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# The Florence Tribune

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VOL. II. PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1910 Subscription, \$1.00 a Year. No. 17

## EQUALIZATION BOARD ENDS

Proceedings of the Board of Equalization From Last Thursday to the End Given in Detail. Many Complaints for Lowering of Assessment and Kicks that Some Places are Not High Enough Are Rejected, but the Property on North Main Street and Water Works Are Paid.

It's all over. That is the Board of Equalization have finished their labors and adjourned.

Thursday evening was Main street night. The water company put in a night. The water company put in a protest that covered 6 points, most of which were devoted to denying the authority of the board and claiming the law was illegal and wound up by warning the councilmen not make any assessment on their property at all. The communication was signed by the attorney of the company, John F. Stout.

Owing to the sickness of Mayor Tucker he was excused and J. H. Price presided over the rest of the meeting.

Lewis Plant, H. F. Wyman, Harry Brisbin, W. R. Wall, as agent; J. Weber, Jr., J. Weber, Sr., Francis Wright, Josephine Brisbin, D. Deyo, A. F. Close and F. P. Brown all objected to the council raising Main street. Frank Pascale, W. R. Wall and the Independent Realty company thought the raise was all right.

W. H. Thompson denied that the board had any authority to put any tax at all on his property, let alone a raise. After telling the council they had not assessed the franchise of the street car company he agreed that if the board would only raise him to \$100 he would not make any further kick.

Friday evening was devoted by the board to raising and lower assessments with the result that the Omaha Water company was raised about \$1,200, property on Main from State to Fillmore at the rate of \$50 a lot, block 128, \$45, and the strip adjoining, \$12.50; south 480 feet block 273, \$14; block 274, \$15; block 182, \$35, and block 185, \$20. Reductions were made on block 223, \$10; block 232, \$35; lot 3, block 233, \$15; lots 5 and 8, block 222, \$10 each; lot 1, block 5, \$10; lot 2, block 14, \$25; lot 3, block 14, \$15; lot 6, block 14, \$5; the assessments on block 173 was divided as was also block 221. A motion prevailed that all other protests be overruled.

Saturday evening W. R. Wall asked have lot 1, block 35 reduced to \$15. Lefe Shipley, J. P. Brown and J. V. Shipley objected to any assessment at all being made. J. P. Brown was notified to appear Monday evening and the action taken Thursday raising his lot on Main street was rescinded because he was out of the city on the day the Main street property owners were to appear. After changing the assessment in many places on the railroad property by lowering the board took a recess to Monday evening.

Monday evening J. P. Brown was present and objected to the board, questioned its legality and powers to assess, denied the authority of the board to place any assessment at all and protested against any and all actions they would take. His protest was overruled and his lot raised the same as the others. Frank L. McCoy and R. H. Olmsted objected to the board making the proposed assessment on their property on Main street and requested a reduction, but Price couldn't see it that way, so it was overruled. J. V. Shipley claimed that all the property in Florence was not assessed, citing the lower end of Bluff which had been vacated, and said if this were taxed it would be possible to lower his property, but he, too, was overruled.

Councilman Allen introduced the resolution making the assessment the final tax and for the next hour and a half the clerk read the resolution, after which it passed unanimously.

And the Board of Equalization passed into history after being in session over 14 days.

A unique event in Florence occurred last Saturday when amid impressive ceremonies T. E. Price, J. H. Price, Clarence Wall and Mayor Tucker took turns in laying the first bricks of the new large building being erected by T. E. Price south of the Farmers State bank. T. E. Price laid four brick and the others three each after which T. E. Price, J. H. Price and Mayor P. S. Tucker spoke. Houghton and Ahlquist of Omaha gave the contract and expect to finish the building inside of ninety days. The building will be occupied by J. H. Price with his hardware store and implement warehouse. The upper story has not yet been rented.

## FT. CALHOUN PERSONAL NOTES

Items of Interest From the Thriving Suburb to the North that Are of Interest.

B. L. Burnett of Walthill, who left Blair with his family for Mahomet, Ill., writes to W. H. Woods that crops seemed fairly good except one county in Iowa. Land sells at the old home on the Sangamon river at \$100 to \$300 per acre. He slept in the same house he was born in fifty years ago, visited in the home where he found his wife, and in spite of the good times his friends are giving him he cannot give up his home in Nebraska.

The old Kurtzan property has been sold by Will Smith to Otto Kruse, who clerks for Fred Frahm, for \$1,265, and a short lease.

Louis Karas found living too high in the city, so he came home and bought his old barber shop back again and moved his family here.

Dr. Ross expects to harvest over 2,000 bushels of potatoes from his bottom farm.

Mark Slader has gone to Denver and the mountains for a vacation.

Pioneer Art Bales has voted in this county for fifty-two years.

Mr. Henry Rosacker had a delightful birthday party.

The Rev. Charles Arnold has gone to St. Paul, Minn., where he preaches two Sundays before going home to Kansas City.

Agnes Greene, daughter of the late pioneer, William Greene, was married in Lincoln to Joseph T. Harnett of Eldora, Ia., at the residence of Mrs. Hattie Gilbert, a former Fort Calhoun resident.

C. C. Babitt has resigned as superintendent of the Sunday school, and a hearty vote of thanks was given him for his past services.

The two Grubichman sisters were up from Omaha visiting their grandmother Wolff last week.

Report of the Condition of THE FARMERS STATE BANK of Florence, Neb., Charter No. 1056, Incorporated in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business, August 25th, 1910.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$23,151.98
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	79.82
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	500.00
Current expenses and taxes paid	434.73
Due from nat'l. state and private banks	2,068.76
Currency	\$2,000.00
Gold coin	700.00
Silver, nickels and cents	476.53—3,176.53
Total	\$29,411.82
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Undivided profits	939.09
Individual deposits subject to check	\$10,130.23
Time certificates of deposit	\$342.50—18,472.73
Total	\$29,411.82

State of Nebraska, Co. of Douglas, ss. I, W. R. Wall, President of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Banking Board.

W. R. WALL,  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of August, 1910.  
(Seal) LOUIS GREBE,  
Notary Public.

Attest.  
F. T. PARKER, Director.  
R. H. OLMSTED, Director.

Notice.  
The Ponca Improvement club will meet September 5th, at the Ponca school house at 8 p. m. There will be election of officers and other business. All members are requested to be present.  
J. F. WERTH,  
Secretary.

Notice to Taxpayers.  
All special taxes for sidewalk funds Nos. 6, 7 and 8 and Grading fund No. 3, are due and payable at the office of the city treasurer of the city of Florence until November 1, and are now drawing interest at the rate of 7 per cent a year. All taxes not paid within 30 days after levy will draw interest at the rate of 1 per cent until paid.

John Bondesson,  
City Clerk.

## FELDHUSEN RESIGNS

Councilman From South Ward After Few Strenuous Months in Office Resigns Owing to Leaving City, Thereby Creating a Vacancy to be Filled. One of His Last Acts is to Call on County to Stand its Share of the Main Street Paving. Associates Sorry to Lose Such a Good Member.

Councilman Carl Feldhusen resigned as member of the council at a special meeting of the council called immediately after the adjournment of the Board of Equalization on Monday evening. He said that when he was elected to the office he had no intention of removing from the city and expected to serve out his full term, but that recently personal business matters had so shaped themselves that he expected to remove to Idaho, and, as Councilman Allen intended taking a vacation trip that would extend over six weeks, he would resign now so the council could appoint a man to fill the vacancy and thereby have a quorum present to transact business.

Mayor Tucker spoke feelingly of the esteem in which he was held by his co-workers, and while he always liked to see a man better himself he really felt the loss of Mr. Feldhusen greatly and was appreciative of the good work done by him during the short time he was a member. The council gave Mr. Feldhusen a vote of thanks after accepting his resignation.

His successor has not yet been named.

One of the last acts of Mr. Feldhusen was introducing a resolution calling on the county to pay the \$7,500 on the Main street paving that it agreed to do.

The following bills were allowed:  
M. Ford.....\$50,480.02  
Tribune.....332.40  
Douglas Printing Co.....3.50  
O. Mills.....12.00  
Harrison Barnes.....6.00  
Electric Light Co.....107.49  
T. Cartwright.....1.00  
Minne-Luisa Lumber Co.....44.10  
D. Tomasso.....70.00  
J. A. Miller.....40.00  
J. P. Crick.....289.00  
The council held back \$1,500 on M. Ford's bill to cover anything that might arise in the way of unpaid bills. His warrants are in denomination of \$500 each.

## NOTICE FOR BIDS.

Bids will be received by School District No. 5 until Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1910, and then opened for the erection of a brick or concrete retaining wall extending from the northwest corner of the school grounds east to a point north of north school house entrance. Said board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Bonds in the sum of \$50 for the completion of the contract will be required of successful bidder. For further information apply to  
W. H. THOMAS, Secretary.  
R. A. GOLDING, Moderator.

The Forepaugh and Seils Bros.' big united shows will on Monday, Sept. 19, give two performances in Omaha. Not since the beginning of time has an amusement enterprise so tremendous in size been organized as this one. This great circus is fifty years old. It has always stood at the top among all the amusement enterprises of the world. This year it returns bigger, better and more attractive than ever. On its list of performers there are 350 names. These great stars have been gathered from European arenas. Among them are the three Tybell sisters, who present a "Human Butterfly" aerial spectacle which electrified all Europe last winter; Karl Handley and his company of German acrobats; Paul Alvarez, of Spain, the greatest head balancer on earth; the Avalons from England, the best of all high-wire artists; Capt. Webb and his two troupes of trained seals; Nellie Welch, of Australia, the only woman double somersault equestrian in the world; Ada Bell Edwards, the world's strongest woman, and the wonderful Alvo family of aerialists from Italy. The greatest trained animal act in all history is presented by sixty-one horses. They appear at one time in one ring. There are also the fifteen best educated elephants on earth. They perform in company with three companies of trained dogs.

In the menagerie there are 780 wild animals. Scarcely a one of them has ever been seen in this country before. The menagerie alone represents an expenditure of a million dollars in money. When it comes to the street parade a description is impossible. The great free pageant must be seen to be appreciated. It is natural to expect this circus, above all others, to present the best open-air spectacle. Never in its splendid history has it displayed such extravagance as it shows this year.

## BURNED OUT BY FOREST FIRES

James Nicholson Writes That Forest Fires Have Completely Wiped Him Off Map, But He is Game.

The following letter from James Nicholson, who is homesteading up in the Flathead reservation gives a glimpse of the damage wrought by the forest fires in Idaho and Montana.

Dayton, Mont., Aug. 27, 1910.—Mr. E. T. Platz, editor of the Tribune: Friend Platz—We are having a hot time out here, the forest fires burning all around us and tonight we are homeless and bound for Missoula with the rest of the unfortunates. I know now why they describe hell as a burning fire, for there is nothing conceivable that can be worse.

The whole of the Flathead valley, where we are located, has gone up in smoke along with the rest of the places for miles about, so tonight we set out for Missoula, but don't know where we will land, but I have never died a quitter.

Tell Steve Godell that I am told his daughter, Cora, now Mrs. James Brown of Wallace is all right.

Soldiers and guardsmen have been here for a week fighting the fires, but couldn't do much here, so we burned out. They are still out fighting the flames.

From reports we are getting everything seems to be on fire, but I suppose you folks know as much or more about the extent of the fire than we here do.

The era covered is roughly 100 miles square, and most of it was mountains, scarcely settled. It is difficult to obtain information from all of the points. There is a probability that there will be another serious loss of life, as there are prospectors, camping parties and lumbermen all through the mountains. The sky is lurid with shooting flames, the air pungent and heavy with the thick pall of pitchy smoke, is burning, citizens, panic-stricken, are rushing from the city by the only possible route—down the canyon—while, even above the babel for a fear-crazed city, the ominous, deep-voiced roar of the conflagration and the chill of danger through even the most courageous.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mr and Mrs. W. P. Thomas who have been spending the summer with their daughter and sons in Canada, will sail September 1st for England, where they expect to remain a year visiting and sight-seeing.

Miss Bessie Robertson of Council Bluffs, entertained twelve young ladies at a china shower Tuesday evening for Miss Christina Gordon who will be one of the September brides. The evening was spent with games and music after which refreshments were served by the hostess. Miss Gordon was the recipient of many beautiful gifts from the guests who also showered her with heartfelt wishes for a lifetime of health and happiness.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mrs. E. L. Platz and Miss Alice Platz were guests of Mrs. T. E. Wallace in Omaha Wednesday.

J. B. Brisbin, who returned Saturday from a trip to California and Texas, has been laid up with a bad cold since his return.

James Stribling returned from St. Louis Saturday night.

The merry-go-round, which has been running for the past two weeks on Main street was torn down and moved last week.

The Ponca Improvement club will hold its usual meeting Monday evening, Sept. 5, at 8 p. m. It is important that all should attend as it will be the annual election. It is planned by the women to give the men a treat after the election. Every woman whose husband or other relative is a member of the club is requested to come and bring something to help furnish the supper, fried chicken, salad, sandwiches, pie and cake will be welcomed. The ladies will meet in the primary room and prepare the supper. This should be an occasion to bring all the old and new neighbors together and all are welcome. If you or yours are a member please consider yourself responsible for a share in the success of the evening.  
COMMITTEE.

## OVER THE TEACUPS

In Which is Told What the Neighbors Are Doing and What They Propose to Do as Set Down by Our Chroniclers for the Edification of All Who Are Interested in the Doings of People of Florence and Vicinity.

Monday, Labor day, is a legal holiday.

School opens Tuesday.

Carl Feldhusen left Wednesday for St. Anthony, Idaho, to look after for St. Anthony, Idaho, which if they turn out as expected, will take Mr. Feldhusen and family there to live.

Miss Martha Tucker left Wednesday for San Francisco, from where she will sail for the Philippines, expecting to be gone about a year and a half.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is today the best known medicine in use for the relief and cure of bowel complaints. It cures griping, diarrhoea, dysentery, and should be taken at the first unnatural looseness of the bowels. It is equally valuable for children and adults. It always cures. Sold by Geo. Siert.

J. A. Scott of Lincoln, who formerly resided in Florence was visiting with Florence friends Tuesday.

P. H. Peterson has traded his property in Florence Heights for the bungalow on Main and Washington streets and will move the first of the week.

Tuesday shortly after noon a freight train struck and so badly injured the horse of Mr. Straub that it had to be killed besides destroying the wagon. The accident happened on the Main street crossing. Frank Cammenzand, who was driving the horse was thrown from the wagon, but escaped uninjured.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas and children were the guests of friends at Papillion Sunday.

Messrs. Arthur Bond and John Gund of Omaha were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas the first of the week.

Frank Beckley of Ft. Calhoun was a Florence visitor Tuesday.

The carpenters union of Omaha will picnic at Coney Island park Monday, Labor day.

Sept. 5th to 9th are the dates of the State Fair at Lincoln, and the 1910 fair is the greatest ever attempted to be held in the state. The attractions comprise the best races, four flights each day by the Wright aeroplanes, four great concerts each day by Lombardo's Symphony Band and Grand Opera Concert Company of 68 people, the great Patterson Shows and night entertainments consisting of three running races, concert, vaudeville and a stupendous fireworks display on the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th. In addition to the amusement features there will be the best agricultural exhibit shown at any fair in the world in 1910 and the second best live stock show. These facts should appeal to the pride of every loyal Nebraska citizen. Let's go.

Nick Socco has returned from Harlan, Ia., where he has been working during the summer.

FOR SALE—Furniture for a 5-room house for sale. Apply Charles Cottrell, corner Bluff and Monroe streets.

