

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE

Song Sung by Architect Davy to School Board in Trying to Explain Why Contractor Armstrong Has Not Got the School Building Ready for the Start of School—Board Says a Different Song Will Have to Be Sung and Work Done at Once.

The board of education held their regular monthly meeting at the school house Tuesday evening and their proceedings were marked with a grim determination to know why the school building was not ready for the opening and finding the fault to eradicate it if possible and complete the work.

The contractor, Mr. Armstrong, did not show up at the meeting, but Mr. Davy, the architect, did.

When the board called upon him he sang a tale of woe and told of relentless pursuing the footsteps of the contractor.

He said he was not here to apologize for Mr. Armstrong, but he knew of some of the difficulties he had had. To begin with, he ordered all his iron work way back east and it had been shipped by water and all of it was not here yet and what had arrived came so late that it caused endless delays.

Then he said the mill workers in all the mills had struck and he was unable to get any mill work for two or three months and even yet he couldn't get it as fast as he wanted it. Along came the street car strike, he said, and the contractor couldn't get help to come from Omaha to finish up with the work, and even if he could get the help he still was unable to get the materials for the men to work with.

When it came time for the plastering of the rooms it was impossible to get any plaster either in Omaha, with Omaha or Florence, so there was more delay.

When the first lot of mill work did arrive it was found that it was all wrong and had to go back to the mill to be made over again, then came another long and weary wait.

Mr. Davy said he had notified the contractor two or three weeks ago to clean up all the rubbish and Mr. Armstrong had promised to do so. He said the contractor had told him he had made arrangements with the city to haul the stuff away. The contractor was to pay 25 cents a load to get the stuff hauled away and the city was to use it for some special filling they had. The city had hauled away two loads, but there was a friction somewhere between the city officials and the contractor and no more was hauled away.

Member Suttie wanted to know why the plumber was using inch and a half risers on the steam pipes instead of two-inch risers, as the specifications called for.

Member Parks said he had devoted practically night and day for the past month to looking after the work and pushing it along and said it seemed impossible to get the materials, citing as one incident the trouble in getting the glass.

The Midland Paint and Glass company had promised to have the glass at the building every day and that he had telephoned, gone to the office and pleaded, threatened and cajoled them and received naught but promises for a long time. It was the same way with other materials.

Mr. Davy said Mr. Armstrong had told him to send out any and all men he could get to do the work and they would be put to work. He also said Mr. Armstrong had been very unfortunate with the men he had working for him in that while they were good workmen, they would go down town and fill up on booze, but was forced to keep them because he could not secure others. As to common laborers, he was unable to secure any at all in Florence.

The board thought these things might be true, but were much incensed that Mr. Armstrong was not there in person to let the board question him and see what defense he had to put up.

The board passed a resolution directing the architect to notify Mr. Armstrong to remove the rubbish, etc., from the grounds within three days, and failing to do so the board would have it removed and deduct the cost from the bill of the contractor.

When the architect presented his estimate for the contractor calling for \$2,000 the board decided that if Mr. Armstrong wanted the money he would have to come before the board and explain some things about the delay and he would have to push the work faster.

Only four members of the board were present, W. E. Rogers, Hugh Suttie, W. B. Parks and Henry Hollingsworth, but they disposed of a lot of

CITY TREASURER'S OCT. REPORT

W. H. Thomas Submits to the Council His Monthly Report of The Funds of the City.

City Treasurer W. H. Thomas submitted the following report of the receipts and disbursements for the month of September. The collections show he received \$185.98 of which \$22 was from F. S. Tucker as license money for the medicine show that was here in July and \$163.98 from the county treasurer. There were seventeen warrants taken up. The face value of these warrants was \$301.50, and the interest \$5.163, making a total of \$353.13.

The report in full is as follows:

GENERAL FUND.
Sept. 1. bal. in fund. \$258.04
Sept. 5. rec'd from co. treas. 72.09
Sept. 5. rec'd from F. S. Tucker 22.00

Total \$353.13
Warrants paid \$353.13

Oct. 1. Overdraft. \$100.00

WATER FUND.

Sept. 1. bal. in fund. \$57.60

Sept. 5. rec'd from co. treas. 34.37

Oct. 1. bal. in Water Fund. \$91.97

SIDEWALK AND GRADING.

Sept. 1. bal. in funds. \$98.19

Sept. 5. rec'd from co. treas. 57.52

Oct. 1. bal. in funds. \$155.71

Oct. 1. bal. in all funds. \$246.68

GENERAL FUND WARRANTS

Paid to September 29, 1909.

| No. | Amount | Interest | Total |
|------|---------|----------|---------|
| 2411 | \$ 5.20 | .30 | \$ 5.50 |
| 2412 | 4.80 | .34 | 5.14 |
| 2413 | 56.00 | 9.76 | 65.76 |
| 2414 | 3.00 | .53 | 3.53 |
| 2415 | 50.00 | 8.52 | 58.52 |
| 2417 | 12.50 | 2.13 | 14.63 |
| 2418 | 12.50 | 2.13 | 14.63 |
| 2419 | 12.50 | 2.13 | 14.63 |
| 2420 | 12.50 | 2.13 | 14.63 |
| 2421 | 12.50 | 2.13 | 14.63 |
| 2422 | 50.00 | 8.52 | 58.52 |
| 2423 | 55.00 | 9.36 | 64.36 |
| 2424 | 3.00 | .51 | 3.51 |
| 2425 | 3.00 | .51 | 3.51 |
| 2426 | 3.00 | .51 | 3.51 |
| 2427 | 3.00 | .51 | 3.51 |
| 2428 | 3.00 | .51 | 3.51 |

Total: \$301.50 \$51.63 \$353.13

W. H. THOMAS,

City Treasurer.

Flyology.

The pesky fly makes you swear by crawling, crawling everywhere. He wipes his feet upon the bread and creeps about your hairless head. Within the milk he takes a bath and in the butter makes a path, and then he angers Mary Jane by speckling up the window pane, and mamma yells and baby squirms because he leaves those awful germs. Get out the sticky paper, quick, and make him goshamighty sick!

Preserving Canadian Fish.

In compliance with the new Canadian regulations, American fishermen must now obtain licenses, and the rule limiting the day's catch to eight black bass to a fisherman will be rigidly enforced. In the Bay of Quinte, Ontario, a small cruiser is to do duty in enforcing the laws. It is said that some yachts in past seasons took from 60 to 150 bass in a day's fishing.

business between 8 and 11 o'clock.

A communication from the Omaha public library stated that they would allow the school to have seven cards in the name of the superintendent to secure books other than fiction for the use of the students at a cost of \$1.50 a year. The board accepted the proposition with thanks.

A communication from the state superintendent approving of the three-year free high school privilege and making the school official was read, as well as from the university of Nebraska, waiving the half point in physics and allowing a point for manual training, thus making 25 points. This high school admits direct to the university without taking the preparatory course if the student has enough points.

It was also decided to pay the tuition required by law, 75 cents a week to the Omaha High school for all pupils of this district desiring to take the fourth year at that school.

After disposing of more communications and bills the board took up the brick controversy and ordered Mr. Parks to secure what brick was needed to complete the building in the open market and to charge the difference in price to the brick contractor who had refused to furnish the needed brick.

The board, individually and collectively, as well as Superintendent McLane, asked that The Tribune announce the opening of school in all grades except the kindergarten and manual training.

Inquiry at the planing mill Wednesday elicited the information that the first cause of delay was the architect's fault by not having his details correct, thus forcing them to do the first work over and losing time.

PONCA FARMERS MET SUNDAY

The Ponca Improvement Club Holds a Large Meeting Disposing of Much Business and Listens to County Commissioners Brunning and Pickard and Candidate John A. Scott and Adjourn to a Big Lunch in Which All Participate.

Were you at the meeting of the Ponca Improvement club Sunday?

No? Well, you missed the time of your life.

However, there were some 50 or 60 who were there when President Deyo called the meeting to order and Secretary Wuerth read the minutes of the last meeting.

The secretary's report showed that there was over \$27 in the treasury and he took in more money from the new members that joined.

It was brought to the attention of the club that the telephone poles along the river road were set in the drainage ditch and seriously interfered with the drainage of the road.

A resolution that the standing committee wait on the county commissioners in reference to having tarvia put on the Calhoun road from the Florence line to the county line was adopted.

J. J. Smith explained that the road was in bad shape owing to automobiles having chains on the wheels and these chains continually wear holes in the pavement and cause great clouds of dust all the time.

The subject of macadamizing the Loup road was taken up and thoroughly discussed.

Chairman Fred Brunning of the Board of Commissioners was invited to address the club.

He expressed himself as being in favor of tarvia with granite chips as a coating for the Calhoun road, but explained that all money for paving must come from the inheritance tax and that all money now in sight has been used. However, there was a possibility of some \$12,000 being secured from the Kountze estate and when it is available will be used to coat with tarvia the Calhoun and other roads.

He said the board is very anxious to do all it could for all parts but that there was only \$35,000 a year for road purposes and a good many miles of road to go over with it. He said he would like to see the Loup road made a boulevard and placed under the jurisdiction of the Omaha Park board, so they could pave and maintain the road in a high state of perfection.

To his way of thinking there was only one pavement for country roads and that was the concrete cement pavement, one mile of which had been laid on the road north of Krug park. While the cost was 15 to 20 per cent higher at the start it was the cheapest in the long run as the repair bill was so small and it was good for a lifetime.

He called attention to the fact that the work the board is now doing on the Loup road was of a permanent character, steel and concrete conduits and cement bridges.

In relation to road supervisors he thought they had too big a territory to cover and was in favor of asking the coming legislature to change the districts.

County Commissioner Oscar Pickard was then called on.

He said it was the policy of the present board to keep all the road supervisors busy all the time. He said he wanted to see the Calhoun road coated with tarvia but at present there was no money to do so and when there was he favored voating all the existing paved roads before attempting any more new work.

As to the dirt washing away from the edges of the pavement on Calhoun road that ought to and will be attended to at once.

He called attention to the fact that this section would compare very favorably with any other section of the county in the amount of money being expended on it by the county. He also called attention to the permanent character of the work being done by the board on the Loup road.

He said as chairman of the road committee he would like to make arrangements with some farmer to use a drag on the Loup road after each rain. He spoke enthusiastically on the benefits to be derived from its use.

It was brought to the attention of the club that some farmers were plowing too close to the road thus filling up the ditches and it was the sense of the meeting that the road supervisor stop the practice.

Attention of the club was called to the bridge crossing the C. St. P. M. & O. tracks near Anton Bergelt's place. It seems the railroad out at the point where the road should cross the tracks is 400 feet wide and 82 feet deep so the railroad had detoured the road to the south and built a bridge. As the bridge is in very bad repair at the present time and it is understood the railroad company is about to rebuild the bridge it was the sentiment of those present that when the

FOOT BALL SEASON NOW OPEN

First Game of Season in Florence Results in the Imperial Defeating Monmouth Parks 5 to 0.

The Imperial eleven sprang a surprise on the spectators at Florence park Sunday afternoon when they emerged victorious from a game with the heavier Monmouth Park team. The speedy victors twice crossed their opponents goal line, but one touchdown was not allowed, leaving the Florence Tribune—FOUR

final score 5 to 0 in favor of the Imperials. Because of the earliness of the season and the intense heat the halves were only fifteen and twenty minutes, respectively. Davis at guard and C. Hamilton at quarter for the Imperials shone most as individuals. The score that counted for the winners resulted from an on side kick, W. Hamilton to Jenkins. The lineup of the elevens was:

Imperials.
Murphy L. E.
Foey L. T.
Davis L. G.
Royce C.
Hageman R. C.
Bohan R. T.
Jenkins R. E.
C. Hamilton Q. B.
Lidell L. B. H.
Bressman R. H. B.
W. Hamilton F. B.

Monmouth Park.
Knapp R. E.
C. Howes R. T.
Brady R. G.
Glover C.
Adams L. G.
Seaton L. T.
Carlson L. E.
Devine Q. B.
Woodward R. H. B.
Howley L. H. B.
Golden F. B.

SOCIAL AND OYSTER SUPPER.

Come far, come near
And gather here
For a right good time,
You need not fear.

Oysters in soup with trimmings fine
With viands rich from every clime.

Music and games, a welcome warin
For the Ponca church, so help along.

And don't forget the place and date,
October fifteenth at half past eight.
Johansen's home, of course, you know.
Now don't forget, but go, go, go.

railroad company builds a new bridge it should be straight with the street and not make the people detour out of the way.

Commissioner Pickard said that when the railroad company gets ready to put in a new bridge the property owners should notify the board and present a petition to have it go where it should and the board would, in all probability, order it placed where it should be.

A committee of three, J. J. Smith, Frank Scott and Anton Bergelt was appointed to circulate a petition to that effect or as the majority of the owners in that section desired.

The committee on telephone reported the following resolution and recommended it for passage which the club did.

We, the undersigned committee, appointed for the purpose of investigating the service to our members by the Nebraska Telephone Company, do hereby recommend for passage by the Ponca Improvement Club the following resolution:

Whereas the telephone service in our district has been very unsatisfactory, by being compelled to use 10 party lines. Many times we must wait for hours to get connected and thereby lose time, business appointments and money, so the value of the service becomes very limited.

Therefore be it resolved, that we, the Ponca Improvement club, appoint a committee of three to wait on said Telephone Company with the following proposition:

To install phones with two subscribers on each circuit at the old price.

Be it further resolved, that if said telephone company refuses to do so, those members who are now using a 10 party line, shall immediately notify said telephone company to remove the phone from the premises of said members.

We also recommend that copy of this resolution shall be sent to the Nebraska Telephone Company.

THOR JORGENSEN,
OLIVER DINKEN
ANTON BERGELT

This committee will now wait on the telephone company and report back to the club the answer of the telephone company.

John A. Scott, republican candidate for county commissioner, addressed the club after which adjournment was taken to the tables where everyone proceeded to fill up on spring chicken, cake, pies, sandwiches, fruits and other good things to eat which were there in abundance.

The next meeting of the club will be announced in The Tribune.

CITY COUNCIL ORDERS SEWERS

At a Busy Session Monday Evening the Council Orders a Much Needed and Welcome Improvement to Be Made.—Bill of \$15 for Cutting Down a Tree Makes Its Appearance, But Is Not Paid Being Referred to Sidewalk Contractor to Pay If He Will.

The most important and best piece of business transacted by the council occurred Monday evening when the resolution by Robert Craig to install a combination storm and sanitary sewer was passed by the council.

Another ordinance of much merit and very desirable was introduced by Councilman Price and passed by the council. It was the ordering of all property owners on Main street to connect with the city water mains as far as lot line before the paving is laid. It also provides that no connections can be made for a period of five years after the paving is laid.

