very much pleased with both. The secrets are worth their weight in gold. Why, I paid \$3 for the book, and I could not get another. I am a fellow over his money's worth.

ANDREW F. G. MOORE, Elgin, N. Y.

As to "Poultry Secrets," I will say, I have learned on this subject over the greater portion of this state for the past fifteen years, and have known every book that is published on this subject in my library, and I consider this book one of the most valuable I know by far for the general public.

L. A. RICHARDSON, Marine, Ill.

Your book "Poultry Secrets" received, also the February and March numbers of the Farm Journal. Eminent satisfaction with all three. Not more than my money's worth on any one page of either publication.

F. L. VANDERBURG, Heford, Texas.

### AND MANY OTHERS, NOT ENUMERATED HERE

It would be absurd to expect every bit of this information to be unknown to everyone; we make no such claim. But to the great majority of poultrymen it will be absolutely new, and of great value. ABOUT FARM JOURNAL.—Farm Journal has for thirty years made a specialty of poultry; this department is edited and more valuable than any specialized poultry paper. This is only one section, however, of a remarkable magazine—a monthly with 500,000 subscribers. Not a dry, technical farm paper, but printed on cheap paper, full of useful and timely advertisements, and a magazine for the home—town, village or country; well printed and illustrated, clean, clear, quaint, and always cheerful; intensely practical; equally at home on a thousand-acre farm or on a suburban back garden; and in a dozen ways UNLIKE ANY OTHER PAPER.

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Boyer's new system for insuring fertility of setting eggs.

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Professor Rice's Fat Hen Secret explaining why lean hens don't lay.

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## MARY AND HER LAMB

The world has very many lambs whose owners' names are hid  
And yet they may have done as much as Mary ever did.  
Of course the fame of Mary's name is not at all surprising,  
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### The Florence Tribune

Sells publicity to the advertiser and delivers it to a large number of desirable buyers. The price is always in exact ratio to the service rendered. Telephone Florence 165 for further information.

## Good Jokes

### GIRLS AND MUSICIANS.

"The late Paul Stanley, composer of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,' took no great pride in that song's success," said a San Francisco musician. "He had hoped to succeed as a composer of grand opera."

"When he lived here he often talked with a quaint kind of melancholy about the high ambitions of his youth, and how they had become humbler as he got older."

"A man's ambitions dwindle," he once said, "like a girl's matrimonial aims. At 16 a girl wants a fairy prince and nothing less. At 20 she is resigned to a millionaire duke. At 25 a members of congress is good enough. At 30 a country minister will do nicely, and at 35 she'll take anything, from a song-writer down."

### Worse Than a Hired Man.

"Yeas," drawled the postmaster of Bacon Ridge, "that's old Zeb White, the laziest man in the state."

"In what way is he so lazy?" asked the coffee salesman.

"Why, every Sunday he takes the two chickens they are going to have for dinner and ties them as near to the pike as possible."

"H'm! What is that for?"

"So the racing automobiles will whiz their feathers off and he won't have the trouble of picking them."

### Hard on the Receiver.

"No," drawled the mayor of the far-western settlement, "the boys had some money tied up in that thar bankrupt telephone company an' they just didn't like the way the receiver was handling the business."

"Didn't eh?" commented the tourist.

"Well, what did they do about it?"

"Oh, they just hung up the receiver."

### Good Memory.

Yeast—Has he got a good memory?

Crimsonbeak—Excellent! Why, he's telling us the same smart things his six-year-old boy says that the boy who is 12 now said when he was six years old!—Yonkers Statesman.

### BEFORE THE COOLNESS.



Hasbeen Henry—Aw, I wuz a flossy guy wunst. I useter smoke quarter cigars.

Thoughtless Thriveasy—Wot wuz de matter—wuz de sports too stingy to 'trow away half ones?

### Will She?

If she the pantaloons gown dons,  
I wonder will she, too,  
Roll up the bottoms in the way  
Our college students do?

### A Tale of Tennyson.

Tennyson was once dilating to a friend on the charms of a pipe before breakfast.

"It is the most delightful smoke of the day," said he.

"Yes, yes!" replied his friend. "The first sweet pipe of the awakened bard!"

Thereby making a reconstruction from Tennyson's own works, needing the change of but one vowel.—Harper's Weekly.

### He Could Tell.

Ostend—Pa, what is mamma reading about? I just heard her say "It's an outrage."

Pa—Oh, some writer has been ridiculing the suffragettes, I guess.

Ostend—Then she just said: "How true it is!"

Pa—Oh, that's some other pen pusher lampooning us poor men, my son.

### Not the Same.

Him—Queer what a difference there is in a woman's actions before and after marriage.

Her—How do they differ.

Him—Before her marriage she coaxes a man to come to her parties and after she marries him she expects him to stay away when she gives one.

### Realism.

Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine, indeed. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back?

Composer—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him.

### What Could He Have Meant.

"Do you ever write on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.

"Sir!" exclaimed the literary person, "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"—Puck.

### Considerate Judge.

Patience—And was the judge considerate?

Patrice—Very; he asked me my age before he swore me.—Yonkers Statesman.

### FATHER AT THE SUMMER COTTAGE.

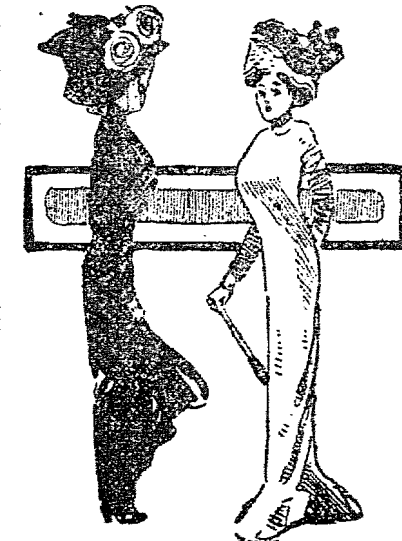
He has two weeks to rest, and so He hurries up to Shady Nook, "Now, here," says dad, "I'll let things go, And lounge around and read a book."

Next day his wife's relations come, To entertain them was his job; And every day it was the same, Of friends he always had a mob.

He dug the worms and minnows caught That they all might a-fishing go; He ran the naphtha launch and taught The children how to swim and row.

He cleaned the fish and baited hooks, To get the water was his chore; He had no time to spend with books, At night he slept upon the floor.

### AFTER THE PROPOSAL.



Dolly—So your father handled him without gloves?

Molly—Yes; and it would have been better for poor, dear Cholly if he had done it without shoes!

### The Wings.

Riches have wings,  
There's no doubt of that,  
For wife requires 'em  
To trim up her hat.

### Called His Bluff.

"Yes," said young Windig, boastingly, "I pass most of my time between Chicago and New York."

"That's what your cousin told me," rejoined Miss Cayenne.

"My cousin!" replied Windig.

"W-what did she say?"

"She said," replied Miss Cayenne, "that you lived in a little town in Ohio."

### News for Dad.

Tommie—"I see wood yields about one-fifth as much heat as coal."

Bobbie—"I guess my dad don't know that."

"Why?"

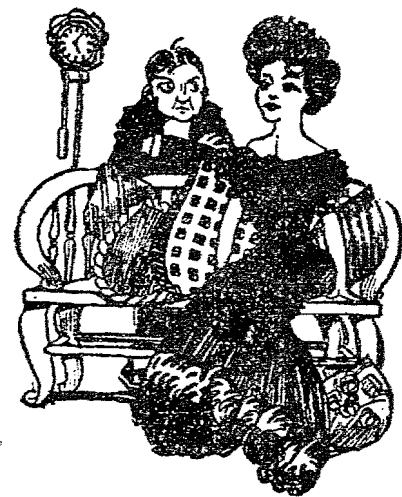
"Because, when he 'warms' me he always uses a shingle!"—Yonkers Statesman.

### Natural Thought.

Redd—This paper says there is an exhibition in a window in Saco the largest lobster that has been landed in these parts for years, if ever.

Greene—Does it give the name of the lady who landed him?—Yonkers Statesman.

### ALAS!



Mr. Bore—Be sure to tell me when you want me to go.

Miss Blunt—It's an hour too late for that!

### Advice.

If you would climb to heights of fame, Young man, bear this in mind: Don't envy those who are in front Nor scoff at those behind.

