

# The Florence Tribune

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No. 6

## RAIN DOES NOT STOP BIG TIME

Florence Woodmen Pull Off a Successful Celebration of Three Days' Duration, in Spite of the Rain, and Crowds Enjoy the Full Program Just as They Advertised—Some Sidelights on the Celebration.

Florence Woodmen did as they said they would do, and pulled off a successful three-day celebration, carrying out in detail the full program, in spite of the rain. On Saturday the drum corps made the old soldiers sit up and take notice, and between times played in front of all the stores on Main street. It did one's heart good to see the old soldiers brace up and keep time.

Between the showers on both days the crowd congregated in the stores and told stories, some of which are so good I have to tell them to you.

One of the men who had concessions told this one on himself:

"The best of us make mistakes at times," said he. "I think the funniest mistake I ever made was last fall, while I was down south."

"I was not doing very well there, and had about made up my mind to come north, when I heard of a country fair and horse trot taking place in a little town about fifty miles from where I was. The party to whom I was indebted for the information also told me that at such a time even the poorest of the crackers managed to scrape a few dollars together to enjoy themselves with; so I decided to attend the affair and prevent the natives from losing their money betting on the races."

"I simply chuckled to myself when I saw the material I had to deal with, and I decided off hand that if they had any money when I got through with them I was not the man I thought I was."

"I was playing the soap game at the time. You know what it is. You wrap a bill around a small cake of soap, and with a little sleight-of-hand work you prevail upon some sucker to buy another cake of soap under the impression that he is buying up the one containing the bill. Well, I opened up and was soon surrounded by a curious crowd of natives."

"Now, gentlemen," I said, as I wrapped a \$20 bill around a cake of soap, "you see I place this \$20 bill around the soap like this, then wrap it up in this piece of paper, drop it in the box with the others and give you the choice of any cake of soap in the box for \$5."

"But not a solitary cracker bit at the game. In vain I used all my wiles. At last, thinking the amount might be more than any of them possessed, I dropped the price to a dollar."

"At this point a sport who was following the races came up and looked me over."

"Well, you are a jay of jays! Say, don't you know that a cracker has no use for soap? Cut up a plug of tobacco and try them with that."

"I followed his advice and did a rushing business for the rest of the day."

"One afternoon, when we were in the Indian ocean," said a weather-beaten man, "I noticed a shark swimming around the ship, and I didn't like it a bit. You know the superstition to the effect that a following shark presages the death of one of the ship's company. He sailed round us all the next day and the next after that, and I determined to catch him and quell my uneasiness. We baited a hook, and after a short time captured and killed him. Then we cut him up. Do you know what we found in that shark's inside? No? Well, a newspaper unopened, and it will surprise you, as it did me, when I tell you that it was addressed to me."

A shout of great laughter went up from the audience, who winked at each other unblushingly. He, however, took all the bantering in good part, and when the jeers were ended he said:

"Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you how it happened. I found that my children had been skylarking the day before in the cabin. They found among the mass of reading that had been brought aboard some unopened newspapers addressed to me. They had been throwing these newspapers at each other, and one of them went out of the port-hole. The shark saw it, of course, and happened. Now, gentlemen, judge for gobbled it down, and that was how it yourselves the truth of my story."

"I can't beat that, but this celebration reminds me of one Fourth of July that I was invited out for dinner," said the next man, "and it shows that the unexpected remarks of children are always good."

"There was company for dinner, and the platter in front of the host contained a fine roast of beef. He drew the sharp carving knife across the ringing steel for a few times, just be-

cause that is a way carvers have, drove the fork deep into the steaming beef, described a scalping-knife flourish in the air and gracefully began operations. Two nice marbled slices clear across the roast had resulted, and he was turning off the third when the blade struck a skewer, made a sliding upward motion and came out at the top with a result that the proposed slice looked like a frost-bitten leaf curled by the sun.

"The man could not say intense things in the presence of his guests, but he froze his wife with a look, made a grim joke about the indigestibility of roasted hardwood, inquired whether the butcher also ran a wood-yard, dug the skewer out viciously and ordered little Willie, who had made several attempts to tell something, to keep still or leave the table. His evident temper led to an embarrassing silence, and little Willie saw an opening that he could not resist."

"Cook has burnt her nose awful," he announced.

"Too bad," said the father, whose good humor was coming back. "How did she do it?"

"Tryin' ter pull them skewers out with her teeth."

"It's not often you get a better article these days than you bargain for," laughed the drummer who visits almost every county and hamlet in Nebraska, "but up in Cherry county I discovered one of the exceptions that prove the rule. I have a customer in a back school district, where the boys are most of them strapping big fellows, and possessed of the old-fashioned idea that no school teacher has any business to control them until he has demonstrated his ability to trounce them."

"They had been driving out pedagogues with great regularity and in September the parents held a meeting at which it was decided to hire a teacher that was big enough to enforce discipline and had the nerve to do it. They rejected half a dozen giants who were long on physical but short on intellectual gifts, and finally accepted, with reluctance, a well-built fellow of medium size who made his chance a winner by saying that if he didn't run that school they needn't pay him a cent."

"The boys seemed to be taking the measure of the opposition the first day but on the second they opened up hostilities. He licked the biggest boy in school, and the fellow rushed home to tell his father. The old man hurried to the scene with blood in his eye, for he is a director, and the teacher used him to club the floor. He rallied three of his neighbors and returned to the assault, but they were soon limping for the woods in three different directions, making the best time they could. The teacher refuses to resign, and now they are trying to get out some kind of a writ of ejection."

"I haven't known him to miss a week since I have been on my beat," declared an Omaha policeman, who came up for the celebration, "and I have come to look upon it as part of my regular duty."

"Every Saturday night, or, to be more explicit, early Sunday morning, I find him waiting for me at the end of my beat. He always manages to reach that far. Then I take him by the arm and lead him home, where I ring for his wife and hand him over to her."

"He is married to a jewel of a woman, for I have never heard her utter a word of reproach. When I hand him over she takes him gently by the arm and leads him inside. I have always felt like saying to her: 'Madam, if you think you can wear your husband from the flowing bowl by that sort of treatment you are very much mistaken. What he needs more than anything else is a rolling pin applied where it will do the most good.'"

"But it was none of my affair, and if she wanted to put up with it, why, that was her business."

"The other night I found him hanging to an electric light pole and waiting for me, as usual. I saw him safely home, rang up his wife and handed him over. But strange to say, he did not meet with his usual reception. He was jerked inside with a suddenness that surprised me, receiving at the same time a number of cuffs about the head."

"I concluded that the worm had turned at last, so I moved on, wondering what effect his change of treatment would have on his future conduct."

"I hadn't gone far when I heard a fearful racket taking place in the house, with cries of murder and police. I ran back, and as I reached the house the bibulous party was thrown out on the porch."

"I picked him up and demanded what the matter was."

"Awful funny mistake," he mumbled, "funniest mistake zat I ever heard of. Don't live here any more. Live three numbers down the block. Don't know zat woman. Don't know her husband, either, but he's got my sympathy."

"I took him down to his new number and left him with the caution that if he ever moved again to let me know beforehand, but now that the 8 o'clock

## MISS E. BERGELT IS LUCKY GIRL

Gets the Piano by Receiving 100,030 Votes—Vera Keaton Gets Second by Receiving 92,655—Agnes Shipley eGts Third by Receiving 85,080 Votes—The Tribune Keeps Faith with the People, and They Show Their Appreciation.

294,985 votes cast!

The fifth day of July, 1909, will long be remembered by many Florence people, for on that date a newspaper kept its word with the people and gave away a piano to the girl that received the highest vote, a \$70 prize to the next, and a \$35 prize to the third.

They did all this in the face of the fact that the contest was started by the Gazette, which received many dollars on the contest and then failed to give the prizes. The Tribune taking up the contest because the people had been fooled so often by that paper, it for awhile printing the same paper two or three times and often missing two or three issues, and from the further fact that we wanted to convince the people that we were no fly-by-the-night promoters and schemers, who simply wished to take their dollars and give them nothing in return.

While The Tribune has given the prizes away and received more than 150 subscriptions in return, it did so at a monetary loss, which is considered as money invested in good will and advertising, and all we ask in return is your support in the future as in the past, and hope that the paper will prove interesting enough to make our subscribers tell others what they think of it.

Monday at noon the vote stood:

Vera Keaton.....53,870  
Emma Bergelt.....47,455  
Agnes Shipley.....38,180  
Jennie Peterson.....5,770  
Edith Raymond.....4,550  
Norma Morgan.....2,875  
Helen Holtzman.....2,125  
Hazel Nelson.....1,900

At 1 o'clock the voting commenced in earnest, when Miss Keaton received 3,500 votes, Miss Bergelt 4,500, and Miss Shipley 3,200 votes, and from then until 6 o'clock all were busy writing subscription receipts and counting votes. At 5 minutes to 6 all votes held back were dumped in, and in those few minutes 104,810 votes were cast, making a total of 294,985 votes in the entire contest, the final vote standing:

Emma Bergelt.....100,030  
Vera Keaton.....92,655  
Agnes Shipley.....85,080  
Jennie Peterson.....5,770  
Edith Raymond.....4,550  
Norma Morgan.....2,875  
Helen Holtzman.....2,125  
Helen Nelson.....1,900

Miss Bergelt wins the piano, the first prize.

Miss Vera Keaton wins seven yards fancy wool taffeta for lady's suit, \$21; silk umbrella, \$15; three pairs silk hose, \$10; one silk undershirt, \$13; pair walking boots, \$6; silk opera shawl, \$5; total value, \$70, as second prize.

Miss Agnes Shipley wins a 102-piece Glendale pattern, elite shape dinner set, one of Johnson Bros' newest creations, and one of the prettiest pattern, value \$35, as the third prize.

These girls all turned in many subscriptions to The Tribune, and our readers are asked to look at the address tag on their paper, and see if proper credit has been given you. If not, please notify us, so we can get it correct.

We wish to again thank the girls, their friends and all who helped to make this contest a success.

law is in force I don't think I will see him again."

A stylishly attired woman was seen walking down Main street, on Monday between showers, attracting considerable attention by her fine figure and graceful carriage. Men turned to glance after her and women managed to see the sweep of her skirt and the cut of her coat behind out of the corners of their eyes without turning around at all, a habit most women have. At all events, the woman was stunning, and a young artist, turning to obtain a third look at her, saw to his delight that she dropped her purse. Hurriedly he ran to where the object lay and stooped down to get it. At the same instant a woman made a grab at it.

The young artist got it, and the woman got it, and both were determined to retain their hold. After some words on the subject, during which the artist felt like a fool, he conquered and rushed frantically down the street, where the stunning woman could still be seen.

He was breathless when he overtook her, but, lifting his hat politely, he said:

"I saw you drop your purse, madam, and take please in returning it to you."

## ABSENT-MINDEDLY TEARS A TEN

Woman Is So Busily Engaged in Conversation That She Carefully Preserves Sales Slip and Tears Up \$10 Bill.

Mrs. Gus Sachs, of Coffman came to Florence Friday to do her trading, and lay in a supply of edibles for her family to consume on the Fourth.

That was a very laudable thing to do and was what many another woman did, but Mrs. Sachs did even more than this.

She met a friend she had not seen for some time at the store and, of course, they had to talk over many things and discuss many subjects dear to the heart of a woman and of which man knows nothing.

Between times she ordered her merchandise and when the clerk gave her the sales slip she carefully laid it down on the counter and as the conversation was becoming very interesting she unconsciously tore up the \$10 bill held in her hand into small pieces.

Alas when she looked for her change she found the sales slip intact and the bill in fragments.

Carefully she gathered up the pieces and will send them to Washington with an explanation of the affair and in due course of time will receive a new bill but in the meantime she is out \$10 in cash and ahead a sales slip.

The family enjoyed the results of her purchase, however, and in the future she will be careful not to tear anything up while engaged in conversation.

P. S.—No, they were not talking about a man.

## FLORENCE HAS A SENSATION

Deputy Sheriffs Thompson and Flanagan and Sheriff Brailey Arrest A Man for Murder.

Frank L. Henry, the alleged murderer of his wife, Maud Galloway Henry, who has been in hiding since the Saturday night when the tragedy occurred, was taken into custody Thursday morning at the farm house of Charles Palmateer, about three-quarters of a mile northwest of Florence.

Sheriff Brailey and two deputies, Ira Flanagan and M. B. Thompson, captured him without a fight, arriving at the house and finding Henry currying a horse.

At daybreak preparations were made for the capture, the sheriff and two deputies going to Florence, armed only with their regular revolvers. Flanagan took one route to the house, going through the hills and timber somewhat and was first to see Henry. At this glimpse of the officer the suspect ran into the house and soon reappeared for a moment at a window in the upper story, then going into hiding in the attic.

For fifteen minutes the house was watched by the three men, all with drawn weapons, after which, in response to repeated commands, Frank Henry appeared at the door where Deputy Flanagan was posted and surrendered. He held his hands high above his head all the time and made no effort to resist or escape. When searched he was found to be unarmed, but a loaded revolver was discovered later in the house. Mrs. Palmateer says it is her property.

Deputy Thompson, who lives at Florence, was communicated with by the sheriff the night before, and kept tag on that end of the case during the night. When the raid on the Palmateer place was made, four or five men employed at work on a railroad bridge near by, joined in the posse that surrounded the house and waited to help if they were needed.

Haughtily the woman looked at him. "Really, sir, you are very kind, but I have my purse," and she extended toward him a brand new article that had certainly just been taken from the paper wrapping. "I changed my money in this one," she continued, "and threw the old one away. You may have it, if you like."

The small boys had loads of fun lighting nigger chasers and setting them going in crowds, to hear the women scream and jump.

McClure's fireworks stand caught fire, and the crowd scattered when the fireworks got going. By prompt action the stand was thrown into the street, and beyond the loss of the fireworks no loss resulted.

The band drove around town and furnished a concert at every place they could find a crowd. It was thoroughly appreciated and received generous applause.

The editor had the best time of any man in town on Monday afternoon, as he was surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls all afternoon.

## RESULTS OF ATHLETICS

How the Base Ball Games Amused the Large Crowds Together With Details of the Game and An Account of the Horse Races and All the Other Athletic Stunts Pulled Off at the Celebration of the Glorious Fourth.

The Florence team defeated the Benson Eagles at Florence park Sunday in an eleven-inning game by the score of 2 to 1. Matthews pitched gilt edge ball, allowing only four hits, striking out fifteen men and issuing no free passes.

Howell also was in fine form, allowing only five hits and striking out fourteen men. Reinschreiber walked away with the batting honors, getting three clean hits out of six times up. Browne was there with the big mitt, nailing everything in sight.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Ramscriber, ss	6	0	3	1	2	0
McGugan, 2b	5	0	0	0	1	1
Elliott, 3b	4	0	0	1	0	1
Browne, c	5	0	1	15	0	0
Pierson, 1b	4	0	0	11	0	0
Jones, rf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Barr, lf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Matthews, p	5	0	0	1	7	0

Totals .....43 2 5 \*35 10 2  
\*Elliott out; infield fly.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Reed 1b	5	0	1	8	1	0
Barney, ss	5	0	0	1	0	0
Gordy, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Coe, c	4	0	0	15	1	1
Howell, p	4	0	0	0	1	1
Neno, 3b	4	0	0	3	0	2
Lear, 2b	4	0	0	1	1	0
McGowan, rf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Ratekin, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0

Totals .....21 4 \*31 3 4  
\*Neno out at first.