Councilman Kelly was not present when the council was called to order but came in later.

J. J. Cole, on behalf of the manager of the moving picture show objected to the presence of the crowd of boys in front of the theater who continually raised a disturbance and kept people away from theater. He said it was a disgrace and the mayor and council agreed with him and ordered the marshal to see that it was stopped.

Councilman Price introduced Ordinance 259 requiring all property owners on Main street from Jackson street to Briggs street to install water pipes to property line before street was paved and providing that no connection can be made for five years after paving is laid.

Councilman Price moved that rule six be suspended which carried, three for to one against, Kelly voting in the negative.

Councilman Allen moved that the ordinance be placed on its second and third reading by title only which was carried by the same vote. It also was passed by the same vote.

Ordinance 260, introduced at the request of the fire chief, requiring the water company to inspect and open all hydrants on the first of October and April each year was passed unanimously.

Councilman Craig introduced a resolution to install a combination storm and sanitary sewer, 12 inches in diameter, seventy-five feet long at each of the intersections of Main street and Jackson, Calhoun, Jefferson, State, Harrison and Sheffield streets.

The resolution passed unanimously. Hugh Suttie appeared before the council requesting a crosswalk across the alley on Fillmore street between Main and Fifth streets. He said he appeared before the council two weeks ago and would appear at each and every meeting until the walk was laid.

He was told the council liked to have him present and took no action on the request.

W. P. Parks, representing the Volunteer fire department, appeared to again advocate that the light in front of the fire house be placed on the alley night circuit and the council thought the proposition good and the light will shine all night.

Charles Baughman brought to the attention of the council the alley back of the city hall being low as well as Fourth street and thought the paving contractor having lots of dirt to dispose of could fill these places up.

The treasurer's report was read and placed on file.

The marshal reported that the 15-mile speed limit sign on the south edge of the city had been torn down by the street car men to put a car back on the track Sunday evening.

The following bills were presented: Omaha Electric Light Co. \$95.54
Florence Tribune 22.29
Dr. Adams 7.00
George Siert 10.20
George Beck 1.00
J. A. O'Neill 15.90
J. E. Marr 3.00
F. D. Leach 35.00
A. Marr 68.50
S. P. Johnson 5.00
M. Brotherton 12.00
F. H. Reynolds 42.00
W. Shipley 4.50
W. Shipley 15.00

Total \$336.84

All bills read were allowed and ordered paid with the exception of the bill of W. Shipley for \$15 for removing a tree from the sidewalk.

Mr. Shipley was present and said he did the work and was ordered to do so by M. C. Clemons, the inspector in charge and the boss of the sidewalk gang. He said the tree was two feet thick and it took three men and a team over half a day to do the job.

Councilman Allen said he was willing to pay a reasonable sum for doing work but \$15 was too much of a good thing.

Mr. Shipley said, however, he did not remove the brush.

(Continued on Page 5, Col 5.)

CHURCH ACKNOWLEDGES MONEY

Pastor of Lutheran Church Submits a List of Contributors to Fund To Fixup Church Property.

The following is a list of subscribers on a list in soliciting means for painting, and surrounding with an iron fence, the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Ebenezer Church in Florence, Nebraska:

| | |
|---------------------------|--------|
| Swan Anderson | \$6.00 |
| W. O. Akers, M. D. | 5.00 |
| J. B. Brisbin | 5.00 |
| Florence Lbr. & Coal Co. | 5.00 |
| F. F. Parker | 5.00 |
| Cash | 5.00 |
| Hans Anderson | 5.00 |
| Dr. C. A. Sorenson | 5.00 |
| R. H. Olmstead | 5.00 |
| J. P. Jerpe | 5.00 |
| N. P. Swanson | 5.00 |
| Axel. Helgren | 3.00 |
| Minne Lusa Lbr. Co. | 5.00 |
| E Strandberg | 2.00 |
| August Waldenstrom | 1.00 |
| Theo W. McClure | 1.00 |
| J. H. Hollingsworth | 1.00 |
| Chas M. Cottrell | 1.00 |
| Olof Nelson | 1.00 |
| C. O. Lobeck | 2.00 |
| Dexter L. Thomas | 1.00 |
| A. Johnson M. D. | 2.00 |
| Gus Anderson | 1.00 |
| D. W. Bell | 1.00 |
| Carl Lundin | 1.00 |
| Geo. Siert | 2.00 |
| J. C. Reminger | 1.00 |
| M. E. Larson | 1.00 |
| H. C. Samuelson | 1.00 |
| A. W. Wagner | 1.00 |
| J. M. Hussie Hardware Co. | 1.00 |
| C. J. Carlson | 1.00 |
| O. Lundberg | 1.00 |
| W. Hollett | 1.00 |
| E. T. Heyden | 1.00 |
| J. Y. Craig | 2.00 |
| Alfred Bloom | 2.00 |
| E. L. Dodder | 2.00 |
| Albert J. Sandberg | 2.00 |
| Cash | 2.00 |
| W. H. Dorrance | 5.00 |
| C. A. Blomberg | 2.00 |
| Richards | 1.00 |
| Lawrence Michals | 1.00 |
| Troed Swanson | 2.00 |
| John McGregor | 1.00 |
| John Pearson | 1.00 |
| Hugh Suttie | 1.00 |
| August Peterson | 1.00 |
| Edward D. Libera | 1.00 |
| L. T. Adams | 1.00 |
| B. T. Swanson | 1.00 |
| O. E. Berg | 2.00 |
| Alvin Johnson | 2.00 |
| Louis R. Bostwick | 1.00 |
| Jno. McGreory | 1.00 |
| Charles E. Johnson | 1.00 |
| A. A. Larson | 1.00 |
| E. Bolin | 1.00 |
| Cash | 1.00 |
| A. T. Benson | 1.00 |
| C. L. F. Swanson, M. D. | 2.00 |
| H. O. Waggener, M. D. | 1.00 |
| Lewis Henderson | 1.00 |
| Aug. Olson | 2.00 |
| Elmer Johnson | 1.00 |
| F. E. Miller | 1.00 |
| C. Seaberg | 1.00 |
| John A. Palmquist | 1.00 |
| J. L. Jacobson | 1.00 |
| John Lindblad | 1.00 |
| V. A. Johnson | 5.00 |
| Fred T. Anderson | 1.00 |
| C. J. Anderson | 1.00 |
| John S. Helgren | 2.00 |
| Dr. A. B. Lindquist | 1.00 |
| E. A. Nordstrom | 1.00 |
| C. F. McCreary | 1.00 |
| Thos. Deeghn | 1.00 |
| William Erickson | 1.00 |
| Geo. W. Cooper | .50 |
| Olive P. Tracy | .50 |
| Jas. Breneman | .50 |
| Fox V. Brown | .50 |
| Cash | .50 |
| Cash | .50 |
| J. W. Long | .50 |
| C. L. Craig | .50 |
| Geo. Sorenson | .50 |
| Cash | .50 |
| Mrs. J. Bonderson | .50 |
| Mrs. K. A. Keaton | .50 |
| Mrs. Willard Cook | .50 |
| Cash | 1.00 |
| J. Holmgren | .50 |
| Swenson | .50 |
| C. M. Rylander | 1.00 |
| Fred W. Flodman | 1.00 |
| Nels Larson | .50 |
| S. V. Gustafson | 1.00 |
| John Nelson | .50 |
| Gust Johnson | 1.20 |

WHERE THEY LEARN ECONOMY

Matron Knew What She Was About When She Went to Engage Maid.

The manager of the employment agency was used to hearing women in search of queer questions, says the New York Tribune, but this matron made him mildly curious. Of 14 girls in turn she had inquired: "Have you worked in a minister's family?" None of them had. "Too bad," said the matron to the manager. "None of these girls will do."

"May I ask," said the manager, "why you are anxious to know if these girls have worked in ministers' families?"

"Why, the fact is, we're very hard up just now," said the matron, candidly. "I want a girl who knows how to economize, and those who have worked in clergymen's families, I've discovered, have learned that lesson."

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St. Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McBurr Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Guess Where She Is From.

The head of the house had been ill for many months, and had lost his appetite entirely.

"I can't seem to fix anything that he'll enjoy and he hardly eats anything," the mistress was saying to the maid, who was a new arrival from the old country.

"That's always the way," returned the girl. "They're all the same, them invalids. All they want is nothing at all, and then when you bring it to them they don't eat it."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. **Hall's Catarrh Cure**, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The 300-foot bridge over the Yellow river at Lanchowfu, in the province of Kansu, is nearing completion. All materials had to be conveyed nearly 1,000 miles in Chinese carts.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Strange how a girl's ideal can develop into merely her husband.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all woman's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

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

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

WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRE BOWLES

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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 wreckers burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the work. "Whispering Smith," told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his office. McCloud arranged board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the foreman's deserted wife. 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 a year of married life. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone river, later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. "Whispering Smith" approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He warned McCloud that his life was in danger. McCloud was carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way, he had already signed for. Dickie Dunning tried to prevent a shooting affair. Dickie met McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger. On his way home a shot passed through his hat. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone river created consternation. Dickie and Marion appealed to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith joined the group. McCloud threatened to prevent a shooting affair. Dunning welcomed them cordially. McCloud succeeded in halting the flood. Dickie and Marion visited Sinclair at his ranch. He tried to persuade his desperate wife to return to him. She refused. He accused Whispering Smith of having stolen her love from him. A train was held up and robbed, the bandits escaping. Smith and McCloud started in pursuit. At Baggs ranch Du Sang killed old Baggs. Whispering Smith befriended his ten-year-old son. They came to Williams Cache. Smith was certain the bandits were there. He importuned Rebstock, "king of the cache," to give up Du Sang. Rebstock refused. Smith declared he would clean out the whole gang, including Rebstock. Smith came upon the bandits. Du Sang among them. Marion prayed that he should come back alive. Smith learned that Sinclair, Rebstock and an escaped bandit had joined forces. He started after them with Wickwire. Smith invaded the Williams Cache rendezvous. He dexterously pulled himself out of a tight hole. He arrested a horse-thief. Sinclair had gone presumably to find McCloud. Dickie removed her cousin for not arresting Sinclair. She set out in the storm for Medicine Bend. She passed Sinclair on the way and was thrown and killed and lying against Sinclair's door. Dickie told her story. The doctor who attended her refused Sinclair admission. The murderer sought McCloud, but the latter was no longer there. Then Smith came but Sinclair had gone. Smith visited Dickie. She admitted her engagement to McCloud.

CHAPTER XL—Continued.

It was beyond human endurance to support the leaden death. The little square of brass between the sights wavered. Seagrue stumbled, doubled on his knees, and staggering plunged loosely forward on the sand. Whispering Smith threw his fire toward the bowlder behind which Sinclair and Barney Rebstock had disappeared. Suddenly he realized that the bullets from the point were not coming his way. He was aware of a second rifle-duel above the bend. Wickwire, worming his way down the stream, had uncovered Sinclair and young Rebstock from behind. A yell between the shots rang across the wash, and the cowering figure of a man ran out toward Whispering Smith with his hands high in the air, and pitched headlong on the ground. It was the skalker, Barney Rebstock, driven out by Wickwire's fire.

The shooting ceased. Silence fell upon the gloom of the dusk. Then came a calling between Smith and Wickwire, and a signaling of pistol-shots for their companions. Kennedy and Bob Scott dashed down toward the river bed on their horses. Seagrue lay on his face. Young Rebstock sat with his hands around his knees on the sand. Above him at some distance, Wickwire and Smith stood before a man who leaned against the sharp cheek of the bowlder at the point. In his hands his rifle was held across his lap just as he had dropped on his knee to fire. He had never moved after he was struck. His head, drooping a little, rested against the rock, and his hat lay on the sand; his heavy beard had sunk into his chest, and he kneeled in the shadow, asleep. Scott and Kennedy knew him. In the mountains there was no doubt for Murray Sinclair.

When he jumped behind the point to pick Whispering Smith off the ledge he had laid himself directly under Wickwire's fire across the wash. The first shot of the cowboy at 200 yards had passed, as he knelt, through both temples.

CHAPTER XLI.

Back to the Mountains.

In the cottage in Boney street, one year later, two women were waiting. It was ten o'clock at night. "Isn't it a shame to be disappointed like this?" complained Dickie, pushing her hair impatiently back. "Really, poor George is worked to death. He was to be in at six o'clock. Mr. Lee said, and here it is ten, and all your beautiful dinner spoiled. Marion, are you keeping something from me? Look me in the eye. Have you heard from Gordon Smith?" "No, Dickie."

"Not since he left the mountains a year ago."

Dickie, sitting forward in her chair, bent her eyes upon the fire. "It is so strange, I wonder where he is to-night. How he loves you, Marion! He told me everything when he said good-by. He made me promise not to tell him; but I didn't promise to keep it forever."

Marion smiled. "A year isn't forever, Dickie."

"Well, it's pretty near forever when you are in love," declared Dickie, energetically. "I know just how he felt," she went on in a quieter tone. "He felt that all the disagreeable excitement and talk we had here then bore heavily on you. He said if he stayed in Medicine Bend the newspapers never would cease talking and people never would stop annoying you—and you know George did say they were asking to have passenger trains held here just so people could see Whispering Smith. And, Marion, think of it, he actually doesn't know yet that George and I are married! How could we notify him without knowing where he was? And he doesn't know that trains are running up the Crawling Stone valley. Mercy! a year goes like an hour when you're in love, doesn't it? George said he knew we should hear from him within six months—and George has never yet been mistaken excepting when he said I should grow to like the railroad."



Seagrue Stumbled to the Sand.

business—and now it is a year and no news from him." Dickie sprang from her chair. "I am going to call on Mr. Rooney Lee and just demand my husband! I think Mr. Lee handles trains shockingly every time George tries to get home like this on Saturday nights—now don't you? And passenger trains ought to get out of the way, anyway, when a division superintendent is trying to get home. What difference does it make to a passenger, I'd like to know, whether he is a few hours less or longer in getting to California or Japan or Manila or Hong Kong or Buzzard's Gulch, provided he is safe—and you know there has not been an accident on the division for a year, Marion. There's a step now. I'll bet that's George!"

The door opened and it was George. "Oh, honey!" cried Dickie, softly, waving her arms as she stood an instant before she ran to him. "But haven't I been a-waitin' for you!"

"Too bad! and, Marion," he exclaimed, turning without releasing his wife from his arms, "how can I ever make good for all this delay? Oh, yes, I've had dinner. Never, for heaven's sake, wait dinner for me! But wait, both of you, till you hear the news!"

Dickie kept her hands on his shoulders. "You have heard from Whispering Smith?" "I have."