### Place for Trunks.

"Where did you put the elephants on the ship coming over?" asked the funny man.

"Downstairs in the hold, of course," replied the circus man.

"I thought they only put the trunks in the hold that were not to be used coming over?"—Yonkers Statesman.

### Too Tame.

"Great bargain rush at Skinnim's today."

"Anybody hurt?"

"No."

"It must have been a dress rehearsal."

### About the Size of It.

Freddy Rhymer—What is a "poem of passion," pa?

Mr. Rhymer—It's the stamp-devouring one that travels on round-trip tickets and comes home to roost.

### Short-Handed New York.

Bacon—I see that New York has 16,000 stenographers.

Egbert—Is that all? Looks as if New York might be short-handed.—Yonkers Statesman.



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Chas. J. Kierke, Irving Allison.

## •• IDLE CHATTER ••

W. A. Anderson was elected committeeman from this precinct at the democratic convention in Omaha on Saturday.

F. S. Tucker, M. B. Thompson and E. L. Platz were the Florence delegates to the republican county convention Saturday. Mr. Platz was appointed on the committee to confer with the candidates and select the county committee for the coming year.

F. S. Tucker represented Florence at the state convention of the republicans at Lincoln Tuesday.

W. H. Thompson spent Monday in Lincoln.

Mrs. Homan was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hanson at Bennington on Friday.

Miss Lulu Mae Coe, the young daughter of M. C. Coe, received honorable mention in the story writing contest of the Bee this week.

J. J. Coe made a hit at the Crescent theater this week when he put on a vaudeville act besides the moving pictures.

George Gamble has been working at the meat market of L. W. Brown this week.

The Florence (Neb.) Gazette was suspended by an order from the district court, there having been controversy regarding the right to publish under that name. The publishers of the paper, Messrs. Platz and Lubold, have now changed the name of the publication to Florence Tribune, producing a superior paper, and will go forward with the business under that head.—Chicago Publisher.

Edward Liberati has leased the store at 1518 Main street and opened up a ladies' tailoring establishment.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fox expect to remove to Denver to live, the first of the week.

Willis Barber and Harold Reynolds are fixing up a new motor boat, 28 feet long. They have named it the "Wildcat."

Miss Katie Siert of Chicago, who is visiting relatives at Blair, was the guest of her brother, George Siert, one day this week.

Mrs. Mann of New Orleans is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker.

W. A. Yoder returned Wednesday from Lincoln.

Miss Lois Spencer of Falls City, Nebraska, a librarian of note, is spending the week the guest of her brother, G. L. Spencer and family.

Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Frankland, Mrs. William Long, Mrs. F. B. Nichols and Mrs. E. L. Platz attended the Royal Neighbors of America picnic at Bellevue on Friday.

Miss Alle Houston was the guest of friends at the Rod and Gun club at Omaha on Friday.

Mrs. D. Whitney and Miss Muriel Gibson were guests of Miss Nora Trotter at Benson Thursday.

W. A. Yoder spent Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in Lincoln, attending the meeting of the state teachers. He was on the program two days.

Mrs. Luce of Mt. Gilead, Ohio, is the guest of Mrs. Viola Pettit at the Mandy Lee Poultry Farm this week.

Mrs. Milroy and Miss Milroy were the guests of Mrs. R. H. Olmsted on Monday.

Dr. Milroy and family have returned to Omaha, giving up the Olmsted home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie of South Dakota are visiting Mrs. Ritchie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson.

Miss Helma Swanson leaves next week for Seattle.

Mrs. Robert H. Olmsted, Miss Florence Olmsted and Master Robert Olmsted returned Sunday from a trip to Ohio and the lakes of Wisconsin.

Postmaster and Mrs. Swanson of Crescent, Ia., old-time friends of the Tracy family, called on the Florence postmaster Monday, en route to Craig, Neb., by auto.

Mrs. Lee Taylor returned last Saturday from a four weeks' visit with her mother, Mrs. John Coulter, at Blair.

Don't fail to see that big game of baseball Sunday between the Hollies and Americans.

George Jackson is building a new kitchen on his house on Fourth street this week.

## FORT CALHOUN NEWS

Pioneer James Vaughan has gone on a trip to see his land in New Mexico.

Victor Coffman, Ira Wagens and Pioneer Marion Trisler have gone to Golden Springs, Colo.

The Iverson brothers began threshing hereabouts on July 20.

Joe Bolln marketed hogs at South Omaha on Wednesday.

Charles Lazure of Desota called on W. H. Woods, and reports plowing up a stone hatchet. He was the man who gave Mr. Woods the famous stone mortar, the largest of its kind ever found in the Missouri Valley.

First Lieut. Jess of the Fremont National Guard went to the Ashland encampment, and his wife and two children and her mother, Mrs. Rex-roth, came to visit Mrs. Brenner of Fort Calhoun.

The programs for the Blair Chautauqua, July 27 to Aug. 3, inclusive, are now out and present a nice array of attractions.

Master Clarence Simpson of Blair was visiting his uncle, Will Smith, before starting for Spokane and Seattle.

Miss Daisel and young brother and sisters of Willard were here visiting relatives and old neighbors.

Pioneer Nicholas Rix says: "In my father's family in Germany were 13 children, and the children never required but one single call from a doctor, and that was for the father of our Fort Calhoun bank president, who is now 55 years old and has been married over sixty years, and still lives in the old home land."

Henry Keiser of Omaha and other members of the Omaha Y. M. C. A. Walking club were to be here to see Mr. Woodson and museum Tuesday, but failed to show up.

Irwin Ambler, who has a butcher shop at Halfway, Okla., reports potatoes \$8 a bushel.

W. H. Woods, who was in Tekamah visiting his daughters, reports see eleven big straw stacks in one wheel field and a machine at work at the twelfth. Tekamah claims 1,000 acres of winter wheat in Burt's county seat, for Hopewell and son have 275 acres.

Peter Holts spent two weeks with his sons in South Dakota, and says crops are fine there.

Henry Strode of Blair has a remarkable iron tomahawk and stone, perhaps belonging to a battle ax he brought from Tennessee.

Henry Snyder, former sheriff of Washington county, is moving from his farm in Bennington. Henry Roberts has purchased his former residence at Tekamah.

Mrs. Mary Crounce writes from Colorado Springs: "Expect to reach Los Angeles July 25."

Herman Wolff writes from Ithaca: "Have organized a band of seventeen pieces with sixteen new instruments."

"Grandmother" Pettingill, who was buried at Blair last week, was post-mistress here in 1881.

Irwin Hagenbuck, buried at Arlington last week, has all four of his grandparents buried here, besides other relatives.

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# Mysteries of Nature

By G. Frederick Wright, A. M. LL. D.

## IRRIGATED FROM "ROOF OF WORLD."

So much has been written about the valley of the Nile and the fertility afforded to the delta and to a narrow strip along either bank through means of irrigation that little attention has been paid to the immensely larger area dependent on irrigation in central Asia; whereas central Asia exceeds, not only in the possession of a fertile soil capable of irrigation many times larger than that of Egypt and equally rich in character, but also surpasses it in the uniformity of conditions which supply the needed volume of water. The delta and the irrigated belt along the lower Nile scarcely exceeds 10,000 square miles in extent and is incapable of much enlargement by artificial means.

The recent dam at Assouan can add but a few hundred square miles to the area already under cultivation. Moreover, the sources of the Nile, being far off in equatorial Africa, are subject to various vicissitudes, which render the supply of water in the lower Nile somewhat irregular and insecure. The waterfall over the drainage basin differs more or less from decade to decade and the outlets to the great lakes, which serve as reservoirs, occasionally become so clogged by the accumulation of vegetable matter as to interrupt the normal flow for a number of years together. This latter difficulty the English government is endeavoring to correct by the removal of the accumulations through artificial means. How successful they will be remains to be seen.

In central Asia the conditions favorable to irrigation are connected with the great mountain systems of the region, three of which meet in the center of the continent to form the elevated tableland of the Pamir, which is aptly styled "the roof of the world." These mountain systems are the Hindu Kush, which crosses the northern borders of Persia and Afghanistan; the Tian Shan, which stretches away from the Pamir in a broad branching belt to the northeast, and the Himalaya, which separates India from Tibet. The plateau of the Pamir, from which flows in one direction the Indus, to irrigate the plains of the Punjab, the Amu Daria (the ancient Oxus), which irrigates a great belt in western Turkestan, and the branches of the Tarim, which flow eastward into the desert of Gobi, is upward of 13,000 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by various peaks 10,000 feet higher.