Mrs. Katherine Hendrickson and granddaughters, the Misses Anderson of Blair are the guests of Mrs. Hendrickson's brother, Henry Anderson and family.

The wedding of Miss Mayme Anderson and Mr. William Stoltenburg took place at high noon Wednesday at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson west of town. Rev. H. Erick performed the ceremony in the presence of only the immediate relatives. Miss Rose Anderson was the maid of honor and Mr. Otto L. Stoltenburg acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Stoltenburg left Wednesday evening for a western trip that will include the Yellowstone park. Upon their return they will reside on the farm west of town. They are well known and have many friends, having resided here for many years.

Your complexion as well as your temper is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. By taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can improve both. Sold by Geo. Siert.

## WHAT WILL HAPPEN AND WHEN

The Hired Man Gives a Lucid Explanation of Some Things That Are Not Now Clear.

Secretary Mellor of the state fair board asked his hired man to write something about the state fair, and this is the result:

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock; when the thirsty politician is so dry he cannot talk; when the cow and little cowlets do not journey to the fair or airships rise in glory and go sailing through the air. When Jim Dahlman takes his water and Bill Patrick takes his booze, Bryan joins Joe Cannon's party, runs for office, win or lose; when the cat comes back like Jeffries and Jack Johnson turns to white; when the ships that pass in daylight are still passing in the night; when saloons shall close forever and the back doors close for good; when saloons out in West Lincoln make a quiet neighborhood; when our governor gets in better with the folks in Omaha; when they shout with loud Hozannas o'er his famous closing law; when St. Paul and David City furnish governors for the state; and republicans in office voluntarily abdicate; when the dome upon the state house shall be painted firey red; when Bill Price quits playing martyr and is numbered with the dead; when in fact all this has happened as it may some future day, then you can in justice surely from the state fair stay away."

## Report of the Condition of the

BANK OF FLORENCE  
Charter No. 812, Incorporated in the State of Nebraska at the close of business, August 25th, 1910.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$72,013.94
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	415.21
Bonds, securities, judgments, claims, etc.	\$50.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	500.00
Current expenses and taxes paid	995.25
Due from nat'l. state and private banks	6,480.72
Currency	\$4,961.00
Gold coin	3,905.00
Silver, nickels and cents	1,864.10—10,730.10
Total	\$91,894.32
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 5,000.00
Surplus fund	2,000.00
Undivided profits	3,041.06
Individual deposits subject to check	\$51,211.50
Dem'd certificates of deposit	6,988.33
Time certificates of deposit	23,653.42—\$1,853.23
Total	\$91,894.32

State of Nebraska, Co. of Douglas, ss. I, J. B. Brisbin, President of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Banking Board.

J. B. BRISBIN,  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of September, 1910.  
(Seal) LOUIS GREBE,  
Notary Public.

Attest.  
THOS. E. PRICE, Director.  
H. T. BRISBIN, Director.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

Miss Francis Thompson returned Wednesday from Silom Springs, Wis., where she spent the summer the guest of Miss Fern Nichols.

Miss Gertrude Booker of New York was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brisbin Saturday on her way home from a western trip.

Don't waste your money buying plasters when you can get a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment for twenty-five cents. A piece of flannel dampened with this liniment is superior to any plaster for lame back, pains in the side and chest, and make cheaper. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mrs. J. L. Houston entertained the literary society at a picnic Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Nelson, who have been visiting friends and relatives at Des Moines, Ia., returned Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen leave Monday evening for Minneapolis. After a short visit there they will go to Winnipeg, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Houston, Tex., before returning.



# The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER  
& LUCIA  
CHAMBERLAIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS by M. B. Kellner  
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BOBBE-MERRILL CO.

## SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring, known as the Crew Idol, mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gilsey, and her chaplain, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, at the club. In discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Farrell Wand, are recalled. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr know something about the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. \$20,000 reward is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora meets Kerr at a box party. She is startled by the effect on him when he gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew Idol causes Flora much anxiety.

## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Then isn't it for us to show them that we are more than usually civilized? I can't run away from him like a frightened little native."

"Of course; but that is where I come in; it's what I'm for—to get rid of such things for you."

Clara had risen, and stood considering a moment with that same sweet, impersonal eye which Flora found it hardest to comprehend.

"What I mean," she explicitly stated, "is that if he should undertake to carry out his preposterous suggestion, and call this afternoon, I am quite ready, if you wish, to take him off your hands."

This last took Flora's breath away. It had not occurred to her that Clara had overheard. It shocked her, frightened her; and yet Clara's way of stating the fact, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, made Flora feel that she herself was in the wrong to feel this.

"You're very kind," she managed to get out; and that seemed to leave her committed to hand Kerr over, tied hand and foot, when she wasn't sure at all she wanted to.

"Then shall I tell Mrs. Herrick that you will consider the house?" said Clara, already in the act of departure. "She is to call to-day to go into it with me more thoroughly. Thus far we've only played about the edges."

Her eyes strayed toward the dressing table as she passed it, and as she reached the door she glanced over the chiffonier. It was on the tip of Flora's tongue to ask if she had mislaid something, when Clara turned and smiled her small, tight-curved smile, as if she were offering it as a symbol of mutual understanding. Curiously enough, it checked Flora's query about the straying glances, and made her wonder that this was the first time in their relation that she had thought Clara sweet.

But there was another quality in Clara she did not lose sight of, and she waited for the closing of a door further down the hall before she drew the sapphire from under her pillow.

With the knocking at the door her first act had been to thrust it there. The feeling that it was going to be hard to hide was still her strongest instinct about it; but the morning had dissipated the element of the supernatural and the horrid that it had shown her the night before. It seemed to have a clearer and a simpler beauty; and the hope revived in her that its beauty, after all, was the only remarkable thing about it.

Her conviction of the night before had sunk to a shadowy hypothesis. She knew nothing—nothing that would justify her in taking any step; and her only chance of knowing more lay in what she would get out of Kerr; for that he knew more about her ring than she, she was convinced. She was afraid of him, yet, in spite of her fear, she had no intention of handing him over to Clara. For on reflection she knew that Clara's offer must have a deeper motive than mere kindness, and she had a most unreasonable feeling that it would not be safe.

Yet Clara would do a kindness if it did not inconvenience her, and surely this morning she had been kind. Still Flora felt she didn't want to reveal anything until she was a little surer of her own position. When she knew better where she stood she would know what she could confide to Clara. Meanwhile, if there was any one to whom she could turn now it would surely be Harry.

Yet, if she did, what a lot of awkward explanations! She could not return the sapphire without giving a reason, and what a thing to explain—that she had not only worn it, but, in a freak, shown it to the one of all people he most objected to.

Nevertheless the most sensible thing clearly was to go through with it and confess to Harry. Then she must communicate with him at once. No—she would wait until after breakfast. There was plenty of time. Kerr would not come until the afternoon. But after breakfast, she wondered if it wouldn't be as well to ring him up at luncheon time? Then she would be sure of finding him at the club.

Meanwhile she dared not let the

sapphire out of her grasp; and yet she could not wear it on her hand. She had thought of the pear-shaped pouch of gold which it was her custom to wear; but the slender length of chain that linked it to her neck was too frail for such a precious weight. At last she had fastened it around her neck on the strongest chain she owned, and thus she carried it all the morning under her bodice with a quieter mind than had been hers on the first day she had worn it, when there had been nothing to explain her uneasiness.

She was alone at luncheon, and in a dream. She glanced now and then at the clock. She rose only ten minutes before the hour that Harry was in the habit of leaving the club. She went upstairs slowly and stopped in front of the telephone. She touched the receiver, drew her hand back and turned away. She shut the door of her own rooms smartly after her.

But when at last Kerr's card was handed in to her it gave her a shock, as if something which couldn't happen, and yet which she had all along expected, had come to pass.

In her instant of indecision Marrika had got away from her, but she called the girl back from the door and told her to say to Mrs. Britton that Mr. Kerr had called, but that Miss Gilsey would see him herself.

She started with a rush. Half-way down the stairs she stopped, horrified to find what her fingers were doing. They were closed around the little lump that the ring made in the bosom of her gown, and she had not known it. What if she had rushed in to Kerr with this extraordinary manifestation? What if, while she was talking to him, her hand should continue to creep up again and yet again to that place, and close around the jewel, and make it evident, even in its hiding-place? The time had come when she must even hide it from herself. And yet, to creep back up the stair when she made sure Kerr must have heard her tumultuous downward rush! It would never do to soundlessly retreat. She must go back boldly, as if she had forgotten nothing more considerable than a pocket handkerchief.

Yet before she reached the top again she found herself going tiptoe, as if she were on an expedition so secret that her own ears should not hear her footsteps. But she went direct and unhesitating. It had come to her all in a flash where she would put the sapphire. The little buttoned pocket of her bath-robe. There it hung in the bathroom on one unvarying peg, the most immovable of all her garments, safe from the excursions of Marrika's needle or brushes, not to be disturbed for hours to come.

She passed through her bedroom, through her dressing-room into the bathroom. The robe was hanging behind the door. It took her a moment to draw out the ring and disentangle its chain, and while she was doing this she became aware of movements to and fro in her bedroom. She drew the door half open, the better to conceal herself behind it, and at the same time, through the widened crack of the jamb, to keep an eye on the dressing room, and hurried lest Marrika should surprise her. But nevertheless she had barely slipped the ring into the little pocket and refastened the flap, when Clara opened the bedroom door and stood looking into the dressing-room.

Her lifted veil made a fine mist above the luster of her eyes. She was perfect to the tips of her immaculate white gloves, and she wore the simple, sober look of a person who thinks himself alone. Then it wasn't Flora, Clara was looking for! She was looking all around—over the surface of every object in the room. Presently she went up to the dressing-table. She laid her gloved hands upon it, and looked at the small objects strewn over its top. She took a step backward and opened the top drawer. She reached into it, and delicately explored.

Flora could see the white gloves going to and fro among her white handkerchiefs, could see them find, open and examine the contents of her jewel-box. And the only thing that kept her from shrieking out was the feeling that this abominable thing which was being enacted before her eyes couldn't be a fact at all.

Clara took out an old pocket-book, shiny with years, shook from it a shower of receipts, newspaper clippings, verses. She let them lie. She took out a long violet box with a perfumer's seal upon it. It held a bunch of dried violets. She took out a bonbonniere of gold filigree. It was empty. A powder box, a glove box, a froth of lace, a handful of jewelers' boxes, a jewel flung loose into the drawer. This she pounced upon. It was a brooch! She let it fall—turned to the chiffonier; upended the two vases of Venetian glass, lifted the lids of jars and boxes, finally came to the drawers. One by one she took them out, turned the contents of each rapidly over, and left them standing, gaping white ruffles and lace upon the floor.

Her eye fell upon the waste basket. She turned it upside down, and stooped over the litter. She gathered it up in her white gloves and dropped it back. Then, for the first time, she glanced at the bathroom door; stood looking at it, as if it had occurred to her to look in the soap dish. Then she turned again to the room, to the dressing-table. She put back the pasteboard jewelers' boxes, the jew-

eled pin, the laces, which she shook out and folded daintily, the glove and powder boxes, the gold bonbonniere, the long violet box, the leather pocket-book—each deftly and unhesitatingly in the place from which she had taken it, and all the heaps of white handkerchiefs.

One by one she laid back in the chiffonier drawers the garments, properly and neatly folded, that she had so hastily snatched out of them. She slid back the last drawer into the chiffonier, and rose from her knees, lightly dusting off the front of her gown; went to the closet door and closed it. She stood before it a moment with a face perplexed and thoughtful, then turned alertly toward the outer door.

Flora stood as if she were afraid to move, while Clara crossed her bedroom, stopped, went on and closed the outer door behind her. And even after that soft little concussion she stood still, burning, choking, struggling with the overwhelming force of an affront whose import she did not yet realize.

Why, she had thought that such things couldn't happen! She had thought that people's private belongings, like their persons, were inviolable. In the shame of it she could no more have faced Clara than if she had surprised Clara naked.

She snatched the ring out of the pocket of her gown and clutched it in her hand. Was there no place in the world where she could be sure of safety for this?



"You Can't Get It Away from Me, and I Shan't Give It to You."

With trembling fingers she fastened it again to the chain about her neck. She thought of Kerr downstairs waiting for her. Well, she would rather keep it with her. Then, at least, she would know when it was taken from her. Still in the fury of her outraged faith, she passed through her violated rooms, and slowly along the hall and down the stairs.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Mystery Takes Human Form. He turned from the window where he had presented a long, drooping, patient back, and his warm, ironic mirth—the same that had played with her the first night—flashed out at sight of her. But after a moment another expression mixed with it, sharpened it, and fastened upon her with an incredulous intentness.

She stood on the threshold, pale, and brilliant still in her blaze of anger, equal, at last, to anything. Kerr, as he signaled to her with every lineament of his enlivened face, his interest, his defiance, his uncontrollable, was not the man of her imaginary conversations. He was not here to be used and disposed of; but, as he came toward her, the new admiration in his face was bringing her reassurance that neither was she. The thought that her moment of bitter incredulity had made her formidable gave her courage even to smile, though she grew hot at the first words he spoke. "You should not be brave and then run away, you know."

She thought of her rush up the stairs again. "I had to go back to see Mrs. Britton." (Oh, how she had seen her!) "Ah, I thought you only ran back to hide in your doll's house."

She laughed. Such a picture of her! "Well, at any rate, now I've come out, what have you to say to me?"

"Now you've come out," he repeated, and looked at her this time with full gravity, as if he realized finally how far she'd come.

She had taken the chair in the light of the eastern windows. She lay back in the cushions, her head a little bent, her hands interlaced with a perfect imitation of quietude.

He looked down upon her from his height.

"You know what I've come for," he said, "but now I'm here, now that I see you, I wonder if there's something I haven't reckoned on." He looked at her earnestly. "If you think I've taken advantage of you—if you say so—I'll go away, and give you a chance to think it over."

It would have been so easy to have nodded him out, but instead she half put out her hand toward him. "No; stay."

He gave her a quick look—surprise and approbation at her courage. He dropped into a chair. "Then tell me about it."

Flora's heart went quick and little. She held herself very still, afraid in her tense consciousness lest her slightest movement might betray her. She only moved her eyes to look up at him questioningly, suspending acknowledgment of what he meant until he should further commit himself.

"I mean the sapphire," he said. He waited.

"Yes," she answered coolly. "I saw that it interested you last night, but

doubt. After saying so much, was he going to say nothing more? She had a feeling that she had not heard the worst yet, and when he turned back to her from the other end of the room there was something so haggard, so harassed, so fairly guilty about him that it she had ever thought of telling him the truth of how she came by the ring she put it away from her now.

But beneath his distress she recognized a desperate earnestness. There was something he wanted at any cost, but he was going to be gentle with her. She had felt before the potentiality of his gentleness, and she doubted her power to resist it. She fanned up all the flame of anger that had swept her into the room. She reminded herself that the greatest gentleness might only be a blind; that there was nothing stronger than wanting something very much, and that the protection of the jewel was very thin. But when he stood beside her she realized he held a stronger weapon against her than his gentleness, something apart from his intention.

He was speaking, almost coaxingly, as if to a child. "I understand," he was saying. "I know all about it. It's a mistake. But surely you don't expect to keep it now. It will only be an annoyance to you."

She turned on him. "What could it be to you?"

Kerr, planted before her, with his head dropped, looked, looked, looked, as if he gave silence leave to answer for him what it would. It answered with a hundred echoes ringing up to her from long corridors of conjecture, half-articulated words breathing of how extraordinary the answer must be that he did not dare to make.

"What will you take for it?" he said at last.