"Wait till I get it straight. Mr. Bucks is here—I came in with him in his car. He has news of Whispering Smith. One of our freight traffic men in the Puget sound country, who has been in a hospital in Victoria, learned by the merest accident that Gordon Smith was lying in the same hospital with typhoid fever."

time has come, thank God, when I can do something for him; and I am going to him to-night!"

"Fine!" cried McCloud. "So am I, and that is why I'm late."

"Then I am going, too," exclaimed Dickie, solemnly. "Do you mean it?" asked her husband. "Shall we let her, Marion? Mr. Bucks says I am to take his car and take Barnhardt, and keep the car there till I can bring Gordon back. Mr. Bucks and his secretary will ride to-night as far as Bear Dance with us, and in the morning they join Mr. Glover there." McCloud looked at his watch. "If you are both going, can you be ready by 12 o'clock for the China mail?"

"We can be ready in an hour," declared Dickie, throwing her arm half around Marion's neck. "can't we, Marion?"

"I can be ready in 30 minutes."

"Then, by heaven—" McCloud studied his watch.

"What is it, George?"

"We won't wait for the midnight train. We will take an engine, run special to Green River, overhaul the Coast Limited, and save a whole day."

"George, pack your suitcase—quick, dear; and you, too, Marion; suit-cases are all we can take," cried Dickie, pushing her husband toward the bedroom. "I'll telephone Rooney Lee for

eyes as he reached for his cup. "Thank you, Mrs. McCloud, only one after that." He looked toward Marion. "All I can say is that if Mrs. McCloud's husband had married her two years earlier he might have been general manager by this time. Nothing could hold a man back, even a man of his modesty, whose wife can say as nice things as that. By the way, Mrs. Sinclair, does this man keep you supplied with transportation?"

"Oh, I have my annual, Mr. Bucks!" Marion opened her bag to find it.

Bucks held out his hand. "Let me see it a moment." He adjusted his eye-glasses, looked at the pass, and called for a pen. Bucks had never lost his gracious way of doing very little things. He laid the card on the table and wrote across the back of it over his name: "Good on all passenger trains." When he handed the card back to Marion he turned to Dickie. "I understand you are laying out two or three towns on the ranch, Mrs. McCloud?"

"Two or three! Oh, no, only one as yet, Mr. Bucks! They are laying out, oh, such a pretty town! Cousin Lance is superintending the street work—and whom do you think I am going to name it after? You! I think 'Bucks' makes a dandy name for a town, don't you? And I am going to have one own named Dunning; there will be two stations on the ranch, you know, and I think, really, there ought to be three."

"As many as that?"

"I don't believe you can operate a line that long, Mr. Bucks, with stations 14 miles apart." Bucks opened his eyes in benevolent surprise. Dickie, unabashed, kept right on: "Well, do you know how traffic is increasing over there, with the trains running only two months now? Why, the settlers are fairly pouring into the country."

"Will you give me a corner lot if we put another station on the ranch?"

"I will give you two if you will give us extensions and run some of the Overland passenger trains through the valley."

Bucks threw back his head and laughed in his tremendous way. "I don't know about that; I haven't promised anything, Mrs. McCloud. But if you can get Whispering Smith to come back you might lay the matter before him. He is to take charge of all the colonist business when he returns."

Whispering Smith, lying on his iron bed in the hospital, professed not to be able quite to understand why they had made such a fuss about it. He underwent the excitement of the appearance of Barnhardt and the first talk with McCloud and Dickie with hardly a rise in his temperature, and, lying in the sunshine of the afternoon, he was waiting for Marion. She ran half blinded across the room and dropped on her knee beside him.

"My dear Marion, why did they drag you away out here?"

"They did not drag me away out here. Did you expect me to sit with folded hands when I heard you were ill anywhere in the wide world?"

He looked hungrily at her. "I didn't suppose any one in the wide world would take it very seriously."

"Mr. McCloud is crushed this afternoon to think you have said you would not go back with him. You would not believe how he misses you."

"It has been pretty lonesome for the last year. I didn't think it could be so lonesome anywhere."

"Nor did I."

"Have you noticed it? I shouldn't think you could in the mountains. Was there much water last spring? Heavens, I'd like to see the Crawling Stone again!"

"Why don't you come back?"

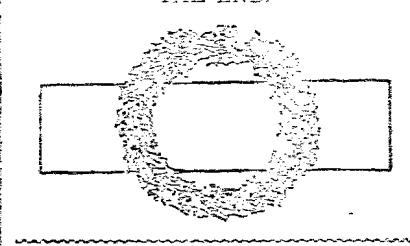
He folded her hands in his own. "Marion, it is you. I've been afraid I couldn't stand it to be near you and not tell you—"

"What need you be afraid to tell me?"

"That I have loved you so long."

Her head sunk close to his. "Don't you know you have said it to me many times without words? I've only been waiting for a chance to tell you how happy it makes me to think it is true."

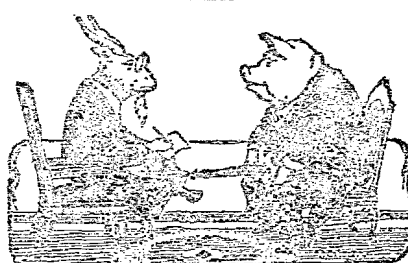
THE END.



Women in Persia.

Dr. Emmeline Stuart, niece of the veteran Bishop Stuart, tells of her experiences in Persia, where, she says, there is unfailing courtesy of the officers to travelers. Upon one occasion she was offered the escort of the military from Isfahan to Teheran and found that she had to ride on a gun carriage, horses harnessed six in hand and double stages made. The medical missions are the safest places in times of peril in Persia, she says, not only for Europeans but for the Persians themselves.

THE DIAGNOSIS



"Anything really serious with my eye, Doc?"

"No, no—simply a pig-sty."

Feeding Farm Hands.

Every farmer's wife knows what tremendous appetites farm hands usually have; but while they eat well they work well, too.

Here's a good suggestion about feeding farm hands. Give them plenty of Quaker Oats. A big dish of Quaker Oats porridge with sugar and cream or milk is the greatest breakfast in the world for a man who needs vigor and strength for a long day's work. The man that eats Quaker Oats plentifully and often is the man who does good work without excessive fatigue. There is a sustaining quality in Quaker Oats not found in other foods, and for economy it is at the head of the list. Besides the regular size packages Quaker Oats is packed in large size family packages, with and without china.

And He Suffered.

Little Willie, suffering from an attack of toothache, had paid his first visit to the dentist, accompanied by his mother. Father, on his return from the office that evening, was naturally much interested.

"Didn't it hurt?" asked father.

"Sure, it hurt," replied Willie.

"Weren't you scared when the dentist put you in that big chair and started all those zizz-zizz-zizz things?"

"Oh, not so much."

"That was a brave boy. But, surely, you suffered?"

"Of course I suffered. But I just kept repeating over and over the golden text we had in Sunday school last Sunday."

"The golden text? What was it?"

"Why, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' replied Willie, glibly. 'I kept saying that over and over to myself, and the first thing I knew it didn't hurt any more.'"

Poker Finance.

Mose Cooney (a winner)—Guess I'll cash in, boys.

Abe Mokeby (also to the good)—Guess I'll do de same.

Jefferson Yallerby—Me too!

Bill Bingy (the banker, a big loser)—Well, I guess yo' each done got an-udder guess a-comin', gentlemen!

Owlin' to dis heap attempted an 'un-called-for' run on de bank, de instertution am now suspended an' won't resume oprations till de panicky feelin' hab fully subsided an' de foolish depositors continues doin' business as fehmally. And it's rough deal, Mose Cooney!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

On a Time Limitation.

In spite of the reputation for latitudinarianism he gained from his early trial for heresy, the late Prof. Jowett of Oxford was intolerant of pretentiousness and shallow conceit. One self-satisfied undergraduate met the master one day. "Master," he said, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God." "Sir," replied the master, after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by five o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."

A Work of Supererogation.

Henry dislikes being bathed and argues with his mother over every square inch of his four-year-old anatomy.

One night, when his patience was especially tried by what he considered wholly unnecessary work, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, couldn't you skip my stomach? Nobody ever sees my stomach!"—Judge's Library.

Cream together two cupfuls of powdered sugar with one large tablespoonful of butter; then add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, then the whites of three eggs well beaten, one cupful of milk, two heaping cupfuls of flour into which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix well and add one teaspoonful of lemon flavoring. Bake in a round tin in a slow oven for one hour.

Froeding—Mix one cupful of powdered sugar with enough cream or milk to stiffen, and add a little lemon flavoring.

Salted Dressing That Will Keep.

Beat four tablespoonfuls of butter until hot, stir into one of flour until smooth, add one cup of cream (either sweet or sour), and let boil, then set the saucepan into hot water. Beat together the yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of salt and dry mustard, add one-half cup of vinegar, then stir into the other mixture until it thickens. Bottle and it can be kept for weeks, ready for use. If too thick add a little cream or vinegar to thin.

Monkey Cookies.

One egg, one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half of soda. Beat butter to a cream, add sugar, then egg well beaten, then milk, with soda and cream of tartar dissolved, then quickly stir in flour, beat well and spread thinly in tin and press raisins lightly in. Cut in squares or long strip. Of course you put your raisins in so as to cut between them.

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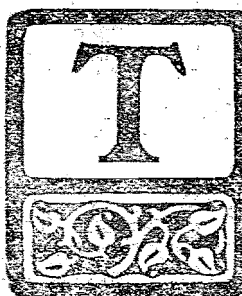
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FROM KEELBOAT TO AEROPLANE

PICTURESQUE PAGEANTS ILLUSTRATING THE WORLD'S PROGRESS FEATURES OF ST. LOUIS' CENTENNIAL.

By EMERY STEELE
HUNTINGDON

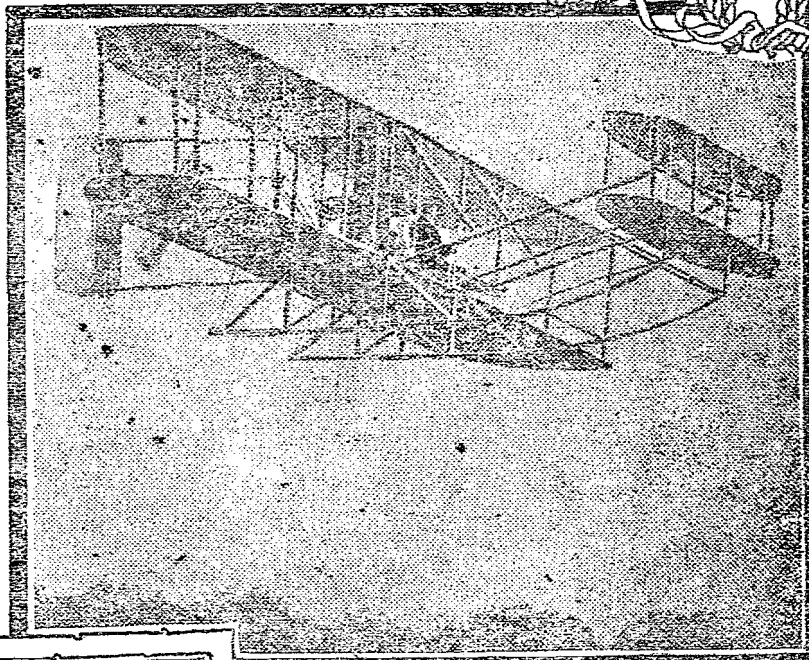


THE MIGHTY activities and marvelous progress the world has seen in the past 100 years are strikingly illustrated in the centennial celebration of the incorporation of St. Louis. Picturesque pageants with everything in the way of the spectacular which is most likely to stir the imagination of the spectator into appreciating the work of the past through contrasts with the present feature the week's program.

The greater part of the history of early St. Louis is really more fit for the unwritten American epic poem than it is for mere prose. Its work as a frontier town in the first half of the nineteenth century made it the mid-continental city of the United States in the second half. Its pioneer trade routes are now the great routes of steam transportation between the Rio Grande and the Canadian border and between the Mississippi and the Pacific. It established the first water routes from the headwaters of the Ohio to the mouth of the Missouri and of the Illinois, opening the first water connection for steam transportation between the Ohio and the upper Mississippi and Missouri, developing the Ohio river states on both sides of that stream.

Every state now on the map west of the Mississippi was penetrated by its business pioneers, establishing the first centers of trade. The whole west is interested with St. Louis in celebrating this great event, because in founding the first great city of the trans-Mississippi west the pioneers made the western beginnings now explained in scores of other western cities and in actual thousands of other incorporated towns, which, if they are not already great, are not unduly modest in their expectations of becoming so. The invitation to a thousand mayors of American cities to participate in the festivities shows that St. Louis fully appreciates its position as the pioneer city of the great west.

As there were less than 200 houses, including outhouses and barns, in the St. Louis which incorporated in 1809, it could not have had much over 800 people. The town was already the chief seat of the western fur trade, with its trading stations pushed to the headwaters of the Arkansas and far towards the sources of the Missouri and the Yellowstone. Doing business wholly by barter, with almost no money in hand, in sight or in circulation, with resources represented almost wholly by the spirit of its 800 people; with the ax and rifle and blacksmith's sledge as its implements, with the one-horse cart, the keelboat and canoe as its transportation facilities, the little town, when it incorporated, already looked on its work as that of opening up the United States of the future to the Rocky mountains and beyond them to the Pacific. In 1809 it had lost Meriwether Lewis, but



WRIGHT AEROPLANE CARRYING GRILLE WRIGHT.

France. Laclede landed at the foot of what is now Market street, organized the village and resided there for 14 years. He named the new site St. Louis in honor of Louis XV., the reigning sovereign of France. The territory was transferred by France to Spain by secret treaty in 1762, but it was not announced in the new village until October, 1764. In 1803 Spain retroceded the sovereignty to France and on April 30, 1803, France sold all the territory west of the Mississippi river, known as the Louisiana purchase, to the United States for \$15,000,000, Napoleon remarking: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States."