The amount of land which is capable of being made fertile by these mountain streams of central Asia is sufficient to support the population of any empire. To limit ourselves to western Turkestan alone, we find the Atrek river emptying into the northeastern corner of the Caspian, watering an area of marvelous fertility which was formerly the seat of the Parthian empire, a region which the ancient historian, Strabo, said was most highly favored of heaven, and where, according to him, a single vine had been known to produce nine gallons of wine and a single fig tree 90 bushels of figs.

To say nothing of the middle portion of the valley, which is bordered only by a narrow strip of arable land, running like a thread through wide deserts, we come to the remarkable oasis of Khiva (occupying a delta nearly as large as that of the Nile), at the southern end of the Aral sea. So completely is this oasis surrounded by deserts that for ages the people have enjoyed immunity from the attacks of outside enemies. The story of the Russian conquest of Khiva, which was effected about thirty years ago, is one of the most thrilling and tragic in all history. An attacking army large enough to be effective was pretty sure to die in the desert of thirst before reaching the oasis; while an army small enough to make its way successfully across the burning sands was too small to accomplish anything at its journey's end. Time after time the Russian armies which attempted to penetrate this region from different directions were baffled by these conditions and compelled to turn back after heartrending disaster. At the same time the ruling authorities of Khiva had no restraint upon the barbarities they could practice upon the weaker tribes which were dependent upon irrigating canals running off from the main stream. It was a simple matter to tap a canal and turn it off in some other direction and thus speedily reduce a portion of the people to the extremities of starvation.

Going still farther to the northeast, one comes to the Zerafshan, whose name is derived from the golden sands which it brings down from the mountains in which it rises. This stream would be an important tributary of the Amu Daria if its water was not utilized in irrigating the fertile plains around Samarkand and Bokhara, two cities of great importance at the present time, but of still greater renown in the past.

Still farther to the northeast the Syr Daria (the ancient Jaxartes) rolls down from the Tian Shan mountains, irrigating the fertile province of Fergana, which last year yielded 3,000,000 bushels of rice, 8,000,000 bushels of wheat and 500,000 bales of cotton, besides a great amount of other products. The cities of Tashkent, Chirchik and Turkestan are in flourishing, irrigated areas, watered by branches of the Syr Daria coming down the

mountains on the northeast. Tashkent has now a population of 160,000. After a course of 1,200 or 1,500 miles, the Syr Daria also empties into the Aral sea, where its water is evaporated in connection with that of the Amu Daria.

Still farther to the northeast numerous other streams of considerable size come down from the northern flank of the Tian Shan mountains and, after distributing alluvial soil at the base of the mountains, disappear in the desert sands, or in Lake Balkash. Among these are the Talas, the Chu (which has a length of 700 or 800 miles), the Ili, of equal length, and the Seven rivers, which have given name to the province of Semirechensk. For a distance of several hundred miles along this northern base of the Tian Shan mountains there is a broad belt of most fertile soil capable of irrigation with the water from these mountain streams. The Chu is formed by the combination of an innumerable number of mountain streams; so that it has been designated "the land of the thousand springs."

From earliest times this belt of fertile soil has played an important part in the history of the world. Lying midway between the mountains and the arid plains to the north, it has been the favorite resort of semi-nomadic tribes, who venture out into the pasture lands of the steppes with their flocks and herds in early summer, and retreat to the mountain pastures later in the season, while raising rich crops of grain upon the intermediate fertile irrigated belt. The Russian military road for several hundred miles in passing through this region encounters not only a line of flourishing cities of present importance, but passes by innumerable mounds of earth marking a prehistoric civilization. The abandoned irrigating canals also speak too plainly of a decadence resulting from the neglect of opportunities due to the social and political disorganization which has reigned for centuries. In the thirteenth century the hordes of Jenghiz Khan marched leisurely along this belt on their way to the conquest of western Asia and of Europe.

Altogether these vast areas in central Asia which are capable of irrigation afford most attractive conditions for human life. Since the soil has not been leached by constant rains, the fertile elements remain in concentrated form, so as to afford crops far greater than can be produced by the broad cultivation necessary to obtain remunerative results where the rainfall is such as it is over the larger part of Europe and the eastern United States. One acre of the irrigated silt at the base of the Tian Shan mountains is worth three acres of the average soil on farms in the middle states of America. Prof. Hilgard has recently commented upon this richness of the soil in accounting for the fact that all of the early centers of civilization were in irrigated areas. Instances of this are the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates and, he might have added, of the Murghab, the Oxus, the Zerafshan and the Jaxartes. When the agriculturist considers also the certainty of the water supply furnished by the melting snows on such lofty mountains, he cannot fail to be thankful that he is not dependent upon fitful showers of rain for the growth of his crops, but can look with unfailing confidence to the murmuring streams which flow through the irrigated canals which distribute the life-giving element far and wide.

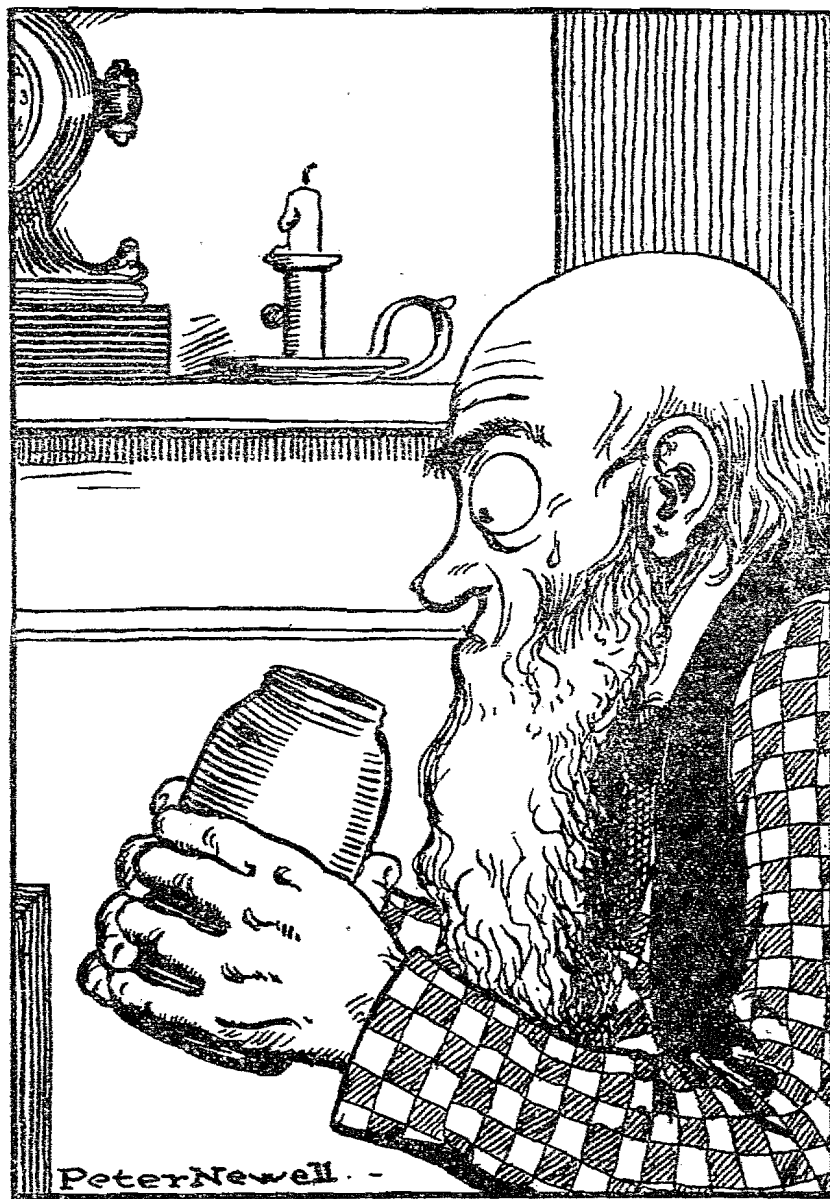
Another advantage of this irrigated belt is the almost perpetual sunshine, which relieves the inhabitants from fear of the loss of crops by mildew and which enables them, even in winter weather, to utilize the warmth of the direct rays of the sun in securing their bodily comfort. The demand for fuel to drive away the discomforts of winter is thus reduced to the lowest point. The famous bazaar in Tashkent occupies several miles of the ordinary streets, which during the summer months are made comfortable by a shading of matting stretched across a network of beams which cover the roadway. With this perpetual sunshine, abundance of pure water, great fertility of soil, the line of cities along the base of the Tian Shan mountains presents the most attractive centers of habitation which can be imagined.