The Benson Eagle ball team played and defeated the Florence team at Florence Monday, by the score of 2 to 1. Both teams played fast ball at all times, and as both pitchers were in good form, the result was in doubt until the last man was out. Reed, for Benson, pitched gilt-edged ball and should have scored a shutout, as he gave but three hits. Gordy caught a fine game by holding the runners to the bases at all times. Jones pitched a good game for Florence, but in the fifth inning Ryan singled, Ratekin bunted safe and both scored on a two-base hit by Kucera. Trowbridge played well at first. Barr, Clausen and Hill each made some fine running catches that look like sure hits. Score:

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Kucera, ss	4	0	2	2	2	0
Neno, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	0
Trowbridge, 1b	2	0	1	9	2	0
Reed, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
Gordy, c	4	0	1	9	1	0
Lear, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Barney, cf	4	0	0	4	0	0
Ryan, 2b	4	1	1	2	2	0
Ratekin, rf	3	1	0	0	0	1

Totals .....32 2 7 27 10 1

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
McGugan, ss	4	0	0	0	1	0
Elliott, 3b	4	1	2	3	3	0
Hill, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Brown, c	4	0	0	12	1	0
Pierson, 1b	4	0	0	7	0	1
Barr, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Clausen, 2b	3	0	0	2	0	0
Matthews, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Jones, p	3	0	0	0	1	0

Totals .....33 1 3 27 6 1

SUMMARY.  
Two-base hits—Kucera, Hill. Sacrifice hits—Trowbridge, Gordy, Browne. Stolen bases—Trowbridge, Hill, Reed. Bases on balls—Off Reed 1. Hit by pitcher—Hill. Struck out—By Reed 10, by Jones 11. Double play—Pierson.

A large crowd witnessed the foot races, horse races, etc., but the event that elicited the most interest was the pacing race for a purse of \$50 in which Harry White of Calhoun, James Nicholson and Dug Bowie each entered a horse they were sure would win the race, and in spite of muddy track backed their opinion with coin of the realm.

Jas. Nicholson's long, rangy horse with a big stride won the first heat with Harry White second.

The third and fourth heats went to Harry White as the Nicholson horse was slow to catch its stride and therefore lost time in the start which it could not regain. Mr. White took the \$50 home with him and was well pleased.

Keep Cheerful.  
From a scientific standpoint a cheerful temper is better than medicine or gold. It tones the system. It gives one a sane outlook on life. But the grouch, physiologically and psychologically, is dangerous.

## CONCERT BY FLORENCE GENIUS

Stanislaus Letovsky, of Whom We Recently Said Was the Companion of Kings and World-Renowned Musicians, Will Play at Boyd's.

That world-renowned Florence musician, Stanislaus Letovsky, who is spending his vacation with his parents on their farm north of town has decided to let the people of this part of the world hear him in concert, and to that end has secured the use of Boyd's theater for the evening of July 15.

He will present a program made up of his own compositions for harp and selections from the masters for the other half. The mere mention of such a concert by him in Berlin would crowd to its utmost capacity the largest theater in that city. What will the announcement here where he was born and raised do?

Is a prophet without honor in his own country?

We hope not.  
We want to see the theater packed from pit to dome to show that we, his friends, his neighbors, appreciate talent as much as they do over in Europe.

At present he is engaged in writing a grand opera, having finished the libretto, and we predict that when it is put on the stage it will make a big hit.

He leaves about the 22d of August for Berlin to finish his work there and to better himself in his art.

## FROM C. E. SOCIETY.

This original poem was composed by Amos Cottrell, vice president of Y. P. C. E. Copyrights reserved.  
Come, boys, don't be afraid,  
Come to the young people's meeting.  
And sit in the shade.  
The girls will be there  
With puffs in their hair.  
Come help us boost the Y. P. C. E.  
We'll give you a party, "Under the shade  
Of the old apple tree."

WANTED—Every person over twelve and under sixty-five years of age, to come to young people's meeting next Sunday evening, at seven o'clock. Good singing, good speaking, good music. Trolley party planned for near future. Get in on this everybody, you can't afford to miss it.

SOFIA ANDERSON, Pres.  
AMOS COTTRELL, V-Pres.  
AGNES SHIPLEY, Sec.

## THE IDLE CHATTER

The Ladies' Aid and Missionary societies of the Presbyterian church will meet at the home of Mrs. C. A. Griggs on Wednesday. Mrs. Milroy will lead the meeting.

Don't forget the meeting of the Improvement club at City Hall Saturday night.

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

The school board will meet Monday evening at the school house.

Dr. W. O. Akers has purchased lot 4, block 45, which is just south of his residence, this makes him the east half of block 45, which has two vacant lots and residences on the other two. Chas. T. Baughman is erecting two fine modern residences on the lot recently purchased from Mr. Keirle in block 43, a sewer has been ordered in this block, which brings the property in shape to make strictly modern houses. O. W. Nelson has made a deal for lot 8, block 47, which is just east of the school house.

Lost—On the road north of Florence, Sunday, July 4, an envelope addressed to Master Arnold Hayes, 3933 Burdette street. Please leave at post-office. Florence.

Are you reading our continued story, "Whispering Smith?" It's one of the best railroad detective stories written.

Edward McKinzie of Waterloo, Wis., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Fowler on Sunday at Hillcrest, Florence Heights.

Miss Edith Gabrielson left Saturday for a short visit at Gilmore, Ia.

Mrs. Harriet Taylor returned from Shenandoah, Ia., where she has been visiting relatives, Saturday.

Willis Crosby of Omaha spent Monday in Florence, visiting old friends.

Basel Foster, who has been visiting in Des Moines for the past two weeks, returned home Saturday.

A. B. C. coffee makes a delicious drink for the breakfast.

J. G. Foster is the guest of his brother, George Foster, while looking over the field to go into business.

Don't forget the meeting of the Improvement club at City Hall Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Meyers are rejoicing over the arrival of a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Kreuzer are rejoicing over the arrival of a girl Sunday.

Dr. Akers has purchased two lots on Main street as an investment.



#### SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. She gave him a message for Sinclair. "Whispering" Gordon Smith told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crazed men and was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his high office. McCloud arranged to board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair. Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's demise, which occurred after one year of married life. Sinclair visited Marion Sinclair's shop and a fight between him and McCloud was narrowly averted. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. McCloud worked for days and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dickie criticizing his methods, to Marion Sinclair. A stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. McCloud was notified that "Whispering" Smith was on his way. McCloud proposed that Sinclair and his gang be sent to hunt the bandits. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Dunning was told the stranger was "Whispering" Smith. Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed.

#### CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Well, you know now how to get into trouble."  
"Every one knows that; few know how to keep out."  
"You can't lay your finger on me at any turn of the road."  
"Not if you behave yourself."  
"And you can't bully me."  
"Surely not. No hard feelings, Murray. I came for a friendly talk, and if it's all the same to you I'll watch this wheel awhile and then go over to the Wickiup. I leave first—that's understood, I hope—and if your pink-eyed friend is waiting outside tell him there is nothing doing, will you, Murray? Who is the albino, by the way? You don't know him? I think I do. Fort City, if I remember. Well, good-night, Murray."

It was after 12 o'clock and the room had filled up. Roulette balls were dropping, and above the faro table the extra lights were on. The dealers, fresh from supper, were putting things in order for the long trick.

At the Wickiup Whispering Smith found McCloud in the office signing letters. "I can do nothing with him," said Smith, drawing down a window-shade before he seated himself to detail his talk with Sinclair. "He wants a fight."

McCloud put down his pen. "If I am the disturber it would be better for me to get out."

"That would be hauling down the flag across the whole division. It is too late for that. If he didn't center the fight on you he would center it somewhere else. The whole question is, who is going to run this division, Sinclair and his gang or the company? and it is as easy to meet them on one point as another. I know of no way of making this kind of an affair pleasant. I am going to do some riding, as I told you. Kennedy is working up through the Deep Creek country, and has three men with him. I shall ride toward the Cache and meet him somewhere near South Mission pass."

"Gordon, would it do any good to ask a few questions?"

"Ask as many as you like, my dear boy, but don't be disappointed if I can't answer them. I can look wise, but I don't know anything. You know what we are up against. This fellow has grown a tiger among the wolves, and he has turned the pack loose on us. One thing I ask you to do. Don't expose yourself at night. Your life isn't worth a coupling-pin if you do."

McCloud raised his hand. "Take care of yourself! If you are murdered in this fight I shall know I got you in and that I am to blame."

"And suppose you were?" Smith had risen from his chair. He had few mannerisms, and recalling the man the few times I have seen him, the only impression he has left on me is that of quiet and gentleness. "Suppose you were?" He was resting one arm on top of McCloud's desk. "What of it? You have done for me up here what I couldn't do, George. You have been kind to Marion when she hadn't a friend near. You have stood between him and her when I couldn't be here to do it, and when she didn't want me to—helped her when I hadn't the privilege of doing it." McCloud put up his hand in protest, but it was unheeded. "How many times it has been in my heart to kill that man. She knows it; she prays it may never happen. That is why she stays here and has kept me out of the mountains. She says they would talk about her if I lived in the same town, and I have stayed away." He threw himself back into the chair. "It's going beyond both of us now. I've kept the promise I made to her to-day to do all in my power to settle this thing without bloodshed. It will not be settled in that way, George."

"Was he at Sugar Buttes?"

"If not, his gang was there. The

quick get-away, the short turn on Van Horn, killing two men to rattle the posse—it all bears Sinclair's earmarks. He has gone too far. He has piled up plunder till he is reckless. He is crazy with greed and insane with revenge. He thinks he can gallop over this division and scare Bucks till he gets down on his knees to him. Bucks will never do it. I know him, and I tell you Bucks will never do it. He is like that man in Washington; he will fight it to the death. He would fight Sinclair if he had to come up here and meet him single-handed, but he will never have to do it. He put you here, George, to round that man up. This is the price for your advancement, and you must pay it."

"It is all right for me to pay it, but I don't want you to pay it. Will you have a care for yourself, Gordon?"

"Will you?"

"Yes."  
"You need never ask me to be careful," Smith went on. "That is my business. I asked you to watch your window shades at night, and when I came in just now I found one up. It is you who are likely to forget, and in this kind of a game a man never forgets but once. I'll lie down on the Lincoln lounge, George."

"Get into the bed."

"No; I like the lounge, and I'm off early."

In the private room of the superintendent, provided as a sleeping apartment in the old headquarters building many years before hotel facilities reached Medicine Bend, stood the only curio the Wickiup possessed—the Lincoln lounge. When the car that carried the remains of Abraham Lincoln from Washington to Springfield was dismantled, the Wickiup fell heir to one piece of its elaborate furnishings, the lounge, and the lounge still remains as an early-day relic. Whispering Smith walked into the bedroom and disposed himself in an incredibly short time. "I've borrowed one of your pillows, George," he called out, presently.

"Take both."  
"One's enough. I hope," he went on, rolling himself like a hen into the double blanket, "the horse Kennedy has left me will be all right; he got three from Bill Dancin'. Bill Dancin'," he snorted, driving his nose into the pillow as if in final memorandum for the night, "he will get himself killed if he fools around Sinclair too much now."

McCloud, under a light shaded above his desk, opened a roll of blue-prints. He was going to follow a construction gang up the Crawling Stone in the morning and wanted to look over the surveys. Whispering Smith, breathing regularly, lay not far away. It was late when McCloud put away his maps, entered the inner room and looked at his friend.

He lay like a boy asleep. On the chair beside his head he had placed his old-fashioned hunting-case watch, as big as an alarm clock, the kind a railroad man would wind up with a spike-maul. Beside the watch he had laid his huge revolver in its worn leather scabbard. Breathing peacefully, he lay quite at his companion's mercy, and McCloud, looking down on this man who never made a mistake, never forgot a danger, and never took an unnecessary chance, thought of what between men confidence may sometimes mean. He sat a moment with folded arms on the side of his bed, studying the tired face, defenseless in the slumber of fatigue. When he turned out the light and lay down, he wondered whether, somewhere in the valley of the great river to which he was to take his men in the morning, he should encounter the slight and reckless horsewoman who had blazed so in anger when he stood before her at Marion's. He had struggled against her charm too long. She had become, how or when he could not tell, not alone a pretty woman but a fascinating one—the creature of his constant thought. Already she meant more to him than all else in the world. He well knew that if called on to choose between Dickie and all else he could only choose her. But as he drew together the curtains of thought and sleep stole in upon him, he was resolved first to have Dickie; to have all else if he could, but in any case, Dickie Dunning. When he awoke day was breaking in the mountains. The huge silver watch, the low-voiced man and the formidable six-shooter had disappeared. It was time to get up, and Marion Sinclair had promised an early breakfast.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### The Quarrel.

The beginning of the Crawling Stone line marked the first determined effort under President Bucks, while undertaking the reconstruction of the system for through traffic, to develop the rich local territory tributary to the mountain division. New policies in construction dated from the same period. Glover, with an enormous capital staked for the new undertakings, gave orders to push the building every month in the year, and for the first time in mountain railroad building winter was to be ignored. The older mountain men met the innova-

tion as they met any departure from their traditions, with curiosity and distrust. On the other hand, the new and younger blood took hold with confidence, and when Glover called, "Yo, heave ho!" at headquarters, they bent themselves clear across the system for a hard pull together.

McCloud, resting the operating on the shoulders of his assistant Anderson, devoted himself wholly to forwarding the construction plans, and his first clash over winter road-building in the Rockies came with his own right-hand man, Mears. McCloud put in a switch below Piedmont, opened a material yard and began track laying toward the lower Crawling Stone valley, when Mears said it was time to stop work till spring. When McCloud told him he wanted track across the divide and into the lower valley by spring, Mears threw up his hands. But there was metal in the old man, and he was for orders all the time. He kept up a running fire of protests and forebodings about the danger of exposing men during the winter season, but stuck to his post.

Spring found the construction of the valley line well advanced, and the grades nearing the lands of the Dunning ranch. Right-of-way men had been working for months with Lance Dunning over the line and McCloud had been called frequently into consultation to adjust the surveys to objections raised by Dickie's cousin to the crossing of the ranch lands. Even

three carried rifles slung across their pommels, and in front of them rode the stranger.

Fragments of the breakfast-table talk of the morning came back to Dickie's mind. The railroad graders were in the valley below the ranch, and she had heard her cousin say a good deal on a point she cared little about, as to where the railroad should cross the Stone ranch. Approaching the fork of the two roads toward which she and the cowboys were riding, she checked her horse in the shade of a cottonwood tree, and as the party rode up the draw she saw the horseman under surveillance. It was George McCloud.

Unluckily, as she caught a glimpse of him she was conscious that he was looking at her. She bent forward to hide a momentary confusion, spoke briskly to her horse, and rode out of sight. At Marion's she had carefully avoided him. Her precipitancy at their last meeting had seemed, on reflection, unfortunate. She felt that she must have appeared to him shockingly rude, and there was in her recalling of the scene an unconfessed impression that she had been to blame. Often when Marion spoke of him, which she did without the slightest reserve and with no reference as to whether Dickie liked it or not, it had been in Dickie's mind to bring up the subject of the disagreeable scene, hoping that Marion would suggest a way for making some kind of unembarrassing



"Cousin Lance!"

when the proceedings had been closed, a strong current of discontent set from the managing head of the Stone ranch. Rumors of Lance Dunning's dissatisfaction often reached the railroad people. Vague talk of an extensive irrigation scheme planned by Sinclair for the Crawling Stone valley crept into the newspapers, and it was generally understood that Lance Dunning had expressed himself favorably to the enterprise.