She was silent. With a sick distrust it came to her that it was the very worst thing he could have said after that speaking silence.

She stepped away from him. "This thing is not for sale."

He stared at her with amazement; then threw back his head and laughed as if something had amused him above all tragedy.

"You are an extraordinary creature," he said, "but really I must have it. I can't explain the why of it; only give the sapphire to me, and you'll never be sorry for having done that for me. Whatever happens, you may be sure I won't talk. Even if the thing comes out, you shan't be mixed up in it." He had cornered her again, and the point of his forefinger rested on her arm.

She was motionless, overwhelmed with pure terror, with despair.

"Why not give it to me now," he urged, "since, of course, you can't keep it? I could have it now in spite of you."

Everything in her sprang up in antagonism to meet him. "I know what you are," she cried, "but you shan't have it. You have no more right to it than I. You can't get it away from me, and I shan't give it to you."

He had grown suddenly paler; his eyes were dancing, fastened upon her breast. His long hands closed and opened. She looked down, arrested at the sight of her hand clenched just where her breath was shortest, over the sapphire's hiding-place.

He smiled. How easily she had betrayed herself! But she abated not a jot of her defiance, challenging him, now he knew its hiding-place, to take the sapphire if he could. But he did not move. And it came to her then that she had been ridiculous to think for an instant that this man would take anything from her by force. What she had to fear was his will at work upon hers, his persuasion, his ingenuity. She thought of the purple irises, and how he had drawn them toward him in the crook of his cane—and her dread was lest he meant to overcome her with some subtlety she could not combat.

The click of a moving latch brought his eyes from hers to the door.

"Some one is coming in," he said in a guarded voice. It warned her that her face showed too much, but she could not hope to recover her composure. She hardly wanted to. She was in a state to fancy that a secret could be kept by main force; and she turned without abatement of her reckless mood and took her hand from where she had held it clenched upon her breast and stretched it out to Mrs. Herrick.

The lady had stood in the doorway a moment—a long-featured, whitish, modeled face, draped in a dull green veil, a tall figure whose flowing skirts of black melted away into the background of the hall—before she came forward and met her hostess' hand with a clasp firm and ready.

"I'm so glad to find you here," she said. She looked directly into Flora's eyes, into the very center of her agitation. She held her tremulous hand as if neither of these manifestations surprised her; as if a young woman and a young man in colloquy might often be found in such a state of mind.

Flora's first emotion was a guilty relief that, after all, her face had not betrayed Kerr. But she had no sooner murmured his name to Mrs. Herrick, no sooner had that lady's gray eyes lighted upon him, than they altered their clear confidence. The situation as reflected in Flora looked naive enough, but there was nothing naive about Kerr. The very perfection of



his coolness, there in the face of her burning agitation, was appalling.

Mrs. Herrick's face was taking on an expression no less than wary. What he was, Mrs. Herrick could not dream. She could not even suspect what Flora believed. But in the light of her terrible discovery Flora dared not have him suspected at all.

Now, if she had ever in her life, she talked over the top of her feelings; and though at first to her ears her voice rang out horribly alone, presently Mrs. Herrick was helping her, adding words to words. It was the house they spoke of, the San Mateo house, the subject about which Flora knew Mrs. Herrick had come to talk; but to Flora it was no longer a subject. It was a barrier, a shield. In this emergency it was the only subject large enough to fill the gap, and much as Flora had liked the idea of it, she had never built the house so large, so vivid, so wonderfully towering to please her fancy as she was doing now to cover Kerr. With questions she led Mrs. Herrick on to spin out the subject, to play it over with lights and shades, to beat all around it. And all the while she knew that Kerr was watching her.

The lady's clear gray eyes traveled between Flora's face and his. Under their steady light there was a strange alertness, as if she sat there ready enough to avert whatever threatened, but anxious to draw her skirts aside from it, distrusting the quality, hating to have come in upon anything so dubious. When the hall door opened and closed she listened as if for a deliverer; and when Clara appeared between the portieres she turned to her and met her with a flash of relief, as if here at last was a safe quantity. Clara was still wearing her hat, with the veil pushed up in a little mist above her eyes, and still had her white gloves on. The sight of Mrs. Herrick's hand soliciting the clasp of those gave Flora a curious sensation.

She looked from one face to another, and last at Kerr's. She shut her eyes an instant. Here was a thief. He was standing in her drawing-room now. She had been talking with him. She opened her eyes. The fact acknowledged had not altered the color of daylight. It was strange that things—furniture and walls and landscape—should remain so stolidly the same when such a thing had happened to her! For she had not only spoken with a thief, but she had shielded him.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Disenchantment.

Then this was the end of all romance? She must turn her back on the charm, the power, the spell that had been wrought around her, and, horror-struck, pry into her own mind to discover what lawless thing could be in her to have drawn her to such a person, and to keep her, even now that she knew the worst, unwilling to relinquish the thought of him. His depravity loomed to her enormous; but was that all there was to be said of him? Did his delicacy, his insight, his tempered fineness, count for nothing beside it?

She couldn't believe that this one spot could make him rotten throughout. Her mind ran back into the past. She could not recall a word, an action, or a glance of his that had shown the color of decay. He had not even been insincere with her. He had come out with his convictions so flatly that when she thought of it his nonchalance appalled her. He had been the same then that he was now. But the thing that was natural for him was impossible for her, and she had found it out—that was all.

Yet the mere consideration of him and his obsession as one thing was intolerable. She curiously separated his act from himself. She thought of it, not as a part of him, but as something that had invaded him—a disease—something inimical to himself and others, that mixed the thought of him with terrors, and filled her way with difficulties. Now it was no longer a question of how to meet him, but of how she was not to. It was not his strength she feared, but her own weakness where he was concerned. Her tendency to shield him—she must guard against that—and that disturbing influence he exercised over her, too evidently without intention. But he would be hard to avoid. This way and that she looked for a way out of her danger, yet all the while she was conscious that there was but one plain way of escape open to her. She could give the sapphire back to Harry within the 24 hours.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Boy's Ignorance.

Son—Pa, I don't want to wear those old pants of yours; they're too big and the kids give me the laugh.

Father—Niver mind th' kids. Ye'll grow into them pants.

Son—But why can't I wear my old ones till I do grow into yours?

Father—Is that th' tintin' y'r iddication? How kin ye expect t' grow into mine without wearin' thim?—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

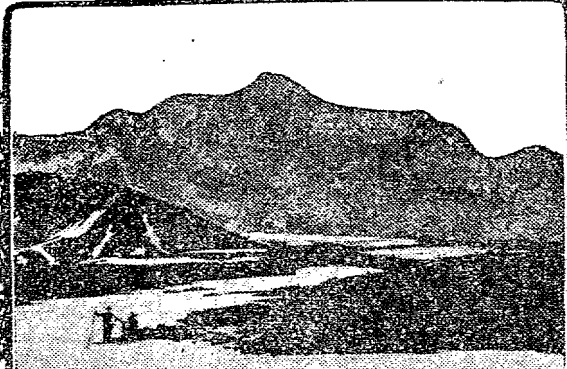


# CLIMBED and UNCLIMBED PEAKS OF AMERICA

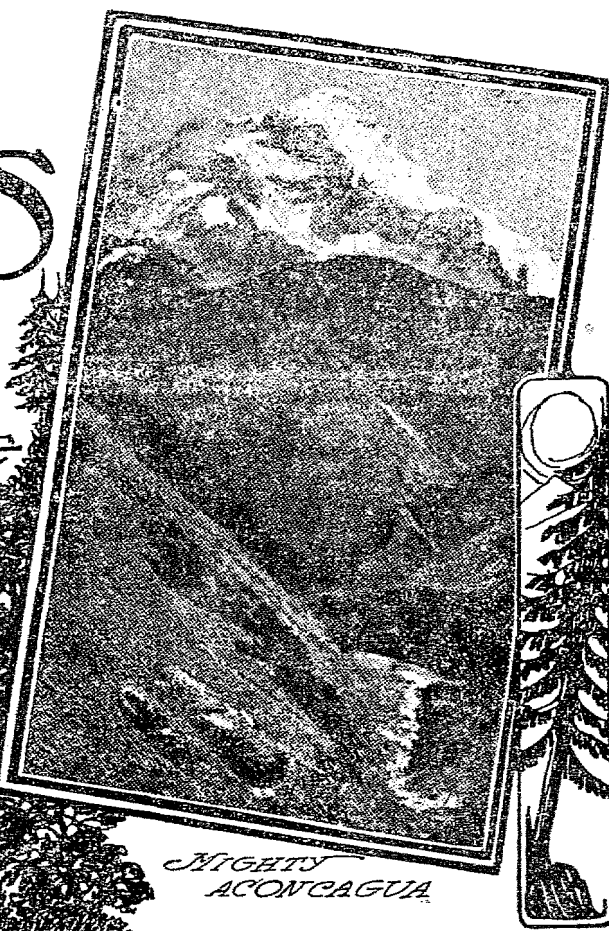
By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

THE lure of altitude seems to have caught at the spirit of man to lead him struggling up almost unscalable peaks from earliest times. However, it may be said that only within the last half century has the fascination of mountain climbing become the romance of geography; during scientists have conquered

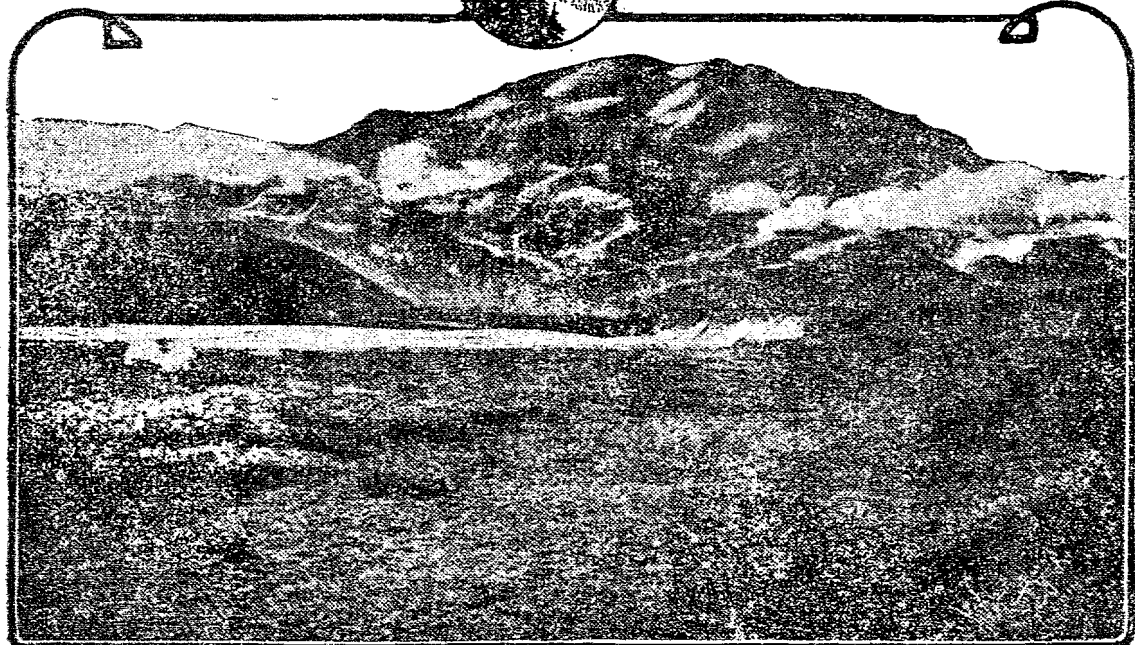
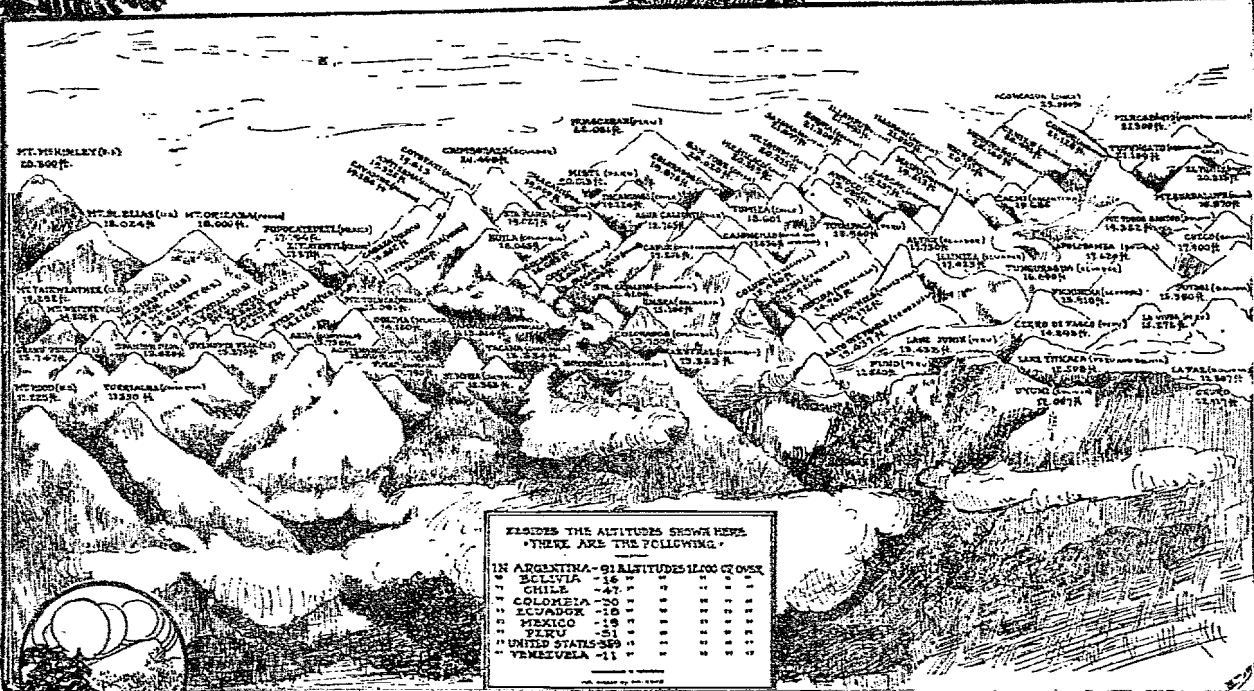
more mountains in that period than during any other time in their search for geological data, and many lives have been sacrificed at the shrine of science by her devotees while pitting skill and strength against enduring nature. Soon little was left to learn in this field in Europe, so these intrepid mountaineers, ever struggling to reach the top of the world, turned their eyes toward Asia, Africa and America, seeking other difficulties to overcome and hailing with joy any word of the discovery of a new gigantic elevation. In the western world was found a fertile field for their efforts. Ten thousand miles of mountain, from the Circle to the Horn, with peaks piercing the skies from the snow lands of Alaska, aslant America, through the tropical table lands of Ecuador to the wilds of Patagonia. The elevations of the southern half of this range that have since held the interest of scientist and traveler alike, were almost unknown and unnamed, and South America to the Alpine mountain climber was terra incognita indeed. A dim knowledge of the mountain majesty of the northern



MOUNT ST. ELIAS



NIGHTY ACONCAGUA



MOUNT MCKINLEY

half of this range had come to them through the writings of the early explorers. MacKenzie's voyages, the tales of Bering's travels and the stories of Cook's voyages in the Pacific ocean contained references to high mountains often seen from their ships; but it would seem that Mount McKinley, the highest peak of the range of the Rockies, received little notice from early explorers, although in favorable weather it can be seen for a distance of 150 miles, a great white mass that dwarfs the many hills surrounding it. In fact, in 1897, when Mr. W. A. Dickey, who had ascended the Susitna river and had located and named Mount McKinley, upon returning to civilization described his discovery, his story was not believed, and the whole account of his trip was treated as a traveler's tale. However, there is reason to believe that Vancouver saw this mountain in 1783, and it was long known to the natives of the vicinity as "Taleika," a word which means "Great mountain," and when the Russians owned Alaska they called it "Bulshala," a word of the same significance. Even before Mr. Dickey called attention to it and named it Mount McKinley the prospectors of the Yukon knew it as Frank Denmore's peak. Mr. Dickey's estimate of its height, 20,000 feet, is interesting in view of the fact that subsequent measurements showed that he was only 300 feet out of the way in his guess. The figures now given by the geological survey, obtained by taking the mean of twenty measurements, arrived at by triangulation, places the height as 20,300. This great mountain defied all attempts to dominate its peak until the early spring of 1910, when an expedition under Thomas Lloyd made a dash for the top and after weeks of incessant toil reached their goal.