As one looks out to the north from this irrigated belt and sees the glimmering mirage of the desert, with camels approaching, seeming to wade knee-deep in water, and then turns to the south and beholds the mountain peaks from 15,000 to 20,000 feet in height glittering in their snowy mantles, he can but be thrilled with the thought that here extremes meet, and that midway between them nature is most lavish with everything which makes life attractive. The only drawback has been that man throughout this region has been exceedingly vile. There can be no prosperity in an irrigated region except there is a strong and just central government, which can protect the rights of the weak and secure to them all their fair proportion of the life-giving water which nature has provided in but limited quantities. The advent of British rule in Egypt has thus well nigh doubled the productivity of the irrigated belt that lines the banks of the Nile.

# BETZVILLE TALES

## Uncle Ashdod Clute's Last Breath.

By Ellis Parker Butler  
Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.  
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



He Would Hold a Breath Until His Eyes Lopped Out on His Cheeks.

Uncle Ashdod Clute enjoyed pretty fair health until he received the pink-covered patent medicine booklet from the city last March, and then, all at once, he realized that he was one of the sickest men in Betzville. He saw that he had 18 of the 19 deadly diseases, and he had hopes that he could gather up the other two symptoms before fall and make a clean record of it. He got all ready to die as soon as the other two symptoms appeared, for he is such a tough old coddler that he knew no less than 19 deadly diseases would have any effect on him, and he would probably be dead now if he hadn't started to read a serial story in the inside of the Betzville Weekly News.

As soon as he got interested in the serial story he wanted to live until he saw how it ended, and he grew anxious about his death, and wrote a letter to a fortune teller in the city and asked when he was going to die. He told all his symptoms and how many deadly diseases he had, and his case must have looked sort of hopeless to the fortune teller, for he got a letter back saying Uncle Ashdod's last breath would mingle with the atmosphere of Betzville during the next 30 days. And then, as a sort of balm, the fortune teller said that if his last breath didn't mingle in the next 30 days, Uncle Ashdod was probably so tough he would live forever.

Any ordinary man would have lost hope upon receiving such a prediction, but Uncle Ashdod is not an ordinary man. He saw immediately that he had a chance for life, if he could keep his last breath from mingling with the atmosphere of Betzville during the next 30 days, and his first thought was that he would move over to Clutestown for four or five weeks, but he was afraid that if he did he might miss a copy of the Betzville Weekly News, so he gave that up. Then he saw that if he could just know when he was ready to breathe his last breath, and could step outside of the town limits to breathe it, and breathe it where the wind was blowing away from town, there might still be a chance for him, if his last breath could keep ahead of the wind, so that the atmosphere of Betzville wouldn't catch up with it and mingle. But the trouble was to know when his last breath was going to be breathed.

He got a lot of advice on it from some of Betzville's most prominent citizens, but nothing that seemed of any practical value, until Sigma Stephens spoke up. Sigma said it was the luckiest thing in the world that he had overstocked with glass preserve bottles that year, and that he would sell the lot to Uncle Ashdod at half price, including the rubber bands and tops, so they would be air-tight. Then, if Uncle Ashdod just breathed every breath into a preserve bottle and immediately screwed the lid on tight, he would be sure to have his last breath safely bottled up so that it couldn't mingle with any atmosphere whatever.

This seemed a good idea to Uncle Ashdod, being common sense and practical, so he bought the lot of preserve bottles, quarts and half quarts, and began to breathe his breaths into them right there.

Of course it was a little inconvenient for a man as active as Uncle Ashdod, because he had to tote a wheelbarrow loaded with bottles wherever

he went, and sometimes when he would run out of bottles he would see him scooting for home lickety-split for a bottle to breathe into, and as red in the face from holding his breath as a snow-apple, but it worked out all right.

Once he got his breath into a bottle he was mighty careful of that bottle, and he didn't leave any bottles around where they might get damaged. He carried them all up to his attic and stood them in rows, and it got to be a familiar sight to see Uncle Ashdod going around with a preserve bottle pressed against the front of his face. The way he hustled to get the lid on those bottles after his breath was in them was an example to lazy folks. He got so he could make the coupling in one-tenth of a second by the watch. And every night the last thing he did was to go up to the attic and tighten up all the lids and listen to see if any of them were leaking.

The third day he broke a bottle, and that was the only worry he really had. For all he knew that was the bottle that had his last breath in it, but he couldn't be sure until the month was up, for he was scheduled to die at no particular time during the month, and it might be the very last day.

Along during the last week he had a bad fright. We saw he was running short of bottles, and that they wouldn't last out at the rate he was using them, so he began to take shorter breaths. He would hold a breath until his eyes lopped out on his cheeks and the perspiration stood on the end of his nose and his face was dark purple, and he took such short breaths that he was able to get two in a bottle, but even that was no use. He did run out of bottles.

Then he spent all his time in the attic, for he knew he had only half-filled some of the earlier bottles, and he breathed short last-breaths into those, so they were perfectly full. Sometimes there was so little room in a bottle that he had to divide a breath and put half into each of two partly filled bottles.

The last day came at length, and Uncle Ashdod spent it in the attic with breath-bottles all around him, but the street before his house was crowded with all the elite and chivalry of Betzville, waiting to see if the bottle Uncle Ashdod had broken was the one with his last breath in it. The general opinion was that it was, and nearly every one had made bets that way, so we were hopeful that when the time was up, at noon, we would hear a dull thud in the attic. But we didn't. At exactly 12:01 Uncle Ashdod came to the attic window and stuck his head out and breathed one long breath that last six minutes. There were a few cheers from those that had won their bets, but most of us turned away disgusted.

Uncle Ashdod has one preserve bottle on his what-not that he claims has his genuine last breath in it, and he is as proud of it as pumpkins, but we don't take any stock in it. We may be mistaken, but according to our notion Uncle Ashdod hasn't drawn his last breath yet.

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### Skeptical.

"Why did he look so bored when I said there was luck in odd numbers?" "It seems that his wife defused him twice and accepted him the third time he proposed."

# Romances of Progress

By Albert Payson Terhune

## SOCRATES—The Man Who First Taught People to Think for Themselves.

"If you made a slave dress and live as you do he would run away!" sneered a rich Athenian. And the man he addressed was one of the first and greatest of Progress-Makers—Socrates.

This sage, who revolutionized religion, thought and education, looked more like a comic-paper hobo than a genius.

Socrates was the son of a statue-seller and learned his father's trade. The Greeks of his time (471-399 B. C.) worshipped a colony of gods who were supposed to inhabit Mount Olympus, who led scandalous lives and who blessed or cursed mankind according to the whim of the moment. To these gods the Athenians erected altars, made sacrifices and supported a body of priests.

"The actions attributed to our gods," said Socrates, "would disgrace the vilest of human beings. It is impossible that the world can be governed by such deities."

Yet he saw that some ruling force controlled human destiny, and he began to preach the existence of a Supreme Being, an all-wise and beneficent Creator of the vast universe.

Substituted Truth for Superstition. To this he added the belief that man's spirit is immortal and not the mere sport of some man-made dweller of Olympus, and that a guardian angel (or conscience) dictates all mortal impulses. He argued that men should labor and pray to become better and wiser instead of making sacrifices of sheep and cattle on the altars of the Olympian gods in hopes of being favored with luck in war and business.

This doctrine of higher ideals and the discovery of conscience's existence raised a howl from the hosts of priests.

But Socrates did not stop there. He attacked the narrow, stupid system of education in vogue in Athens and sought to rebuild it on broader, more modern lines, adapting the vague, abstract facts to practical value and teaching youths to think for themselves. He was, in a way, the founder of modern education. He also assailed municipal graft and incompetence and tried to show his fellow Athenians their duty toward the state. It was largely due to his opposition that the tyrannical council of thirty, who ruled with the iron hand of injustice, was deposed and a democracy formed. As an example in patriotism he served for three years as a private soldier, winning fame for his courage and endurance.