Dickie gave slight heed to matters as weighty as these. She spent much of her time on horseback, with Jim under the saddle; and in Medicine Bend, where she rode with frequency, Marion's shop became her favorite abiding place. Dickie ordered hats until Marion's conscience rose and she practically refused to supply any more. But the spirited controversy on this point, as on many others—Dickie's haughtiness and Marion's restraint, quite unmoved by any show of displeasure—ended always in drawing the two closer to each other.

One March afternoon, coming home from Medicine Bend, she saw at some distance before her a party of men on horseback. She was riding a trail leading from the pass road that followed the hills, and the party was coming up the bridge road from the lower ranch. Dickie had good eyes, and something unusual in the riding of the men was soon apparent to her. Losing and regaining sight of them at different turns in the trail, she made out, as she rode among the trees, that they were cowboys of her own ranch, and riding, under evident excitement, about a strange horseman. She recognized in the escort Stormy Gorman, the ferocious foreman of the ranch, and Denison and Jim Baugh, two of the most reckless of the men. These

amends. But such opportunities had slipped away unimproved, and here was the new railroad superintendent, whom their bluff neighbor Sinclair never referred to other than as the college guy, being brought apparently as a prisoner to the Stone ranch.

Busied with her thoughts, Dickie rode slowly along the upper trails until a long detour brought her around the corrals and in at the back of the house. Throwing her lines to the ground, she alighted and through the back porch door made her way unobserved to her room. From the office across the big hall she heard men's voices in dispute, and she slipped into the dining room, where she could hear and might see without being seen. The office was filled with cowboys. Lance Dunning, standing with a cigar in his hand and one leg thrown over a corner of the table, was facing McCloud, who stood before him with his hand on a chair. Lance was speaking as Dickie looked into the room, and in curt tones: "My men were acting under my orders."

"You have no right to give such orders," McCloud said, distinctly, "nor to detain me, nor to obstruct our free passage along the right of way you have agreed to convey to us under our survey."

"Damn your survey! I never had a plat of any such survey. I don't recognize any such survey. And if your right-of-way men had ever said a word about crossing the creek above the flume I never would have given you a right of way at all."

"There were never but two lines run below the creek; after you raised objection I ran them both, and both were above the flume."

"Well, you can't put a grade there. I and some of my neighbors are going

to dam up that basin, and the irrigation laws will protect our rights."

"I certainly can't put a grade in below the flume, and you refuse to talk about our crossing above it."

"I certainly do."

"Why not let us cross where we are, and run a new level for your ditch that will put the flume higher up?"

"You will have to cross below the flume where it stands, or you won't cross the ranch at all."

McCloud was silent for a moment. "I am using a supported grade there for eight miles to get over the hill within a three-tenths limit. I can't dip back there. We might as well not build at all if we can't hold our grade, whereas it would be very simple to run a new line for your ditch, and my engineers will do it for you without a dollar of expense to you, Mr. Dunning."

Lance Dunning waved his hand as an ultimatum. "Cross where I tell you to cross, or keep off the Stone ranch. Is that English?"

"It certainly is. But in matter of fact we must cross on the survey agreed on in the contract for a right-of-way deed."

"I don't recognize any contract obtained under false representations."

"Do you accuse me of false representations?"

Lance Dunning flipped the ash from his cigar. "Who are you?"

"I am just a plain, every-day civil engineer, but you must not talk false representations in any contract drawn under my hand."

"I am talking facts. Whispering Smith may have rigged the joker—I don't know. Whoever rigged it, it has been rigged all right."

"Any charge against Whispering Smith is a charge against me. He is not here to defend himself, but he needs no defense. You have charged me already with misleading surveys. I was telephoned for this morning to come over to see why you had held up our work, and your men cover me with rifles while I am riding on a public road."

"You have been warned, or your men have, to keep off this ranch. Your man Stevens cut our wires this morning—"

"As he had a perfect right to do on our right of way."

"If you think so, stranger, go ahead again!"

"Oh, no! We won't have civil war—not right away, at least. And if you and your men have threatened and browbeaten me enough for to-day, I will go."

"Don't set foot on the Stone ranch again, and don't send any men here to trespass, mark you!"

"I mark you perfectly. I did not set foot willingly on your ranch to-day. I was dragged on it. Where the men are grading now, they will finish their work."

"No, they won't."

"What, would you drive us off land you have already deeded?"

"The first man that cuts our wires or orders them cut where they were strung yesterday will get into trouble."

"Then don't string any wires on land that belongs to us, for they will certainly come down if you do."

Lance Dunning turned in a passion. "I'll put a bullet through you if you touch a barb of Stone ranch wire!"

Stormy Gorman jumped forward with his hand covering the grip of his six-shooter. "Yes, damn you, and I'll put another!"

"Cousin Lance!" Dickie Dunning advanced swiftly into the room. "You are under our own roof, and you are wrong to talk in that way."

Her cousin stared at her. "Dickie, this is no place for you!"

"It is when my cousin is in danger of forgetting he is a gentleman."

"You are interfering with what you know nothing about!" exclaimed Lance, angrily.

"I know what is due to every one under this roof."

"Will you be good enough to leave this room?"

"Not if there is to be any shooting or threats of shooting that involve my cousin."

"Dickie, leave the room!"

There was a hush. The cowboys dropped back. Dickie stood motionless. She gave no sign in her manner that she heard the words, but she looked very steadily at her cousin.

"You forget yourself!" was all she said.

"I am master here!"

"Also my cousin," murmured Dickie, evenly.

"You don't understand this matter at all!" declared Lance Dunning, vehemently.

"Nothing could justify your language."

"Do you think I am going to allow this railroad company to ruin this ranch while I am responsible here? You have no business interfering, say!"

"I think I have."

"These matters are not of your affair!"

"Not of my affair?" The listeners stood riveted. McCloud felt himself swallowing, and took a step forward with an effort as Dickie advanced.

Her hair, loosened by her ride, spread

low upon her head. She stood in her saddle habit, with her girth still in hand. "Any affair that may lead my cousin into shooting is my affair. I make it mine. This is my father's roof. I neither know nor care anything about what led to this quarrel, but the quarrel is mine now. I will not allow my cousin to plunge into anything that may cost him his life or ruin it." She turned suddenly, and her eyes fell on McCloud. "I am not willing to leave either myself or my cousin in a false position. I regret especially that Mr. McCloud should be brought into so unpleasant a scene, because he has already suffered rudeness at my own hands—"

McCloud flushed. He raised his hand slightly.

"And I am very sorry for it," added Dickie, before he could speak. Then, turning, she withdrew from the room.

"I am sure," said McCloud, slowly, as he spoke again to her cousin, "there need be no serious controversy over the right-of-way matter, Mr. Dunning. I certainly shall not precipitate any. Suppose you give me a chance to ride over the ground with you again and let us see whether we can't arrive at some conclusion?"

But Lance was angry, and nursed his wrath a long time.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### The Shot in the Pass.

Dickie walked hurriedly through the dining room and out upon the rear porch. Her horse was standing where she had left him. Her heart beat furiously as she caught up the reins, but she sprang into the saddle and rode rapidly away. The flood of her temper had brought a disregard of consequences; it was in the glow of her eyes, the lines of her lips, and the tremor of her nostrils as she breathed long and deeply on her flying horse.

When she checked Jim she had ridden miles, but not without a course nor without a purpose. Where the roads ahead of her parted to lead down the river and over the Elbow Pass to Medicine Bend, she halted within a clump of trees almost where she had first seen McCloud. Beyond the Mission mountains the sun was setting in a fire like that which glowed under her eyes. She could have counted her heart-beats as the crimson ball sank below the verge of the horizon and the shadows threw up the silver thread of the big river and deepened across the heavy green of the alfalfa fields. Where Dickie sat, struggling with her bounding pulse and holding Jim tightly in, no one from the ranch or, indeed, from the up-country could pass her unseen. She was waiting for a horseman, and the sun had set but a few minutes when she heard a sharp gallop coming down the upper road from the hills.

All her brave plans, terror-stricken at the sound of the hoof-beats, fled from her utterly. She was stunned by the suddenness of the crisis. She had meant to stop McCloud and speak to him, but before she could summon her courage a tall, slender man on horseback dashed past within a few feet of her. She could almost have touched him as he flew by, and a horse less steady than Jim would have shied under her. Dickie caught her breath. She did not know this man—she had seen only his eyes, oddly bright in the twilight as he passed—but he was not of the ranch. He must have come from the hill road, she concluded, down which she herself had just ridden. He was somewhere from the north, for he sat his horse like a statue and rode like the wind.

But the encounter nerved her to her resolve. Some leaden moments passed, and McCloud, galloping at a far milder pace toward the fork of the roads, checked his speed as he approached. He saw a woman on horseback waiting in his path.

"Mr. McCloud!"

"Miss Dunning!"

"I could not forgive myself if I waited too long to warn you that threats have been made against your life. Not of the kind you heard to-day. My cousin is not a murderer, and never could be, I am sure. In spite of his talk; but I was frightened at the thought that if anything dreadful should happen his name would be brought into it. There are enemies of yours in this country to be feared, and it is against these that I warn you. Good-night!"

"Surely you won't ride away without giving me a chance to thank you!" exclaimed McCloud. Dickie checked her horse. "I owe you a double debt of gratitude," he added, "and I am anxious to assure you that we desire nothing that will injure your interests in any way in crossing your lands."

"I know nothing about those matters, because my cousin manages everything. It is growing late and you have a good way to go, so good-night."

"But you will allow me to ride back to the house with you?"

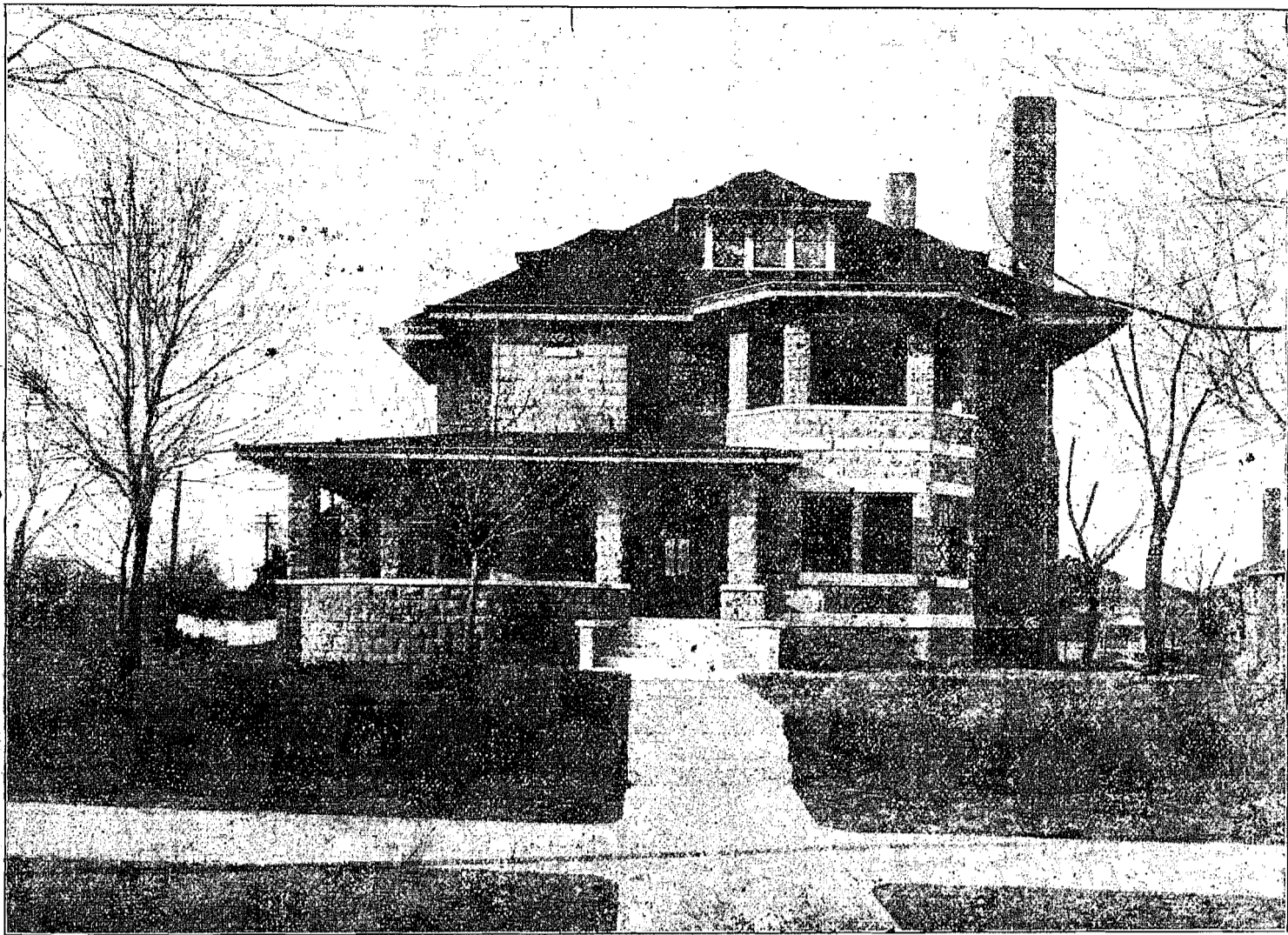
"Oh, no, indeed, thank you!"

"It will soon be dark and you are alone."

"No, no! I am quite safe and I have only a short ride. It is you who have far to go," and she spoke again to Jim, who started briskly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





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## Good Jokes

### WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

What shall we ask the Martians when we know they've noticed us? With signals flashing to and fro, What shall we first discuss?

Some people think we'd better ask "What is a Democrat?" And "What is whisky?" as if Mars Had such a drink as that!

Perhaps we'd better ask the chaps Who talk to us from Mars Through many million miles of space, All sprinkled o'er with stars.

If on that world, so far advanced, Which men of science, boast, The suffragettes have won the day And women rule the roost.

### Her Heavy Work.

"Well, dear, now that we can afford a servant, how does your housework go?"

"Just splendid! I leave my heaviest work to her and she makes light of it."

"You mean the bread making?"

### Too Much Devotion.

"So your husband always stays in the house nights," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other. "Once Hiram gets settled down in front of his fireside you can't get him out o' doors even to bring in an armful of wood."

### Sweet Charity.

"There is a poor widow dying of consumption in a reeking tenement down by the river."

"Dear me! I am so glad you told me! I'll send her a couple of free tickets to our cantata of 'Queen Esther,' right away!"—Puck.

### Paradoxical Excellence.

"Do you see that girl?"

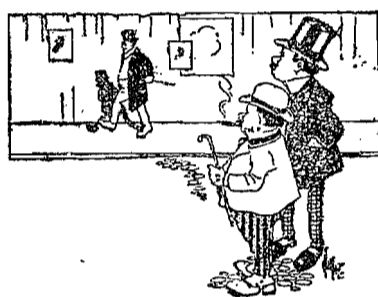
"Yes; what of her?"

"She graduated at once from the head and foot of her class."

"How could that be?"

"She studied as a toe dancer."

### AT FIRST SIGHT.



Howard—And how did that plain widow Perkins capture the fastidious Mawker?

Coward—Oh! took him out in her car and showed him a few hundred of her building lots.

Howard—Ah! I see. A case of love at first site.

### So It Does.

No sorrow ever lasts for long— The years have proved that true, And happiness sometimes, we know, Goes hand in hand with rue.