Mount Fairweather, the most imposing peak rising from the sea level, was so named by Cook in 1778. There are no records that it has ever been climbed, although its altitude, 15,292 feet, would not indicate that the ascent was difficult.

More interesting than Fairweather is Mount St. Elias, a peak first seen by Bering in 1741, and given its name because the day of discovery was sacred to St. Elias. Its height was for years a matter of acrimonious dispute among scientists. In the beginning of the last century M. Degelat, a French explorer, by measuring the reciprocal distances of adjacent mountains and taking their relative angles with his sextant, determined its height as 12,672 feet above sea level and its location as eight leagues from the coast. Later, Malaspina gave the figures of elevation as 17,800 feet, but now the figures arrived at by the geological survey give the altitude as 18,024 feet. In 1886 Lieutenant Schwabe of the United States army made an attempt to ascend Mount St. Elias. He was followed by Mr. Toppam in 1888, while Pro-

fessor Russell made two attempts in 1890 and 1891, and in the latter effort failed by a very small margin. The honor of conquering this giant of the north was reserved for the duke of the Abruzzi, who solved this stubborn problem of geology in 1897, while he was making one of his voyages in search of the farthest north.

We will leave the great peaks of Alaska and consider the mountains of the Pacific slope in the United States proper. Mounts Whitney, Shasta, Hood and Rainier early caught the eye of the alpinists of our country, and the account of the climbs of Clarence King in California is a most interesting and well-written story of the first geological exploration of the Sierras. Sierra is the Spanish word that signifies a mountain range; it also means "saw" in the Castilian tongue, and was applied to certain geological formations because of the fancied resemblance of their outlines to that of this carpenter's tool.

In the Sierra Nevada mountains the most prominent peak is Mount Tyndall, named in honor of the famous English scientist. This peak is especially notable as being the object of one of the most remarkable climbs in the history of mountaineering, when it was ascended by Clarence King. He was at that time a member of the California state geological survey and had been sent out with others by Prof. Josiah Dwight Whitney to make geological investigations.

This climb was not as remarkable in point of altitude (for the mountain is but 14,386 feet in height) as in the matter of difficulties overcome and because of the curious aids used, a lasso and a bowie knife, which are probably unique in the annals of alpinism.

There are higher summits than Tyndall in the western states. Mount Whitney, named in honor of Prof. J. D. Whitney, is perhaps the highest peak in the United States proper, being 14,502 feet above the level of the sea. This height was dominated by Bengale, Lucas and Johnson in 1873. Mount Shasta, its name being derived from the Indian tribe Saste or Shastika, with its snow and silver crown shining in the clouds, is perhaps one of the most beautiful peaks of our country.

In Mexico, a land that might be called the mother of volcanoes, we find three majestic mountains of interest, both because of altitude and history. Orizaba, of almost perfect geometric form, known to the Indians as "Citlaltepetl" (Mountain of the Star), rises over 18,000 feet—a beautiful lime-white cone.

The honor of being the first up this glorious peak belongs to an American, William F. Reynolds, second lieutenant of engineers, who was attached to Scott's army in 1848. One Maynard accompanied him, and the party is supposed to have included several soldiers.

Orizaba is a sacred mountain in Aztec mythology. The legend runs that Quetzalcoatl, "God of the Air," and indeed the great prophet and most important figure of the Toltec religion, corresponding to Confucius in China, Mahomet in India, and of whom the Messiah myth was also current, died at Coatzacoalcas and his body was brought to Orizaba. His royal remains were consumed by a divine fire and his spirit flew heavenward under the form of a beautiful peacock.

Ixtaccihuatl, the ruin of a volcano, might be known as the despair of the American school teacher, because of its seemingly unpronounceable name. However, "white woman," for that is what the word means in the Aztec tongue, is simple of saying, and if one pronounces Ixtaccihuatl as if it were written Is-tac-see-wail, it will be close enough in view of our meager knowledge of this ancient idiom.

This mountain is 16,200 feet high with a snow line at 14,300 feet, and Cortez was the first European to cross it when he passed to the valley of Mexico on his campaign of conquest. A German named Sonneschmidt dominated it in 1772, while almost a century later, in 1853, a party of French engineers scaled its sloping sides.

And now we come to that Vesuvius of America, Popocatepetl, "the mountain of smoke," for such is the significance of the word in the language of the Aztecs. It rises in glorious elevation 17,794 feet above the sea, and although some 50 miles from the City of Mexico seems to stand a sentinel at its very gates. Indian tradition has it that both Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl were thrown up from the plain after a violent earthquake and have attained their present heights by the gradual piling up of lava and rocks after various eruptions. The last of these disturbances occurred in 1802.

To whom the honor of first surmounting Popocatepetl belongs is difficult to determine, but a distinguished congressman of the United States, Hon. William Sulzer, recently conquered the "mountain of smoke."

South of the isthmus are situated the mountain monarchs of the western world, and it is only within forty years that these geological problems have received the attention of adventurous scientists, although Humboldt made explorations and ascents in South America as early as 1802. He it was who attempted to scale Chimborazo, "the white watcher of the western seas," but failed to get beyond 19,000 feet, a most notable achievement, however, under the circumstances.

The glory of its conquest belongs to that master of the Matterhorn, Edward Whymper, who fought his way up the rugged, snow-clad sides to the top, 20,498 feet above the broad Pacific.

The great mountains Antisana and Cayamba, both over 19,000 feet elevation, also succumbed to the untiring Whymper, and the record of his deeds of danger climbing in the equatorial Andes is a classic of the annals of geological exploration. After these colossi of the Cordilleras had been conquered, the eyes of the alpinists turned southward, where still more lofty peaks of undetermined heights were known to exist. In the great tableland of Chile stood cloud-crested Aconcagua, rising grandly to the skies, while Tupungato, Illimani, and Sorata still defied the most determined to surmount their topmost heights.

Aconcagua, the highest of the Andean peaks (23,080 feet), was the first to fall as a prize to daring climbers, for Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, the English geologist, fitted out an expedition in 1897, and although personally compelled by sickness to abandon his attempt to reach the summit when within a short distance of realizing his ambition, one of his companions, Burbrigg, the guide, went to the very apex, and later Mr. S. Vines and Santi Nicola, members of the Fitzgerald expedition, also arrived at the top. Later, in 1898, Sir Martin Conway, another intrepid English alpinist, made the ascent of Mount Aconcagua and placed the peak Illimani to his credit. Conway was not, however, content with this victory, but pushed on to place Mount Sorata on his roll of first ascents.

## NEW SCOTLAND YARD

London's Detective Headquarters in Fact and Fiction.

Writers of Romance Have Attributed Wonderful Feats to Marvelous Sleuths—Like an American City Hall.

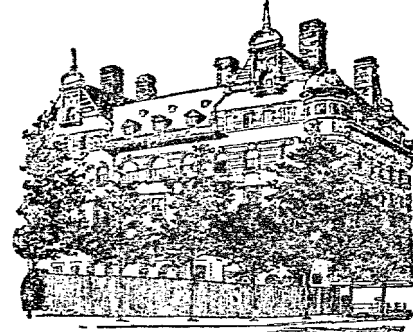
London.—Scotland Yard, the most famous detective center in the world, owes its fame to fiction. Plots far more involved than the mysterious Doctor Crippen case have been worked out and the solutions credited to this institution by a host of story writers led by Charles Dickens. Writers of romance, good and bad, have had a hand in creating impressions of secret passages, elaborate disguises and superhuman powers of deduction.

Stealthy sleuths glide forth into the highways and byways to recover necklaces of incredible value, to find abducted maidens and solve the dark and bloody puzzles of impossible murder mysteries.

This is the Scotland Yard of fiction. The Scotland Yard of fact is a handsome red brick building, elaborately trimmed, and very much like an American city hall in appearance. Nowhere within its door is there a hint of sensationalism. The building was designed to afford a headquarters for the vast police business of London, and it is business, from its foundation stones to its weather vanes. Technically, the present Scotland Yard of present police fame is new Scotland Yard. Old Scotland Yard opens off Whitehall, midway between the present police headquarters and Trafalgar square. In long bygone days the detectives had three little rooms in the old yard, littered beyond belief with papers—dirty and unbusiness like.

It was these three rooms that Dickens knew. Detectives and police were under separate administrations then, and it was only when the police made a failure of a case that the detectives were called. Anyone who was willing to pay the cost anywhere in the United Kingdom had a right to call a detective from Scotland Yard. At present, a Scotland Yard detective is not allowed to leave London except on rare occasions.

It was from the old force that Dickens drew material for the detective sketches that all Dickens readers



The New Scotland Yard in London

know. Inspector Weild, "a man of portly presence, with a large, moist knowing eye, a husky voice and a habit of emphasizing his conversation by the aid of a corpulent forefinger which was in constant juxtaposition with his eyes and nose," was, in reality, Inspector Field, whose memory still is green. Field also was the original of Inspector Bucket in "Bleak House." Inspector Stalker, one of Dickens' characters, was Inspector Walker in real life. A few years ago there were many men on the force who remembered Thornton, the man whom Dickens changed to Dornton the sergeant, "famous for pursuing the inductive process, and, from small beginnings, working from clue to clue until he bags his man."

However, the Scotland Yard is said to be overwhelmed as the hub of detective skill. It would not be fair for an American correspondent to intimate that the constables in London are up to the American standard of efficiency and intelligence in police duty. Much less is expected of them as a rule, and they have a much less troublesome class of people with which to deal. The London public even in the worst quarters of the city has a greater fear of the police than has the New York or Chicago public. From the constables are recruited the men who compose the aristocracy of the detective force. These are the men who eventually handle the "big cases."

## HIGH HEELS NEARLY KILL

Woman Falls Down Steps and Onto Broken Tumbler, Which Severed an Artery.

Richmond, Va.—One of Dame Fashion's fancies, an unusually high-heeled slipper, came near causing the death of Mrs. John Devine, wife of a prominent merchant, and herself well known in society circles, when they caused her to fall down the front steps of her home while carrying a glass of water.

The glass smashed on the stones under her right arm, cutting a deep gash and severing an artery. The blood flowed from the cut for over two hours, and physicians had much difficulty in stopping it.

Added to her weak condition from loss of blood, a fractured wrist was sustained. She will recover.

Forget all the evil people of history and remember the good ones who have made the world better.

## A CASE OF GRAVEL.

Tulare, Cal., Man Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Harrison A. Sturtevant, G and Maple Sts., Tulare, Cal., says: "I was in bad shape with kidney trouble. Too frequent passage of the urine compelled me to arise at night, my bladder became inflamed and I had excruciating pains in my abdomen. Soon after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, I passed a gravel stone three-quarters of an inch in length and variegated in color. After this my trouble disappeared."

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

A fool can always find another fool to admire him.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

Some men are self-made and some others are wife-made.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure. Buy sugar-coated pills.

The discovery that he has invested in a salted mine is apt to make a man peppery.

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Write for circulars.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## The Stylish Fisherman.

One of the guests at a fashionable summer resort in West Virginia got himself up in his best "fishing togs" and started along a certain mountain stream.

Meeting a native, he asked: "Here, my good man! Kindly tell me whether it would be worth my while to try fishing in this vicinity."

The native regarded him scornfully. "The fishin' ain't good," he finally said, "but I ain't informed as to how you values your time."—Lippincott's.

## Pipe Gives Cadet Typhoid.

Midshipman Smith, who was stricken with typhoid fever on the Indiana at Plymouth, England, contracted the disease, it is said, from smoking a briar used nearly a year ago by his roommate at Annapolis who had a bad case of typhoid. This theory is taken as proof that concentrated nicotine cannot destroy a typhoid germ. The medical department of the navy will examine into the theory with the result that midshipmen of the future may confine themselves to their own pipes.

## Tit for Tat.

"Miss Bings," stammered the young man, "I called on you last night did I not?"

"What an odd question! Of course, you did."

"W-w-well, I just wanted to say that if I proposed to you I was drunk."

"To ease your mind, I will say that if I accepted you I was crazy."—Judge.

## Young Man Ends Life.

Crant County.—Jesse McCawley, son of County Judge McCawley of this county, committed suicide by shooting himself through the temples with a 22-caliber Winchester rifle. He was despondent from ill health.

## The Grasshopper at Work.

Otoe County.—Grasshoppers are doing considerable damage to the corn in this county. One field has been stripped as clean as if visited by a hailstorm. The farmers are trying to destroy the pests but as yet have found no means.

## Better than Half Crop.

Fillmore County.—Recent rains have put the land in fine condition for plowing for winter wheat and lawns and pastures are green once more. Corn is coming out better than expected and it looks as if there would be better than a half crop.

## Goes for a Fortune.

Merrick County.—With the intention of traveling to New York and there embarking on a steamer for Glasgow, Scotland, to claim an estate of a quarter of a million left him by an aunt who has just died, W. S. Hamilton left a few days ago.

## Farmer Kills Himself.

Wayne County.—Adam Greif, a prosperous and highly respected pioneer farmer of Wayne county, hanged himself in a barn at the home of August Hansen, a friend and neighbor. The deceased informed his wife that he was going to the barn to do the chores. An hour later Mr. Hansen went to the barn and found the body hanging a few feet away from the entrance.

## A Defective Ballot.

Kearney County.—Much excitement and interest centers around the gubernatorial contest in the democratic party and the interest in Kearney county is growing because of a failure on the part of the democratic county clerk, J. H. Jensen, to put the constitutional amendment on the primary ballot. If this failure to prepare a good ballot on the part of the county clerk will throw the entire vote of Kearney county out this would give Dahlman a lead of 191 votes.



# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at  
**BANK OF FLORENCE**  
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.

**E. L. PLATZ**, Editor and Publisher.  
Telephone 315.

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.....John Bondesson  
City Treasurer.....George S. Sloan  
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted  
City Engineer.....J. W. Green  
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr  
Councilmen.....

Robert Craig, Jr. Price.  
J. H. Charles Allen.  
Police Judge.....Carl Feldhusen  
.....J. K. Lowry

**Fire Department.**  
**HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-  
PARTMENT.** Meets in the City Hall the  
second Monday evening in each month.  
Ludwig Imm, President; C. B. Kelly,  
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.  
Golding, Chief.

## SCHOOL BOARD.

Meets the first Tuesday evening in the  
month at the school building.  
Chairman.....R. A. Golding  
W. H. Thomas.....Secretary  
W. B. Parker.....Treasurer

## TRADES UNION COUNCIL

Florence, Neb., Friday, Sept. 2, 1910.

# BRAIN STORMS

School opens Tuesday.

Have you paid for The Tribune this  
year?

Even if your wants are small you  
should read the want ads. It pays.

What wold that rain last Sunday  
night have been worth about 60  
days ago.