But he refused to accept promotion in rank or public office of any kind. He furthermore lived in abject poverty that he might teach others to think more of the mind and soul than of the body. Rousing people's dor-

mant minds, teaching them to think for themselves, fearlessly rebuking public injustice and superstition, he gathered about him so many disciples and admirers that the government became seriously alarmed. Persecutions and ill treatment became his reward. Not the least of these came upon him at home. He was married to a shrew named Xantippe, who could not in the very least appreciate him and who by her scoldings and beatings made his life a daily burden. He bore all this with the patience of a true philosopher. But worse was in store for him.

The tyrannous council of thirty whom he had so often assailed had not molested him. It remained for the popular democratic government (which he had helped to restore) to arrest him and bring him to trial for his life. He was accused by the authorities with denying the gods, preaching the existence of a new God and of corrupting the young by his teachings. Socrates replied in effect: "Condemned to death by substituted Judges, I have substituted truth for superstition, and that his only 'corrupting' of the young had consisted in making them better educated than their fathers. For doing all this, he claimed, the city should honor and pension him."

This speech naturally did not serve to pacify his judges, who next tried to frighten him with threats of death. Socrates answered them that whatever world lay beyond the grave it could not be much worse than Athens under its present rule, and that the change could not be otherwise than a benefit. The judges, in a rage, condemned him to die. He was led back to prison. His friends thronged his cell. One of them secretly offered him a means of escape. He refused, preferring to abide by the court's verdict. In the presence of his disciples he drained a cup of hemlock poison. Xantippe rent the air with cries of grief. He asked his friends to remove her from the cell so that in his last moments he might enjoy in dying the tranquility she had always denied him in life. Taken, while the poison crept through his veins, he preached a powerful sermon on the immortality of the soul, exhorting his followers to remember his teachings and to profit by them. He ceased only when death at last overtook him in the midst of his sermon.

Thus died Socrates, first and greatest of the whole mighty army of philosophers: the man who, as a reward for leading his fellowmen from darkness into the light of knowledge, was officially murdered. But the spark he had lighted was destined to illumine the world for all time.

(Copyrighted.)

## HIPPOCRATES---The Man Who Made Health

In olden times when a man was ill, instead of dieting or taking medicine, he sacrificed a sheep or an ox to his favorite god. If this treatment did not improve the condition of his liver or digestion, he took it as a sign that the deity was angry, and resigned himself to his fate. When (owing to the horribly insanitary conditions of the age) a city or community was smitten by plague or epidemic, votive offerings were made to all the gods on the list and an army of priests was kept busy sacrificing and praying. In fact, there was a special class of consecrated officials known as priest-physicians. They dealt in charms, omens and amulets. In other words, they had the same functions as have the North American Indian "medicine men" of to-day.

But in 460 B. C. was born a man (son of a priest-physician) who in a single generation changed all this barbarous custom, to whom we owe our present knowledge of physic, diet and sanitary law. He was Hippocrates, the father of medicine. He made health a science and paved the way for every doctor who has since lived. Like most progress-makers, Hippocrates owed his greatness to the fact that he was discontented with the customs of his day, and sought a logical reason for things which others were satisfied to take for granted. He could not see how the offering of sacrifices and the belief that the gods held all health or illness at their disposal would cure a sick man. He would have made a very poor sort of Christian Scientist.

By a series of careful experiments Hippocrates discovered that certain herbs and foods had direct effect on the human body. Instead of exhorting sick people to make burnt offerings to the gods, he dosed them with powerful physicks. Luckily the human system in those days was robust, and the medicines, strong as they were, proved of vast benefit. Moreover, there were always slaves on whom to practice in order to find out how much of any certain kind of medicine or drug the system could comfortably stand.

These marked reforms sent his fame broadcast all over the civilized world. He was hailed as a miracle worker. Yet in reality he had merely applied logic and common sense to the treatment of disease, and had freed the practice of medicine from

the world-old yoke of superstition. But the "Father of Medicine" performed other services to humanity even greater than these. He discovered, after many experiments, just what foods were beneficial or hurtful to the system, and laid down the first rules of diet ever formulated. It is, in the main, the same theory of diet that is in use to-day. The fact that regulating their daily fare could keep them in health more effectively than could any priest-blessed charm, amulets or incantations came as a shock of surprise to the ancients.

Next Hippocrates took up the subject of public health. Sanitation, as we understand it, was unknown. There was no board of health, nor did civic hygiene exist. In consequence epidemics of the most fatal and fast-spreading kinds were of pitifully frequent recurrence. Hippocrates framed the first actual code of sanitary laws and measures for checking epidemics, and was influential enough to have them put into effect. To him we owe the first movement that led to the modern health department.

Nor are diet, sanitation and the discovery of medicine all for which we are in the old Greek's debt. He devised "auscultation" (the science whereby the condition of heart, lungs, etc., is determined by sound), and is credited with being the first to practice trephining.

In Greece all of mankind who did not happen to be Greeks were regarded as barbarians. It was not thought necessary to treat them as human. Persia was Greece's hereditary foe. When a terrible epidemic ravaged Persia, the emperor, Artaxerxes, sent presents to Hippocrates, begging him to come and put down the scourge. The doctor is said to have sent back an insulting refusal, declaring his art was too precious to waste on his country's barbaric enemy. And the Greek world applauded his decision.

This is, perhaps, the one blot on the character of a man to whom progress and civilization owe more, from a physical standpoint, than to all the rest of mankind. Every doctor to-day acknowledges that debt, and, on entering on the practice of medicine, he takes what is still known as the "Hippocratic Oath."

(Copyrighted.)



# Gambling in Green Goods

By JOHN IRVING DAY

Garnering the Gold by a Unique Method, Originated and Practiced by "Doc" Floyd

**"H**ERE'S hoping that you get even, alderman," Doc Floyd raised a goblet of sparkling burgundy, across the brim of which he glanced and smiled at the member of the High Rollers' club who was host at a dinner he was giving in part payment of a bet that there was not a man in the country with \$5,000 who could be beaten out of that amount on the ancient "gold brick" game. The dinner end of the bet was merely a paltry side issue for the big ex-alderman had also wagered \$5,000 and lost that, too.

Doc Floyd had asserted that even in the twentieth century the time-worn "green goods game" could be worked.

"Have you got the nerve to tell me that you can put over the old green goods thing," was the amazed demand of Alderman Mehantry. "I'll bet just one more bundle of \$5,000 and again a dinner for the crowd that it can't be done. Why the biggest sucker in the country would take your flash bank roll away from you if you tried to work that."

"Well, maybe he would," returned Floyd, but I'll just bet you it can be done and will let Cleland do the rough work and I'll just go along to oversee it. I may have to find the man, but I'll let Jack do the trimming."

"And I'll take half of Floyd's end of the bet that they put it over," broke in Col. Powley once more. Is it a bet?"

"It is. I'm game for another try," replied the alderman.

"How about it, Jack? Can we do it?" quired Floyd of a tall, cold eyed dyspeptic looking person who had sat silent, sipping his wine and puffing a big cigar throughout the bantering conversation.

Jack Cleland merely grunted his assent. He was the one pessimist of the party, but always dependable and a handy man to have in any deal.

A bell clanged, a gate slammed and the conductor and a belated passenger climbed aboard the Twentieth Century Limited train which was leaving the La Salle street station, Chicago for its 18-hour spin to New York. The big engine throbbed and the long train of rolling palaces slid out of the shed without a jerk or tremor, as easily as a trim sail boat propelled by a gentle breeze. At the forward end of the train, the buffet car, a comfortable small club on wheels, already was more than half filled with passengers.

Seated on one side of the car Doc Floyd was contentedly puffing a cigarette while on the opposite side of the aisle, Jack Cleland pulled at a strong cigar, and neither man glanced at or seemed to know of the presence of the other. All was quiet save for the businesslike conversation of two showmen. The vestibule door opened and into the car came Solomon Rosenberg, wise man of the west in which section he had imbibed the air of freedom in speech and manner.