### Yes, Indeed.

"What remains in one's memory like the old farm? One can never forget it."

"The old mortgage on the old farm sticks in the memory pretty firmly also."

### Great Idea.

"You people have a primary law out here. How do you like it?"

"Suits me first rate. Gives me a chance to take a whack at a bum congressman without going outside of my party to do it."

### Scared Rabbit.

She—It is said that the rabbit sees behind as well as in front."

He—That accounts for the little animal taking fright when he sees one of those peach-basket hats coming or going.—Yonkers Statesman.

### The Place for It.

Anxious Writer—How are you going to classify my article on events in aerial navigation and travel?

Facetious Editor—My dear sir, we are going to run it under "Doings in High Life."

### A Mighty Pen.

Farmer Scabble-grass—Th' feller as said he would rather write than be president wa'n't so far wrong, after all.

Farmer Stubbs—Ya'as; but we can't all get a dollar a word for a jungle story.—Judge.

### Everything in the Tobacco Line.

Joker—Do you keep smokeless tobacco?

Clerk—Sure we do.

Joker—What kind is it?

Clerk—Chewing tobacco, of course.

—Cornell Widow.

### Suspicious.

"The first thing I heard when I arrived was that you had been married and I rushed right over to—"

"Gloat?"

### In the Same Fix.

"I don't know where I'm going to sleep to-night," said the beggar.

"Neither do I," said Mr. Chubley. "We're moving."

### A Clear Record.

"What do you know about this man's reputation for truth and veracity?"

"It's good. I understand he never goes fishing."

### Accomplished Linguist.

Harker—Great linguist, isn't he? Barker—You bet! He can talk in baseball, college and auto.

### Why Not?

"Say, paw," queried little Tommy Toddles, "what is a lambkin?"

"A lambkin, my boy," answered Toddles, Sr., "is a little lamb."

"Then, paw," continued Tommy, "I s'pose the little nap you take after dinner is a napkin, ain't it?"

### BITTER MEMORIES.



Passenger (on branch line)—Say, why does the engine always set up such a piteous howl at this particular spot?

Guard—Ah! it was here the engineer first met his wife.

### A Tip.

You who would keep your friend always, In his heart hold your place, When you have something for his ear Say it to his face.

### A Resemblance Noted.

"What do you think of tariff revision?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corn-tassel, "it strikes me that the tariff is a good deal like the weather. No matter what kind you get, it's pretty sure to be bad for somebody's business."

### The Rising Generation.

"Bliggins is always repeating something his small boy said."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "That boy must be a wonder. He is the only person I know of whose opinions Mr. Bliggins regards as more important than his own."

### And Turn About Is Fair Play.

Charitable Man (to beggar woman pushing her crippled husband in a wheelchair)—And do you push your poor helpless husband about in this chair all day long?

Beggar Woman—Oh, no! We take turn about!—Meggenlorfer Blatter.

### Out of Keeping.

"They had no suitable gloves in the store we went to. And that is a most extraordinary proceeding."

"Why extraordinary?"

"Because in the nature of things, gloves are something which should always be found on hand."

### Useful Article.

"See here!" snapped the angry passenger, "this nickel you gave me is lead and has a hole in the middle."

"I know it, sir," responded the conductor, calmly.

"Well, that's a nice way to ruffle up a man's temper when he is going on a fishing trip."

"That is the reason I gave it to you, sir. You can use it as a sinker."

### STUNG!



Mrs. Gottrox—You never loved me. You just married me for money.

Gottrox—Yes, and got green goods!

### A Safe Bet.

The Lambs they soon will gambol here, And it can be foreseen, A real sure tip it is when they Will gamble on the "green."

### An Event Anticipated.

"And when do you expect your daughter's wedding to be?"

"Why, my daughter isn't going to be married. She's a trained nurse, you know."

"I know, but I thought you said she was nursing a sick millionaire."

### Intellectual Diversion.

"That psychological research man entertains some strange theories."

"You have it the other way around," answered Miss Cayenne. "Those theories serve to entertain him."

### Wrong Time to Kiss.

"Did you ever see a fishing smack capsize?"

"No, but I once saw a boat turn over as the result of a fishing smack."

### Punctual There.

"Does he ever do anything on time?"

"Oh, yes. He quits work."

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Meets the first Tuesday evening in the  
month at the school building.  
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Florence, Neb., July 9, 1909.

And it rained.

To all our new readers—Greeting.

Does any one know what the sun  
looks like?

It is proper to speak of Florence  
as "she," but it is "It."

Wonder if our mayor was "tuckered"  
out after the celebration?

Don't do a wrong thing today that  
you can put off till tomorrow.

Are you tired of getting off the  
street car in a puddle of mud?

The Woodmen may not like rain,  
but they certainly got plenty of it.

It is impossible for us to get out a  
dry paper, when it rains every day.

The railroads may have wash-outs  
on their lines but the housewives  
can't.

We can't get too big a crowd of  
readers to suit us. We like that kind  
of a crowd.

We hope our paper will prove as in-  
teresting to our new readers as it has  
to our old ones.

Keep out of the clutches of the  
chief-of-police if you don't want to  
be "marred."

Any time we can't have more than  
four items of local news we will stop  
publishing a paper.

That Blair band was all right but  
for the life of us we can't see why  
Florence has not a band of its own.

The farmers will pay a big reward  
to the person that will discover some  
means of keeping the weeds from  
growing while it rains.

If that paving had been down on  
Main street we might have had that  
parade as well as less mud to wade  
through.

Everybody put their shoulder to the  
wheels now and help boost for the big  
encampment at Florence of the Doug-  
las County Veterans.

The timid and nervous people do  
not refer to the celebration of the  
Fourth of July as a "damp Fourth."  
They leave off the "p." This year the  
small boy used both words.

It begins to look as though Main  
street will be paved about like an-  
other place we have heard of but  
never visited. That place is said to  
be paved with good intentions.

The physicians report the Gimlet  
to be in a serious condition after the  
operation. However they managed to  
get out last week even though  
there were only four items of local  
news.

## Nebraska State Fair.

Nebraska is planning for the great-  
est fair in the history of its organiza-  
tion, Sept. 6 to 10, 1909. It has the  
reputation of steadily advancing in  
its state fair enterprise, and this year  
will be no exception to the record  
that it is annually making.

Nebraska has now fine prospects  
for good crops of all kinds, and this  
is a guarantee that its mammoth agri-  
cultural products display of 1909 will  
equal, if not exceed, any former exhibi-  
tion. All departments, so far, show  
increased demands for exhibition  
space. The live stock departments  
at this date have never indicated so  
much interest in securing stalls and  
pens. It is plainly forecast now that  
the draft horse, cattle and swine de-  
partments will each be record break-  
ers in number of animals exhibited.  
Many new breeders are entering the  
lists as exhibitors. The quality of  
display in these classes is steadily  
advancing. Competition open to the  
world has induced many breeders  
from other states to come to the Ne-  
braska state fair with an assurance  
that they will be justly dealt with.  
The best expert judges are secured  
for each department of the fair, men  
of national reputation, whose judg-  
ment, honor and integrity are above

question. The best is none too good  
for the fair that builds for the people  
and the future is the motto set by the  
Nebraska management and they are  
hewing close to the line.

The new live stock judging pavilion  
will be ready for occupancy when the  
fair opens. This is by far the best  
improvement on the fair grounds, and  
will cost when completed \$100,000.  
It will seat over 5,000 people and have  
exhibition room for both horses and  
cattle to be judged at the same time.

The fair grounds will be treated to  
several thousand dollars of improve-  
ments in sidewalks, beautifying the  
grounds and general comforts for the  
visitors.

## A Suggestion Worth Considering.

The same county comptroller's re-  
port that shows for the year 1908  
nearly \$4,500 was paid out of the  
county treasury for appraisers' fees in  
probate cases discloses that \$2,745  
was likewise paid out as attorneys'  
fees for defending indigent persons on  
trial in the district court, says the  
Omaha Bee recently. This item  
for the year is smaller than it usually  
is because no very important cases  
required defense at the expense of  
the county, but it is safe to say that  
at least half of this money could have  
been saved if an attorney of fair abil-  
ity were regularly employed on a sal-  
ary to attend to this work. A deputy  
county attorney drawing not over  
\$1,500 a year does the prosecuting and  
the defense could easily be cared for  
on the same basis without overtaxing  
the time or talents of the attorney  
employed.

Of course, to put the assignments  
to defend indigent prisoners all in one  
basket would seriously interfere with  
the practice of the judges of distrib-  
uting these favors as perquisites per-  
taining to the judicial office, but the  
same result could be obtained, if de-  
sired, by making appointments of  
short terms and rotating them. If the  
judges were willing, this saving of  
money for the taxpayers could be  
done right now without any change  
in the law. Otherwise the legisla-  
ture will first have to act by the crea-  
tion of the office of defending attor-  
ney.

## In Extremis.

I have eaten an apple, mother—  
An apple of greenish hue;  
And some way or other, mother,  
It has pointed my thought to you.

It was such a temptation, mother—  
A windfall of tender age;  
But it gripes like the mischief, mother,  
And I'm needing your counsel sage.

Was it rhubarb or mustard, mother,  
You put in dear Johnny's tea  
When he writhed with convulsions,  
mother,  
Like these that now torture me?

Was it quinine or soda, mother,  
You put in the water hot,  
And Johnny admitted, mother,  
It went to the very spot?

'Twas only an apple, mother,  
Yet sad is my soul today,  
For I yearn for some method, mother,  
Of driving this pain away.

Only an apple, dear mother—  
A sphere of greenish hue;  
But tell me, oh, tell me, mother,  
What—what shall your offspring do?  
—L. S. Waterhouse in Judge.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

Searle Kelly, Harriet Ingersoll, Min-  
nie Dailey, Belle Dailey, Louise Fin-  
ney and Wilbur Nichols formed a  
theater party that went to Omaha Fri-  
day evening.

Anderson & Hollingsworth have a  
full line of fresh fruit of all kinds.  
Mrs. F. B. Nichols, Mrs. B. F. Rey-  
nolds, Mrs. H. F. Reynolds and her  
guest, Miss Beebe of Brooklyn, N. Y.,  
and Mrs. W. L. Ross were the guests  
of Mrs. George B. Eddy in Omaha Fri-  
day afternoon.

Robert H. Olmsted, who has been  
attending a family reunion at Cincin-  
nati, O., returned home Thursday.  
Mrs. Olmsted and the children will re-  
main there for some time.

Take your tools to McGregor and  
have them sharpened.

Mrs. Frank Pascale, who has been  
visiting relatives in Kansas City the  
past four weeks, is expected home  
Monday.

Don't forget the meeting of the Im-  
provement club at City Hall Saturday  
night.

Jeff W. Bedford and Fred Bruning  
spent Thursday in Florence looking  
over the paving situation.

A. L. Small of Omaha was visiting  
Florence friends Thursday.  
H. E. Sears, chief clerk in the tariff  
department of the Colorado & South-  
ern at Denver is the guest of E. L.  
Platz.

H. L. Snyder visited with Florence  
friends Monday.

Miss Emma Bergelt visited with  
Florence friends Monday afternoon  
and evening.

Don't forget the meeting of the Im-  
provement club at City Hall Saturday  
night.

Charles Keenan of Madison, Wis.,  
has taken the clerkship at McClark  
made vacant by the resignation of  
Wilbur Nichols.

Miss Fields of Omaha is the guest  
of Miss Emma Bergelt.

For a clean shave or any barber  
work see J. C. Renninger.

Dan McLain of South Omaha was  
visiting with Florence friends Monday.  
Chris. Hanson visited with Florence  
friends Monday.

The Tribune is \$1.00 a year and is  
worth it.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Chandler re-  
turned Monday from Hancock, Iowa,  
where they celebrated the Fourth.

Mr. Holmquist, whose farm is  
north of Florence, broke an arm and  
two ribs in a runaway accident near  
his home Friday.

Don't forget the meeting of the Im-  
provement club at City Hall Saturday  
night.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Thomas left Sun-  
day morning for Niagara Falls where  
they will visit for two weeks.

McClure's fireworks stand caught  
fire Monday and created great excite-  
ment but no damage beyond the loss  
of the fireworks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Letovsky of Ben-  
son were the guests of Mr. and Mrs.  
S. B. Letovsky Sunday and Monday.

Miss Marie Feldhausen spent the  
Fourth at Fort Calhoun.

At the meeting of the school board  
of district 21, better known as the  
Ponca school, C. B. Christensen was  
elected to the board in the place of  
D. Deyo. Miss Winegard and Miss  
for the coming year. The school has  
an attendance of about 60 pupils.

Masters Lansing and Harry Brisbin  
and Miss Zerlina Brisbin were guests  
of Mrs. Thomas A. Fry at a children's  
party given in honor of Miss Helen  
Fry on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Thompson en-  
tertained a large party of Omaha  
friends Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Brisbin entertained a  
large party Monday in honor of Dr.  
and Mrs. Pollard.

Miss Prudence Tracy will lead the  
young people's meeting at the Pres-  
byterian church Sunday evening, her  
topic being "Lessons From the Life  
of John."

The Improvement club will hold a  
big meeting at the city hall Saturday  
night. They want everyone to turn  
out, as they have some letters to  
make public as well as a great deal  
more information about the paving.

Mrs. John Price left Monday for a  
two months' visit at Boneta Springs,  
South Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler of Benson were  
the guests of Mrs. Viola Pettit Mon-  
day.

The Seven Oaks Poultry farm is  
making great improvements in their  
place by painting the buildings.

Mrs. Thomas Shively was overcome  
by the heat Saturday after she had  
driven in from their farm home. She  
is reported as being all right at last  
accounts.

It is reported that Dr. Adams has  
bought the building in which Pas-  
cale's hall is located and will remodel  
the hall adding a kitchen, lavatory  
and cloak room besides redecorating  
the interior.

The city council did not hold its  
usual meeting Monday on account of  
the celebration of the Fourth. They  
will meet Monday to open bids on the  
new cement sidewalks.

## FORT CALHOUN NEWS

The Alamitos took a special car to  
Calhoun Sunday and easily defeated  
the home team by the score of 9 to 0.  
Kernan of the Alamitos pitched a  
great game, striking out fourteen men  
and only allowing four hits. Frankie  
Woodruff carried off the batting hon-  
ors with a sizzling three-bagger over  
the left field fence and two singles out  
of five times up. The score:  
Alamitos.....0 2 0 2 2 0 2 0—9  
Calhoun.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0  
Batteries—Kernan and Roberts,  
Gustin and Slater. Hits—Alamitos 10.  
Calhoun 4. Errors—Alamitos 2, Cal-  
houn 2.

J. E. Lutz of Blair and a brother  
from Cedar Rapids, Ia., were in town  
this week.

Frank Wenningshoff of Benson was  
here on business.

Grandma Hulse, who has made her  
home in Alabama for some years, is  
back on a visit.

Miss Elizabeth Hilkeman has gone  
to Doran, Minn.

Captain Watkins, pioneer Nebraska  
stage carrier, and wife, now of Mal-  
vern, Ia., went through here to visit  
children in Arlington and Fremont.

A gang of men have painted the de-  
pot inside and out and the citizens  
are proud of it.

Superintendent Duff of Blair had a  
force of men putting up additional  
telephone wires to Omaha.

Henry Bascom found a keg of beer  
floating in the river. The hoops were  
badly rusted, as though it had been  
lost some time.

Attorney Hamilton of Omaha was  
out at his farm and says his brother  
talks of building a summer home on  
his farm here.