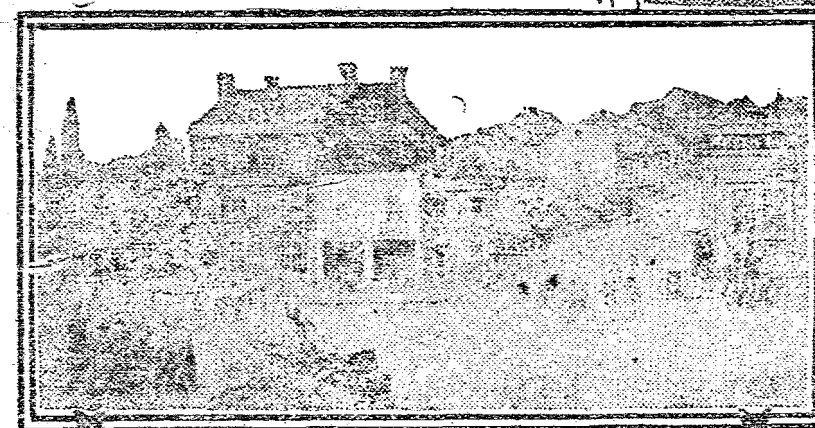
With less than a thousand inhabitants when the whole country had not quite seven and a quarter million in 1809, St. Louis emerged from the era of the keelboat and pirogue to pioneer the steamboat on western rivers. Loading its first



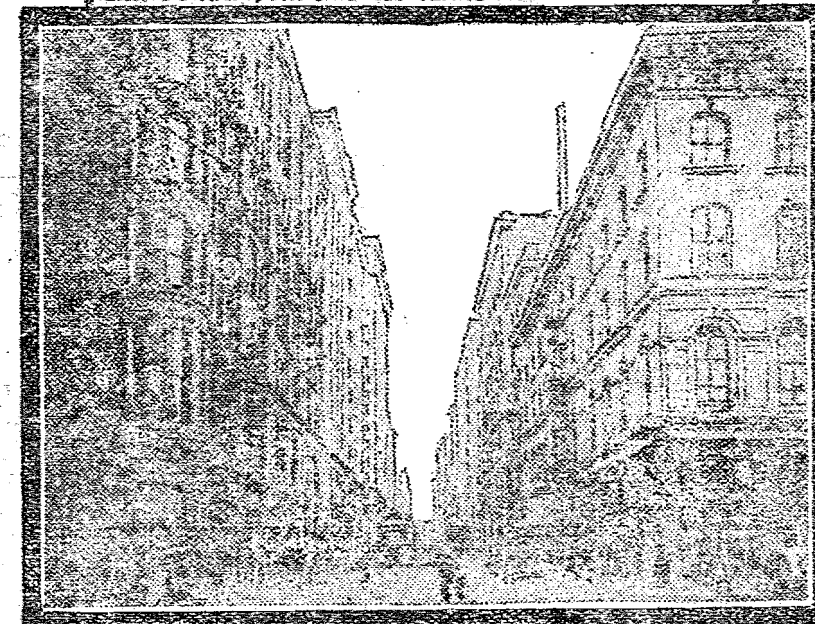
THE FOUNDING OF ST. LOUIS BY LACLEDE. BY SPECIAL PERMISSION FROM THE PANTING BY F. L. STUDDARD

mind. In point of fact in St. Louis it is only a matter of the third generation between keelboat and aeroplane. In 1907 the first airship on record as crossing the Mississippi river crossed it at St. Louis during the international contests of that year. It is something to remember now as part of the record to which belongs the history of the first locomotive crossing the Mississippi at St. Louis in 1852 to complete the work of the St. Louis argonauts of 1849, crossing to the Pacific in their "prairie schooners."

If we suppose aeroplanes and airships circling in the air above the St. Louis keelboat landing of a hundred years ago we may imagine, if we can, how they appear to the men whose



OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS 100 YEARS AGO



OLIVE STREET TODAY

it still had his companion explorer, William Clark, to stand for the spirit of the American and French "makers of destiny" who thought little more of starting a thousand miles into the unknown west from St. Louis than the average St. Louisian now thinks of starting for the Pacific coast in a sleeping car.

From a village of 800 inhabitants to the fourth city in the United States, with a population of three-quarters of a million, is a wonderful achievement, but it sinks into insignificance when compared with the giant strides of the past century in the world of science, commerce, the arts and every field of endeavor which makes for a higher and better civilization.

It is a severe strain on the imagination to attempt to bridge over the gap between the meaning of an airship crossing the Mississippi river at St. Louis this year and what the ancient keelboats of 1809 meant, as they landed at the foot of Walnut street, where the town was founded in 1764 by the pioneers who had paddled and cordelled their bateaux painfully up the river from New Orleans under Laclede as he advanced in the bold attempt to control the fur trade of half a continent with his handful of men.

The keelboat then was no more out of date than the airship is now. It was the best modern boat in 1809 which could be equipped by the capital of St. Louis, of New Orleans or of Philadelphia. Because of it Philadelphia and St. Louis commanded the east and west movement of business as that north and south was commanded by New Orleans and St. Louis, as soon as their first fleets of keelboats were regularly organized. It helped to make great history, even if it did have to be pulled up stream by a rope dragged by men on the bank.

This distance in point of change in the way things are done is almost impassable for the

grandfathers not only navigated the river in keelboats, but lay flat behind the goods the boats were loaded with while they were being shot at by Indians along the banks.

It is almost if not quite as hard now to imagine what the world meant before the age of steam as it is to think out what will be its meaning in the age of the perfected airship and aeroplane. Every contrast possible in the St. Louis centennial week of pageants is a challenge to look backward and forward in the attempt to find out what a hundred years already mean, as the first success in the attempt to find what it is to mean shortly for this generation and for the grandchildren of this generation in 2009.

The makers of the centennial week program were keenly alive to the opportunities for spectacular effect suggested by the most striking events of the world's progress. The aeronautic events such as balloon races, aeroplane and dirigible balloon contests, suggest the future possibilities of transportation in contrast with those of 1809. For comparison with automobiles and aeroplanes the bateau of Laclede's day, with its stumpy mast, its cordelle and its sweeps, is an exceptional feature of the water pageant, which includes crafts of all the kinds which now ply the waters of the Mississippi. The Veiled Prophet's pageant, unique and picturesque, is another feature which is full of romantic interest. The educational parade, the parade representing 3,000 of St. Louis' industries, the procession of a thousand mayors and the other events which find a place on the program all suggest that as a great week for St. Louis its centennial week is still greater, as it belongs to a hundred years of history-making for the continental United States.

The city of St. Louis was founded by Pierre Laclede Liguist in 1764. The territory west of the Mississippi river was then in possession of

steamboat in 1817, it had more than doubled its population of 1810 in 1820. From 4,000 in 1820, two decades of steamboating gave it 16,459 in 1840. About that time it began its great transcontinental work with the "prairie schooner," reinforcing the steamboat in overland transit. With the transcontinental overland movement, to Oregon as well as California, growing, in 1850 it had 77,850 people and was beginning its work as the first pioneer of railroads to the Pacific. After bringing the first locomotive west of the Mississippi in 1852, it more than doubled its population in that decade, reaching 185,587 in 1859. With the foundations of the states now west of the river, already laid along its first trade routes in 1850, it advanced in the next two decades to 350,552 people. Chicago was passing it in population then, without being able to take from it its historical place as the "first great city of the west," the pioneer and founder of the west of the present. Since 1890 it has doubled its population once more, advancing from 350,000 to over 700,000. At its present rate of increase, responsive to that of the Mississippi valley, St. Louis is doubling business in a little over 10 years. Its bank clearings increased from \$292,000,000 in 1899 to \$3,074,000,000 in 1908. Its tonnage of merchandise received and forwarded was 20,162,000 tons for the first six months of this year. Its bank resources reported June 23, 1909, at \$355,881,000, more than double the total of the tenth year back.

Such figures illustrate much more than local progress. They are mid-continental before they become local, in the sense that the people of the whole area between the Allegheny and Rocky mountains are now exerting new energies and utilizing new forces of growth, unforeseen even as late as 10 years ago. As the percentages of this growth are of course greatest west of the Mississippi river, St. Louis has almost "made itself over" in 15 years in growing up to the new growth of the country. Since it began work for the world's fair, celebrating the Louisiana purchase, it has learned to look back on itself in the last decade of the nineteenth century as "old St. Louis." In looking back to the older St. Louis of 1809, it can boast that as a frontier outpost it led the progress of the continental United States. In looking forward, in its centennial year, it can see that the greatest results of the history it has made are only the beginnings of greater results, which belong to the immediate future of the continental United States, whose progress makes the frontier town of 1809 the midcontinental city of 1909.

GRAFT FOWL BONE ON JAW.
An unusual surgical operation was performed at St. Joseph's hospital, in Omaha, recently. A portion of the jawbone of Lucretia Norris was removed and a piece of chicken bone inserted in the place of a diseased section.
The girl is six years old, and was born with a malformed jaw. It was to remedy this that a bone from a freshly killed chicken was inserted.

JOHN C. RENNINGER, BARBER SHOP
First-class work with an up-to-date shop
Main Street Florence, Neb.

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

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

Hastings & Heyden
1614 Harney St.

James Nicholson
BLUE RIBBON GARDEN

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

Postal Cards
Two for 25c. Finished while you wait. Four large photos for \$1, at
EMORY
FOTOGRAFER
Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

Rockmount Poultry Farm
BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS
Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

John Lubold
Real Estate
Fire and Tornado Insurance, Loans
The Largest List of Florence and Suburban Property on the Best Terms.
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 165.

VOTE FOR
Charles L. Van Camp
Democratic Candidate for
County Commissioner

ELECTION:
Tuesday, November 2, 1909

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at
POSTOFFICE NEWS STAND
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel. 315.
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr. Tel. 165.

Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

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

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....Chas. M. Cottrell
City Treasurer.....W. H. Thomas
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....Harold Reynolds
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Councilmen.....

Police Judge.....J. H. Price
Police Judge.....Charles Allen
Police Judge.....Dan F. Kelly
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.

HOSE COMPANY NO. 1. FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Andrew Anderson, President; Wilbur
Nichols, Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treas-
urer; George Gamble, Chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.

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

TRADE COUNCIL

Florence, Neb., Friday, Oct. 8, 1909.

Keityerkickin.

It's a gem—The Diva's Ruby.

Everything was sold and Ak-Sar-
Ben this week.

Don't be a picker. Help support the
town by supporting its only news-
paper.

Two or four?

This is the nutty time of the year
at least the nuts are ripe.

The idea of the Ponca Improvement
club in serving a veritable banquet at
the conclusion of its meeting to the
county commissioners and members
was mighty good but not half as good
as the food itself. The editor ate
enough to last him for the week.

It is evident the city council thinks
the Florence Tribune a paper of won-
derful force in advertising when they
advertise in the Friday's issue for bids
to be opened Monday. And it's the
truth.

Will the city engineer make tests
of the brick now being hauled for the
paving? It is his place to do so and
we believe that he will as soon as suf-
ficient bricks are on hand to pay for
making the test.

It's about time someone got busy
and stopped the flow of billingsgate
and obscenity from some people work-
ing on Main street. It is getting so a
lady can hardly go to the stores with-
out hearing obscenity of the worst
sort. Stop it.

The oyster season is now opened
and we will soon have oyster suppers.

Four councilman plus one mayor
equals one paving contract.

One paving contract plus two kick-
ers equal one infjunction.

One infjunction plus three columns
of publicity equal lots of trouble for
an editor.

Hugh Suttie and Robert Golding no
longer sing that old song "School
Days." Why?

THE SCHOOL SITUATION.

I attended a meeting of the school
board Tuesday evening for the ex-
press purpose of learning all I
could about the delay in the opening
of the school and try and locate the
blame where it belongs.

That the board is made up of hard
working, conscientious men there is
no question and that they should be
blamed for all this delay is entirely
wrong.

They are to blame for some of it.
The contractor it to blame for some
of it.

The architect is to blame for some
of it.

The prosperous times we are en-
joying is to blame for some of it.

Then to what degree is each to
blame.

To my mind the board is to blame
for not putting a superintendent on
the work at the very start instead of
trusting so much to the architect.

The contractor is to blame for not
using more diligence in securing
more labor and pushing the construc-
tion and ordering materials soon
enough to have them on the ground
when needed or very soon thereafter.

The architect is to blame for not
seeing that the work was going on
faster. He was supposed to have full
charge and look out for the Board's
interests and the Board trusted him to
see that the contract was fulfilled
and when he saw that the work was
dragging and that neither he nor the
contractor could secure the materials,
if such was the case, he should have
notified the Board so they could have
gone into the market and got them.
He should have so arranged what
work was done so the rooms needed
for school would be ready and the
halls cleared up and the unused and
non-completed part shut off from the
school used so the pupils would not
be annoyed by the sound of work-
men.

There is no question but what labor
is well employed and difficult to get
but if one contractor can get them so
can another.

Almost eight months have gone
by now since the contract was let
and the architect and contractor,
knowing how hard it was to obtain
materials should have placed those
orders at once and then kept up a
pounding until they obtained them.

If there was a penalty clause of
\$100 a day for every day beyond a
certain time in which to complete the
building the contractor would have
had the materials and the men and
completed the job.

At the present time the building is
in a very chaotic condition and looks
as if the workmen would be there for
the greater part of the winter.

Such is my personal view of the
situation and I believe the Board
should be exonerated from most of
the blame and that all criticism and
blame should be placed on the con-
tractor and architect, where it be-
longs.

E. L. PLATZ.

It's a jewel—The Diva's Ruby.

THE COUNTY TICKETS.

Take Your Choice. Election Tuesday,
November 2.

Republican.....Democrat

FOR SHERIFF.....Peter G. H. Boland

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.....Charles Leslie

FOR COUNTY CLERK.....George Holmes

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.....D. M. Haverly

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS.....Frank A. Furay

FOR CORONER.....Frank W. Bandle

FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.....W. C. Crosby

FOR SURVEYOR.....W. A. Yoder

FOR COMMISSIONER (Long Term).....George McBride

FOR COMMISSIONER (Long Term).....John A. Scott

FOR COMMISSIONER (Short Term).....John Grant

FOR ROAD OVERSEER.....L. B. Ritter

The following were nominated on
the socialist ticket: For sheriff, E. T.
Morrow; for county clerk, F. A. Bar-
nett; for county treasurer, Chas. S.
Duke; for county commissioner (long
term), J. N. Carter.

The Diva's Ruby.

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

Church.

Sunday Services.

Sunday school—10:00 a. m.

Preaching—11:00 a. m.

C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.

Mid-Week Service.

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Mid-Week Service.

Wednesday—8:00 p. m.

The public is cordially invited to
attend these services.

William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

Historic Set of Chairs.

A sum of \$4,620 was paid at Chris-
ties' rooms, London, for a set of ten
Chippendale mahogany chairs, the
backs pierced with a shell and carved
with foliage and conventional scrolls,
which at one time were, it is be-
lieved, in the possession of Marie
Antoinette.

LEGAL NOTICES

PROPOSALS FOR INTERSECTION SEWERS.