Acquaintances are almost as easily made in the smoking car of a train as on shipboard and here was Floyd not 20 miles out of Chicago drinking with a person whose natural propensities for "butting in" with strangers could not be overcome. Within ten minutes after they had met, Solomon Rosenberg was narrating the story of the most recent happenings of his life and riding to a swift and certain fall.

Oh yes, Solomon was a wise one. He knew it and was proud of it. Floyd had listened to his talk and wondered the while, whether there was a chance to take some of Solomon's easily gotten wealth and also lower his stock of conceit. He concluded that it might be well worth while to cultivate his new acquaintance. It was at least worth trying, so he ordered another bottle which further mellowed the talkative one, whose tones by this time had disturbed a commercial traveler who sat near him running over columns of figures in his sales book.

The traveling man appeared slightly annoyed as he glanced toward the wine drinkers. Suddenly he seemed to think of something and placing his memoranda in his pocket he turned to Floyd and his companion and asked if they cared to kill the time with a small game until the call came for dinner in the dining car.

"Sure," was the reply of Solomon, answering for Floyd as well as himself. "My friend and I will play if you'll dig up some one else."

A telepathic thought seemed to travel from Floyd to Jack Cleland who was looking at the party from the opposite side of the car. The others also seemed to notice his presence at the same time and it appeared a mere chance that he was invited to make the fourth man in the game.

The play was not resumed after dinner, Cleland saying that he had lost about all he could afford, but the party stuck together and when it came time to retire for the night, Solomon, Floyd and Cleland had all agreed to make their headquarters at the Hotel Astor during their stay in New York and see more of each other. The drummer had told them that his home was in the city but that he hoped to look them up during their stay.

"What's the game, Floyd?" inquired Jack Cleland who had visited his friend's room in the hotel ten minutes after they had reached the big Broadway hotel.

"Well, old top, you know what we are on here for," was the reply. "You've got to sell an order of green goods to some one. You are lucky because I've already found your man for you. It must be some one, so why not our friend Solomon? He's already delivered himself."

The trio met in the lobby of the hotel a few moments later and Solomon insisted on having just one drink before they parted company for the day and then also insisted that they dine together that evening. The only dissipation Cleland would indulge in that evening after dinner was the theater to which he consented to accompany Floyd and Solomon. After the theater, however, Floyd was indeed the gay man of law away from home for a good time and he put Solomon through such paces as to endear him to the heart of that boisterous person.

This journey through the tenderloin was followed by another. Solomon liked the gay life but was beginning to have a pain in his pocketbook, so that when the third evening after his arrival in Gotham, Cleland proposed another game of cards, saying that he wanted revenge for his loss on the train, there was ready consent on the

proposed Floyd. "Maybe he's not feeling well."

In his room the two callers found Cleland pacing the floor with a worried look on his face. It was anything but a cordial welcome which he gave them.

"Not ill, I hope," said Floyd. "We'd missed you for a couple of days and thought we'd look you up. Haven't cut us out, have you?"

"To tell you the truth, fellows, I haven't felt very cheerful since I made that losing. I'm only a salaried man, you know, and can't really afford to play that kind of a game, even if my salary is a big one. It isn't that I'm worrying about just now, though, for I've got a chance to get more than even. My conscience will hardly let me do it though, and besides I've got to have more money than I've got to put the deal through."

"Buck up, and tell us about it" broke in Solomon. "And say, kid, don't let your conscience put too much weight on you. Throw it away and get rid of the handicap, but don't do anything to get into jail. I don't mind telling you that there are two or three places in this country right now where I don't want to go for fear the jail doors would open quick to get me. Our friend here is a lawyer. Let him advise you."

"I wonder if I should tell you?" replied Cleland, brightening perceptibly, polished actor that he was.

"Yes, go ahead and out with it," returned Floyd. "You know we lawyers hear some strange stories now and then and can't afford to be too particular as to our clients."

"Well, I'll tell you on one condition," agreed Cleland. "That condition is that you come in on the deal with me. I haven't got enough capital to put it through, anyway. There's no danger in it, and it's a sure way to make a big haul."

Both Floyd and Solomon agreed to come in on any deal where they could

only have about \$7,000 to my name, so I will have to get some one to go in the deal with me. You two can come in for \$5,000 each. Are you on? And wait a minute, you needn't agree right now, but meet me at ten o'clock in the morning and go with me to the Nineteenth National and see my friend for yourself."

The two agreed to meet Cleland on the morrow and said good-night. "And what do you think of it?" inquired Floyd as they went down on the elevator. "I'm a little afraid of it."

"Well, let's look into it, anyway," returned Solomon. "If there's a chance to pick up some easy money, I want it."

On the following morning they were convinced that the deal was a good one when they went to the Nineteenth National with Cleland, and visiting the safety vault section of the bank, met Danny Roberts as that young man came out of a small compartment in his shirt sleeves with a package of papers in his hands and a pencil behind his ear. Danny looked the part of a busy clerk and they heard him whisper nervously to Cleland that "it was all right." He added that he would be at the appointed place at precisely 12 o'clock.

The appointed place was a small dingy office of a dilapidated building on New street. Cleland explained that it was the office of a friend who dealt in curb stocks and was seldom in, but allowed him free use of the place. The trio were waiting when Danny Roberts, carrying a suit case, entered. He immediately took from the case two packages, exactly alike in appearance and as to outer signs and seals. Quickly cutting one of them open, he disclosed large bundles of money. It took a half hour to count this out and ascertain that there was \$30,000 in the lot. Fifteen thousand dollars in large bills were placed in the hands of Danny, who hurried away. In five minutes the old bills of perfectly good money



"IT TOOK HALF AN HOUR TO COUNT THIS."

part of the westerner, who proposed to make some one else pay his expenses if he could. Cleland already had found the drummer's telephone number and invited him to dine and join them in another little friendly game.

Again Solomon won, but his winnings were small. The salesman, also, was allowed to carry away a few dollars for his evening's work. Floyd, however, made a heavy winning and Cleland lost \$2,000, playing with the feverish recklessness that comes to the average loser at cards. The game broke up when the salesman announced that he would have to quit and get a few hours' sleep before appearing at his place of business. Cleland went off to his room with a frown, refusing even to take a "night-cap" drink. Solomon, however, readily accepted Floyd's invitation to take in some of the all-night restaurants.

"I wonder if our friend has left town without saying good-by," remarked Solomon to Doc Floyd two days after the poker game in which Cleland had lost his money to Floyd. He had not appeared since that time.

"I wonder?" replied Floyd. "Let's inquire of the clerk at the desk and see if he's gone." Acting upon this suggestion they learned that Mr. "McClelland," the name under which Cleland was known to them, was still in town, and in fact was in his room at that moment.

"Let's go up and see what ails him,"

see a sure and quick profit, and asked for particulars.

"It's perfectly simple," explained Cleland. "I once did a young fellow a good turn and kept him out of a lot of trouble. He's the trusted messenger in the Nineteenth National bank here now. This bank is the clearing house for a lot of smaller banks and also gets the biggest part of the city's deposits. They get thousands of dollars in old and dirty money every week which they turn in to the subtreasury on Wall street, getting new bills in return. This young friend of mine has been the messenger and made the exchanges. He says they never even open the sealed packages of bills that he takes to them and which have been certified to by the officers of the bank. The subtreasury simply O K's the amount on the back of the package and forwards it with a lot of similar bundles to Washington, where the old and dirty money is never counted, but just ground up and destroyed. He has thought the whole plan out and says he can substitute a phony package for the one with the old bills in it. He has to have some one in the deal with him, for he would never dare to try to get rid of the old money. I saw him this afternoon and to-morrow he will have to make his regular weekly trip, and the package already is made up with \$30,000 in good money in it. All he wants is half for his share and I can give him \$15,000 in \$100 and \$500 clean bills and take the package. I

were divided into three packages of equal amounts and tied up into neat paper-bound parcels on the roll-top desk.

Just at that moment there was a knock on the locked door of the office and Cleland slammed down the top of the desk and kicked the waste paper underneath before he went to answer the summons.

"It was only a customer looking for my friend," he remarked, as he returned and raised the top of the desk, disclosing the three neatly tied parcels. "You fellows had better take your bundles and separate. We will all meet at the hotel for dinner."