Among Omaha people here for the  
Fourth were Harry Lennelle.

Miss Irene Honsacker of Fredonia,  
Kas., came to visit Grandfather James  
Waltons.

Miss Marrie Feldhusen came from  
Florence to spend the Fourth.

## His Fault.

"I always think twice before I  
speak," asserts the man who wears a  
frook coat and is always ready to  
make an address.

"I believe you," replies the man who  
is sometimes forced to be one of the  
audience, "but the only criticism I  
have to offer is that after you begin  
speaking you seem to stop thinking."

## Sacrifice Sales.

A department store is a place where  
prices are butchered to make a wom-  
an's holiday.—From "Pippins and  
Peaches."

## Spend Much on Intoxicants.

On an average each resident of Ber-  
lin is said to spend one-eleventh of his  
income on intoxicating drink.

## 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 at the Circus.

One day the Little Girl saw on the  
billboards highly colored pictures of  
many animals, which meant that a cir-  
cus was to come to the town in which  
she lived. Now, this Little Girl wanted  
very much to see the circus, so she  
was a very good Little Girl and helped  
her papa every night by getting his  
slippers ready and his paper for him  
to read. She asked her papa if he  
would take her to the circus.

And she was such a good little girl  
her papa told her he would.

When they came to the circus  
grounds they found that there was a  
big crowd of people around the tents  
and everybody seemed excited. They  
went into the tent between two long  
ropes and found themselves in the ani-  
mal tent.

The Little Girl saw the elephants  
and asked her papa why they had such  
big noses.

Her papa told her it was the trunk  
of the elephant, and not its nose, and  
that the elephant used the trunk the  
same as people used their hands. He  
told her that the end was divided into  
two little places, and that a sort of a  
finger covered the holes whenever the  
elephant had anything to eat in the  
trunk. It was able to take even the  
smallest articles into its trunk and  
put them into its mouth.

Her papa told her that when Adam  
and Eve were in the Garden of Eden  
the elephant used to wrinkle his  
trunk to make mirth for them, and  
that ever since the elephant's trunk  
has been wrinkled.

### Scant Menu.

The pert young thing in the elabo-  
rate costume is undeniably the belle  
of the ball. Surrounding her, three or  
four deep, is a bunch of young men  
who are visibly impressed by her  
witty smiles and by the biting nature  
of her repartee.

From amidst this gathering of im-  
pressionable youth there emerges a  
bald man with a peculiar twitch of  
scorn about his mustache.

"Isn't she a feast for the eyes?"  
asks one of the callow youths.

"Feast?" growls the bald man, dys-  
peptically. "Feast? Not much. She's  
nothing but sauce and dressing."

### Fame and Money.

"Good for you Scribbler," says the  
friend to the dreamy-eyed poet. "I  
tel you I am rejoiced to see your  
poem, 'Soul-Space,' in the Decade Ma-  
gazine. Any man should be proud of  
such an honor."

Modestly thanking him, the poet  
goes on. But he does not disclose the  
fact that the occasion of his happi-  
ness is the check he has received for  
royalties on his rag-time song, "Ma  
Coal-Black Lady Wid de Shoebox  
Feet," which he has published under  
an assumed name.

For, like most who love Art for Art's  
sake, he is leading a double life.

## 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.  
Venerable Consul.....J. A. Fox  
W. A. ....C. J. Larsen  
Banker.....F. D. Leach  
Clerk.....W. R. Wall  
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday  
of each month in Wall's Hall.

# McCLURE'S

## Big Store

## THE LARGEST LINE OF FIREWORKS

IN THE CITY AND AT  
THE RIGHT PRICES

Men's Hosiery, Summer Under-  
wear, Ties and Furnishings

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

**\$5.00 Down and  
\$5 a Month on the  
cheaper lots and \$10  
Down and \$10 a  
Month on the higher  
priced lots. Be sure  
to see us before you  
buy. We write**

**FIRE INSURANCE**  
**Hastings & Heyden**  
1614 Harney St.

The New Drug Store  
**BELL DRUG CO.**  
Prescriptions carefully com-  
pounded. Toilet Goods, Per-  
fumes, Patent Medicines. Try  
our Soda. It's good.  
MAIN STREET. TEL 378.

**KIERLE ICE CO.**  
Reservoir Ice  
TEL. FLORENCE 208 and 347

**Postal Cards**  
Two for 25c. Finished while you wait.  
Four large photos for \$1, at  
**EMORY**  
**FOTOGRAFER**  
Ground Floor, 14th and Harney Sts.  
Krug Theater Bldg. OMAHA, NEB.

**Henry Anderson**  
**THE SCHLITZ PLACE**  
Finest Wines and Liquors and Ci-  
gars. Sole agent for celebrated  
Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Flo-  
rence and vicinity.  
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

**James Nicholson**  
**BLUE RIBBON GARDEN**

At the end of the car line.  
Storz Celebrated Artesian Well  
Water Beer.

## Wanted---Salesmen

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

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

**STARK BROS NURSERIES & GARDENS**  
LOUISIANA, - - - MISSOURI.

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

**PATENTS**  
PROCURED  
ON EASY TERMS.  
TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS  
Books and advice free. Highest references, 20  
years experience. We are registered attorneys.  
Send sketch of your invention for free opinion  
as to patentability.  
**CRISWELL & CRISWELL**  
902 F. ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.  
45 Broadway, New York City

**WILLIAM TUCKER**  
Main St., north of Bank of Florence  
**Storz Beer**  
Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

**Storz**  
**TRIUMPH BOTTLED BEER**  
"A healthful mellow brew"  
It nourishes, strengthens, upbuilds.  
Helps you dig your way to success.  
MADE IN OMAHA  
BY  
THE  
**STORZ**  
**BRO CO.**  
Sold by  
WILLIAM TUCKER  
J. NICHOLSON.



## FROCKS OF CHIFFON

DEMAND FOR THIS MATERIAL TO BE UNPRECEDENTED.

Somewhat Extravagant, But the Material is Beautiful and Wears Well—Loose Coats to Be Worn with Gowns.

The demand for chiffon materials promises to be unprecedented this season, unless the makers of the modes flatly deny their own children and refuse to live up to the laws they have laid down in their early season models. It is extravagant, of course, this fad of the chiffon frock, the chiffon coat, etc., for chiffon seldom goes unadorned, and this filmy material is beautified in the smartest models by a wealth of hand work—embroidery, braiding, insert lace, etc. Moreover, chiffon must be used lavishly. No skimping in the soft, graceful folds. No sparing of material in the draperies. Set over against these objections the beauty of the material, its ideal draping qualities and the fact that the heavier quality of chiffon, known as chiffon cloth, wears surprisingly well in spite of its sheerness and comes out fresh and lovely from frequent pressing. It is the mode. There is the only unanswerable argument in its favor.

Some sheer, lovely marisettes and kindred materials share honors with chiffon in the designing of the new thin coats and sheer costumes, but, on the whole, the chiffon is preferable. No other material gives just the cloudy, veiling effect which most exquisitely softens contrasting colors or contrasting surfaces in the same color.

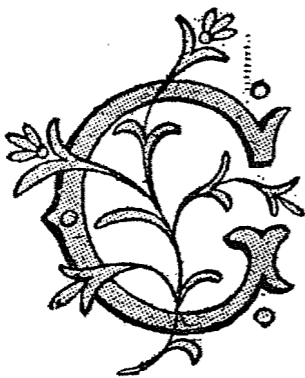
One importer has put forth some original and lovely models in foulard, chiffon veiled. He uses a bordure dotel foulard. For example, there is a clinging, simple frock of soft old blue satin foulard, with white water dots over its surface and a border of big graduated white dots. The plain skirt is limp and long and untrimmed, save for the border around the bottom. Over this frock or slip, for it is little more, and the coat is joined to it, not separate, is a loose, graceful coat of smoky gray chiffon, a little short of

waist, finished around the edges in gray silk, braided finely and lightly in gray and silver and fastening with big braid ornaments of the gray and silver—an odd combination which sounds bizarre, but is, in fact, lovely and not conspicuous.

More often the chiffon coat is the color of the frock with which it is to be worn and made separately from it. One recent importation included a gown of this sort in one of the new blues, which have the greenish tone associated with the peacock blues, but are much softer and duller than the more vivid peacock blues. They might be called the peacock blues dashed with gray.

The frock of chiffon is almost entirely hidden by a coat of the chiffon falling in straight, soft folds from the shoulders and at the bottom running down in long points almost to the hem of the frock, but sloping up at front and back. The coat is bordered widely by self-color embroidery and a deep collar falling over the shoulders is almost wholly embroidered. The softness of the material prevents the fullness from being in any way bunglesome, and the embroidery weighs the chiffon down into clinging lines, so that the effect is that of a cloudy veiling through which the faintly defined lines of the figure show.

TO BE EMBROIDERED.

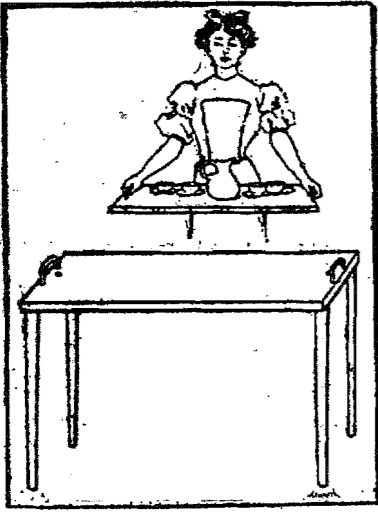


This "G" is a distinct as well as a decorative letter suitable for marking table linen, handkerchiefs, etc. It may be worked in white or ingrain colored cotton, and is entirely in satin stitch. To mark it on the material use blue tracing cloth.

## COMBINES TRAY AND TABLE.

One of the Recent Inventions Designed to Save Space in the Modern Flat.

As life is becoming more complex, inventive geniuses are turning their attention in directions which will help preserve the balance. Inasmuch as the modern household requires a greater variety of furnishings to meet the increased social demands, while the average home occupies less space than formerly, it has been found necessary to manufacture articles of multiple uses. One of the latest of these is the folding tea tray, which is constructed on the principle of the fold-



Tray and Table in One.

ing sewing table, but is an entirely different article. To see a maid entering the room with one of these contrivances, laden with tea, coffee or chocolate, as the case may be, and the accompanying cups, saucers, sugar and cream, the unknowing guest would think she was bearing a tray only. Then, when she reaches the spot where her mistress desires the table placed, the maid presses with her thumbs two buttons on either side of the tray and legs spring out from the bottom, as if by magic, transforming the affair into a substantial table.

**Final Touch to Costume.**  
"It is strange how a little thing will give an air to a costume," said a West Philadelphia woman. "I have a friend who has a pronounced olive complexion. That woman knows how to whiten her complexion without adding a bit of powder."

"How does she do it? She always wears a tiny bit of black velvet close to her face."

"Perhaps it is just a band about the collar, but however she manages it she wears it close to her face."

"This makes it quite possible to wear a gown which otherwise would be unbecoming, for the black whitens her skin wonderfully."

## WORK IS NOT WHOLE OF LIFE

Too Many Women Forget the Absolute Necessity of a Rest Once in a While.

There would not be so many worn-out, fagged-looking women if we learned early the value of that ounce of prevention. With most of us prevention is like thunder—it comes after the danger is past.

So much of the misery of life is preventable that it is pitiful how rarely the effort is made. We lose our looks, break down before our time, and either are snuffed out altogether, or hang on creaking hinges when we should be in the full flush of living.

Most women act as if they were fatalists—what must be, must be. Then they groan when the inevitable occurs instead of living up to the true fatalist spirit of stoicism.

Perhaps you are one of the persons who never take any rest. You look on life as a race to be run, forgetting that the strongest runner goes slow until the finish.

Have you the foolish idea that to stop a minute to read the papers or to dip into a famous book is stealing time that should be devoted to husband or children? Are you charitable to every one but yourself, and look upon letting up in your mad race as shirking?

Are you one of those misguided beings who think monotonous plodding is duty, and crush out young longings for an occasional matinee or social outing lest you fall in some chimerical duty?

If so, readjust things. Learn to look on these things as "that ounce of prevention" without which smash-ups are inevitable. It is continual plodding that not only makes life stale, but brings wrinkles and narrow minds.

It does us all good to run away from duty once in a while. Even if you think that it spells wickedness, then be wicked for the good of your mind and body.

Variety is not to be measured by the ounce in its preventive value.

Do you ever stop to think what a breakdown means? How many of the coveted pleasures or longed-for rests could have been had for the doctor's hire?

Occasional flight from the grind is better than skilled specialists to keep one well, which is the sensible modern woman's reading of "that ounce of prevention."

### New Flower Holders.

These are in silver plate, a latticed pattern like a small round centerpiece. The bottom is glass, and there are four silver claw feet to hold it. The top is covered with a wire netting which supports the flowers and makes it easy to arrange them attractively.

—Vogue.

Waiting for Her Chance.  
"But," pleads the ardent young millionaire who has secured the license to marry the beautiful chorus girl, "why should we postpone our marriage for two weeks? We can just as well run around to the minister, have the ceremony performed and start on our honeymoon."

"It looks all right from where you sit," she interrupted him. "But I wouldn't even get a look-in for press notices if I got married this week, while all those grand opera stars are taking up the space. Pet, the best wedding notice we'd get would be a line in the vital statistics."

### Comprehensive Blessing.

The father of a family being absent at dinner, the mother called on little 5-year-old Ernest to say the blessing. Folding his hands and bending his head, he said: "Dear Lord, sometimes we have more and sometimes less, but we're very thankful."

### Vast Body of Iron Ore.

A single body of iron ore in Lebanon county, Pa., has been mined almost without interruption since 1740.

### Grades of Meerschaum.

To the casual observer all meerschaum looks alike, but there are 13 recognized grades of this material.

## THE HOME OF LUXUS

HANS PETERSON  
Krug's Famous Beer, Wines Liquors and Cigars  
Opposite Postoffice. Tel 243.

## JOHN C. RENNINGER, BARBER SHOP

First-class work with an up-to-date shop  
Main Street Florence, Neb.

## WHERE IT BELONGS

Both the express companies and post office are trying to handle a line of business which legitimately belongs to the bank, and which the bank can take care of at less cost than they can. Do you know that we will furnish you a BANK MONEY ORDER that is better in every way than that furnished by either express company or post office, that may be procured quickly and without red tape, and that is cheaper on every amount over \$5.00? Next time you want to send money away, come to us and buy a BANK MONEY ORDER. You will never again employ any other method.

FARMERS STATE BANK  
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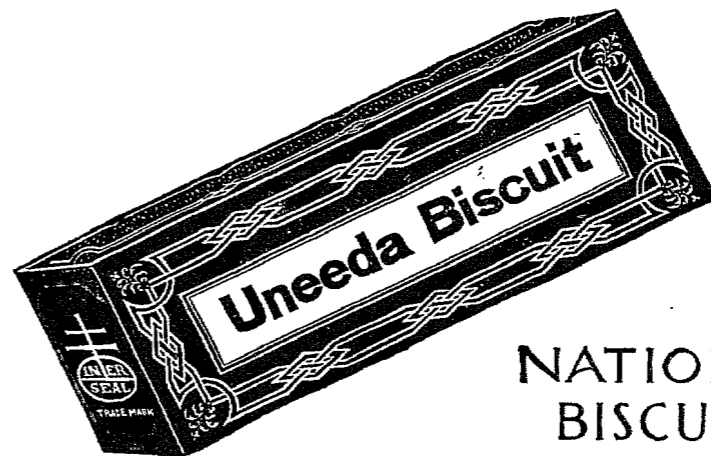
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# A Dynamite Diet

BY JAMES RAVENSCROFT

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"Talking about subway explosions," said the Missouri colonel, addressing those who had been dilating upon the dangers of a great city, "reminds me of a little blow-up which occurred once on my daddy's farm."