Sealed proposals are invited and will
be received by the undersigned city clerk
of Florence, Nebraska, at 8 o'clock p. m. on
Monday, October 11, 1909, for the con-
struction of sewers made of twelve-inch
standard sewer pipe, each sewer to be
seventy-five feet in length, all within
Street Improvement District No. 1, on
Main street in Florence, Nebraska, at the
following named street intersections, to-
wiz: Jackson street, Canton street, Jef-
ferson street, State street, Harrison street,
Adams street and Sheffield street.

Said sewer on Jackson street to be laid
at a depth of six (6) feet below the grade
of Main street, and all of said other in-
tersection sewers to be laid at a depth of
eight (8) feet below the grade of Main
street at said intersections respectively.
Work to be begun forthwith after contract
is awarded and bond given, and said work
to be done in such a manner as not to
interfere with the construction of the
pavement now being laid on said street.
All excavations to be filled and thor-
oughly tamped, and all surplus earth re-
moved from the street. All of said work
to be done under the direction of and as
directed by the city engineer or the en-
gineer in charge of the improvement of said
street.

The city engineer has filed an estimate
that the cost of constructing said sewers
complete will not exceed 75 cents per
linear foot.

As an evidence of good faith and that
contract will be entered into and good
for \$100,000 furnished for the faithful
performance should award be made there-
on, each bid must be accompanied by a
certified check, payable to the city treas-
urer of Florence, in the sum of \$500.00.
The mayor and council reserve the right
to reject any and all bids and to waive
defects in bids.

Given by order of the Mayor and Council
of the City of Florence, this 5th day of
October, 1909.

CHAS. M. COTTRELL,
City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 259.

Introduced October 4, 1909, by Councilman

AN ORDINANCE requiring all owners of
lots and real estate abutting on that
part of Main street in the City of Flo-
rence, Nebraska, to satisfy plaintiff in the
sum of \$65.27 with interest from May
6, 1901 at ten per centum; to satisfy the
sum of \$53.10 costs and the accruing costs,
all as provided by said order and decree.
Dated at Omaha, Nebraska, September
28, 1909.

EDWIN F. BRALEY,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska.

Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there will
be a special meeting of the Mayor and
Council of the city of Florence, Ne-
braska, on Monday, October 13, 1909, at
eight o'clock in the evening for the pur-
pose of equalizing the cost of construct-
ing artificial stone sidewalks in the city
of Florence under contract with Emil
Hansen.

That the following is the proposed
plan of assessment and the description
of the lots to be assessed and the
amount provided to be levied against
each lot respectively, to-wit:

| Lot. | Block. | Tax. |
|------|--------|---------|
| 2 | 13 | \$15.83 |
| 3 | 13 | 27.12 |
| 4 | 13 | 35.23 |
| 5 | 13 | 35.23 |
| 6 | 13 | 124.12 |
| 7 | 13 | 15.78 |

Part of R. R.

| R. of Way. | 5 | 13 | 22.96 |
|------------|----|--------|-------|
| 1 | 13 | 121.59 | |
| 2 | 13 | 52.83 | |
| 3 | 13 | 36.12 | |
| 4 | 13 | 36.12 | |
| 5 | 13 | 36.12 | |
| 6 | 13 | 52.83 | |
| 7 | 13 | 36.12 | |
| 8 | 13 | 36.12 | |
| 9 | 13 | 36.12 | |
| 10 | 13 | 36.12 | |
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| 100 | 13 | 36.12 | |

Given by order of the Mayor and Coun-
cil of the city of Florence this 22d day
of September, 1909.

CHAS. M. COTTRELL,
City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 260.

Introduced October 4, 1909, by Councilman

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

It's a jewel—The Diva's Ruby.

For Sale—A milk cow soon to be fresh. Address J 2, care Tribune.

Hugh Suttle will attend the meeting of the council Monday evening and again ask for a crosswalk on Fillmore street.

Charles Cottrell has been appointed receiver for the Tri-City Printing Company and The Florence Gazette.

Miss Stacia Ketchmark is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ryan.

The Royal Neighbors of America will give a dance at Pascale's hall Wednesday evening of next week.

For Sale—A good boar. Telephone Florence 462.

Miss Fern Nichols of Omaha was the guest of the Misses Thompson Saturday and Sunday.

The Pleasure club gave a large dance at Pascale's hall last Saturday evening.

Mrs. G. J. Hunt, a former resident of Florence, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Estell.

Charles Cottrell, the city clerk, is busy serving notices on the property owners on Main street to connect with the water mains before the pavement is laid.

Wanted to Trade—A lot in Omaha for a horse. Address E 3, care Tribune.

Edward L. Lawler, democratic candidate for register of deeds, has an ad in this issue.

M. Ford, the contractor for the paving of Main street, has an ad in this issue for men and teams to work on the grading.

W. A. Yoder is spending today (Friday) at Fremont in attendance at the meeting of North Nebraska School Folks club.

For Sale or Trade—A typewriter in good shape to use. Apply G. 4 Tribune.

Hugh Suttle and Newell Burton were the guests of R. H. Olmsted Sunday afternoon.

The Diva's Ruby.

J. J. Davey was a Florence visitor Tuesday evening.

If you like the Tribune why don't you send us a dollar for it for one year?

Teachers of the Florence schools are having a hard time to find a place to room and board. Anyone desiring to rent out a room notify either Mr. McLane or this office and a tenant will be secured.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Grebe and family secured a carryall and invited their friends to go with them Wednesday evening to see the electrical parade.

Miss Ethel Ayer pleasantly entertained at a birthday party a number of her young friends Saturday evening.

Cornelius Whitted, eldest son of J. M. Whitted, died Saturday, October 2nd, in the hospital at Ukiah, Calif.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Ponca Presbyterian church will give an oyster supper at the Johansen home on Friday evening, October 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Miller and children of Milford, Utah, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Holmes for a few days.

Henry Plant took his family and a large crowd of invited guests to Omaha in his carryall Wednesday evening to see the parade.

If you have any news for the Tribune either telephone to the editor at 215 or leave it at post office news stand.

J. A. Thistle says he has over 100,000 grape vines set out in nursery at his place, \$5,000 of these being concord. Most of them have already been sold.

Prof. McLane is planning to attend the state teachers' meeting at Lincoln the fore part of November and secured leave of absence from the school board at their meeting Tuesday evening.

All grades except the kindergarten and manual training will open at the school Monday without fail, says the school board and superintendent.

Mrs. G. L. McCloud and son Bentley of Englewood, Ill., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Olmsted this week and many affairs in their honor are being given.

Mrs. R. H. Olmsted and her guest, Mrs. McCloud, are among the ladies in waiting at the Ak-Sar-Ben ball tonight.

Pascale's hall, now owned by Dr. Adams is beginning to be the meeting place of many lodges, the latest to take quarters there being the Royal Neighbors of America.

The Volunteer Fire Department is planning on giving a dance in Cole's new hall at the opening of the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Yoder, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz, Mrs. A. E. Parmelee, Miss Alle Houston and Mr. J. L. Houston were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Fowler at a window party Wednesday evening to see the parade.

W. A. Yoder spent Wednesday at Valley.

Louis Grebe has filed for justice of the peace from Florence.

It's a jewel—The Diva's Ruby.

Joe Stevenson of Evanston, Wyo., writes to Florence friends that he will be here about the first of November to settle the estate of his father, Alexander Stevenson. The elder Stevenson came to Florence in 1857.

Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted, Miss Florence Olmsted, Mrs. McCloud, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Reynolds, Mr. Justus Lowe and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hartman formed a window party for the parade Wednesday evening.

The Diva's Ruby.

Lucien Thompson, who is now a student at the University of Nebraska, spent part of Wednesday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Kierle, Mr. and Mrs. John Price and Mr. and Mrs. L. Grebe formed one of the Florence parties that went to Omaha Wednesday.

It's a jewel—The Diva's Ruby.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

It's a jewel—The Diva's Ruby.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Peck and Miss Louise Peck have given up their summer home here for this season and removed to Omaha to spend the winter.

The North Alben or German Farmers' Insurance company of Washington county held its twenty-eighth annual meeting here Saturday afternoon with large attendance. Hans Lamp of Blair was re-elected president for his third term, Herman Klindt of Fort Calhoun, secretary; Nels Truelsen of Blair, treasurer; John Hendrickson of South Omaha, Carl Horn of Herman and Carl Rohwer and Claus Brandt of Blair, directors. The society has \$50,000 in the treasury and has had no assessments for three years. The afternoon was mostly spent in a social

meeting and Dimick's orchestra furnished music at night.

The committee in charge of the Lyceum tickets still have a number of reserved tickets left.

Veteran E. A. Blodgett was back from College View and went to Hartington.

John Iverson came from Plattsmouth to see his mother.

Frank Jahnael of Blair was at Peter Schmidt's.

Blair parties are picking two cars of winter apples for shipment. The apples are from the Sifersen orchard.

Miss Myrtle Landis is visiting in Lincoln.

George Rohwer and William Frahm have been buying more fancy hogs. Mr. Case just received 600 lambs for fattening.

Henry Retwisch, who has lived here most of the time for thirty-one years, is moving to his Wayne county farm.

George Neale says crops at Bloomfield are very fine.

Peter Holts and son have succeeded Mr. Sass in the butcher shop.

Mrs. Herman Rathman, four miles west of town, had a big German birthday party last week.

A good many farmers have stores of old corn on hand yet.

The High school library and W. H. Woods are indebted to Congressman Hitchcock for valuable books and map.

Miss Myrtle Landis was back in her old place in Seiver's store Saturday.

E. C. Jackson of Blair and Fred Heurman of Arlington were looking over political fences in this neck of the woods.

Mrs. E. C. Shafer of Phoenix, N. Y., on her way to California, stopped with Claude Methaway, of Desota, to renew an acquaintance of thirty years ago.

Red Willow Camp, Modern Woodmen, will unveil the monument of the late Joseph Ketchmark at 2:30 Sunday, October 10. State Lecturer Dr. Schley and wife and Colonel Yates will have charge of the work. A sermon will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Schley in the Presbyterian church at 11 a. m.

August Ralphs left this county for Texas last year, bought three sections of land for \$14 an acre and in six months sold half at \$27 an acre.

Uneeda

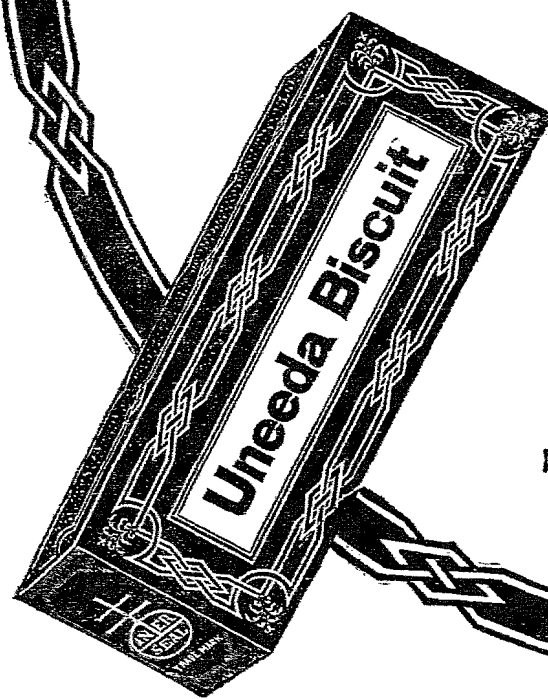
Biscuit are more than mere soda crackers. They are a distinct, individual food article made from special materials, by special methods, in specially constructed bakeries.

They are sealed in a special way which gives them crispness, cleanliness and freshness which "crackers" from the paper bag always lack. They are the Nation's accepted soda

Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

5¢



CITY COUNCIL ORDERS SEWERS

(Continued from 1st Page.)

Councilman Allen said he thought Mr. Shipley should look to the sidewalk contractor for the money and then the matter would lie between the city and Hanson.

Mayor Tucker told Mr. Shipley he should be paid for the work and would be even if the city had to hold the amount out of Hanson's contract.

Mr. Powers requested the council to vacate Water street between Spring street and the railroad right of way.

Councilman Kelley said the street was about one block long and that the matter was before the council last year, but was turned down. The city attorney said it could not be vacated.

Councilman Price said he was not in favor of vacating any streets.

The city clerk was instructed to serve notices personally on all property owners on Main street.

The council adjourned and will meet Monday evening, October 11, to open bids for the Main street sewer.

THE NEW POOL HALL

G. R. GAMELE, Prop. Tel. 215.
Cigars. Soft Drinks. Lunch. Candles.
EVERYTHING NEW.
Fresh Buttermilk Every Day.

J. H. PRICE

FOR HARDWARE.
Special Prices to Contractors and Builders.
Tel. 3221.

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ELECTION TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1909

The

Diva's Ruby

By F. MARION CRAWFORD

IS ABOUT to be PUBLISHED
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It is a great story, by a remarkable story-teller, superbly told. Chapter after chapter is brimful of exciting adventures. The strong characters know how to love. You love with them. And there is one scamp, as picturesque as a stage villain, and as real as your dearest enemy, that you would like to get your hands on.

Read the opening installment, and after that—well, you'll thank Fortune you have found one more great story.

WATCH FOR IT—REMEMBER
IN THIS PAPER ONLY



"Why so glum, old man? Won't she return your love?"
"No. But the worst of it is she won't return the presents I gave her!"

CHILD ATE CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Spread Whole Box of It on Crackers—Not the Least Injury Resulted.

Cuticura Thus Proven Pure and Sweet.

A New York friend of Cuticura writes:

"My three year-old son and heir, after being put to bed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the state-room and located a box of Cuticura Ointment. When a search was made for the box, it was found empty and the kid admitted that he had eaten the contents of the entire box spread on the crackers. It cured him of a bad cold and I don't know what else."

No more conclusive evidence could be offered that every ingredient of Cuticura Ointment is absolutely pure, sweet and harmless. If it may be safely eaten by a young child, none but the most beneficial results can be expected to attend its application to even the tenderest skin or youngest infant.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

The Thirst for Gore.
Unsophisticated Onlooker—I think this is a first rate place. See what a fine view we have of this car coming. Seasoned Spectator—Fine view of distasteful! Nothing ever happens on these straight stretches—not even a broken leg. Come on down to the turn and wait for the fun.—Puck.

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May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE



Neglected Colds and Coughs

are the cause of many cases of Pneumonia and Consumption. No matter how slight your Cough or Cold may be, cure it before it has a chance to do any harm.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Expectorant

is the oldest and best known medicine in the world for relieving and curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Croup, Whooping-Cough, and diseases of this class. Your druggist will supply you. In three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c, and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is an excellent tonic for both adults and children. It is also a safe worm medicine.

QUICKEST WITH SAFETY

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

For the baby often means rest for both mother and child. Little ones like it too—it's so palatable to take. Free from opiates.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

UNCLE JOHN IN ROUEN

Copyright, by the Century Co.