Solomon and Floyd, acting like two conspirators, agreed to take separate conveyances uptown to their hotel and to meet there later and drink to their good luck.

Two hours later, when Floyd had not put in appearance, Solomon began to feel nervous. He was afraid something had happened to Floyd and Cleland, but for another half hour he did not suspect anything further, and then he suddenly decided to go to his room and investigate his newly acquired wealth.

"Stung!" yelled Solomon when he undid the parcel and found a tightly bound package of tissue paper with a dollar bill on each outer side. "And I never once thought of the old green goods game!"

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## SHEEP AND PASTURES ARE CLOSELY ALLIED

Latter is Absolutely Necessary for Successful Raising of Former.—Numerous Crops May Be Grown.

Pastures and successful sheep raising are so closely allied that it may almost be said the one can not exist in the absence of the other. Certainly it is true that sheep are not being grown as economically and advantageously as they can be nor are the maximum benefits to the soil being realized, unless pastures are provided to furnish feed for the sheep from early spring until late fall. The man who is seeking the very cheapest sort of feed for his sheep finds it in pastures, writes D. A. Gaumnitz, in the Illuminated World Life.



A Picturesque Pasture.

They are productive and cost nothing but the price of the seed, and the labor of producing them. All the labor of harvesting and storing and feeding these crops is saved; the sheep get all the good of the crop, and they get it in the field where it grows. For cheapness of feed, pastures are not to be outdone.

Not alone are they cheap, but they furnish the most desirable sort of feed for sheep. Succulent, palatable, bulky enough, yet possessed of all the nutrients needed. No feed could be more readily digested than these pasture crops for the cell walls surrounding the nutrients are thin and tender and readily broken down. Sheep are foragers by nature and pasture furnishes for them not alone the ideal feed but likewise the ideal conditions. Never



Good Friends.

are they so contented nor so healthy as when given the freedom of a five or ten acre plot over which to play and feed.

Science has long since taught us that grass and root crops must be grown, if soil fertility is to be maintained. In the end all profits must come from the soil whether its products are marketed in the mineral, vegetable, or animal form, and to keep his land yielding large and increasing crops annually should be every farmer's first business. How better can he subserve this end than by growing grass crops to improve the physical condition and give humus to the soil, and feeding them to sheep

that will not alone make good use of them, but will likewise help to improve fertility by scattering their manure about the fields where it is needed, and by eating up the noxious weeds that sap the life of the crops? We should have fewer run down and weed overgrown crops to-day if pasture crops had been grown, and sheep kept to eat them down.

For the sake of saving a few dollars in fence, many farmers use the same piece of land from month to month and from year to year, for pas-

ture. Now the money they save in fence, they more than lose by worms in their sheep. There is no disease to-day that so threatens the future of the sheep industry as do worms. Our flocks must be purged of worms or we must quit the business. It was estimated that in one state alone, 85,000 sheep succumbed to the ravages of worms in the year 1903. It is impossible even to hope to have your sheep free from worms if the same land is used for pasture continuously. Worms and their eggs that are passed from the sheep, cling to the grass and are ready to be again taken into the system. How can we be rid of them if sheep are left to eat this infested crop? Change of pasture from season to season, and from year to year is absolutely imperative to successful sheep growing and one of the chief advantages of such a system of pasturage as the one outlined lies in the fact that sheep are kept upon a single piece of land but a few days or a few months at a time.

It would pay to have every field in the farm fenced, as there is scarcely a crop grown that at some time or other does not furnish feed for sheep. Most farmers, however, do not find themselves in a position to do this, but they can, every one of them, do the next best thing and that is fence, say, three, five or ten acre fields, and practice upon these a three year rotation which will give a pasture crop each year, or if they prefer, sow them all to pasture, and alternate them between hogs, sheep and cattle, or just sheep and hogs.

The alleged cost of fencing is the hedge behind which many seek to hide in excusing themselves for not using pastures. Yet as a matter of fact, figures show that practically anywhere in the northwest, a five acre field can be fenced at an annual cost of \$8.50 or \$1.70 an acre, allowing ten years as the life of the fence. Certainly this sum cannot be regarded as prohibitive. As compared with the cheap and excellent feeds it makes it possible to use, it is not worthy of consideration.

The man who is attempting to grow sheep without pasture is making a big mistake. He is not growing his sheep as economically and as well as he might, nor is he realizing the maximum benefits to his soil as a result of his sheep industry.

## MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG SHOTES

Unique As Well As Useful Ideas Concerning Little Pigs.

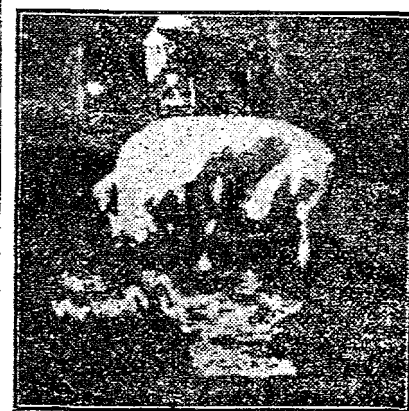
The following is a rather unique as well as useful idea concerning the weaning of pigs without apparent danger of injuring either the litter or the mother. As quoted in the last report of the Nebraska state board of agriculture, the author says:

It is best to wean pigs when they are two months old, but wean them slowly. By this time they have been or should have been running four weeks on alfalfa pasture with their mothers. Some morning when they start for the pasture let the sows find the gate closed, but with a creep under it to permit the pigs to go out.

Outside let the little pigs find a trough full of nourishing, appetizing food and they will fill themselves up on it and then start, as usual, for the alfalfa pasture. The sows are retained in a dry lot and their ration suddenly changed to an exclusive dry corn and water diet, which has a tendency to check the flow of milk.

After a while you will hear that peculiar grunt which you have so often heard from the sow and the little pigs will hear it, and they know what it means and they will come tumbling

over one another, squealing for their breakfast—the old sow wants to be milked. They push under the creep, the sow throws herself upon her side and the little fellows commence business, but they have to give it up in about two minutes. They are already



A Six-Months-Old Product.

full from the trough and from the alfalfa and have to suspend operations owing to the lack of capacity.

If this plan is followed in a week or 10 days the sow will have dried completely up and the pigs will have been weaned without either of them knowing that any change has taken place.

A man has no business with religion if he doesn't use it in his business.



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SARATOGA FROZEN CREAM.

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## NEW POPULAR SONGS

### HAYDEN BROS., Omaha

"Wait for the Summertime," Summer waltz song; "No One Knows," home ballad; "Lou Spells Trouble to Me," "Just Someone," "Sairs of the East," Sacred song; "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid!" "Sunbonnet Sue," "If You Won't Be Good to Me," child song; "To the End of the World With You," "Love Me and the World Is Mine," "Cheer Up! Cherries Will Soon Be Ripe," "Whistle if You Want Me Dear," "Rainbow," "I Wish I Had a Girl."

23c each or 5 for \$1.00. 1c extra per copy by mail

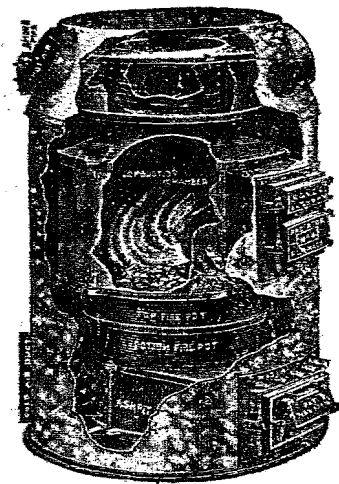
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SIXTY DOLLARS

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# LOTUS

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press Company  
or Wholesaler  
in Omaha.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that there will be a special meeting of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, at the City Hall in Florence, Nebraska, on Monday, August 27, 1909, at eight o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of equalizing sidewalk taxes and assessments and levying special assessments to pay for the cost of constructing artificial stone sidewalks constructed during the year 1909, by D. J. Creedon.

Lot.	Block.	Amount.
1.	41.	\$48.50
2.	41.	52.50
3.	41.	52.50
4.	41.	54.91
5.	41.	58.66
6.	41.	43.25
7.	41.	112.65
8.	41.	45.09
9.	41.	48.41
10.	41.	42.25
11.	41.	42.25
12.	41.	42.25
13.	41.	42.25
14.	41.	44.00
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99.	41.	44.00
100.	41.	44.00

Given by order of Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, this 19th day of July, 1909.  
CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 246.  
Introduced June 27, 1909, by Councilman Charles H. Allen.