"Natural gas?" queried the anticipating individual.

"Worse than that," answered the colonel.

"Oh, I see, it was a cyclone!" exclaimed the alleged funny man.

"Well, it was just as bad," said the colonel, "only in a different way. It was dynamite. I was only a boy then, but I can hear that explosion yet. The old man was having a portion of the farm cleared and grubbed. He had to have it grubbed because the stumps were so thick you couldn't get through them with a one-horse plow. I often walked all over the field stepping from the top of one stump to another."

"The usual way of grubbing was to dig up the stump and then fill in the hole, which was a perfectly safe way. But the Old Man was a person of advanced ideas and was always trying to improve on existing machinery and

packs of wheat and oats had been spilled in that same heap of sawdust, and one day not long after the pills had been hidden a greedy hog succeeded in squeezing through the fence into the lot and proceeded to gleefully root up the sawdust in quest of the grain. I can't for the life of me imagine how that hog ever did it, but it swallowed some of those dynamite pills without exploding them. After snorting in the sawdust to its satisfaction, it returned to the main lot and entered the barn, where a young and reckless mule was tied. You can guess the rest; the mule kicked the hog."

"We had just sat down to dinner when it happened. The house shook, the dishes danced on the table, and dear old mother fainted. We thought it was an earthquake. The Old Man jumped up and ran out into the yard, us boys following."

"Great Jupiter! Half the barn was gone—scattered all over the lot and adjoining field. The Old Man gazed on the scene of desolation and, with remarkable calmness, said:

"It's them infernal pills."

"We found a hoof and a few pieces of hair and hide which once belonged to the hog. The young and reckless mule was not in sight. While searching the weeds in the lot for traces of his anatomy I heard a feeble bray from the section of the barn which remained standing. The mule was lying on the flat roof of the side shed, and evidently had just regained consciousness."

At this point there was a unanimous protest from the crowd and the colonel concluded:

"To his dying day that mule was never known to kick anything again."

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The Mule Kicked the Hog.

methods. He had been growing all summer about the slow work of grubbing and was wishing for some new-fangled process of pulling stumps. He had tried several of his own inventions, but all had failed.

"One Saturday afternoon he returned from the post office in a jubilant state of mind. His weekly paper, 'devoted to agricultural interests,' contained an account of how dynamite could be utilized in pulling stumps, and the business advertisement of the enterprising individual who had fixed up the stuff for that purpose. The Old Man ordered some at once. It came to the nearest railway station packed in cotton, sawdust and other things. I went with him after it and when we got there a crowd was standing around the box reading the danger signs which had been written all over it by the express agent."

"I drove home, and the Old Man held the box on his lap. It took about three hours to get it open, as he worked on it like it was a soft-shelled egg. At last he got to the center of the package and found a small wooden box. The whole family held their breath while he slowly drew off the top. It contained a quantity of lumps or flakes, each about the size of a pea. The Old Man christened them pills on sight. A small roll of tinfoil held enough fuses to go round."

"The Old Man skimmed over the directions and started for the stump patch. He made us boys wait on a hill, some two or three hundred yards away, while he and the hired man selected the biggest stump in the patch, excavated under it, planted the pill and lit the fuse."

"I suppose they were nearly killed?" interrupted the anticipating individual.

"No, indeed," replied the colonel, "nothing of the sort. The thing worked like a charm. The stump was lifted as easily as I would pull a weed, and there wasn't much of a shock either."

"I thought you said there was an explosion?" said the alleged funny man cynically.

"I'm coming to that," resumed the colonel complacently. "When the Old Man finished blowing up stumps he had a handful of the pills left, and he didn't know what to do with them. He was afraid to take them in the house, and he was afraid to put them in the barn or any place he could think of. In an unused lot behind the barn was a pile of rotting saw dust. The Old Man remembered that the dynamite came packed in sawdust, and he hastened to inter the remaining pills in the heap."

"During the threshing season several

## DEVELOP BEST IN THE CITY.

Facts Show That Country Life Is Not Conducive to Woman's Intellectual Progress.

We hear a great deal about the country districts producing our best men, but no one seems to have asked the question in regard to women. Does country or city produce the finer type? That every girl should get into touch with country life, all agree. It means health; it gives a knowledge of out-of-doors difficult to acquire later, and a kind of self-reliance different from that which is common in the city. But whether prolonged and unbroken residence in the rural regions is good for women, is another affair. Those reared in the great silent spaces of the northwest, for example, do not seem to rise to opportunities for development as do men. The woman on the farm seems more apt to be crushed by the hardships of her lot, than made stronger and more resourceful. It is doubtful whether women have the same power for sustaining loneliness as men. The books we have by women are almost entirely written by the city bred. The two great singers, Nordica and Eames, were, to be sure, born in small villages, but they went to study in metropolitan centers. As to the physical advantages of the city women, as compared with her country cousin, nearly every one of them is on the side of the former. Among western women on the ranches we find, to be sure, many hard-riding, out-of-door girls. But they do not attain the broad and simple outlook on life which characterizes many western men, nor quite that appreciation of nature which makes some of these men real poets. In their chosen field of outdoor life their city sisters often equal them, and in other matters far outstrip them. The severity of the existence in a remote neighborhood does not, in fact, appear to conduce to the best development of women. For one Olive Schreiner, brought up in the vastness of an African plain, we have unaccounted women writers, musicians, editors, teachers and artists, who hail from the city or its environs. Whether the enlarging interests of woman will change what now seems a fact, time will show.—New York Post.

## Foot Racing in the 60's.

One has to go back to the 60's to find anything like the present enthusiasm about professional foot racing. In those days, too, a Redskins played a conspicuous part in attracting tens of thousands of people to watch his paces—we mean the reservation Indian, L. Bennett, popularly known as Deerfoot.

He was one of a paid troupe of runners, organized and bossed by one man, very much after the manner the American amateurs were controlled at the recent Olympic games.

The parallel can be carried further inasmuch as another of the troupe was a middle-distance runner, as Shrubbs is to-day. We refer to the late Bill Lang, who once ran a mile in a shade outside four minutes on a downhill course at Newmarket, and could, when told to, defeat the Indian at ten miles. It was this controlling of results which killed the popularity of professional pedestrianism in the 60's.—Baily's Magazine.

## Art of the Conversationalist.

A good conversationalist will aim to understand his subject so well that he may avoid the fatal error of saying all there is to be said about it.—Puck.

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# CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT

By EDWARD B. CLARK

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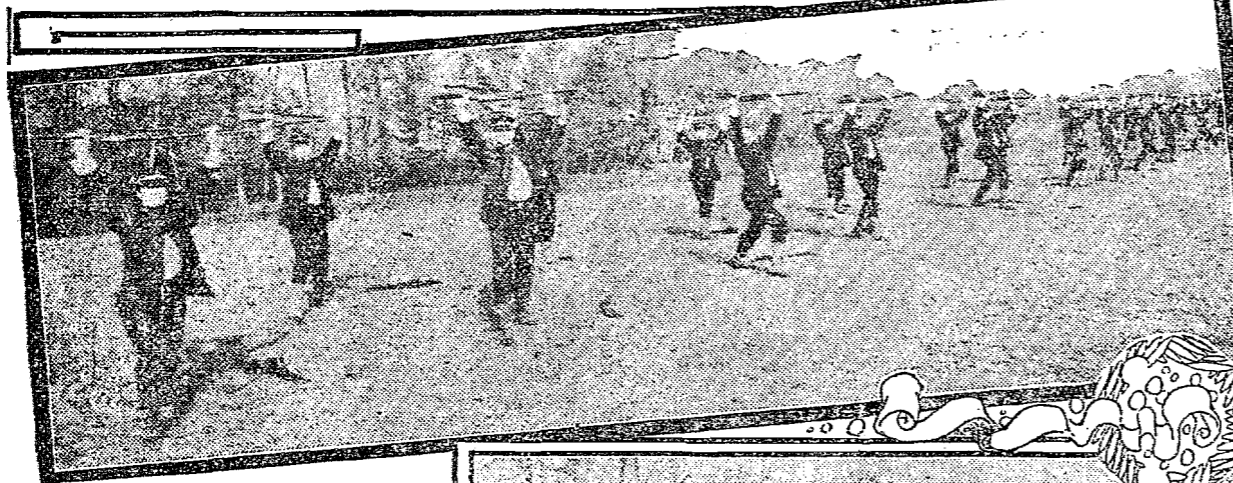
WASHINGTON.—Congress almost every year has before it the case of some West Point cadet who allowed his animal spirits to get the better of him, and who under the impulse of the moment committed some act of hazing or of another kind of a discipline breach, and therefore suffered dismissal. The life at West Point is a hard one, and each successive board of visitors is likely to make some suggestion to make the cadet's condition just a little more irksome. Just now there is speculation on the subject of what the official visitors of the year of grace, 1909, will recommend as an addition to the academy's code of discipline.

Sometime ago a clergyman of the Church of England visited West Point. He wished to get full knowledge of the drill, the system of study and the disciplinary methods of the institution, and so he rose at reveille and made the cadet day his own, until taps had sent the strapping soldiers to their blankets.

The clergyman, after seeing lights out, went to the off-



SETTING-UP DRILL



PHYSICAL DRILL UNDER ARMS

cers' mess and there in response to a question from the superintendent of the academy, he summarized his opinion of the day's duties of the cadets by paraphrasing the remark of the Frenchman on one of the Crimean battlefields: "It's magnificent, but it's a beastly grind."

Lord Roberts not long ago declared that the United States school on the Hudson is the greatest military institution in the world. The hero of Kandahar doubtless had made some study of the records and of averages, for history shows that in the number of soldiers entitled to be called great, West Point has turned out more than all the military schools of the continent combined.

Obedience and discipline are the foundation stones of the success of a soldier, according to all the authorities who judge solely by results obtained. Disobedience of orders means dismissal from the military academy. Disobedience of direct orders is a thing practically unknown at the school. Infractions of regulations may in a sense be termed disobedience, but they are never so regarded in any of the world's schools. Boy nature would needs be remade if the rules of any institution were to be kept to the letter of the law.

Discipline at West Point is rigid to severity. As far as disciplinary methods are concerned the school never changes. It is the same to-day as it was in the days of Grant and Lee.

Take a day at the academy and compare its duties with those of any other institution, no matter of what country, and it will be seen that in comparison to the cadets' labor the work of students at other schools is but play. During certain months of the year there is little play at West Point. Drill in the open air gives the requisite exercise to keep the physique right, and for recreation apparently there is no need.

The routine has changed a little with the passing years, but in a general way the day's program at the academy is like this:

Reveille at 6 o'clock; roll call at 6:20; breakfast at 6:25; guard mount at 7:15; recitations and study hours from 8 until 1; dinner, 1 until 1:40; recitations and study from 2 until 4; drill from 4 until 5:20; parade at 5:30; supper at 6; study from 7 until 9:30; tattoo, then taps and sleep.

There are no recitations at the United States military academy on Saturday afternoons, and the cadets are given what is called "release from quarters," with permission to visit one another in barracks or to roam about the reservation, taking good care, under pain of dismissal, to keep from going off limits.

Release from quarters never comes for some cadets. The breaking of some small rule means confinement to quarters or the walking of extra guard tours. The boy who unwittingly puts on a pair of white trousers having an iron rust stain on them, and wears them at drill or at dress parade, will know no release from quarters for days.

Should a speck of rust be found on his rifle at Sunday morning inspection, he will shoulder that rifle and walk two or more hours up and down the area of barracks as a "sentinel without charge," while his more fortunate comrades are experiencing the ecstasy which comes from permission to ramble about the parade ground and to view the hotel and other delights of civilization from a distance.

Upon occasion the cadets are given permission to call upon friends at the little hotel on the reservation. If, however, a boy commits the enormous offense of leaving the main parlor of the hotel to visit his father or mother in another room, and the act should be discovered, he will never see the inside of that hotel again until many weeks have rolled by and he has expiated his crime by many extra tours of guard duty in the broiling sun or zero weather or a Highlands' winter.

In an elder day at the academy, and it may be so to-day, the mail bag into which the cadets dropped their letters was hung with wide distended mouth just inside the door of the guardhouse. Until the first call for breakfast, the guardhouse was "off limits." The instant the drums rolled the cadets could enter the building and drop their letters. One morning a cadet stood without the door, holding his letter in his hands. The drummer's sticks were poised tremblingly, waiting to fall for the pounding out of the first call for breakfast.

The cadet saw the poised sticks, entered the guardhouse and dropped his letter just as the first note of the call sounded. He had passed through the doorway just one-sixteenth of a second too soon. An officer saw him mail his letter and a report of "off limits" went in which caused the unfortunate letter mailer to perform extra guard duty for 16 long hours—not consecutive hours, however.

On the first hook on the wall of his alcove the cadet must hang one specific article of clothing; on the second hook another article, and so on. If, perchance, the youth hangs his dresscoat on the nail sacred to the overcoat, he can bid farewell to release from quarters for two Saturdays at least, and if, perchance, the shell jacket hangs on the hook given over to trousers, he may add three more days of confinement to those which have accrued from the crime of the misplaced overcoat.

The methodical cadet runs a yardstick along the toes of the extra shoes which under regulation, must be placed in regular order beneath the foot of his bed. If the toe of one shoe protrudes half an inch beyond the toe of its mate, the cadet gets one demerit mark. If more than one pair of shoes shows symptoms of irregularity in the matter of toeing the scratch, the cadet will receive a sufficient number of demerit marks to enable him to realize thoroughly the beauties of a right line as applied to something besides geometry.

It is "a beastly grind," as the English clergyman said, but it is a grind that has its uses, and the proof of it is written in all the records of the service.

Hazing is in a sense an hereditary habit. The army officers who have been asked in the years that are past, and who are being asked to-day to root out the practice of "devilings" the plebe at West Point, did not, and have not all of them their hearts in the work, for were they not hazed themselves, and were they not in turn hazers? Nine out of ten of the hazed will tell you to-day that they profited by the experience.

When Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant entered plebe camp, a first classman who noticed the boy's strong build intimated to him that it would be a pleasure to have him call immediately at the senior's tent. Grant went. There is a rule at West Point, which was a rule in Grant's day as

well, that any cadet who asks another to perform any menial work for him shall be dismissed from the service. The first classman knew too much to ask his visitor outright to do anything of the kind, but here is the way which veracious academy history says that he went at it:

"I presume, Mr. Grant, that you have lived on a farm, and such being the case you undoubtedly have had rare opportunities to note the effect of the sun's rays on certain objects. Now, if you had left in the sun a water bucket that was innocent of the retention of a single drop of the fluid, what do you think, sir, would have been the particular effect of the sun upon that particular water bucket?"

"I think," said Cadet Grant, "that it would get warped and leaky."

"Very well, Mr. Grant; you show erudition beyond your years. Now if you will look at my water bucket you will see that it is as dry as a chip. By the further exercise of your knowledge and observation, Mr. Grant, can you tell me by what means I may prevent the warping and leaking of my bucket?"

"Have it filled," said Grant.

"Very good, again, Mr. Grant; but pray note what you said: 'have it filled,' not 'fill it.' That necessarily means, Mr. Grant, that some one must fill it for me. You have shown so much acumen that I fear to violate the terms of your prescription either in letter or in spirit, which I should do if I presumed to carry the bucket to the water tank myself."