James C. Dahlman, the next gov-  
ernor of Nebraska, is a paid sub-  
scriber of the paper.

It's a yellow dog to tom cat that  
everybody is not satisfied with the  
assessment of the tax for paving  
Main street.

Now that double tracks have been  
laid all the way to Florence, what  
about better street car service? Who  
are the ones to go to the company for  
it? Don't all speak at once.

"Speaking about Eagles," said O.  
B. Joyful last Wednesday, look at a  
crowd of them.

"Birds of a feather will flock to-  
gether," quoted O. P. Yorkick.  
"Yes, a kind of an aerie bunch,  
too."

Councilman Carl Feldhusen only  
served on the council a few months,  
but in that time he made his impress  
on the affairs of the city and will be  
greatly missed. Mr. Feldhusen was  
very conscientious, going into every  
matter thoroughly before deciding  
what he thought was best for the  
city.

"The Eagles always live on a cliff,  
don't they?"

"No—on a bluff."

"That was what Rip Van Winkle  
lived on, wasn't it?"

"Yes, for twenty years, according  
to Washington Irving."

"Well, the Commercial club bids  
fair to beat the record."

Now that the meetings of the  
Board of Equalization are over a  
word of credit must be given John  
Bondesson for the excellence of his  
work on the records. Every meeting  
of the board found him on hand with  
the minutes of the previous meeting  
all ready to be read, although it  
necessitated him putting in from 15  
to 18 hours a day.

L. R. Griffith of the Mandy Lee  
Poultry farm gets off this one: "I  
heard a racket in one of the chicken  
houses the other night and went out  
to see what the matter was. There  
was Mrs. Hen in tears. One of her  
little ones had that afternoon been  
sacrificed to make a report for a  
clergyman. 'Cheer up, madam,' said  
the rooster, comfortingly. 'You should  
rejoice that your son entered the  
university. He was poorly qualified  
for a lay member, anyway.' It was  
too much for me so I fled." Evidently  
the above episode occurred either  
late at night on Wednesday or early  
Thursday morning.

## Our Own Minstrels.

Bones—Mr. Interloctor, can you  
tell the difference between the east  
side of Bluff street and the west  
side?

Interloctor—No, Mr. Bones. I can  
not tell the difference between the  
east side of Bluff street and the west  
side. Will you please tell the deop-  
the difference between the east side  
of Bluff street and the west side??

Mr. Bones—Only \$5.00.

Interloctor—The famous city  
council will now render that pa-  
thetic ballad, "Nobody Knows How  
Glad We Are to Finish as a Board of  
Equalization."

Aw, get de hook.

Sambo—Mr. Interloctor, can you  
tell me why the property owners on

Main street between Willet and Jef-  
ferson feel so good?

Interloctor—No, Sambo, I can not.  
Can you tell us why the property  
owners on Main street between  
Willet and Jefferson feel so good?  
Sambo—Because they have a big-  
ger crown.

Interloctor—Mr. F. S. Tucker will  
now render that pathetic ballad, "I  
Just Can't Help Getting More Votes  
Than My Opponent."

Aw, get de hook.

Sambo—Mr. Interloctor do you  
know what is the difference between  
the singing of one of our prominent  
citizens and a pig's squeal?

Interloctor—No, Mr. Sambo, I do  
not know the difference between the  
singing of one of our prominent citi-  
zens and a pig's squeal. Will you  
please tell us the difference between  
the singing of one of our prominent  
citizens and a pig's squeal?

Sambo—There is none.

Interloctor—Mr. W. H. Thompson  
will now render that delightful touch-  
ing ballad, "Oh, How I Wish I had  
an Injunction."

P. S. The rain is responsible for  
this, so don't blame the editor too  
much.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES

Rain interfered with the services  
last Sunday evening and we did not  
get to hear Dr. Lower. He, however,  
has consented to preach for us next  
Sabbath evening. Let us all be out  
to hear him.

A very enjoyable evening was spent  
at the home of Mrs. B. F. Reynolds  
on Tuesday. The occasion was an in-  
formal reception in honor of Dr. and  
Mrs. Wm. Barnes Lower. Just a few  
old friends were invited. We re-  
called the "good old days", sang the  
"good old songs" and altogether had  
a fine time.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening  
at 8 p. m. Don't forget to come.

Christian Endeavor will meet at  
7:15 Sabbath evening. Leader, Clara  
Pilant. Topic: "Christ, our Savior."

We are glad to see so many re-  
turned from their vacations.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison and daughters  
report having a good time at Bay-  
field, Wisconsin. They returned Sat-  
urday.

Miss Mattie is back with the junior  
department again. This department  
of our Sabbath school is growing  
very rapidly.

Mrs. Carlson entertained her class  
at 1 o'clock dinner on Wednesday.  
The pastor is sorry he made a mis-  
take in the time and so missed a good  
dinner and a good time with the boys.

Remember the communion service  
on Sunday, September 11th. We ex-  
tend an urgent invitation to all who  
love the Master to come and enjoy  
this service with us.

A small crowd listened to a very  
interesting lecture by Paul Boodogh  
at the church last night. Mr. Boodogh  
brings to us a message from an un-  
fortunate Mohammedan country which  
makes us glad that we live in Chris-  
tian America. Wish more could have  
heard him.

Clinton Jesse Campbell an instruct-  
or in the University of South Dakota,  
spent Sabbath with us and enjoyed  
the rain as much as we.

Miss Emma Pierce, Miss Hanson  
and Miss Miller were visitors from  
Macedonia, Iowa, at church Sabbath  
morning. They are attending institute  
in Council Bluffs.

Mrs. Paul Haskell still continues on  
the sick list. However, she is improv-  
ing and we hope soon to see her in  
her usual place with the choir.

A number of the choir got thor-  
oughly soaked returning from practice  
Sabbath afternoon. But in spite of  
the wetting they were ready to come  
back in the evening. We appreciate  
such faithfulness.

Again, remember Mr. Lower next  
Sabbath evening.

## ROCKPORT

Mr. Axel Olesen of South Omaha,  
spent a few days with his uncle, Mr.  
Andersen.

Mrs. B. Krenzer and family were  
callers at Mrs. Carl Holsts Saturday  
evening.

Mrs. J. Snodderly was the guest of  
Mrs. M. Krenzer Friday.

Miss Elsie Sorensen entertained a  
few friends Sunday in honor of her  
15th birthday.

Miss Marion Russell was the guest  
of Mrs. W. W. McDonald Monday.

Miss M. Krenzer was a business  
caller in Omaha Tuesday.

Mrs. M. Krenzer and daughter  
spent a pleasant evening at the home  
of Mrs. V. Morin one night last week.

Miss Marion Russell is spending a  
few days in Omaha.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Church Services First Presbyterian**  
**Church.**

Sunday Services.  
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.  
Preaching—11:00 a. m.

C. B. Meeting—7:00 p. m.  
Preaching—8:00 m.

Mid-Week Service.  
Thursday—8:00 p. m.

The public is cordially invited to  
attend these services.  
George S. Sloan, Pastor.

**Church Services Swedish Lutheran**  
**Ebenezer Church.**

Services next Sunday.  
Sermon—4:00 p. m.

Sunday school—3:00 p. m.

Our services are conducted in the  
Swedish language. All are most cor-  
dially welcome. F. J. ELLMAN.

## LODGE DIRECTORY.

**Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal**  
**Order of Eagles.**

Past Worthy President.....

.....James Stribling

Worthy President.....E. L. Platz

Worthy Vice-President.....B. F. Taylor

Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson

Worthy Treasurer.....Henry Anderson

Worthy Chaplain.....Daniel Kelly

Inside Guard.....R. H. Olmsted

Outside Guard.....Hugh Suttie

Physician.....Dr. W. H. Horton

Conductor.....Joseph Thornton

Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Gold-  
ing, W. P. Thomas.

Meets every Wednesday in Cole's  
hall.

**JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.**

Charles G. Carlson.....Noble Grand

Lloyd Saums.....Vice-Grand

W. E. Rogers.....Secretary

J. C. Kindred.....Treasurer

Meet every Friday at Pascale's hall.  
Visitors welcome.

**ROSE REBEKAH LODGE NO. 139.**

Meets the 2nd and 4th Monday  
nights of each month.

N. G.....Isabelle Shipley

V. G.....Cynthia Brewer

Secretary.....Clara Pilant

Treasurer.....Hulda Peterson

**Court of Honor.**

Past Chancellor.....

.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett

Chancellor.....John Langenback

Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis

Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson

Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor

Guide.....Clyde Miller

Guard.....Clarence Leach

Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant

Physician.....Dr. Adams

Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-  
tersen, Mrs. E. Hollett.

Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

**Robin Hood Camp No. 30 W. O. W.**

Council Commander.....M. B. Potter

Banker.....F. A. Ayers

Clerk.....F. M. King

Escort.....Will Pepperkorn

Watchman.....Harry Swanson

Sentry.....C. O. Larson

Managers, John Paul, William Tuttle,  
Ed. Davis.

Robinhood Camp No. 30, W. O. W.,  
meets city hall.

**Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.**

Worthy Adviser.....Samuel Jensen

Venerable Consul.....C. J. Larson

Banker.....F. D. Leach

Clerk.....Gus Nelson

Escort.....James Johnson

Sentry.....M. M. Crum

Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams

Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary  
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James  
Johnson.

Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at  
Pascale's Hall.

**Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of**  
**America.**

Past Oracle.....Mrs. Emma Powell

Oracle.....Mrs. J. Taylor

Vice Oracle.....Mrs. George Foster

Chancellor.....Mrs. J. J. Cole

Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson

Outside Sentinel.....Mary Leach

Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton

Recorder.....Susan Nichols

Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams

Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary  
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James  
Johnson.

Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at  
Pascale's Hall.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

To the owners of all lots, parts of  
lots and lands lying within the City  
of Florence, Nebraska:

You will please take notice that on  
August 29, 1910, the Mayor and Coun-  
cil of the City of Florence, sitting as  
a board of equalization, did levy  
special taxes and assessments against  
all the lots, parts of lots and lands  
lying within the City of Florence to  
defray the expense of paving and  
otherwise improving Main street from  
Jackson street to Briggs street; that  
said special taxes and assessments  
have been due since August 29, 1910,  
and one-fifth of the total amount as-  
sessed against each lot, part of lot  
and parcel of land will become delin-  
quent in 50 days from August 29,  
1910, one-fifth in one year; one-fifth  
in two years; one-fifth in three years  
and one-fifth in four years. Each of  
said installments except the first  
shall draw interest at the rate of 7  
per cent. per annum from the 29th  
day of August, 1910, until the same  
shall become delinquent, and after  
the same becomes delinquent interest  
at the rate of 1 per cent. per month.  
That all of said installments may be  
paid at one time on any lot, part of  
lot or land aforesaid within 50 days  
from August 29, 1910, without inter-  
est, whereby any lot, part of lot or  
land shall be exempt from any lien  
or charge for cost of said pavement.  
Said taxes will be payable until  
November 1, 1910, at the office of the  
City Treasurer of Florence, and there-  
after at the office of the City and  
County Treasurer at Omaha, Nebras-  
ka.

Dated August 30, 1910.

(Seal) JOHN BONDESSON,  
City Clerk.

**MCCOY & OLMSTED, ATTORNEYS.**

Notice of Administration.

In the County Court of Douglas County, Ne-  
braska. In the matter of the estate of John  
McElroy deceased.

All persons interested in said estate are  
hereby notified that a petition has been filed in  
said Court alleging that said deceased died  
leaving no last will and praying for adminis-  
tration upon his estate, and that a hearing will  
be had on said petition before said Court on the  
27th day of August, 1910, and that if they fail  
to appear at said Court on the said 27th day of  
August, 1910, at 9 o'clock A. M. to contest the  
said petition, the Court may grant the same  
and grant administration of said estate to  
Elizabeth McElroy or some other suitable per-  
son and proceed to a settlement thereof.

CHARLES LESLIE,  
County Judge.

A12 19 26

**CHAS. E. FOSTER, ATTY**

934 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha.

**PROBATE NOTICE.**

In the matter of the estate of Anna Sanzleri,  
deceased.

Notice is hereby given: That the creditors  
of said deceased will meet the Administrator of  
said estate, before me, County Judge of Douglas  
County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room,  
in said County, on the 27th day of December,  
1910, and on the 27th day of March, 1911, at  
9 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of  
presenting their claims for examination, adjust-  
ment and allowance. Six months are allowed  
for the creditors to present their claims, from  
the 26th day of September, 1910.

CHARLES LESLIE,  
County Judge.

Sept-24-16-23

**MCCOY & OLMSTED, ATTY'S**

638 Brandeis Bldg., Omaha.

**PROBATE NOTICE.**

In the matter of the estate of John McElroy,  
deceased.

Notice is hereby given: That the creditors  
of said deceased will meet the Administrator of  
said estate, before me, County Judge of Douglas  
County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room,  
in said County, on the 27th day of December,  
1910, and on the 27th day of March, 1911, at  
9 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of  
presenting their claims for examination, adjust-  
ment and allowance. Six months are allowed  
for the creditors to present their claims, from  
the 26th day of September, 1910.

CHARLES LESLIE,  
County Judge.

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**Harry W. Vickers**

**..Civil Engineer..**

Successor to Thomas Shaw

PHONES: Doug. 7415, Ind. A-4415

520-521 Paxton Block Omaha

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted

**MCCOY & OLMSTED**

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law

652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D. 16.

# Farmers' State Bank

CAPITAL \$10,000

4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS

Careful attention to all accounts.  
We sell Bank Money Orders good  
anywhere, cheaper than any other  
form of sending money by mail.

PHONE FLORENCE 303

**Florence**

**Express & Drayage Co.**

CARL LARSON, Prop.

Light and Heavy Hauling Between Omaha and  
Florence.

Household Moving a Specialty.

TEL. FLORENCE 330

**PATRONIZE OUR**

**ADVERTISERS**

**The Florence Tribune**

**Nebraska**

**Believe in the goods we are selling, and in our ability to get results.**

We believe that honest goods can be sold to honest men by honest  
methods. We believe in working, not waiting; in laughing, not crying;  
in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of doing business. We

believe that a man gets what he goes after; that one order to-day is worth two orders  
tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. We

believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in friendship and honest competition.  
We believe in increasing our trade and that the way to do it is to reach for it. We

are reaching for yours.

**The Florence Tribune**

**Nebraska**

**The real sign of excellence in BUILDING**

**MATERIALS is our name—if you consider that**

**uniform quality, real reputation and reasonable prices**

**constitute "excellence" from the buyer's standpoint**

**of view.**

**As this is the opening month of Spring building**

**operations allow us to impress upon you that it will**

**pay you to place your orders where they will be**

**promptly filled with the best money will buy—which**

**is the**

**Florence Lumber & Coal Co.**

**R. A. GOLDING, Mgr.**

**Florence, Neb.**

**Phone 102**

**We Are Now Closing Out Our 1910 Spring Patterns**

**of Wall Paper at 25 per cent. Discount**



## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

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

Mr. and Mrs. Cadet Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Teal, Mrs. H. J. Barker and daughter, Herberta and Mrs. Bacon of Omaha, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston Sunday.

"Can be depended up" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wicke of Los Angeles, Cal., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen for the past two months left Wednesday for their home.

### ONLY A DOLLAR NOW.

The Lincoln Daily Journal has cut its price to a dollar from now until January 1, 1911, without the Sunday. The big Sunday paper will be added for only a quarter extra, therefore most people will no doubt take the \$1.25 worth. This makes an exceedingly low price during a specially interesting time, as nearly every family will want a Lincoln paper during the next few months. The State Journal's reputation as a free, independent, clean newspaper will prove of special advantage during the warm campaign now begun. The paper stops when the time is up without any notice from you whatever, so that you see it is no plan to get you started and then force the paper on you.