AN ORDINANCE, regulating the operation of billiard tables, pool tables, bowling alleys and all other games of skill and chance and fixing the license therefor, in the City of Florence and providing penalties for violation of the ordinance and repealing all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance.

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

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons or officer or agent of any corporation, association or other organization, to keep, manage or operate for gain, any public billiard table, pool table, bowling alley or other game of skill and chance, or the purpose of playing one of the same, any game of skill and chance within the city limits, or to suffer or permit any person or persons to play upon or at the same, or to permit any person or persons to build, loaned, leased or occupied by him to be used for the placing of any such billiard or pool tables or other games of skill and chance, or to suffer or permit any person or persons to keep, manage or operate such tables or such club rooms or other premises wherein such tables, or appliances are so used, shall first have obtained a license from the City of Florence for so doing as hereinafter required.

Section 2. All persons, officers or agents desirous of obtaining a license for keeping or permitting on their premises any billiard tables, pool tables, bowling alleys or any other device for the purpose of playing any games of skill and chance for gain, shall apply to the Mayor of the City of Florence for a license for that purpose for the remainder of the then fiscal year. By said applicant paying the City Treasurer the sum of \$5.00 license for each billiard table, pool table or bowling alley or other appliances of device not prohibited by law.

Section 3. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons having a license from the City of Florence to keep one or more billiard tables, pool tables and the afore-said to suffer or permit any minors under the age of eighteen years to play at billiard or pool upon any such tables or to frequent any billiard hall, pool hall or other room under his control where such tables are kept for playing, except in company with the parent or guardian of such minor or with the written consent of such parent or guardian.

Section 4. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance on conviction thereof shall be fined and pay a fine of not to exceed \$20.00 for each and every such offense and every day that such tables or games are used as aforesaid for game without a license shall be deemed a separate offense.

Section 5. It shall be the duty of the marshal to forthwith report to the Mayor and Council hereafter the names of any and all persons keeping, owning or managing any gaming table or any premises where any gaming table is being operated in this city, for keeping of which a license is required under this ordinance, together with the number of such tables and the required license.

Section 6. That all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance be and the same are hereby repealed.

Section 7. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved July 21st, 1909.  
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 250.  
Introduced July 19, 1909, by Councilman J. H. Price.

AN ORDINANCE prohibiting the creation or maintenance of a nuisance within the City of Florence, and providing penalties for violation of this Ordinance.

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

Section 1. No owner, tenant, sub-tenant, occupant, lessor, lessee, or other person in possession of any premises within the city shall create, permit or maintain any nuisance or nuisance to be created or maintained on any property, public or private.

Section 2. It shall be unlawful for any person specified in section one of this ordinance to deposit, permit to be deposited on any public or private property in the city, any vegetable waste, litter, garbage, filth or refuse of any nature, kind or description whatsoever.

Section 3. It shall be the duty of the city marshal to serve notice in writing upon the owner, occupant, or agent of any lot, building or premises in or upon which any nuisance may be found requiring the immediate abatement of such nuisance. And in case such owner, occupant, agent fails, neglects or refuses to comply with such notice within the time specified in said notice, the marshal shall file complaint against such person in the police court of the city, charging him or her with the violation of this ordinance.

Section 4. Any person, company or corporation who shall violate or fail to comply with any requirement or provision of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined the sum of not exceeding One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars, or be confined in the jail not exceeding thirty days, or be both fined and imprisoned in the discretion of the court.

Section 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 19th day of July, 1909.  
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

RESOLUTION.

Introduced by Councilman D. F. Kelly, July 19, 1909.

RESOLVED BY THE Mayor and Council of the City of Florence that the following estimate of expenses be and the same hereby is adopted as the estimate of the probable amount of money necessary to be expended for all purposes in the City of Florence, Nebraska, during the fiscal year beginning on the first Tuesday in May, 1910, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910, and for which an appropriation ordinance will be passed; which said estimate of expenses is based upon the entire revenue of the City of Florence for the fiscal year ending on the first Tuesday in May,

1909, amounting to \$8,000.27.  
Estimate of Expenses.  
For street and alley fund.....\$2,700.00  
For water fund.....1,500.00  
For lighting purposes.....1,250.00  
For officers' salaries.....1,350.00  
For park fund.....200.00  
For miscellaneous purposes.....700.00

Total.....\$8,000.00  
Adopted July 19, 1909, by the following vote of the Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska:  
Councilman Price, yes.  
Councilman Craig, yes.  
Councilman Kelly, yes.  
Councilman Allen, yes.  
Approved July 19, 1909.  
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.  
CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 245.  
Introduced July 19, 1909, by Councilman D. F. Kelly.

AN ORDINANCE making the annual appropriation of moneys for the current expenses of the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

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

Section 1. That there shall be appropriated from the public moneys of the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910, for the following purposes the sums hereinafter specified, to-wit:

For street and alley fund.....\$2,700.00  
For water fund.....1,500.00  
For lighting purposes.....1,250.00  
For officers' salaries.....1,350.00  
For park fund.....200.00  
For miscellaneous purposes.....700.00

Total.....\$8,000.00  
Sec. 2. That this ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 19th day of July, 1909.  
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 249.

Introduced July 19, 1909, by Councilman R. Craig.

AN ORDINANCE levying a tax for all purposes in the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

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

Section 1. That a tax of ten mills on the dollar of the taxable property of the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the same hereby is levied on the taxable property of said city for general purposes for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

Section 2. That a tax of six mills on the dollar of the taxable property of the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the same hereby is levied on the taxable property of said city for water fund and hydrant rentals from the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

Section 3. That a tax of four mills on the dollar of the taxable property of the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the same hereby is levied on the taxable property of said city for city lighting purposes for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

Section 4. That a tax of one mill on the dollar of the taxable property of the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the same hereby is levied on the taxable property of said city for park fund for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

Section 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 19th day of July, 1909.  
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

NOTICE.

The State of Nebraska, Douglas County —vs. The State of Nebraska, In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Tract Nos. 12363 and 12394.

The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, vs. The several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, defendants.

To John T. Clarke, Harvey Spaulding and John F. Lahr, owners, and to unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below:

Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county, rendered in the State tax suit for the year 1904, the following described real estate, situate in the County of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit:

Lot eight (8) and sub lot two (2) of lot eight (8) and sub lot one (1) of lot eight (8) in Griten & Smith's addition to the City of Omaha, known as tract Nos. 12363 and 12394, was, on the 12th day of November, 1907, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale expired on the 15th day of November, 1909. You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the county treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court on or before the 15th day of November, 1909. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee.  
Owner of said certificate.

NOTICE.

The State of Nebraska, Douglas County —vs. The State of Nebraska, In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Tract No. 12329.

The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, vs. The several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, defendants.

To John Peabody, sole heir at law of James H. Peabody, deceased, and the unknown heirs of Arthur P. Gine, deceased, owners, and to unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below:

Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county, rendered in the State tax suit for the year 1904, the following described real estate, situate in the County of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit:

Lot sixteen (16) in block four (4), in Hawthorne addition to the City of Omaha, known as tract No. 12229 was, on the 16th day of November, 1907, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 16th day of November, 1909. You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the county treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court on or before the 16th day of November, 1909. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee.  
Owner of said Certificate.

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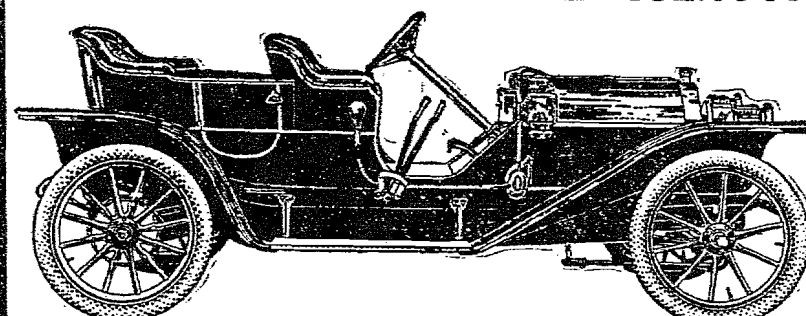


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