"Well, girls, are you ready to get up and out and set about improving your minds? I've been reading the guide-book and spilling my coffee with trying to do two things at once, ever since eight o'clock. But what your Uncle John doesn't know about Rouen now isn't worth stopping to look up in the index. Why, I've got the real French twang to the pronunciation. It's Rouank; only you stop short of the 'n' and the 'k,' so to speak. The waiter who brought my breakfast showed me how to do it—said he never saw a foreigner catch on to the trick so quick before. I gave him one of those slim little quarters they have here, and he was so pleased that he taught me how to say 'Joan of Arc' for nothing. It's Shondark—Shondark. I learned it in no time. Well, come on, if you're ready. I've been waiting almost an hour."

"I declare, but this fresh, free atmosphere is refreshing. As soon as you get outside of your bedroom door you begin to get the full benefit of the continental climate. I presume, if you're poor, you get it as soon as you get outside of your bed clothes. Rather a medieval starcase, eh? And four orange trees at the bottom to try and fool us into feeling balmy. However, I don't mind little discomforts. All I mind is being shut up on a ship with a darned fool like that man Sibbilly. I shouldn't wonder if his mother was his wife, after all. I could believe anything of him. I didn't like him."

"We'll go to take in the cathedral first; it isn't far, and I've got it all by heart. Thirteenth century and unsymmetrical—you must remember that. There, that's it ahead there—with the scaffolding. They're bolstering it up somewhat, so as to keep on hooking tourists. I presume. The biggest tower

"Great Scott, isn't it big, and isn't it damp? Will you look up in that roof? I feel solemn in spite of myself; but, then, feeling solemn is no use; what we want to do is to find some one to open those big iron gates, for the most of what is to see is in back there. Edna, you ask that man how we can get hold of some other man. Well, what did he say? Said to ask the Swiss, did he? What does he mean by that? Is it a joke, or can't they trust a Frenchman with their old relics? I've been told that in Japanese banks they always have to have a Chinaman to handle the money, and maybe it's equally the thing in a French cathedral to have a Swiss look after the relics. But the guide-book never said a word about a Swiss; it said 'fee,' and I've got my pocket full of them."

"Well, where can we get a Swiss? I should think he'd be more handy than he appears to be. There's another man looking for him, too. He—Great Scott! If it isn't—no, that's impossible. Yes, it is!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is your name Porter? Yes? Robert Porter—Bobby Porter that went to the Washington school? Bob, do you remember me? Well, of all the larks!"

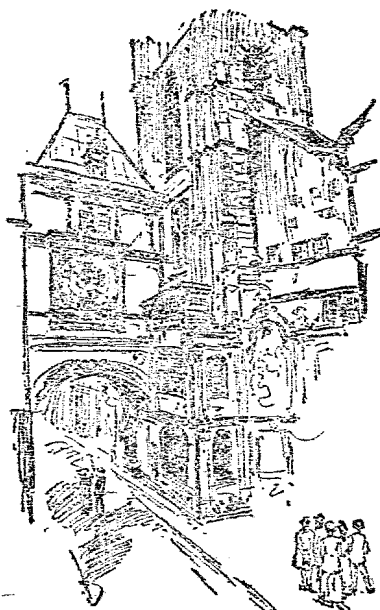
"Girls, this man and I went to school side by side for eight years, and he's the finest—my niece, Bob. That's Edna and this Yvonne, and—you don't say he's your son? Didn't know you ever married. Oh, I'll take your word for it, of course; but, I say, Bob, you've got to come and dine with us tonight. You must; I won't have it any other way. You and I'll have to just sit down and overhaul our old memories together. Do you remember—but how do you come to be in Europe, anyhow; and what liner did you line up on? We had a beastly trip; only came from Havre last night,—

about things. You are the dumbest lot!"

"Come on; I'm tired of this old church. I move that we go out and look at the place where they burned Joan of Arc, or something else that is bright and cheerful. What's he saying? No, I don't want to see any treasury; I've done enough church-going for one week-day. Give him his money, Bob, and let's get out. You tell us where to go next; you must know everything, if you were here all day yesterday. I want to see that double-faced clock and those carvings of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. They're all over in the same direction."

"Good to be out in the air, eh? I vow, I never was great on churches. What boat did you come over on? Did it roll? Ours rolled and pitched, too. I never saw such a rolling."

"So that's the clock! Well, it's a big one, surely—almost as wide as the street, although candor compels us to



"So That's the Clock!"

own that the street is about the narrowest ever. All right, I'm done; a clock is a clock, and one look in its face always tells me all I want to know. Come on; we can't stand dilly-dallying if we're to get through Rouen to-day, and I must say I consider a day to a town as quite enough in Europe. I know, when I was young and traveled for wholesale shoes, I used often to do three towns a day and never turn a hair. I tell you, Bob, when I was—

"Is that the fountain? Hold on; we want to see that! The guide-book has it in italics. I don't see anything to underline, though; looks foreign to me. Come on; we've got to be getting somewhere, or I shall feel I was a fool to stop off at Rouen. Not that I'm not glad to have met you again, Bob; but that could have happened anywhere else just as well, you know. When did you come over? Last year! Great Scott, what are you staying so long for? I bet I get enough in six weeks; I feel as if I'd got pretty close to enough now. Not that time ever hangs heavy on my hands, you know. No, not by a long shot. I'm the kind of man that can always amuse himself. Give me a fair show—off a ship, of course—and I'll defy any one to get on better. Take the day we landed for instance, there in Havre—rainy, not a thing to do, and every one else off for Paris. You might have looked for me to be a little bit disgusted, naturally; but not a bit of it. The day went like the wind. We landed at noon. I slept all the afternoon, and in the evening I took a bath. I tell you, Bob, a fellow with brains can get on anywhere. I never know what it is to feel bored."

"What's our Goddess of Liberty doing up there? What's that Indian beadwork around her feet for? Who? You don't mean to tell me that's Joan of Arc? Well, all I can say is, I never imagined her like that. But what are the beads? French funeral wreaths! Great Scott! do they keep Charlemagne wreathed, too, or is 500 years the bead-wreath limit? Pretty idea, to put up a fountain where they burnt her—keep her memory damp at all events, eh? What's the moral of her train turning into a dolphin? Just to bring the mind gradually down to the level of the fact that it is a fountain, after all, I suppose."

"She wasn't burnt here, anyhow, the book said. The book said she was burnt farther over. Smart people here—have two places where she was burnt, so people must trot through the whole market if they try to be conscientious."

"Well, where can we go now? I say to set out and have a look at the tower where she was imprisoned. Pulled down! It isn't, either; it's starred in the book. What's that? This tower named for her, and hers pulled down! Well, there's French honor for you again. I don't want to see the tower if it ain't the real one. I want to see the baz-reliefs of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and then I want to go back to the hotel to lunch. I tell you, this sight-seeing is a great appetizer. The more old ruins and burnings I look over, the hungrier I get."

"Is this the place? Makes me think of a sort of glorified gate to a wood-yard. What is it, now? Well, ask somebody! A bank, eh? Are those the famous baz-reliefs? Those! Them! Well, well, I must say the touring public is easy game. They're all worn off. What's the tin overhead for? To keep the rain from damaging them, eh? Pretty bit of sarcasm, eh, Bob? Great pity they didn't think to put it up four or five hundred years sooner. I don't see a man with a head or a horse with a leg from here. It lacks character, to my idea. Let's go home. Come on. I've racked around Rouen all I care to for one day."

A Money Tree

WITH DOLLARS ON EVERY LIMB.

THAT'S WHAT GOOD ADVERTISING IS

It was shown recently in a legal proceeding that the output of a great concern engaged in making soda crackers had been enlarged thirteen hundred per cent within a period of three years, and almost entirely this increase had come through the use of printers' ink. The business of a certain shoe manufacturing company has grown one thousand per cent since it went into the use of printers' ink four years ago. Wearing apparel of all kinds and descriptions is now advertised on the most liberal scale, and the result, according to statistics recently compiled, has been to increase the sale in certain lines all the way from three hundred to eight hundred per cent. And this has been done without increasing the cost to the consumer or reducing the profits of the manufacturer. On the contrary, it has been the general experience that the retail prices of standard goods have been decreased on the whole, that the quality has been elevated, and that the manufacturer, through his enormously increased sales and the cutting out of the middleman, had made greater profits with less effort than ever before. The most ordinary articles of everyday consumption are being advertised, and almost invariably with success.—Saturday Evening Post.

You may neither manufacture shoes nor soda crackers, but if the one will show a gain from advertising of one thousand and the other a gain of thirteen hundred per cent—if consistent, thorough advertising can boom the sales of wearing apparel three to eight fold—surely we may assume that the same methods that added to this prosperity will enhance yours, whatever your line may be.

The Florence Tribune

TELS. 315 AND 165.

FLORENCE, NEB.

No Charm in Auto Riding

Swift Travel Did Not Appeal in Any Degree Whatever to Mr. P. Mulqueen.

One day recently Art Henry drove his newly painted automobile, the Comet, up to the Mansion house and invited P. Mulqueen to take a ride. Mr. Mulqueen, thinking that there would be some class to a quiet spin in a buzz wagon, quickly accepted the invitation. Henry drove out Washington street, and when the macadam road was reached he grasped the high speed clutch, gave the spark a vicious twist and braced himself for a record breaking hike up the west branch. "Mul" viewed these sinister preparations with alarm, and as the cussed auto began burning the macadam the hotel man handed Henry an appealing look. Henry muffled the glance and gave the car a few more notches of speed. Mr. Mulqueen is accustomed to riding behind fast stepping horses, but the joy ride appearance of this particular spin caused

him to regret that he had ever abandoned his trusty equine for a snorting, honking, dust raising automobile. He wanted to get out and walk and determined on a bit of strategy.

While Henry's eyes were riveted on the road ahead, "Mul" with a quick movement, yanked his cap from his head and thrust it under his coat. "Stop, I've lost me cap," he shouted in Henry's nearest ear. Henry glanced around, and, seeing Mulqueen in his bare head, regretfully brought the car to a standstill. His passenger nimbly alighted, and then, pulling his cap from beneath his coat, waved it triumphantly under Henry's nose. "Now you can go to the devil," he shouted. "I am going to walk home." And he did.—Bradford Star.

Tactful.

"Is she tactful?"
"Very. Whenever friends come up to her summer cottage she always manages to get them to haul the water and assist with the dishes."

Milk From Beans.

The Japanese have discovered a cheap substitute for the milch cow in the form of a tiny bean. The juice, which is extracted by a special process from the bean, is said to be an excellent vegetable milk, the properties of which render it highly suitable for use in tropical countries. The preparation, according to the Java Times, is obtained from the soja bean, a member of the leguminous family of plants and a popular article of food among the poorer classes of Chinese.

and Japanese. In making the vegetable milk the beans are first of all softened by soaking and boiled in water. The resultant liquor is exactly similar to cows' milk in appearance, but is entirely different in its composition.

Wealth in Swedish Bogs.

The bogs of Sweden, it is now estimated, would yield 10,000 million tons of air-dried peat. Compared with present coal imports, this would supply the country with fuel for 1,500 years.

NOT THE GENERAL'S COW

Amusing Complication That Followed Soldier's Strict Obedience of Orders Given Him.

The first and the last duty of a common soldier is to obey orders. Nor is he allowed to put upon his orders a construction that might suit cases not anticipated. This, however, sometimes leads to amusing results, as in an instance told by L. A. Tollemundie in his recent book, "Old and Odd Memories."

"The scene of one of my father's anecdotes was laid in a southern seaport town, where long ago a general and an admiral were neighbors. The general's house was fronted by a grass-plot, on which he claimed the right to pasture a cow."

"One day his wife complained that the supply of milk was falling off. The sentinel accounted for the deficiency by saying that the grass had lately been much trodden down by the public."

"The martial despot immediately

"gave orders that no animal, human or other, except the cow, should be allowed on the grass-plot; and he added—men were not particular in those days—that if this rule were infringed the sentinel should be flogged."

"Soon afterward the admiral's wife, having a pressing engagement, took a short cut over the grass in disregard of the sentinel's repeated order to halt."

"Sir," said the offended lady, "don't you know who I am?"

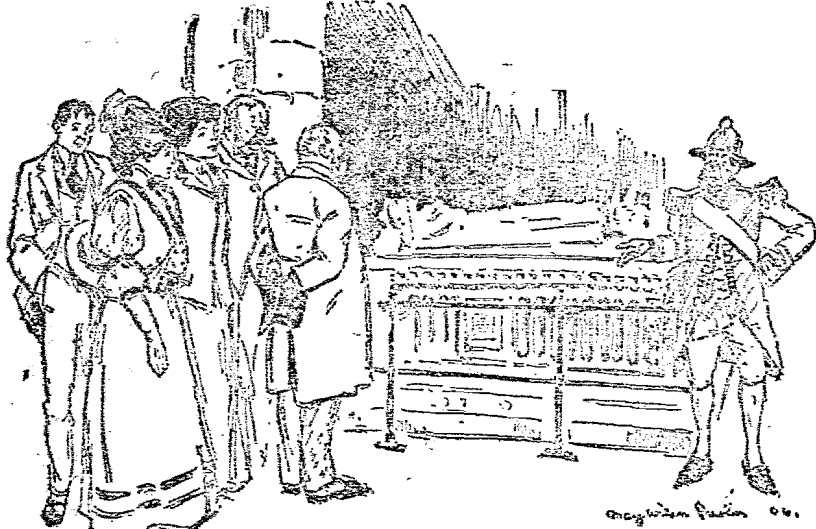
"All I know is that you're not the general's cow!"—Youth's Companion.

Gold in Water.

A cubic mile of sea water contains \$178,421,760 value in gold. This valuation is based on the well-known fact that a ton of sea water contains approximately one grain of gold.—Popular Mechanics.

Wickersham a Spanish Scholar.

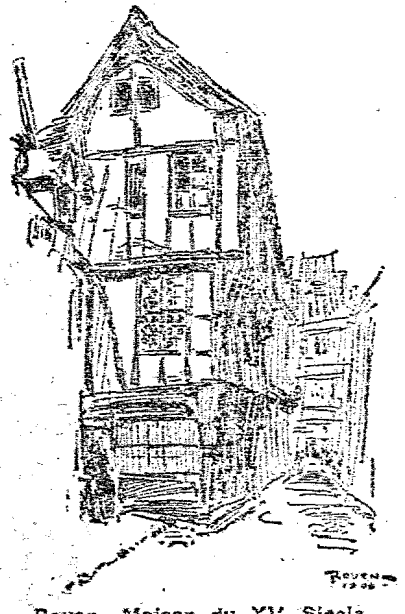
Attorney General Wickersham is the Spanish scholar of President Taft's cabinet. He reads, in the original, the works of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Valera and Galdos.