Bixby, the poet-philosopher of The Journal, is worth the price of admission himself. State telegraph is a strong feature and sporting cranks are well satisfied. The thing above all others is the fact that when you see anything political in The Journal that it's for the benefit of the people at large and not for the selfish political interest of the owners. No booze ads., no nasty medical ads., no fraudulent investment schemes. Fact is, it's the kind of a paper you want in your family. Why not try it a dollar's worth at this cut price?

### NO CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD

Pathetic Spectacle of a Youth Showing His Card Tricks to a Bunch of Girls.

Is there anything in the world so pathetic as the spectacle of a young man showing his favorite card trick to a bunch of girls? The slaughter goes like this—man speaks first:

"I used to know a clever trick with cards, Miss Ellen, choose a card from this pack."

"I am to choose? Which one?"

"Any one you like."

"But how can I tell, when you show me only the backs and the backs are all exactly alike?"

"Just take one at random."

"Oh, is that fair? Well, here—I've got the queen of diamonds."

"Oh, you mustn't tell me what you have. I'm to tell you that, you know. Put it back and take another."

"Why can't I keep this one? I can remember it better."

"There wouldn't be any trick. You see, you are to take a card that I don't see, and then I'm to find out the one you looked at."

"Oh, Why, I don't believe you can do it! All right, I've another one."

"Look at it and put it back in the pack."

"What part of the pack shall I put it in?"

"Anywhere you wish."

"But I should think you'd want to know so you could tell which card it is. Well—there!"

"Now I shuffle them, so. Presto! Is this the card you chose?"

"Oh, I don't know—I forgot to look and see what one I took. Oh! Here's May—now there are enough to play bridge. May, you should have been here sooner—Mr. Jones has been showing us the most wonderful card game!"

### THE STREWING OF FLOWERS

Ruskin Tells of the Deep and Delightful Undermeaning in the Old Custom.

Have you ever considered what a deep undermeaning there lies or, at least, may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy?

Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses?

So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow.

But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them; "Her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rose."—Ruskin.

## HER RUINED CHANCE

By RUTH MERWYN

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Wait, a jiffy, girls, till I get my war paint on," called out Marian Van Horn as she hurried across the veranda and through the low French window of the drawing room, nearly knocking over a young man standing inside.

"Marian Van Horn!"

At her mother's horrified tones Marian quickly took in the situation. The Ladies' Research club was holding a meeting in the Van Horn drawing room. Her mother, as president, sat bolt upright, her face a brilliant scarlet as she glared at her offending daughter.

"Why, mamsie, I didn't know there was a soul here," Marian's voice sounded contrite, but her dark eyes danced as she saw the reproving faces. "Professor Craig, let me introduce to you my daughter, Marian Van Horn." The president's voice showed she was making an effort at self-control.

Marian gave a start at the youthful appearance of the professor whose coming had been so long heralded by the Research club. She had imagined him as a gray-haired, middle-aged man. "Beg your pardon, Prof. Craig, for nearly bowling you over, but it's one of my unbreakable rules never to enter the house by a door if there's a window handler."

"Prof. Craig was about to begin his talk on ethnology," ejaculated Mrs. Van Horn impatiently. "Sit down, Marian."

"But, mamsie, I can't. The girls are waiting for a game of tennis."

"Have them come in, too, Marian," artfully suggested the youngest member of the Research club, Aleda Gregg, whose straw-colored hair was tightly drawn back from her high forehead and whose pale blue eyes were regarding the young professor admiringly.

"But, mamsie, I can't. The girls are waiting for a game of tennis."

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difference toward rare intellectual opportunities grieves me beyond measure.

"Poor Mamsie!" Marian patted her mother's hand. "You ought to have a daughter like Aleda Gregg. But I will go to Prof. Craig's lecture tonight to please you and I'll stay clear through, no matter how tiresome it is, though it does seem a shame to waste this glorious evening in a stuffy lecture room listening to a spiel on a subject I don't care a picayune for!"

Marian glanced down the hall. The door of Prof. Craig's room was open. Clutching her mother's arm she hurried her away. "Jiminy," she gasped, "you don't suppose that the professor heard, do you?"

"Doubtless he did," answered Mrs. Van Horn, "but it doesn't make any difference. You ruined your last chance this afternoon."

"My chance? What chance?"

"To marry Prof. Craig."

"But, mother, who under heavens wants to marry him?"

"You ought to. You, Marian, the professor is the most intellectual man the Research club has ever had here. Mrs. Gregg tried her best to get him at her house, but for your sake I got him here."

Marian flung out both hands. "Don't, Mamsie, for heaven's sake, don't fling me at the head of every young man you see."

"I won't," promised Mrs. Van Horn, "Prof. Craig is the only man I ever wanted you to marry, and I am positive that he will never look at you after your refusing to stay to his lecture."

As the evening lecture began, Marian settled back with a martyrlife air. Soon, however, she grew interested in spite of herself. The professor certainly was making the dry facts of ethnology sound entertaining by his terse, clear style and by unexpected bits of humor.

Conscience stricken at her ungracious remark about his "spiel," she started to tell him how interested she had been when Aleda Gregg rushed up.

"Oh, Prof. Craig," she began, clasping her thin hands ecstatically, "your lecture was wonderful."

Marian turned abruptly away. "I'll never tell him that I liked his lecture after Aleda's gush," she declared to herself.

As Prof. Craig, Mrs. Van Horn and Marion started for home, Mrs. Gregg and her daughter joined them.

"Come with me, Mrs. Van Horn," called out Mrs. Gregg. "Aleda wants to ask the professor some questions."

"Yes, Prof. Craig," began Aleda breathlessly, "there are certain points on ethnology that have puzzled me for a long time."

"Yes," answered the professor.

Aleda began to fire questions at him, using such polysyllable words that Marian gasped at the very sound. When they reached Aleda's home, she was not finished, but called back as she went toward the house. "I've some other questions to ask you next week, professor, on our way home from your lecture."

Each time the professor came Marian went, ostensibly to please her mother. Each time Prof. Craig walked home with her, but Aleda always accompanied them, talking on topics of which Marian knew nothing.

Then came the last lecture of the series. Marian listened with breathless attention, a strange, lonesome feeling possessing her.

"Aleda and Prof. Craig have grown to be such friends," she overheard Mrs. Gregg say to her mother. "It's too bad you insisted on his going to your house, for if he had stayed with them they would have more time to enjoy each other's company."

"Horrid old cat!" thought Marian.

"I'm really sorry for Mamsie."

"Miss Marian!" Prof. Craig hurried up to her. "Don't wait for the others tonight. The Research club is to hold a business meeting now and we're not members, you know."

"But Aleda will want to ask you some more questions."

The professor muttered something beneath his breath. "Never mind Miss Gregg," he begged taking hold of Marian's arm. "Please hurry!"

Once outside, they walked along in silence. Marian bewildered at the unexpected situation. If only she knew a little about ethnology—just enough to ask an intelligent question or two!

At last, to her relief, the professor broke the silence. "Marian!" She started at the word as well as the strange note in his voice. "I had to see you alone tonight to tell you that I love you. I must know before I go away whether I stand a ghost of a chance to win you."

"Why, Prof. Craig!" stammered Marian, "do you really mean it? I—I—don't know a blooming thing about ethnology, you know!"

"I'm glad of it," laughed the professor. "I've gone in for the heavy intellectual all my life and I want you to do the 'athletic' so the Craig family won't get lopsided. I promise I'll never even ask you to listen to one of my 'spiels' that you don't care a picayune about."

Marian blushed furiously in the darkness. A little later she asked: "When did you begin, John, to—to care for me?"

"The first time I saw you," answered the professor, promptly.

Marian gave a delightful little laugh. "Please tell mamsie that and do it when I'm there. It'll be worth millions to see her face!"

**Bobby's Luck.**

Bookkeeper—The fact that your grandfather has married again seems to please you, Bobby.

Office Boy—I guess yes. Ain't I got another grandmother ter die now when I want ter go to the ball game?

**IF YOU WOULD KEEP YOUNG**

Throw Off Mental Anxiety and Be Careful to Avoid Excesses of All Kinds.

Good sound advice is given evidently by one who knows. You see, the effects of one's mental attitude are emphasized. The physical will take care of itself. Keep in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression; it is the greatest enemy of the human race. Avoid excesses of all kinds; they are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to over-eating, to eating the wrong things and to irregular eating.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older and so much nearer the end. Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

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Be a child; live simply and naturally, and keep clear of entangling alliances and complications of all kinds.

Cultivate the spirit of contentment; all discontent and dissatisfaction bring age furrows prematurely to the face.

Form a habit of throwing off before going to bed at night all the cares and anxieties of the day—everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear or deprive you of rest.

## CHILDISH LACK OF LOGIC

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A great deal is said, not always justly, about childish lack of logic. As a matter of fact, children often are highly logical, though not quite in the adult manner. They attain conclusions by those processes of "pure reason," which, being quite unbiased by the opinions of others, sometimes result in startling truths.

Almost everybody, for instance, has heard of the little lad who, listening to the question of an irreligious friend of the family as to what would happen supposing that one good Christian should pray for an east, another for a west wind at sea, innocently answered that of course there'd be an awful tempest, but not everyone has heard of the equally pertinent and naive solution recently offered by a thoughtful youngster for the ever-perplexing problem of "Are prayers answered?"

The child was talking with another, who asked the vexed and puzzling question, explaining at the same time that he didn't believe that prayers were answered, because he never got anything he asked for.

"You don't pray for the right things," answered little Mr. Wiseman. "Of course, all prayers are answered, but sometimes the answer is 'Yes' and sometimes it's 'No.'"

The infallible lady.

John Corbin, author and playwright, said recently that he had resigned the post of literary director of the New theater because he disliked the superior air that such offices carry with them.

"You decline play after play," he said. "You make enemy after enemy. You pretend to be infallible, and the pose of infallibility is an ugly and unpopular one."

"Nobody," you know, wants to be like Blynn's wife.

"That wife of yours," said a friend of Blynn's sympathetically, "never admits making a mistake, does she?"

"Oh," said Blynn, with a bitter smile, "she occasionally allows that she made one mistake when she married me, but she won't admit, even that outside the family circle."

**ASK FOR METZ FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER At Henry Anderson's Florence**

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# THE REAL JAPAN

FROM THE STUDIES & OBSERVATIONS OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST STUDENT OF MAN-KIND WHILE LIVING IN JAPAN AS A JAPANESE

By PROF. FREDERICK STARR

## Wedding Preparations.

We have tried to analyze wherein the beauty of Japanese maples lies. To begin, the trees are small and of exceptionally compact growth. The leaves are small, extraordinarily numerous, and delicately cut and divided. The colors themselves are really rich, ranging from dark coppery-maroon to scarlet and orange. The fact that usually the trees are either sprinkled among pines and other dark green conifers, or that they are massed together in intentional plantings on slopes is responsible for a very considerable part of their charm.

The fall time is the season for weddings, for store "openings" and for gifts. The department store is largely developed in Japan. There are all grades, from places where the commonest and cheapest goods are sold to elegant places like the Mitsukoshi, or Matsuya's. They are intended for Japanese buyers, and in the finest ones sees beautiful displays of all the most attractive things of Japanese production—clothes, clothes, potteries, kakemono, household equipment and the like. As in other places, however, they have their unsold remnants and set bargain days when their great remnant departments are thronged with commoner people than the usual patrons, anxious to secure fine things at low prices. Tea is served in all department stores of such pretension and in their lunch rooms, just as in the great department stores at home, one may find dainty lunches. In fact, if the novice wishes to make ac-

quaintance with the Japanese cuisine there is no better way of gaining a first lesson than by going to the lunch rooms of the great department stores. Quite different from these pretentious and elegant establishments are the "bazaars," which are to be found in every section of the city. The name "bazaar" is usually conspicuously displayed upon their front, which generally extends along considerable space, with a door at each of the two sides. These are marked "Inway" and "Outway," and the visitor is expected to observe these signs. Entering, then, through the "Inway" we find ourselves in a very narrow passage scarcely six feet wide, along both sides of which all sorts of cheap things are attractively displayed. Everything is cheap, and everything is at a fixed price. Not only Japanese goods, but those "made in Germany," in England, in France, and in the United States are here for sale. Space is rented apparently to little sellers, and one finds sections devoted to certain goods. You can here buy safety razors and fountain pens, picture frames, postcards, every kind of tool for household use, ready-made clothing, hats, caps and shoes; toys are in special evidence, section after section being devoted to them. Having reached the end of the narrow passage, we find an abrupt turn to the right, leading back along another passage behind the one which we have already traversed. At its end another turn and another passage, and so on, back and forth, turning and winding, until one feels as if within a perfect maze or labyrinth. Usually about the time when he begins to think that there is no end to the sinuous way he is threading, he finds himself at the foot of a staircase, and has no escape but to mount the stairs. Here he finds himself again in passage. After going through just twice as much as he has done before, he finds himself at the top of a stairway

which takes him down with half of the ground floor still to be traversed. Everywhere the clerks and little sellers urge the passerby to take their wares. Very different is this indeed from Mitsukoshi and Matsuya, but very interesting. Some days ago the street cars were brilliant with announcements of Matsuya's fall opening of wedding preparations. Our native mentor insisted that we should take it in. We were glad, indeed, he did so. A very considerable section of the store had been recently prepared for the exhibition. It consisted of the ordinary presents sent to weddings, of the bridal outfit, of choice and beautiful examples of things bought by or for young couples for household use and of the ceremonial furnishings of the home. The bridal dress differs with the rank or position of the wearer. The dress of the lower, the middle or the high class (princely woman) is recognized at once by the instructed. In three adjacent alcoves were figures wearing bridal gowns. All were beautiful. The wedding garments of a low-class woman in Japan is a work of art; delicate materials in fine colors and striking patterns are employed; the cut and form are suitable to her class. Not only, however, is the bride obliged to have a single dress. She must have two others expressly made with reference to her wedding. The true bridal gown is worn only at the ceremony; almost immediately it is put off, and a second, quite different from it, is assumed; the bride arrived



High Class Bridal Garments.