Grant filled the bucket.

A member of the West Point class of 1876, now an officer of high rank in active service, tells this story about the first day in plebe camp of Frederick Dent Grant, son of Ulysses.

An upper classman, bent on nothing else than having some fun with the son of the famous general, asked him on his advent into camp while he was

still wearing the clothes of civil life: "Which do you think is the greatest man, Gen. George Washington or Gen. Ulysses S. Grant?"

Fred's answer, blunt and quick, was: "Washington may have been the greater man, but my father was the greater soldier."

"Mr. Grant," said the upper classman, "to compare your father to George Washington in any sense, is like unto the comparing of a plucked hen to the American eagle."

Then there followed a fight, but it was stopped almost instantly by some first classmen because the place was too public.

Gen. John M. Schofield was an artillery officer. The army has it that Schofield had a distaste for the infantry branch because of an experience which he underwent during his first week as a plebe at the military academy.

Some rearlings chased Schofield up a ladder from the rock loft of barracks to the roof. The future hero of Franklin was clad only in a night shirt. When the roof was reached the cadets gave Schofield a rifle, marked out a sentinel's beat on the tin roof and started the future artilleryman on his walk back and forth with the musket on his shoulder. They kept him at it with few intermissions, from taps to reveille.

Edgar Allan Poe was a cadet at West Point only for a short time. Army tradition holds nothing concerning the hazing of Poe. The academy, however, is the custodian of one of Poe's first poems, which is nothing short of a striking example of the boy's wit.

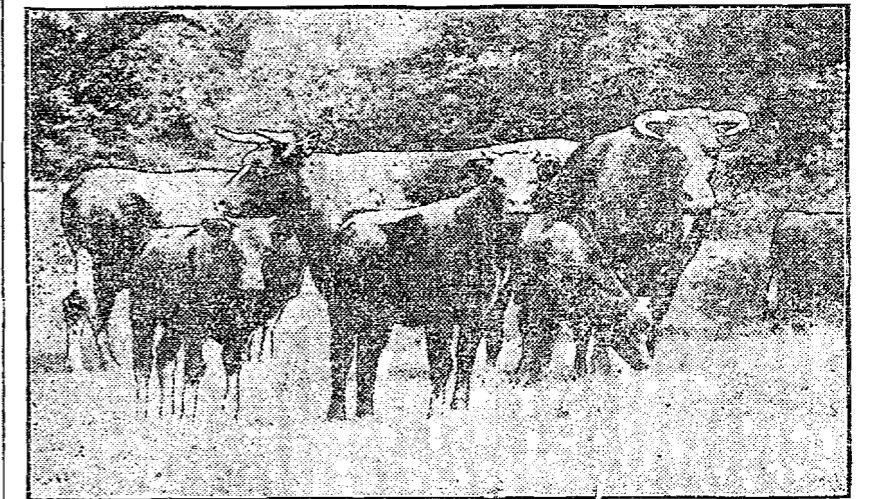
While Poe was at the academy Lieut. Joseph Lock was stationed there as a tactical officer. Lock was the strictest kind of a disciplinarian, and he was constantly reporting Poe for offenses, reports which brought as their natural consequence some heavy punishments. Poe had his revenge in a poem which the curious may find in a volume called "Tic Tacs," which was published years ago by the cadets:

John Locke was a great name,  
Joe Locke is a greater. In short,  
The former is well known to fame,  
The latter well known to report.

There is, or was, one form of hazing at West Point which has in it the essence of cruelty. This consists in making a plebe read with appropriate gestures and the proper inflections, all the nice things which the newspapers of his home town printed about him when the announcement of his appointment to a cadetship was made. Imagine, if you will, the feelings of a green youngster, as he stands upon a barrel, reading to an assemblage of possibly 50 yearlings, the editorial statement of the local papers, that Henry Smith "doubtless will be made a corporal as soon as the eyes of the superintendent of the military academy fall upon his tall and manly figure. Henry has in him the making of a great soldier. We shall hear of his deeds on the field of battle as a leader of his country's hosts in case dread war shall come."

## RAISING BEEF IN CORN BELT FOR THE MARKET

Greatest Discretion Must Be Exercised in Selection of Stock and Proper Combinations of Feeds.  
—By J. B. Burris.



A Herd of Fat Stock Ready for Market.

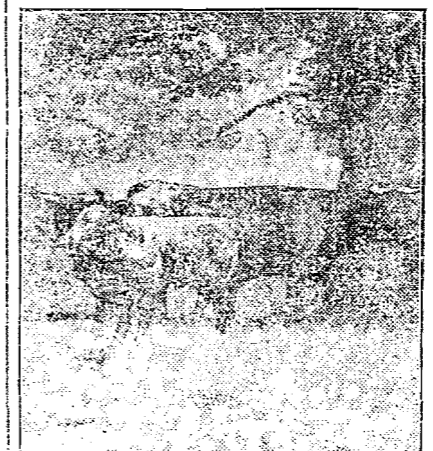
The present era of high prices for all forms of feeding products makes it imperative to exercise the greatest discretion in feeding beef cattle for market. This condition must give emphasis to the three fundamentals of beef production, viz: The selection of the feeding steer, the proper combination of feeds, the feeding period and conserving the manure, writes J. B. Burris in the Orange Judd Farmer. I believe that on \$100 per acre land in the corn belt that feeding cattle cannot be practiced at a profit unless one has a well-bred herd of milking shorthorns and has a good, reliable market for the surplus milk. Then also must the calf lose none of its milk fat, but be pushed to a finish as baby beef, and never carried through more than one winter.

It costs on high-priced land about \$24 to keep a cow a year, and to this

near the place of finishing so much the better. One of the most serious problems in this regard is to obtain cattle of good quality.

Those districts which are not essentially dairy regions have such a mixture of varying degrees of worthlessness that it is almost an impossibility to obtain a fair grade of feeding cattle. This necessitates going to Kansas City or other western markets for feeders. A steer in fair flesh, weighing 1,000 to 1,100 pounds, and known in market parlance as a native, would be my choice. As to breeds I should not be especially partial. Any one of the three recognized beef types will give good returns if selected carefully. Cattle of this kind if put in the feed lot the last half of November can be made into good beef in from 120 to 150 days. Corn, clover hay, silage, shredded stover and cottonseed meal should be used. The cattle should be made to consume as much roughage as possible from the point of economy, and thus utilize all the corn plant. If the feed lot is covered, and it should be by all means, the amount of manure saved will be quite an item on the credit side of the transaction.

By a judicious combination of the above-mentioned feeds there is no reason why a price cannot be obtained for the feed consumed equivalent to that obtained on the market. But this may not appear as profit. The average corn belt farmer can feed the products of his farm as cheaply as to haul them to market. If these products are fed on concrete floors under shelter fully three-fourths of their plant food value can be returned to the farm. Even if only the market value of the feeds is obtained and the feeder did not receive any net profit from the feeding proposition as far as the cattle are concerned, there would still be a profit. Besides the feeding farmer is gradually but surely adding to the material value of his farm. The conservation of soil fertility is unquestionably the greatest consideration in American agriculture.



Prize-Winning Youngsters.

must be added the cost and keep of a sire, quite an expense in itself, in order to produce a calf that could be bought in the open market for \$20. From this evidence I am inclined to believe that for the most part feeding cattle of any age having fair quality can be purchased more cheaply than when grown on the corn belt farm. If cattle can be purchased

## PIN MONEY FOR FARMER'S WIFE

Various Ways for the Women to Earn a Penny.

In advising a farmer's wife or daughter to earn money most people will say "hens," "garden truck" or "bees." Now, if you live on a farm, you know that hens and garden truck don't thrive to a very great extent on the same farm. And if they did the family and hired help would play hobb with the profits of either, for the first will uniformly go to pay the grocer, and the second fill the inner man. But I believe bees can be profitably kept if you know how and are not afraid of them. Now, I don't know and am afraid of them, so will leave that to some abler pen to explain, says the Agricultural Epitomist.

One way to earn a penny is to start tomatoes and cabbage plants in the house early; put only one plant in each tin can that is unsoldered and tied together with a string; keep them growing, and if they are ready to blossom by the time all danger of frost is past, so much the better. Dig a hole where you want to set them, wet the dirt in the can thoroughly, untie your string, slip a knife around the can and slip your tomato into the hole; press the dirt around it and it will never know it has been transplanted, and you can sell tomatoes at 15 cents a dozen before your neighbors' vines are in bloom.

Cabbage and melons and cucumbers can be treated the same way, and are all a paying crop, while lettuce and radishes can be grown ready for market in the bay window or upstairs if your house is reasonably warm.

## Shelter for Geese.

Old geese thrive in all kinds of weather if given a shed shelter closed on the windward side. Better a shed to themselves than the cow barn, because they are safe from being stepped on. A pasture too poor for other stock will still do for geese.

Every year in which the garden is fertilized and the ground worked it becomes richer and more capable of growing crops.

## ORCHARD MADE HOG PASTURE

Must Be Done in Reasonable and Judicious Manner.

The most ardent advocates of poison sprays to rid our orchards of diseases and insects, are at the same time the most willing to use all other available means to the same end, says Homestead. It is found that the destruction of the early fallen fruit is of prime importance, and this is accomplished by making a hog pasture of the orchard. Some who are averse to spraying go so far as to say that when this is done spraying is unnecessary. But, while not admitting such an extreme view, the evidence in favor of hog pasturing is so strong that it is to be advised whenever practicable. But this pasturing must be done in a reasonable and judicious manner. The orchard must not be made a hog pasture for the entire season. Rather it should be used as an annex, for a temporary convenience. And caution must be used not to overdo it. Ten or fifteen hogs to the acre, for a few weeks when the wormy apples are falling, will be about right.

There are thousands of farms where, by a little extra fencing, the orchard may be so utilized, to the mutual advantage of the hogs and the orchard. If it is desirable to gather windfalls, the hogs may be kept out in the morning until this work is done, and then turned in to eat the refuse. A little rooting of the ground will do no harm, and while there is plenty of other feed the hogs will not injure the trees. If they begin to do so, it shows that you have the ground overstocked, and they should be kept out. It is not advised that this be done as a substitute for spraying, but in cases where spraying is not done, do this as the next best thing. If this course is followed persistently for several years, a wonderful improvement in the fruit will be noted. Cows are sometimes used as cull eaters, but the objection to them is that they reach to high and devour all the fruit. Where trees are very straight and tops upright, the cows may be admitted.

# Romances of Progress

By Albert Payson Terhune

## ARCHIMEDES—The Absent-Minded Discoverer.

Through the crowded streets of the ancient Sicilian city of Syracuse one day late in the third century, B. C., rushed an elderly man, bald, wild of eye, long of beard. He was yelling at intervals the Greek word "Eureka!" ("I have discovered it!") Not a stitch of clothing covered him. Nor was he aware of his own nude state until arrested by the scandalized authorities.

The man who thus unconventionally burst upon the public gaze was Archimedes, greatest of old-time inventors and mathematicians. The reason for his peculiar action was that a certain amazing discovery he had just worked out had so elated him that he absent-mindedly forgot everything else in the joy of the moment.

And this is how the discovery was made: King Hiero, Greek ruler of Syracuse, had ordered a heavy and beautiful gold crown constructed for himself. He had reason to suspect that the jeweler to whom he had entrusted the task had cheated him by mixing a quantity of alloy with the gold that went into the making of this royal emblem. But Hiero had no means of proving his suspicions. He therefore sent for Archimedes, whom he admired as the wisest man in his realm, and asked him to find out some way whereby he could make certain of the presence and exact amount of alloy in the crown.

Archimedes undertook the problem, though he had no reason for supposing he could solve it. For days the matter was ever on his mind. One morning while thus pondering he stepped into his bath. As he did so he noticed that the tub, already full to the brim, overflowed when his body entered the water. This was a simple phenomenon. A million people had observed similar action on the part of water, but to none of them had it suggested any especial idea.

To Archimedes, however, the incident meant something. He instantly, while still bathing, set to work on the great "Archimedes Principle," still in use. This principle, briefly, asserts that any object plunged into liquid sustains an upward pressure equal to the weight of the water it displaces. In other words, that the body immersed loses as much weight while under water as the weight of an equal volume of the liquid itself. From this it was but a step for him to figure out an absurdly simple plan for determining the amount of alloy in Hiero's crown. He would drop the crown into a vessel full of water and then, after removing it, drop in an equal weight of gold and watch the difference of the two overflows.

Delighted at this double mental

feat, Archimedes leaped from the bath and out into the streets shouting abroad his great discovery. He was heavily fined for his indecorous action and rewarded by Hiero with a laurel crown for his invention.

Nor was this the only scientific discovery Archimedes made in Hiero's behalf. The king had a magnificent galley whose hold became full of water. With the primitive appliances of the time it was well-nigh impossible to bail it. He appealed to Archimedes. The latter planned out a water-tight cylinder, which should run from the bottom of the hold to the upper air. Inside this cylinder he arranged a long, spiral, close-fitting screw, air tight, and twisted by a crank from above. By turning this screw the water was of course drawn up from the hold through the cylinder.

In mathematics Archimedes excelled all men of his century. He worked out the mutual relations between sphere and cylinder and the measurement of a circle and made

Devises War Engines Against City's Foes. known the science of leverage. The complex crank-and-pulley are also of his devising. By his various discoveries and inventions he founded the entire art of mechanics in use to-day. To no other man do mechanics, mathematics and physics owe so much.

Those were the days of Greek decadence. Marcellus, the Roman general, besieged Syracuse. Archimedes at once turned his talents to account in devising catapults and other war engines that worked havoc on the invaders. He is even said to have arranged a collection of burning glasses in such a way as to set fire once to the attacking Roman fleet.

Marcellus, like all the world, regarded Archimedes with reverential awe. He gave strict orders that, in case the city should be captured, Archimedes and all his property were to be spared. But when, in 212 B. C., the Romans, after a three years' siege, stormed Syracuse, Archimedes fell victim to his own absent-mindedness.

The victorious soldiers, rushing through the city, came upon a man, 75 years old, seated in the middle of the market-place, tracing geometrical figures in the sand with the point of his staff. It was Archimedes. He was so absorbed in puzzling out a problem in mathematics that he did not even know the city was captured. As the soldiers ran up he cried warningly:

"Don't disturb my figures with your great stamping feet!"

The next instant a half dozen spear-points passed through his body. (Copyrighted.)

## PETER HEILE---And the Capturing of "Time."

A Nuremberg clockmaker, Peter Heile (or Henleine) by name, started all Europe in the year 1440 by inventing a clock that could be carried about in the hand or even in the pocket; in other words, a watch. This was regarded as the last and crowning triumph of timepiece making.

Though Heile's watch weighed some thing over a pound and was as large as a strongbox, yet it was stared at as one of the wonders of the world. Were a modern genius to devise a watch, perfect in every detail, and no larger than a pinhead, the feat would attract far less amazed admiration.

For Heile had at a bound bridged the vast chasm between the huge, cumbersome, old-time clock, with its weighty, awkward mechanism, and the compact timepiece that could readily be borne from place to place.

For fully 2,000 years our forefathers had been wrestling, in a slow, unprogressive way, with the problem of computing time. And that long struggle is one of the most interesting conflicts in the history of progress. In earlier men "told time" by the position of the sun in the heavens. That art is still possessed, in a wonderful degree of accuracy, by woodsmen in many parts of America. Later, the sun dial was invented by some unknown genius and for centuries was looked on as the only possible way of determining the hours.