"Richard Coeur-de-Lion—Petrified, Eh?"

is the Butter Tower, built out of paid-for permissions to eat butter in Lent. Rather a rough joke, its being so much the biggest, isn't it? The whole cathedral's lopsided from eating butter, so to speak. I believe it's the thing to stop in front and act as if you were overcome; so we'll just call a halt here and take in the general effect of the scaffolding."

"Now we'll walk around the whole thing. I haven't come abroad to take life with a hop, skip and jump. I've come to be thorough, and I want you girls to form the habit of being thorough, too. Good job of scaffolding, isn't it? You see, they make the scaffold folding out of young trees with-



Rouen—Maison du XV. Siecle.

gether, and use them over and over. Economical. Those gargoyles and saints around the top stick their heads out pretty interested-like, don't they? But their view is for the most part blocked. Now this cheerful old jail at the back is the palace of the archbishop. I wish, young ladies that you would note those little bits of high windows and the good thick bars across them as illustrating the secure faith that the dead and gone archbishops had in their loving people. "This dark, damp little stone-paved alley is the celebrated Portail des Libraires, so called because those arcades used to be full of book-stalls. We go along on the cobble-stones, throw ourselves hard against this little swinging door; it creaks, yields, we enter—hush!"

and, by the way, how in thunder can we get hold of the man who opens these iron gates? Everything in the place is back there."

"Is that a Swiss—that splendid circus-chauffeur? Give you my word, I thought he was a cardinal! How much of a tip is that much gold lace going to look forward to getting? I wish he was plainer, somehow. I'll tell you, Bob; you pay, and I'll settle up later. I certainly am glad to see the gates open; I felt more like a serpent shut out of paradise than I ever expected to feel in all my life."

"Well, now we begin. Who's buried here? Henry II. of England, eh? I can't read Latin, so Henry's virtues and dates are all one to me. Which Henry was he, anyhow—the one with six wives or the one who never shed a smile? Either way, let's move on."

"What comes next? Richard Coeur-de-Lion—petrified, eh? Oh, only a statue of him; that's less interesting. I thought at last I was looking at Richard when he was himself again. What is our Swiss friend, hissing about? Heart buried underneath? Whose heart?—Richard's? Ask if it's his bona fide heart or only a death-mask of it? Strikes me as a pretty big statue to put up to a heart, don't you think Bob? But come on; I want to be looking at something else."

"So this is the tomb of the husband of Diana of Poitiers? I didn't know she ever had a husband—thought she only had a king. I've never been brought up to think of Diana of Poitiers mourning a husband. But maybe she did, maybe she did. They say you must check your common sense at the hotel when you set out to inspect Europe, and I believe it—I believe it. It's a nice tomb, and if they kneel and mourn in a gown with a train, she certainly is doing it up brown. However, let's go on."

"What's he saying? Well, ask him again. Whose grave? Well, ask him again. Rollo's! What Rollo that was 'At Work' and 'At Play' and at everything else when we were kids? Another? What other? Well, ask him. Rollo the Norman? I don't see anything very remarkable in a Norman being buried in Normandy, do you, Bob? When did he die? Well, ask him. What are we paying him for, anyway? Died about 909, eh? And this church wasn't built till 409 years later. Where did he spend the time while he was waiting to be buried? Well, ask him. I declare, if I could talk French, I bet I'd know something

The Marriage Vow

NO BARES OR LOTS OF THEM?

BY MRS. VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

A question arose as to what would be the special luxury in which each person present would indulge had she unlimited means. The answers were various, some saying travel, others entertaining, others numerous pictures, books and bric a brac. One woman who had said little during the controversy was at last addressed, and replied by saying that she had not spoken before, as she knew none of those present would agree with her.

"For," she said, flushing shyly, "my desire would be for a large family of children whom I could have finely educated and to whom I could give all the advantages I would want my boys and girls to have."

Her remark was greeted with a murmur of surprise and dissent.

"Do you really mean that?" asked one woman, incredulously.

"Indeed I do," was the calm reply. "To my way of thinking there is no greater happiness than for a woman to be surrounded by a number of children, with the means to do them justice."

Ab, there's the rub. Surely 'tis a pity that the dollar mark must shine through everything as it does, an ugly birth sear on the face of nature.

In many cases, however, it is not the thought of the present expense of children, or the thought of what they will cost during the first few years of their life, that causes people to wish to have small families. It is rather the dread lest, when the young people are old enough to enter college, there will not be the finances necessary to the completion of their education. It would be well for those who argue thus to remember that in this country of ours few people have, during the first years of marriage, the money that is theirs 20 years later.

I would not have anyone imagine that I advocate the bringing into the world of more little ones than one can, at the time, feed and clothe. But I do hold that, when parents are abundantly able to provide for their children during childhood, they make a mistake in insisting that at birth there must be on hand the money with which to send their new-born baby through college and set him up in the business or profession he may choose.

Let us look the matter plainly in

the face and announce that parents have no more right to indulge in numbers of children—crowding into the nursery more money than the parents have, making the payment of just debts impossible, and sapping the courage of the father, and the strength of the mother—than they have to purchase houses and lands for which they cannot pay. But, when parents can buy luxuries that are not necessities, and can indulge their personal whims and wishes, surely children have a right to be. To bear and rear children is one of the chief aims of woman's existence, and until she has borne a child she has not lived up to the purpose of her being, and hers is not a full, round life.

And the American husband, noted over the world for his consideration for his wife's wishes, declares that she shall have her own way in this matter.

Viewed from a practical standpoint, few other investments pay as do children. It is also true that four children are little more actual trouble than are two, and that the additional trouble is compensated for in the pleasure they bring by their companionship in their childhood, and their protection as well as companionship in the years to come—when the parents begin to feel that they need strong young arms about them. If you would know what a childless home means—imagine the Christmas season without the little ones. And look for just one sad moment at the home from which an only child has been taken, and then ask if one child is more a blessing than many. That one gone, what is left but years in which the arms must be empty and the hearts must ache?

Yes, there is something worse—ininitely worse to those who know what is really worth while, than a family of many little ones—and that is a family without any children. It is not less pitiable because the parents are ignorant of what they miss. When old age and loneliness approach, they will know. If God has denied them offspring, may he comfort them; if they blindly deny themselves God's greatest blessings—may he still pity them, for they know not what they do!

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

ONE LOAF OF BREAD

BY G. F. WRIGHT, L.L.D., F. G. S. A.

Until recently the vegetable product which supported the largest amount of human life was rice, but now it is probable that more people depend upon wheat for their main staple of nutriment than upon any other single grain. The wheat crop of the world for 1902, the largest then recorded, was 3,124,422,000 bushels, of which 760,063,000 were produced in the United States. We may therefore presume that the loaf of bread which lies upon the table of the average reader is a loaf of wheat bread, and so we will consider it.

Wheat is no new discovery. It is found in the early tombs of Egypt and among the remains of the lake dwellers in Switzerland, where the charred kernels had lain buried for several thousand years before the Christian era. From the fact that the word for wheat is common to most of the Aryan languages, it is rightly inferred that it was cultivated in central Asia in prehistoric times, and was distributed throughout the eastern continent with the emigration which early radiated from the home of the Aryan races in western Turkestan. But it did not reach America until after the discovery by Columbus.

The varieties of wheat are very numerous, thus adapting it to a wider range of conditions than any other cereal. It ripens equally well in Siberia and Alaska and India and South America. Some varieties are sown in autumn and others in the spring, but if winter wheat is sown in the spring or spring wheat sown in autumn, while very few plants will come to maturity, a few will do so. Therefore, by saying these few heads that ripen one can transform at his pleasure a winter wheat into a spring wheat, and vice versa. Great results have likewise been produced by crossing varieties with each other in which case there is often a great improvement in both the quality and the quantity of the product.

The great value of wheat as a food consists in its possession of a large amount of albuminoid matter, which forms the most important element in the blood, and enters into the production of the muscles and ligaments of animal bodies. In this respect it is greatly superior to rice, which almost entirely consists of starch, which supplies heat to the body, but furnishes an insufficient amount of nutriment for the muscular and the nervous system. In wheat nearly 13 per cent. of the weight consists of albuminoid matter, though there is a variation of three or four per cent. in the different varieties.

Under high cultivation wheat has been known to yield 66 bushels per

acre, each bushel weighing 60 pounds, while the average yield may easily be made 40 bushels to the acre. The low average of the yield so general in the United States is due to imperfect cultivation and to an unskillful use of fertilizers. The power of increase in a grain of wheat is astonishing, since a large number of other stalks spring out from the single shoot that first comes out of the ground.

There is no doubt that wheat bread with good butter on it more fully supplies the wants of the human system than any other single article of food does. The need of butter or some other fat is occasioned by the lack of that element so necessary to the human system in most of the cereals, though corn and oats contain it to a considerable extent. A good five-cent loaf of bread contains as much nutriment as would be found in any of the various breakfast foods now so popular, costing three times as much. In the wheat loaf itself we have the choice between that made from Graham flour, in which the whole wheat kernel, bran and all, is ground together; that from whole or entire wheat flour, from which a considerable portion of the bran has been removed and the flour ground a little finer, and the standard patent flour, in which the bran is all left out, and the germ of the wheat is removed so as to prevent the flour from becoming rancid.

Here is a good recipe for white bread:

Sift together 5½ cups flour, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon salt. Two cups milk scalded and cooled. Add one-half cup yeast to the milk. Stir the liquid, temperature 75 degrees, into the dry with a knife. Knead until there are air bubbles at the edge of the dough. Cover in a temperature of 75 degrees and let stand 3½ hours. It should be twice as large as at first. Pass a knife around the dish and cut down to get out the air bubbles. Shape and allow to rise again to twice the size.

Biscuits should be baked in an oven that will brown a spoonful of flour in two minutes, bread in five minutes. Biscuits bake in 15 to 20 minutes. Bread bakes in 35 to 40 minutes.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Monkey Was Orchard Thief. Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Jacob Smith of this city thought all along that some of the neighbors were robbing his apple trees, as the fruit was disappearing rapidly. He kept watch on the trees, and saw a monkey owned by an Italian organ grinder of the vicinity at the top of the tree helping himself

NEW TARIFF BOARD

Sketches of Members Appointed to Important Body.

Will Investigate Application of Maximum and Minimum Rates of New Law to Foreign Countries.

Washington.—The new foreign tariff board recently appointed by the president is composed of the following three members: Prof. Henry C. Emery, professor of economics at Yale university; Mr. James B. Reynolds, assistant secretary of the treasury, and Mr. Alvin H. Sanders of Chicago, editor and owner of the Breeders' Gazette.

The appointments were made under a paragraph of the new tariff act which authorizes the president to expend \$75,000 in an investigation of the application of the maximum and minimum rates of the new tariff law to foreign countries.

It is the purpose of the president to use the board for a much broader investigation. In affixing his signature to the bill he made public a statement in which he took the ground that the authorization was such as to enable him to employ the commission upon a much wider field than that offered by the application of the maximum and minimum rates. It is expected that he will make the work of the commission almost as comprehensive as would have been possible had the movement for a tariff commission not failed because of the opposition of congress to the proposal that any other governmental body have a part in the making of the tariff laws.

The paragraph as finally incorporated in the law was an amendment of the senate, which was still further



James B. Reynolds.

restricted when the bill was before the joint conference committee. As originally passed by the senate, the provision was a satisfactory compromise to the tariff commission adherents. As readjusted by the conference under the opposition of the house conferees it was believed to have been brought to a point which was satisfactory to those opposed to a tariff commission. President Taft's construction of the authorization does not agree with that of the men in the house and senate opposed to the tariff commission idea.

In Prof. Emery the president has found a scientific student of the tariff, in Assistant Secretary Reynolds an official of the government who has spent several years in the intimate direction and interpretation of the tariff laws and in Mr. Sanders a man of practical experience in the working of the tariff in the field of the business man and the agriculturist.

Assistant Secretary Reynolds undoubtedly brings to the work of the commission the most practical knowledge. Entering the treasury department in March, 1895, he has been intimately associated with the enforcement of the customs laws by that department. He was appointed by President Roosevelt as a member of a special commission which visited France in 1900, and met a similar commission from that country in the adjustment of tariff rates in controversy under the commercial agreement between the two countries.

Again appointed in a similar capacity, he aided in the formation of the German agreement.

Mr. Reynolds is 39 years old, a bachelor, entered politics from newspaper work, which he began in Boston, is a native of Massachusetts and a Republican.

Prof. Emery was appointed to the chair of political economy at Yale in August, 1890. He is a writer on economics and has published "Speculation on Stock and Produce Exchanges of the United States." After being graduated at Bowdoin college he studied at Harvard, and for three years was professor of economics at Bowdoin, from which institution he went to Harvard. He has never been active in politics.

Alvin H. Sanders has long been an active advocate of the tariff commission idea, and in his appointment the president recognizes the strength of that movement. Mr. Sanders has made frequent trips to Europe for the investigation of the discrimination practiced against American manufactures. On one of the more recent visits he held a special commission from President Roosevelt to report upon these conditions. He was very active in bringing about the reciprocity convention held in Chicago a few years ago to make organized effort for a better foreign field for American products.

CHEAP LANDS OFFERED BY THE STATE OF COLORADO.

Land for 50c an acre is offered by the State of Colorado in the Little Snake River Valley, Routt County, Colorado, under the Carey Land Act. The perpetual water right to irrigate the land is sold under State authority for \$35, under annual assessments extending over ten years.

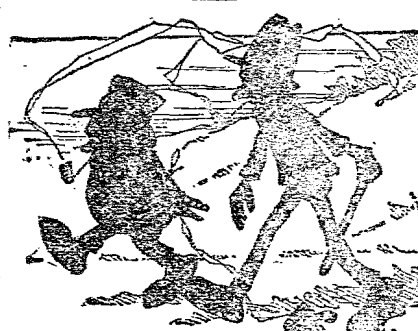
This is pronounced one of the most fertile valleys in Colorado and crops of all grains, grass, roots and harder varieties of fruit are now being raised there.

The land now under cultivation under this canal system pays an average profit of \$20.00 per acre.

Both the Moffat Road and the Union Pacific are building into the district and spending large amounts of money in developing the country.

The Routt County Colonization Company, 1734 Welton Street, Denver, Colorado, is sole agent for the sale of the land and water. There will be no drawing for this land; those desiring to select may make application and select in the order in which they apply.

THE DANGER SIGNAL



"Yes, Freddy, I'm a sick man!" "What's der matter?" "Why, I'm gettin' that restless an' wakeful, dat I can't sleep, only at night!"