at home, the marriage day past, a third dress, different from both the others, is suitable. Naturally the clothing of the middle-class bride is richer and finer, perhaps as brightly colored, as that of the lower-class woman. Characteristic is the curious great veil, like a sack or bag in form, which is drawn down over the face; it is a filmy stuff, so that the face and hair dressing of the bride may still be seen quite clearly through it. The dress of the highest class woman, the princely class, is elegant and rich; on the whole, it is less strikingly bright colored than that of the middle class woman; there is, however, an unmistakable refinement about it which is lacking in the other class. There were here displayed upon the walls samples of rich materials which were formerly used for such wedding garments. Among them was a stuff of golden buff ground with delicate patterning which was valued at a thousand yen (\$500) a Japanese foot. Curiously, however, in looking through the price catalogue of the house, the price of the dress of the first-class is less than that of the middle-class woman. In the catalogue special emphasis is laid upon the fact that the house endeavors to bring the price of the choicest goods within the reach of reduced purses. As a matter of fact, it is undoubtedly true that the great middle class of nouveau riche is able to spend far more money upon dress and adornment than many of the present day representatives of the ancient houses of power and importance. In an alcove just beyond those devoted to the bridal costumes was one furnished with beautiful wedding presents of the olden time—the equipment of old houses of the Tokugawa period. Here were such lovely old lacquers as one scarcely dared to handle. Thus there was one fine black lacquered box lid with a representation inside in gold-dust lacquer of the scene of the

ascade in the mountains; mercury was cunningly introduced in such a fashion that when properly placed, a cascade was seen in action. There were toilet cases and old mirrors which had belonged to princely families. There was a set of ceremonial drinking cups for use at the wedding made of red lacquer with patterns raised in gold; these cups were broad, low bowls, almost as flat and shallow as table plates. In every Japanese living and reception room the place of honor is the tokonoma. It is an alcove, the floor of which stands at a little greater height than that of the room itself. Upon this slightly elevated platform the only decorations of the room are placed. It is here that the floral arrangement for the time will be constructed. There is usually a little stand of beautifully finished wood upon which some quaint carving in ivory or wood or a rare bronze, a lovely vase or other piece of pottery, or some other article of beauty will be placed. Upon the wall at the rear of the tokonoma there is usually a kakemono or scroll with a painting or inscription upon it. Not the least interesting thing about Matsuya's display was the tokonoma of the wedding house or rather of the home of the young people. The platform and the stand and other supports used in it were all of clean white wood, beautifully smooth and pure. The central object in such a tokonoma consists of shimadai which is usually a little artificial pine tree under which are represented an old man and woman with white hair; cranes may be perched among the branches or standing on the ground below; and usually a tortoise, the kind with the broad and hairy tail—"the ten thousand year tortoise," to the right and left of the shimadai are stands which bear symbolic gifts of foods, while before it on a little stand of its own is a symbolic shallow bowl of sake; in the remaining space are usually arranged little stands or tables upon which are gifts of food or other presents, all of which usually have symbolic meaning. We had already noticed a shop where such presents were manufactured. We had recognized that they were present, but not that they had special reference to weddings. Having seen Matsuya's great display, we hastened to visit two or three of the places where shimadai and other forms of wedding gifts are made. In the good old times, before the Occidental influence was strong, every such shop was marked by a pair of tai fish in wood, painted red, hung above the door. Such signboards, alas, are now a rarity. Where else does the constant symbolism of the Japanese make so strong an impression upon the visitor as at such shops? Always present in the stock will be two immense representations of tai fish made in bright red stuff or soft crepe-like texture. These fish usually rest with heads and mouths quite close together upon a stand of clean white wood, with artificial leaves of green bamboo tucked under them. Such a pair of tai fishes are an emblem of conjugal fidelity and love. The pine tree alone or with various objects associated with it is always to be seen. The pine is evergreen, hence a natural symbol for long life and eternal happiness. The white hair of the old man and woman so frequently shaded under its branches indicate the years of life which the giver wishes to be the lot of the young couple. The turtle with its long broad tail of streaming hair—seaweed—is reputed to live ten thousand years, and conveys the wish that similar length of life may come. Another symbol of longevity always to be seen in such places is really naturalistic representations of lobsters, or lobster-like crustaceans, which are generally made in red or purple stuff. Very common is a massing together of a great stalk of red coral, a sack bulging with precious contents, and other emblems symbolic of wealth—the well-known "jewel" among them; such of course delicately convey the wish that the recipient may have hills of treasure, mountains of wealth. Sometimes a great figure of an elephant made in delicate pearl-gray stuff is used as the bearer of the various symbolic presents instead of a simple stand of wood. In all these symbolic forms, whether tai fish or coral branch or treasure mountain or lobster, the cloth or material which is used is uncut and unsewed; in other words, unbroken pieces of cloth are used in their construction; the object being that after the wedding has passed and the celebration ended the material may be carefully opened out and utilized.

But when we talk of symbols we are apt to run on forever. We wish only to call attention to one other symbolic present to be seen in the maker's shop. It is a form of rebus—only, instead of the pictures of the rebus representing sounds, they call up an association of ideas; and, instead of being drawn or painted, they are stamped-out objects, which are arranged upon a long and narrow board. These boards, about three feet in length and four inches wide, are perforated at the upper end for hanging by a peg or nail against the wall; upon them are a half dozen of the symbolic objects. Of course, to a foreigner who knows nothing of the language and little of the poems, songs, traditions and theatrical representations of the people, the meaning of these compositions is lost. To a Japanese, however, of intelligence and education, this plain and simple board with its pretty attached objects calls up a precious memory from some ancient drama or poem. It is among the prettiest forms of wedding presents

(Copyright 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Solve the Ciphers Used by Yeggmen



WASHINGTON—Here is a unique receipt for "soup."

"First, take about ten or a dozen Impwrt hz xug, crumble it up fine and put it in a pan or wash bowl, then pour over it enough uswhohs (either chhx or akv) to cover it well. Stir it up well with your hands, being careful to break all the lumps; leave it set for a few minutes; then get a few yards of cheesecloth and tear it in pieces and strain the mixture through the cloth into another vessel, wring the sawdust dry and throw it away. The remains will be Lhal ugx uswhohs mixed; next take the same amount of water as you used of uswhohs and pour it in; leave the whole set for a few minutes."

It is the "soup" of yeggmen, whose particular business is robbing safes. A crude cipher runs through the rigamarole—merely a subdivision of the alphabet and the substitution of one letter for another. The first six letters beginning with A are substituted for the last six beginning with U, and so on, with the single exception that N is taken out of its turn and made the equivalent of G, an irregularity intended to protect the cipher from detection. But no cipher is proof against expert analysis; certainly not this one, which, though still used by "yeggs," nevertheless is known to the

police, to post office inspectors and the treasury secret service people.

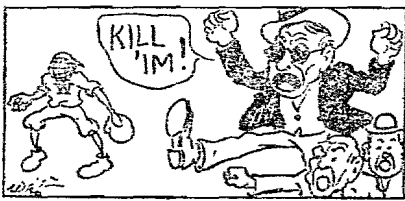
Translating, you find that to make the soup you take ten or a dozen sticks of dynamite and use either wood or pure alcohol in the manner directed.

Fewer depredations by yeggmen are reported this year than usual. Last fall a series of such crimes occurred and since that time apparently there has been a period of inactivity among these most dangerous of plunderers. The post office inspectors, whose contact with yeggmen is frequent, since the attacks are often directed against country post offices, hesitate to say whether there has been an actual reduction in their numbers; for experience goes to show that waves of crime seem to sweep the country after intervals of varying length.

The "yeggmen" are especially feared because of their recklessness regarding the sacrifice of human life. Of itself, handling the "soup" is a dangerous business. The explosion is a menace to anyone in the building, and often the robbers must make a running fight of it to "make a get-away with the swag."

The name is of gypsy origin, and among gypsies indicates a clever thief so the "yegg" is a wandering thief, generally a "hobo." As late as twenty years ago one tramp meeting another and desiring to be sure of his identity as a professional tramp, saluted him, "Ho, Beau." It was the password establishing at once a confidential partnership on a basis approaching outlawry. The "yeggs" generally are tramps, though not all tramps are "yeggs."

## Blind Man Tells of Baseball Game



IMAGINE, if you can, one who has never seen the light of day, sitting in his accustomed place in the grand stand rooting with all his energy for the success of the home team, and you can easily figure out just why Washington always supports a ball team, although her ball tossers have not finished in the first division during the last decade.

Eugene Brewerton, familiarly known to his friends as "Jack," has perhaps as wide acquaintance among the patrons of the national game at the capital as "Gabby" Street or Walter Johnson, and is unquestionably the most unique rooter who ever patronized the sport. "Jack" was born in Columbus, S. C., 24 years ago, and after receiving a public school education matriculated at the University of South Carolina. He came to Washington a few years ago to study law at the Georgetown University, and it is his ambition to become as famous a lawyer as the blind senator from Oklahoma, Thomas Pryor Gore.

But "Jack" does not believe in giving his entire attention to study, and, accordingly, he has found it to his liking to take in the ball games. Not only is he familiar with every characteristic of the members of the local team, but he knows as well the records and playing abilities of the visiting aggregations.

"I have often been asked how, as a blind man, I can enjoy a game. Why, there is nothing going on I don't get. I know the finer points of the game, and can map out plays which I think Jim McAlleer in his palmist days could not duplicate. Don't you think it is a pleasure to see chaps of the Milan type skip around the diamond? I cannot help from yelling every time I see him completing the circuit. Then there is Speaker of the Boston team, and Cobb of the Tigers. How I love to 'watch' them in action!"

"It is my firm belief that all blind people have a sort of intuition, and everything that is going on around them makes a picture in their mind. That is the way it appears to me, anyhow. I can sit in the grand stand in the ball park and picture what Walter Johnson and the rest of the players look like.

"When the game is over, I don't have the least trouble getting to the street cars. I can feel my way along the grand stand and reach the street."

How many of us have cravings that never will be stilled, though we do not talk about them.—Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

If a man amounts to anything in a small town he soon begins to think he would amount to more in a big town.

Child Eats Matches. Burt County—Evlyn Alice, a child of Edgar Yeaton, died supposedly from eating the phosphorus off a few matches.

Loss by Fire. Thurston County—Fire at Pender which broke out in the building occupied by Nicholas Fritz, dealer in farm implements and spread to the Palace hotel and adjoining buildings, caused damages estimated at more than \$50,000. The amount of the insurance has not been ascertained.

Good Roads in Buffalo. Buffalo County—As a result of a good roads campaign inaugurated by the Commercial club, Kearney now has one mile of the finest model earth road to be found in the state. This road displaces one of the worst stretches of road in the west which was almost impassable three or four months of each year. It leads from the main Platte river bridge to the court house and will be worth thousands of dollars to Kearney business men each season.

Bigamist in the Toils. Merriek County—Sheriff Her returned from Salt Lake City with Othello M. Evans, charged with bigamy, in his custody. Evans was married here on the 3d of the present month to Miss Grace Gorman of Grand Island and it is claimed that a previous wife, whose maiden name was Bertha E. Kegay, and whom he married at Camden, Mo., in 1937, and from whom he was never divorced, is now living in Kansas City. The complaint is sworn to by G. E. Gorman of Grand Island.

**MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE**  
Has cured thousands and it can cure you.  
Relieves from the first.  
All Druggists 25c.

**TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**  
For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS  
Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain  
Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c. Box, \$1.50  
Murine Eye Salve, Anesthetic, 25c. Box, \$1.00  
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL  
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

## THEN THEY FIRED HIM.



Customer (in book store)—Have you a Chaucer?

New Clerk—Never chewed in my life, sir.

Little, but, Oh, My!

Senator Smoot of Utah tells a story on the late E. H. Harriman, which sounds somewhat familiar. He says that when the Salt Lake cut-off was completed Mr. Harriman took a large party of big railroad men out to it. They had their pictures taken at the right spot scenically. Mr. Harriman stood at one end of the group. When the pictures were printed and the photographer brought them around the railroad men examined them.

"Why," shouted one of the guests, "where's Mr. Harriman?"

"Do you mean that little chap that stood at the end?" asked the photographer. "Why, I cut him off."

## Lemons Cure Malaria.

Lemons are said to be an infallible cure for malaria. This is the method of preparation: Take one lemon, wash thoroughly with a brush and hot water till all germs are gone, cut in very small pieces, using skin, seeds and all; cook in three glasses of water till reduced to one, and take this while fasting. A cure is generally effected within a week.

## Not to Overdo It.

Lily—I've givine to a s'prise party tonight, Miss Sally.

Miss Sally—What will you take for a present?

Lily—Well, we didn't call late on takin' no present. Yo' see, we don't wan' to s'prise 'em too much.

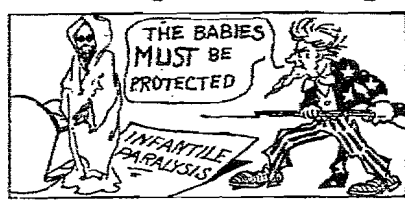
## The Witching Hour.

Claire—Jack told me he wanted to see you the worst possible way.

Ethyl—And what did you say?

Claire—I told him to come to breakfast some morning.

## Attempt to Stop Infantile Paralysis



TROUBLED by the inroads the disease is making in some of the eastern states at the present time, the government has ordered an investigation into the epidemic of infantile paralysis. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and the city of Washington, D. C., have felt the disease the heaviest this year, and the scores of deaths that have occurred among the little ones of that district has caused Uncle Sam to take some action.

Dr. Wyman of the Public Health and Marine hospital service, is the leader in the investigation, and he made the announcement this week that he believes the disease to be both infectious and contagious. Although

distinction. Deeds count. It doesn't matter whether he was a "man higher up" or not. He travels like one. He travels to the golden west in a Pullman, he has porters to wait on him and extremely attentive detectives to see that he is comfortable. He lolls in plush swivel chairs and he dines in those neat little la carte Pullman buffets on chicken, porthouse steak, and all the side dishes. He eats what he pleases and he does not tip the waiter, neither does he pay the bill. Uncle Sam attends to that. It is a delightful trip that is furnished him in his concluding days of freedom—days he is not likely to forget.

From Washington to Leavenworth is a trip of more than 1,500 miles. On every mile of the journey the wants of Uncle Sam's prisoners and guards are well catered to, as evidenced by the hampers of chicken, beef, ham, eggs, sardines and so on, down to the more esthetic delights of the tourist library.

With Uncle Samuel there is no class

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With Uncle Samuel there is no class



# WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." — Mrs. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable — act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
HAND-SEWED SHOES  
PROCESS

MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00  
WOMEN'S \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00  
BOYS' \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed. *Past Color Eyelets TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE!* If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

## The difference remember this—

it may save your life. Cathartics, bird shot and cannon ball pills—tea spoon doses of cathartic medicines all depend on irritation of the bowels until they sweat enough to move. *Cascarets* strengthen the bowel muscles so they creep and crawl naturally. This means a cure and only through *Cascarets* can you get it quickly and naturally.

Cascarets—the box—week's treatment. All drug stores. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

**DEFIANCE STARCH** easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest

**Cooking Helps.**

Serve a loaf of baked dressing with your roast of beef.

Try a spoonful or perhaps two of maple syrup on your warm apple pie.

Arrange cold rice in balls, roll in coconut, and serve with boiled custard.

Keep a box of parsley growing in your kitchen window or on your back porch and use it for dressing tomatoes, bacon, or chopped for sandwich filling.

Cut side salt pork thin and fry a crisp brown. Garnish with lemon quarters and parsley and you will not miss the more expensive bacon.