But at night or in cloudy weather the sun dial was utterly useless and in the course of events the clepsydra (water clock) took its place. The earliest clepsydra

"Ancestors" of was a crystal vial. Modern Clocks. with a very small hole at the bottom. This bottle was filled with water, and by the period required for the liquid to escape, time was computed. The hour glass, a variation on this idea, was also in use. It consisted of two glass hemispheres, connected by a narrow tube. One of the hemispheres was filled with sand. The tube was of such a size that exactly one hour was required for the pouring of the sand from one compartment to the other.

The clepsydra, however, was the ancestor of the modern clock, for in time it was developed into an apparatus fitted up with a dial and with an indicator that was moved from point to point by the varying pressure of the water. Archimedes, it is said, was the man to whom it first occurred to substitute weights for water. An improvement was later made on this contrivance by placing balls of metal in such a position on the clepsydra

that at the end of each hour they should fall against a gong. Thus the "striking clock" originated.

It was in the far east that clocks had their real origin. The Saracens evolved the theory of weights and wheels and striking apparatus, connected with the marked dials and indicators. The Crusaders, after their Palestine wars, carried back many eastern customs to Europe, clockmaking, among others. Great clocks—some of them still in existence—were constructed in various monasteries and churches, to be gaped at by the populace as uncanny, even supernatural. Monks made improvements in such clocks now and then. In fact, many features of the modern clockmaker's art are due to these friars.

England and France, in those times, were fonder of war than of invention. So it was in Germany that clockmaking flourished most. Instead of using a striking apparatus for clocks, some of these Germans constructed with bellows tiny roosters that crowed the hour, the rooster's crow being popularly supposed to usher in the day. From this comes the cuckoo clock.

Heile of Nuremberg conceived the idea of a portable clock. But a great difficulty stood in his way. The motive power of clocks' mechanism depended on heavy

How the Great Problem Was Solved. weights. Such Problem Was solved. weights could not be lugged about with any degree of ease. Some other power, he decided, must therefore take the place of these cumbersome lumps of metal. At last he hit on the idea. He coiled a long ribbon of steel about a central spindle. The unrolling of this powerful coil, he found after many disappointing experiments, would supply the motive power needed to the clock's mechanism. From this discovery arose the theory of mainspring, hairspring and countless other triumphs of latter-day machinery.

Heile's first watch was a cylindrical metal box gorgeously ornamented and with one side hinged. Inside this primitive case were the dial, spring and wheels, the dial face being visible through the fretwork on the surface of the hinged side of the box.

A ridiculously awkward contrivance, and one that would wake the laughter of any twentieth-century school boy. Germany has erected a statue to Heile. But a far more lasting monument to the old Nuremberger's genius is carried in every man's watch pocket.

(Copyrighted.)

# BETZVILLE TALES

Sue Granger and the Lamp Post

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



"Uth a Wuth a Wuth Uth Uth!" She Said.

Surgical science is getting to be a great thing these days. You would never believe, to see Sue Granger of Betzville lick a two-cent postage stamp, that she was born tongue-tied. She was, though, until she was two years old, and then a surgeon came down from the city and loosened her tongue, and when he was done she had the best quantity and quality of all-round tongue in the village. She has such a sizeable tongue that when she is writing a letter it lops out like a dog's on a hot day, and it was only last week that she bit it badly whilst writing to that blonde-headed young fellow that comes up from the city to see her on Sundays.

I never shall forget that day last winter when she was walking down Main street eating a hunk of yellow taffy and choked on it. Just as she choked she had to cough and her tongue flew out and the end hit an iron lamp post, and the frost in the lamp post glued the tip of her tongue to it so tight that it seemed as if nothing short of warm weather and a thaw would ever get it loose again.

Of course we're not what you might call curious-minded in Betzville, but it ain't human nature to see a girl standing right in front of the grocery on our most prominent corner with the end of her tongue against a lamp-post and her hands waving in the air, and not take a little interest. So mostly all the population gathered there in two minutes, being surprised to see a young lady of our best social circles rolling her eyes wildly and connected close up with a lamp-post like she and it was a sort of new style Siamese twins. We walked all around Sue and talked it over, but we couldn't make any sense out of it, and we was just about to decide it was some new suffragette notion that had just come to town when Uncle Ashdod Clute thought he might as well ask Sue. So he did. She rolled her eyes at him kind of grateful.

"Uth a wuth a wuth uth uth!" she said.

Uncle Ashdod is a pretty wise old man, and he guessed what was the matter right away, and as we seen it might be inconvenient for Sue to stand there that way until warm weather turned up, on account of that lamp-post being a favorite hitching-post, and some horses being biters and liable to bite Sue on the tongue, so we set to work and formed a committee to get her loose.

But it wasn't any use. Sue Granger had the most flexible tongue I ever saw, and when the fellows had pulled her back to the window of the grocery store they saw the tongue wasn't going to come loose at either end, so they let go, and the tongue contracted like a rubber band and yanked Sue across the sidewalk and slammed her up against the lamp-post. All she said was "Uth!" but we could see she did not like it. And she wasn't going to have it tried again, either, for she wrapped her arms around that lamp-post and hugged it tight.

Then the committee didn't know what to do! We walked around and around that lamp-post and studied the situation, and then we saw that when Sue had slammed up against it two or three more lengths of her tongue had struck the iron post and glued themselves onto it tight. Well, it was

lucky it was a lamp-post, anyway, for while we were cogitating over it night came on, and all we had to do was to light the lamp on top of the post. It made it more cheerful for Sue. So when we had done that and had got a high office stool so she could sort of sit down we felt that the committee had done about all it could for that evening, and we adjourned. But Uncle Ashdod Clute saw that it wasn't right to leave a girl out that way all night alone, and that she ought to have a chaperone, so he sent for Aunt Rhinocollura Betz.

She came right down and said she would be glad to chaperone Sue, but she didn't believe a word of that nonsense about the frost in the post glueing Sue's tongue to it, and she showed Uncle Ashdod that it was all nonsense by sticking her own tongue to the post, and there it stuck! So then Uncle Ashdod was sure Aunt Rhinocollura would not go away and leave Sue unprotected, and he went home satisfied in his mind.

The next morning the committee came around quite early, after it had done up its home chores, and it found Aunt Rhinocollura and Sue were real peevish. It looked as if they had quarreled during the night over who should sit on that high stool.

"Uth a wuth a wuth uth!" said Sue, angrily, but Aunt Rhinocollura just drew herself up indignantly and said:

"Uth a wuth a wuth uth!"

Anybody could see that they were mortal enemies from that minute on, but we had nothing to do with that, and we consulted and decided that the thing to do was to put both of them in a hospital, and as there wasn't any hospital in Betzville, somebody's house would have to be used. So they chose Aunt Rhinocollura's, and we dug up the lamp-post and put it in a wagon, with Sue on one side of it and Aunt Rhinocollura on the other, and when we got them to Aunt Rhinocollura's the women put them to bed. I guess it was a pretty cold lamp-post, for we could hear the two of them yeh about the time they ought to have been undressed.

The committee gave the case to Doc Perkins, and the first thing he did was to take the temperature of the lamp-post, and he said it showed a low temperature and no fever, and he would advise packing the lamp-post in snow to take the frost out. So they did. But the lamp-post didn't seem to improve. So Doc Wilkins was called in consultation, and he said what the lamp-post needed was hot-water bags at its foot and mustard plasters up its sides to heat it up. So they tried that. No good. Then Doc Perkins wanted to amputate the tongues of the ladies, but Doc Wilkins objected. He wanted to saw the lamp-post down the middle, so each lady could have a half, and Sue could go home. Objected to. So nobody knew what to do, and these two females might have stayed in bed with that lamp-post forever if Sue hadn't thought of the only possible thing to do. We were all surprised to think we had not thought of it ourselves. What she told us was this:

"Uth a truth-thuth, wuth uth uth. Uth a wuth uth wuth uth!"

Well, of course, as soon as we did that both their tongues came loose. You can see for yourself that they would.

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# Mysteries of Nature

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

## WORLD'S COAL BEDS GOING FAST.

Coal is the chief corner stone of modern civilization. Nearly all the labor-saving appliances must have coal to make them effective. Outside of the muscles of men and animals the chief sources of power available for the use of man are gravitation as it is set free in falling water and heat arising from the chemical combustion of coal. But waterfalls are stationary, and even with the ability to distribute their power through electricity, it is available as yet over only a limited area. If all the power of Niagara should be turned into electricity it could not profitably be distributed beyond the limits of western New York, whereas coal can be carried to the ends of the earth and its power set free for use wherever it is needed. If the prairies of the west and the comparatively level regions the world over, where are found the best agricultural lands, were limited, as formerly, to water power for running their factories and mills, these would necessarily be few and insignificant. Such great manufacturing centers as Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati would be impossible away from the mountainous districts. It would be a tremendous setback to the agricultural interests of the Mississippi valley if they were compelled to dispense with steam thrashers and steam traction engines and substitute in their places the work of innumerable droves of horses and mules.

It is therefore rather startling to be compelled to face the fact that coal belongs to the limited and rapidly disappearing reserves of nature. In using coal the human race is in-trenching upon its capital, and recklessly hastening an ultimate but inevitable catastrophe. It is estimated by the highest authorities that the total available coal treasures of North America cover 220,000 square miles, with an average thickness of six feet of workable seams, which would yield 4,800 tons to the acre. The total amount of coal, therefore, that is possibly within our reach in America could not exceed 700,000,000,000 tons. But in the year 1900 alone we were mining but little short of 300,000,000 tons, while the expansion of population and increase of business is demanding an increase at such a rate that two or three times that amount will soon be necessary to meet the annual demand. At the present rate of increase in the use of coal, therefore, the entire amount accessible in North America would be consumed in less than 150 years.

If we look to the rest of the world the prospect is not more encouraging. The coal fields of Europe are mostly confined to small areas in England and the northwestern part of the continent. Spain, Italy, Greece, Russia Scandinavia, and the larger part of the German Empire are dependent on England for their coal. At the present rate of increased production these fields will be nearly exhausted in 50 years. The remaining great deposits of coal are mostly found in China, where they equal, if they do not exceed, those in the United States. It may therefore be fortunate for the world that China is so slow in her development that her reserved sources of fuel shall yet be available when that in the countries more advanced in civilization shall fail.

The insignificant role which water power in this country can possibly play in keeping up our industries appears on brief examination of the facts. It is estimated by the best authorities that if the entire rainfall over the state of Pennsylvania were utilized with a head of 150 feet, it would not yield one-tenth the amount of power that is now derived in that state alone from the consumption of coal. But on the most extravagant calculation it would not be possible to make available in that mountainous state one-tenth of this theoretical amount of water power. What then would be the condition of those vast areas of the Mississippi valley where water power is far less available?

But, for the moment, leaving aside these rather sobering reflections to the far-seeing statesman and philosopher, we will turn to the consideration of those interesting processes by which even the existing limited amount of this useful material has been brought within our reach and preserved for our use.

Coal is an accumulation of vegetable matter which has decayed under water where oxygen could not get access to the carbon to consume it and transform it into carbonic acid gas, as it does in the open air. The conditions of the coal fields, therefore, during the accumulation of the coal must have been that of vast swampy regions, where there was not depth of water enough to destroy the vegetation or to admit of the intrusion of gravel, sand and mud, which, brought in from surrounding highlands, would have rendered it too impure for use. The character of the vegetation which supplied these great accumulations of coal is amply shown in the fossil forms which appear, especially near the top and bottom of the coal seams, while in some cases the entire stumps of trees are found still standing in place, with their roots penetrating into the under clay which supported the vegetation.

In Nova Scotia there are found no

less than 76 seams of coal separated by beds of sandstone and shale. Each of these beds indicates a change of level which took place in the region during its accumulation. During the accumulation of the coal the swamp was so shallow that no currents of water would carry into it sand and gravel to interfere with the growth or bury it. But after a certain amount of vegetable deposits had accumulated, there was a subsidence of the area, allowing access to currents of water carrying sediment sufficient to bury the deposit of coal, and furnish the basis for the growth of vegetation in another swamp on top of the accumulated sediment, and so the process went on indefinitely, as long as the climate continued favorable, and these changes of level continued to proceed with the appropriate rate of rapidity.

The fossil plants of the coal period seem to indicate that the climate was at that time warm and moist and uniform, while the amount of coal accumulated shows that the air was much more fully charged with carbonic acid gas than it is at the present time. Or the coal plants of Great Britain about half were ferns, many of them growing to the size of trees, the most of which are tropical species. Indeed, during the coal period in Great Britain the proportion of ferns there to the other plants was far greater than it is in the tropics at the present day, while tree ferns are now wholly confined to tropical regions. Abundant tropical forms of vegetation are found in the coal seams in Greenland and on Melville island as far north as the seventy-fifth degree of latitude; indeed, everywhere during the coal period the climatic conditions not only of the temperate zone, but of the arctic lands, were closely similar to those of the present torrid zone.

But, for man's use, it was necessary not only to have coal accumulate; it must be preserved for distant ages and brought within his reach. If the Mississippi basin had remained forever below the ocean level, its stores of accumulated coal would have been unavailable. But, through causes which we can but dimly comprehend, at the close of the coal period the land all over that area, which had up to that time been slowly sinking, reversed its movement and began to rise. The elevation was produced by lateral pressure, which folded up the Allegheny mountains and produced a number of diminutive waves, so to speak, in the surface of the land extending to the center of the Mississippi basin.

But no sooner was this land elevated above the sea than erosive agencies went to work to dissect it and to remove its more elevated portions. Consequently it is estimated that more than nine-tenths of the coal which was originally deposited over central and eastern Pennsylvania, has been carried away by the rivers, and hopelessly scattered over the bottom of the sea, while the one-tenth which remains is so folded up in the rocks that it is obtained with great difficulty. In the more central portions of the Mississippi valley, however, the disturbance of the strata has been less, and it is a comparatively simple matter to obtain the rich deposits.

## MAINTAIN AIR OF STOLIDITY.

Anything Like Jollity or Sparkling Conversation Frowned on by British Diners.

A dinner is in progress at a first-class hotel. Elegant toilets, splendid surroundings—and an absence of sound. Slowly, stiffly, like automata, the dining ladies and gentlemen proceed with their meal. The scene is undoubtedly very impressive, but oh, so sad! Amid the sparkle of jewels and silver and crystal and porcelain, amid a scene that fairly invites, begs, cries for a bright smile, a low, rippling laugh, or at least that deep, animated hum that makes itself otherwise noticed wherever there is a large gathering, the diners sit as in expectation of the judgment day. Sometimes somebody does speak. One word or two. The lips hardly part. The other nods his head in terrible earnest. Then silence reigns supreme again, according to a German writing in the London Mail.

A friend who had been in England once related a story the point of which I have never fully appreciated until now. Like myself, the first time he had entered a dining-room in London he looked around in surprise. Finally toward the end of the meal he called the waiter. "Tell me, please," he asked, "does anybody ever laugh here?"

"Well," replied the waiter, "I am sorry to say that we have had complaints before. But not often, sir—not often."

London Schools.

According to the report for 1907-08 of the London county council education committee, there were in the schools \$82,374 elementary scholars—a decrease on the year of 7,759. The cost of building schools has decreased from £19 12s 9d in 1901 to £12 17s 6d a scholar in 1907-08. To insure attendance 4,250,000 visits were made by school attendance officers during the year. The number of summonses decreased from 20,584 in 1902-03 to 13,687 in 1907-08.