Would Find Use for It.

After a day and a night spent in answering telephone calls from people who wanted the latest news from Peary and Dr. Cook, the secretary of one of the arctic clubs had retired for a well-earned rest, when the persistent 'phone bell rang again. A voice at the other end said:

"Do you want the ambulance sent right over?"

"What ambulance?" roared the frate secretary.

"Why, the one you sent for."

"I sent for no ambulance."

"You lie!"

The secretary gasped, then he screamed into the phone:

"Send it as soon as possible, and you come over, too, and I'll send you back in it!"

Exercise Recommended.

Wear Walker—What! Don't look like a sailor? Why, I've been following the sea for 30 years.

Farmer Hayerop—Well, you keep following it for 20 years more and perhaps you'll catch up with it.—Life.

By following the directions, which are plainly printed on each package of Defiance Starch, Men's Collars and Cuffs can be made just as stiff as desired, with either gloss or domestic finish. Try it, 16 oz. for 10c, sold by all good grocers.

A Distinction.

Tommy—What is the difference between vision and sight?

Tommy's Pop—Well, my son, you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH! It certainly racks your system and may run into something serious. Allen's Peppermint Cure will check it quickly and permanently. For sale everywhere.

The world who is not trying to make the world better is casting his vote to make it worse.

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 3c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

Gossy has a thousand tongues—and they all work overtime.

Mrs. Winslow's Scalding Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures with color. For sale everywhere.

Some men never do anything on time except quit work.

Constipation causes and actually aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure. Local agents everywhere.

Many a true word has been spoken regardless of grammar.

Afraid of Ghosts

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

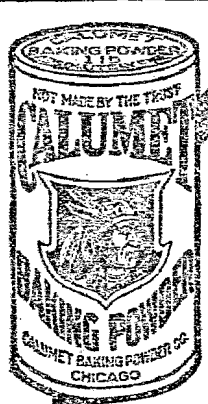
The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a salivary check, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine of known composition and with a record of 40 years of cures. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.



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The Baking Powder Story in a nut-shell.

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Indifferent Leavening
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Received Highest Award
World's Pure Food Exposition
Chicago, 1907.

The Way of It.

"But I don't love you," objected the young woman.

"Then why," howled the indignant youth, referring hastily to divers memoranda in his pocket diary, "did you eat up a total of 65 boxes of chocolates I bought you during the past year if you didn't love me?"

"Because," she said, with a rapt expression on her lovely features, "I do love chocolate."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Of Some Benefit.

Barber—Did the bottle of hair restorer I sold you do any good?

Customer—Yes, indeed; it kept me from wasting my money on any more.

Though we should examine the whole world we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for.—Oliver Goldsmith.

No matter how long your neck may be or how sore your throat, Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure it surely and quickly. It drives out all soreness and inflammation.

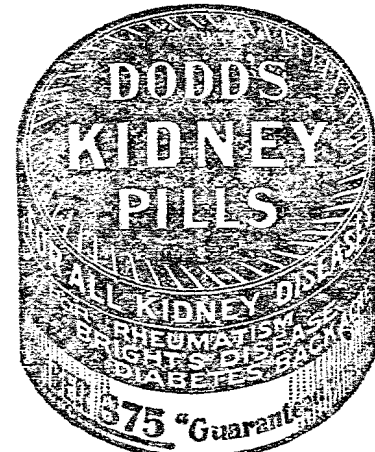
When a woman has occasion to loaf, she calls it either shopping, visiting or entertaining.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER has been used in many families for generations. It is relied upon for colds, headache, neuralgia, sciatica, strains, burns, or bruises. See how it is used.

The dog in the manger is the one that does the most growling.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c—Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars.

Many a man's honesty has saved him from becoming a politician.



Townsite Opening

New town of TWO BUTTES, Colorado, will be opened October 21, 1902. Priority of selection determined by drawing. Town surrounded by 2500 acres of irrigated Carey Act and State lands. Besides vast areas of forest grazing land in Colorado. Ground floor opportunity for every kind retail mercantile business. Full information on application. THE TWO BUTTES IRRIGATION & RESERVOIR CO., Lamar, Colorado

Interchange of Opinions.

Said William's Wife—William can make money; but he will never be able to save any.

Said William's Mother—That is just what I warned my son when he wanted to marry you.—Baltimore American.

We desire to be classified according to our exceptional virtues; we are apt to classify our neighbor according to his exceptional faults.—Henry Bates Dimond.

PUBLIC LAND DRAWING

22,000 acres of irrigated Government Land in Arkansas Valley, Colorado, will be thrown open for settlement October 21, 1902, under the Carey Act. Opportunity to get an irrigated farm at low cost on easy payments. Only short residence required. Send for book giving full information.

Two Buttes Irrigation and Reservoir Company Lamar, Colorado

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal-Oil Stomach, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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on the market, none more carefully manufactured. They are just the kind to put on the sides as well as the roof. Good anywhere you use them. Refuse the "just as good" and insist on having this brand.

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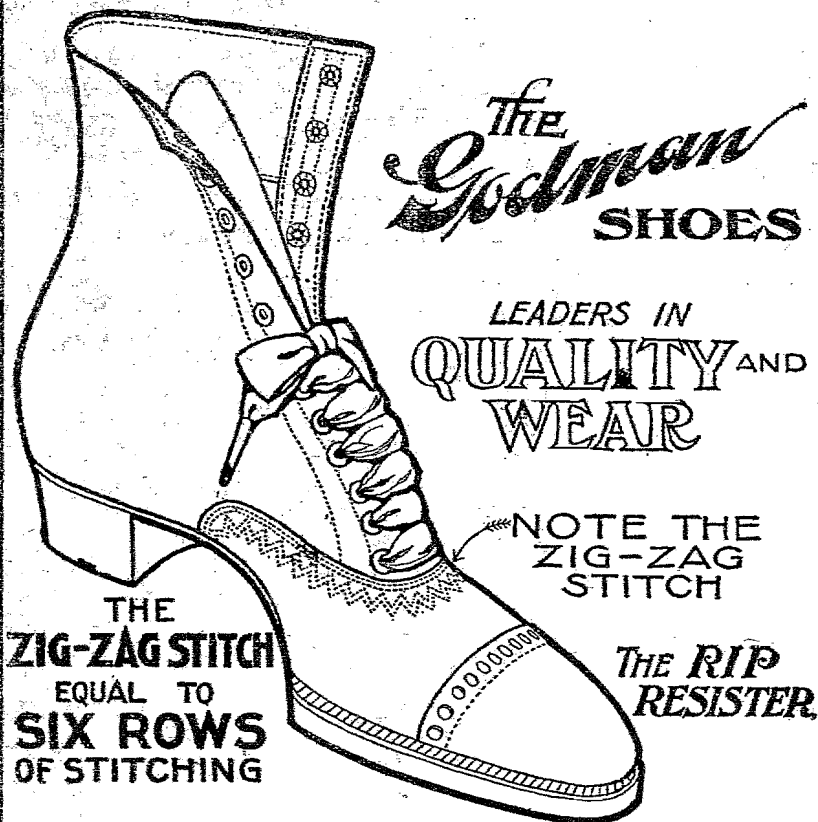
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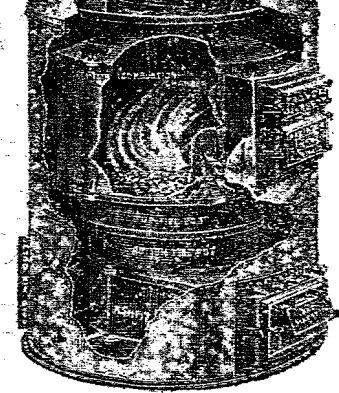
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In one-pound sealed dirt proof cans at 35c per pound.

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One trial and you will always use.

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In Adam's Aid

By Percival Prentiss

Madge Craven was a little hard to please. She loved her mother and she loved her garden, she loved her horses and she loved herself. Which of the four commanded most of her affection it is difficult to say.

Her mother was a lady of distinction, graceful, grave and gray. Her garden was a work of art and nature. Her horses were well-bred, well-matched, and mettlesome. She was herself. Providence had endowed her with rare gifts and rich possessions, and she had made good use of these. Tall, shapely, tolerant and stately, she knew her worth, and was not at all disposed to undervalue it.

Suitors came and went. It is a habit suitors have. Madge realized their limitations and her worth.

Which of the two was greater it is not for me to say. I deal with facts, and facts are stubborn things.

It happened in the year of grace 1900 and as many as you please that a climax was arrived at. Madge was then 26. She had refused almost as many offers as she was years old. And she had refused them well. Like Ariel a grace she refused, and the rejected remained her friends.

Nineteen of her admirers found consolation. Seven were left. I knew them all. They also all knew me. I sometimes wish that they had not. Other people's love affairs



Madge Rode Over in the Morning.

are apt to be boring, and it is difficult to say exactly the right thing in seven cases. I did my best, of course. I told Phil Harte to make a little more of Madge's mother. I told Ben Synms to learn to ride. I told Elijah Hopkins—he should change his name. I told the other four much that was good for them, and trust that they appreciated it.

So matters ran. The countryside decided it was time Madge married. Mrs. S. declared that if she didn't she might lose her chances, and chances, added Mrs. S., don't come again. It was rumored she had taken hers.

Madge did not seem disposed to do the same. Whose fault it was—hers or her suitors—let my readers judge. I merely record facts.

Madge, I repeat, was six and twenty. Nineteen admirers had tailed off. Seven still remained.

The favorite was Adam Bleaze. He asked for my advice. I gave it to him. "Girl and woman, I have known Madge Craven five and twenty years," I said, "and she will please herself." Which, in plain fact, she did.

Adam worked hard. He made good practice with her mother, stormed her garden, cultivated horses, danced attendance on her, and, to all appearances, did well. The countryside proclaimed him victor. But!—But is an awkward word, it throws one back upon one's haunches—he made no progress. I once knew a man who had paid 100 guineas for a "but." That was a "but" of another kind. A kindly, genial, health-restoring "but," quite unlike Adam's. Adam would have gladly paid 5,000 to have escaped his.

Now it fell upon a certain summer's day that Adam came to me and said: "Look here, old man, I wish you would put in a good word for me with Madge. She thinks a lot of you."

I promised him I would, and meant to wait my opportunity. It

came sooner than I had expected, for it fell upon the very next day that Madge rode over in the morning. She looked well. She always did, and in her riding habit specially well. I may have noticed it. "I have been thinking about you," I said, after the usual greetings.

"You are very kind. And what have you been thinking?"

"That it was time you married."

"So it is!" said Madge. "That's why I have called. I have come for some advice."

"I shall be happy to give you what I can," said I.

"Yes, I know," said Madge. "You give a lot and you take none. That's you all over."

She said this rather sharply. I looked up. "Hello," thought I, "in fighting trim. All right."

"If you had not called on me," I said, "I should have called on you."

"It's about time you did," said Madge.

"As an ambassador," said I.

"On whose behalf?" said Madge.

"A friend of mine is very fond of you."

"There's nothing new in that," said Madge. "All your friends are."

This was quite true, but the directness of it was a little disconcerting.

"Well, which was it?" said Madge, describing little circles on the lawn with the handle of her whip.

I pleaded Adam's cause. I thought I pleaded well, but did not make much progress.

"He is very nice!" said Madge, at last.

"What more do you want?" I asked. "He is a real good sort. Good-looking, rich, nice-mannered, and devoted."

"I want more brains!" said Madge.

"You mean he does!" said I.

Madge laughed, and our eyes met. It was not the first time they had met by any means. Nor is it likely it will be the last. Madge looks you in the face frankly and fearlessly. Her eyes are not accustomed to defeat. Yet this time they fell—fell suddenly and swiftly before mine.

A flood of triumph surged over my heart.

"Madge!" I whispered. "Madge!" and in hot burning words I pleaded my own cause, for all the world forgetting about Adam's.

At last Madge turned to me. Again her eyes met mine. This time they did not fall, and in their clear, silent depths I read the sweetest story that a man can read, the old-world story of a woman's love.

No need to say more. The morning sped. "Better come back with me," said Madge at last. "Mother will like to know."

"I make a bad ambassador, I fear," said I.

"But a good lover!"

I asked Madge why she came. She laid her hands upon my shoulders, looked into my eyes, and said: "I came to ask what woman ought to do when the only man she cares for will not say he cares for her, although she knows he does."

"You find the answer satisfactory?"

"Perfectly!"

Adam, like the good fellow that he is, was the best man.

A CHANGE EXPLAINED.

"Don't they run any more accommodation trains on this line?" said the man who had been away for some time.

"Huh?" rejoined the conductor.

"I don't see any accommodation trains mentioned. Don't you stop at the small stations any more?"

"Certainly we do. But the trains that make the stops are called locals. This is a conscientious company and the word 'accommodation' might lead the public to expect too much."

A REFUGE.

"Isn't it a great advantage to study foreign languages before traveling abroad?"

"Not always," answered Miss Cayenne. "Unfamiliarity with a language occasionally enables one to conceal a great deal of downright ignorance."

STUNG AGAIN.

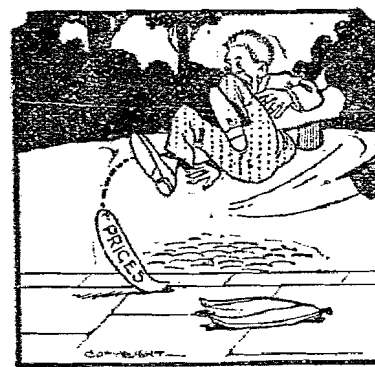
Sapleigh—I am—aw—such poor company for myself, doncher know. Miss Cutting—Another case of "two souls with but a single thought."

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

Knicker—Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Knicker—But not at the proper place.

PRICES ARE SLIPPERY THINGS



but you can't slip if you buy your lumber or coal of the

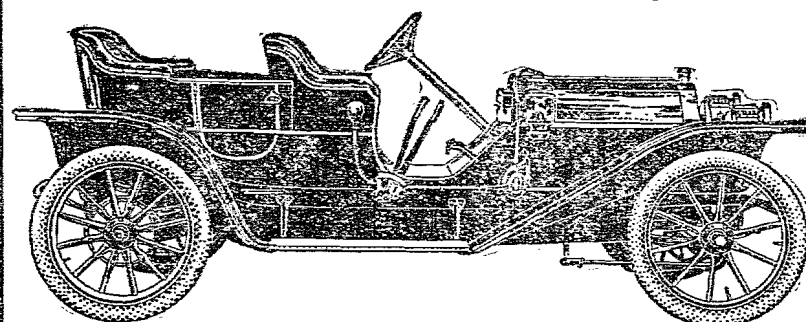
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