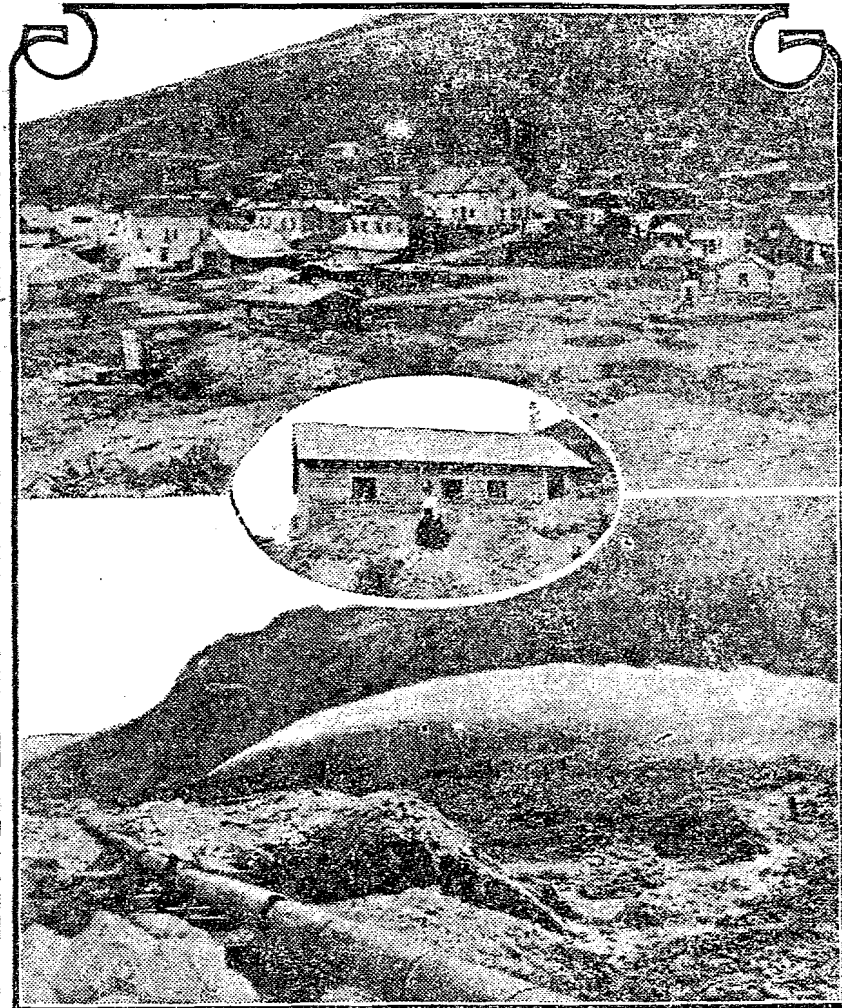
**Salted Veal.**

Put one tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish, when hot add three tablespoonfuls of cream, seasoning of salt and pepper, dust of powdered mace and red pepper. When very hot add one cupful of veal cut in dice, allow to heat thoroughly and serve. This is a delicious way of serving veal and will often taste so much like chicken that it can scarcely be recognized as anything else.

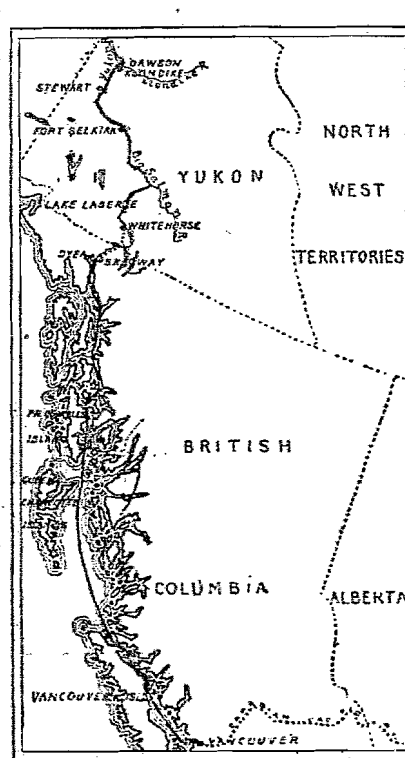
**Corn Pudding.**

Scrape half a dozen ears of corn beat two eggs together, add half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar and mix with the corn kernels. Stir in one and a half cupfuls of milk and pour the whole into a pudding dish. Bake the mixture two hours and serve as a vegetable.

# THE KLONDIKE REVISITED



1.—Town of Grand Forks in the Heart of the Mining District. 2.—Spot Where Gold Was First Discovered. 3.—Hydraulic Mining in the Yukon.



THE YUKON: GOLD-MINING COUNTRY

IT is over a dozen years since the news flashed round the globe that gold in immense quantities had been found amid the snow and ice of the Yukon territory, on the border of far-away Alaska, and adventurous spirits hastened from every quarter into the bleak and inhospitable land whose very name had been till then unknown to the vast majority. Gold, indeed, had been found there for many years, but the phenomenal wealth of Bonanza creek was only revealed in 1896, and it was not till the summer of 1897, when a steamer load of happy miners—every one of whom had "struck it rich" and bore with him a fortune in dust and nuggets—arrived at Seattle, that the world awoke to the fact that another great goldfield, rivaling those of California and Australia, had been discovered.

Klondike, Yukon, Bonanza, Eldorado these magic words were on all men's tongues in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and extravagant though the reports were that trickled over the long and perilous path lying between the frozen fastnesses of Klondike and civilization, the reality far surpassed the wildest estimates of the first prospectors, and eventually it became certain that the new gold-field was the richest ever known in the history of placer-mining.

For this was not another Rand, where without expensive machinery and unlimited capital the earth could not be made to yield an ounce of gold. This was the poor man's gold field, and he needed but a pick, a shovel, and a pan to place him on the road to fortune. To get there was the only difficulty, for one had either to make the long and costly journey via the mouth of the Yukon upstream to the diggings, or land at Juneau or Dyea, surmount the dangerous Chilcoot or White passes, and then travel through the line of lakes to the head waters of the Yukon, and so downstream to the newly-founded Dawson City—already a flourishing town of 4,000 inhabitants. Now Dyea is deserted.

Gold Output of the Yukon. Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice awaited those who won through to the Klondike. In the first season the few pioneers took \$1,500,000 out of Eldorado creek alone, and claims were selling for \$500,000. A single "pan" of "dirt"—two shovelfuls of earth—was known to yield \$500, and \$150 and \$200 pans were plentiful. Men could earn \$15 to \$20 a day in wages, and at that figure labor was scarce, and an attempted reduction was speedily followed by a strike. By the last year of the century the population of the Yukon territory had grown to 30,000, and the annual gold yield to \$20,000,000, though the recovery of the precious metal was not without peculiar difficulties. The ground being frozen solid, it had to be thawed out by huge fires before the dirt could be excavated, and this was the work that could be done during the long and severe winter. The actual extraction of the gold by washing was only possible during the three summer months.

When the gold fields of California were discovered and the stories of their unlimited wealth heralded throughout the world, there was a wild and woolly rush to the shores of the Pacific. In those days it was almost an impossibility to get the worst of a venture to its coast. Starvation was almost out of the question, save in the northern and mountainous districts, and a comfortable bed could always be found on the hillside of the land of eternal summer. There were no huge ice and snow fields practically destitute of bird and beast. On the contrary, there were streams full of fish, anxious to be caught, and forests inhabited by flocks of birds that have since acquired reputations for high prices in city eating houses. Again, the argonauts of California and Nevada were almost exclusively hard-headed, painstaking and sober-minded men, who were willing to brave hardships and privations providing they ultimately obtained independence.

Frozen Up in Winter. The Yukon river is absolutely closed to travel save during the summer months. In the winter the frost king asserts his dominion and locks up all approaches with impenetrable ice, and the summer is of the briefest. It endures only for ten or twelve weeks from about the middle of June to the early part of September. Then an unending panorama of extraordinary picturesqueness is unfolded to the voyager. The banks are fringed with flowers, carpeted with the all-perpetuating moss or tundra. Birds count less in numbers and of infinite variety of plumage sing out a welcome from every tree top. Pitch your tent where you will in midsummer, a bed of roses, a clump of poppies and a bunch of blue bells will adorn your camping. But high above this paradise of almost tropical exuberance giant glaciers sleep in the summit of the mountain wall, which rises up from a bed of roses. By September everything is changed. The bed of roses has disappeared before the icy breath of the winter king, which sends the thermometer down to 80 degrees below freezing point. The birds fly to the southland, the white man to his cabin, the Indian to his hut and the bear to his sleeping chamber in the mountains. Every stream becomes a sheet of ice, mountain and valley alike are covered with snow.

## GOOD WORK IS PROGRESSING

Women in Every State Join Earnestly in Campaign Against Tuberculosis.

Four years ago the only active women workers in the anti-tuberculosis movement were a little group of about 30 women's clubs. Today 800,000 women, under the United States, are banded together against this disease, and more than 2,000 clubs are taking a special interest in the crusade. Not less than \$500,000 is raised annually by them for tuberculosis work, besides millions that are secured through their efforts in state and municipal appropriations. Mrs. Rufus P. Williams is the chairman of the department that directs this work. In addition to the work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Public Health Education committee of the American Medical Association, composed largely of women physicians, has carried on an educational campaign of lectures during the past year in which thousands have been reached. The Mothers' congress, the Young Women's Christian association, and many unattached clubs bring the number of women united in the tuberculosis war to well over a million. There is not a state in the union where some work has not been done.

## IN AGONY WITH ECZEMA

"No tongue can tell how I suffered for five years with itching and bleeding eczema, until I was cured by the Cuticura Remedies, and I am so grateful I want the world to know, for what helped me will help others. My body and face were covered with sores. One day it would seem to be better, and then break out again with the most terrible pain and itching. I have been sick several times, but never in my life did I experience such awful suffering as with this eczema. I had made up my mind that death was near at hand, and I longed for that time when I would be at rest. I had tried many different doctors and medicines without success, and my mother brought me the Cuticura Remedies, insisting that I try them. I began to feel better after the first bath with Cuticura Soap, and one application of Cuticura Ointment.

"I continued with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and have taken four bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, and consider myself well. This was nine years ago and I have had no return of the trouble since. Any person having any doubt about this wonderful cure by the Cuticura Remedies can write to my address. Mrs. Altie Elson, 93 Inn Road, Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 16, 1909."

Surprised. "I have succeeded in tracing my ancestry back through ten generations." "Without coming to a menagerie?"

By associating with some old people you may realize the truth of the saying. "The good die young."

**THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH**

**IS**

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

When the digestion is bad you need something that will not only relieve but will strengthen the digestive organs and assist them back to their normal condition. This calls for the Bitters first of all. Try it.

Best men are molded out of faults. —Shakespeare.

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

A man knows but little if he tells them a chance.

Lewis' Single Binder, the famous straight 8 cigar—annual sale 9,500,000.

It's always a case of the survival of the fittest. Are you it?

**Stomach Blood and Liver Troubles**

Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale people lack good, rich, red blood. Their stomachs need invigorating. For, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach.

A remedy that makes the stomach strong and the liver active, makes rich red blood and overcomes and drives out disease-producing bacteria and cures a whole multitude of diseases.

Get rid of your Stomach Weakness and Liver Laziness by taking a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great Stomach Restorative, Liver Invigorator and Blood Cleanser.

You can't afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of known composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES**

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors.

**900 DROPS**

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

**INFANTS CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed —  
Aloe Sassa —  
Rhubarb Sassa —  
Anise Seed —  
Peppermint —  
Bile Beans Sassa —  
Worm Seed —  
Clarified Sugar —  
Wintergreen Flavor

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act of 1906.  
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

**CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## WESTERN CANADA'S 1910 CROPS

Wheat Yield in Many Districts Will Be From 25 to 35 Bushels Per Acre

Land sales and homestead entries increasing. No cessation in numbers going from United States. Wonderful opportunities remain for those who intend making Canada their home. New districts being opened up for settlement. Many farmers will net, this year, \$10 to \$15 per acre from their wheat crop. All the advantages of old settled countries are there. Good schools, churches, splendid markets, excellent railway facilities. See the grain exhibit at the different State and some of the County fairs.

Letters similar to the following are received every day, testifying to satisfactory conditions; other districts are as favorably spoken of:

**THEY SENT FOR THEIR SON.**  
Maidstone, Sask., Canada, Aug. 5th, 1910.  
"My parents came here from Cedar Falls, Iowa, four years ago, and were so well pleased with this country they sent to Cedar Falls for me. I have taken up a homestead near them, and am perfectly satisfied to stop here."  
Leonard Douglas.

**WANTS SETTLER'S RATE FOR HIS STOCK.**  
Seattle, Alberta, July 21st, 1910.  
"Well I got up here from Forest City, Iowa, last Spring in good shape with the stock and everything. Now I have got two boys back in Iowa yet, and I am going back there now soon to get them and another car up here this fall. What I would like to know is, if there is any chance to get a cheap rate back again, and when we return to Canada I will call at your office for our certificates."  
Yours truly, H. A. WIL.

**WILL MAKE HIS HOME IN CANADA.**  
Brainerd, Minn., Aug. 1st, 1910.  
"I am going to Canada a week from today and intend to make my home there. My husband has been there six weeks and is well pleased with the country; so he wants me to come as soon as possible. He filed on a claim near Lethbridge, Sask., and by his description of it it must be a pretty place."

Send for literature and ask the local Canadian Government Agents for Excursion Rates, best districts in which to locate, and when to go.

**W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska**

**THE Famous Rayo Lamp**

The Rayo Lamp is a "high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a lighting device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)**

**OLD SORES CURED.**  
Allen's Ulcerative Cream. Chronic Ulcers, Lone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercantile Ulcers, White Swellings, Milk Sores, Peter's Sores, All Sores. Positive failure. By mail \$1.00. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. A35, St. Paul, Minn.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores Fall-out Hair to its Youthful Condition. Cures scalp diseases. Sold everywhere. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

**Thompson's Eye Water**  
If afflicted with eye disease, use it.

**DEFIANCE STARCH** for starching finest linens

**FREE** Send postal for Free Package of Paxtine. Better and more economical than liquid antiseptics for all toilet uses.

**PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC**

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at druggists or by mail. THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

Everywhere in the world men shave with the

**Gillette**

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Bookkeeper, highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 36-1910.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES**

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors.

They dye in cold water better than any other dye. **MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.**



## Want Ad Department

The department for the people. The place to tell your wants to our army of readers and advertise anything and everything you have on your place that you do not want to keep, and your neighbor might want.

**TERMS**—One (1) cent per word. Nothing run for less than 25 cents without cash in advance. Count your words and send in your ad with the cash. A 10 word ad run three weeks costs only 30 cents.

Krug's famous Luxus beer by the case. Hans Peterson. (9)

If you want to buy or sell any real estate in Florence just phone John Lubold, Florence 165 (4)

Old soles made new. Pascale, the shoe repair man. (9)

Storz famous Blue Ribbon beer by the case. L. W. Imm. (9)

WHITE Leghorn Eggs from prize stock for hatching. Phone Florence 162 (4)

Metz and Schlitz beer by the case. Henry Anderson. (9)

FOR SALE—Corner of Fourth and Monroe, small house, well, outbuildings, fruit trees. G. T. Jackson, Fourth and Harrison. (16)

MAN wants but little here below and he satisfies that want with a Tribune want ad. (5)

WANTED—Bright boys and girls to solicit subscriptions for The Tribune. Liberal inducements will be offered. This is a good chance to make some spending money during your vacation. See Mr. Platz or telephone him at 215. (6)

All kinds of Hay and Feed. Baughman & Leach. Telephone 213.

Wanted to Buy—Good oat straw. Will pay Omaha prices. L. R. Griffith, Tel. Florence 162.

For Sale—Work team, weight 1,050 each. W. H. Taylor.

FOR RENT—Four rooms, modern, for rent. Jee Thornton at Thos. Dugher.

NINE ROOM MODERN Two story house in Florence south edge of city, one block from car line, for sale by owner.

NO COMMISSIONS. \$8,500, one acre ground, electric lights, water, shade trees and fruit. Address V 54, Tribune. (6)

Why not let me figure on that painting and paperhanging? M. L. Endres, 24th and Ames ave. (9)

Make your plans to attend the state fair Sept 5 to 9. (6)

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## SAVING OF MILLIONS

WHAT COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEM OF WATERWAYS IMPROVEMENT MEANS TO FARMERS.

### FIGURES TO SUPPORT FACTS

On Shipments of Grain Alone the Direct Return Would Mean \$100,000,000, and Proportionately All Other Products Would Be Affected.

In a former article we gave facts and figures to prove that, if the comprehensive plan of waterway improvement advocated by the National Rivers and Harbors congress were carried out, the direct return to the farmers of the country, on the single item of grain, would certainly be \$100,000,000 a year—and probably would be more than twice that sum.

But grain is not the only item on which the farmers would receive a benefit. The fact is that for the farmer—and everybody else, for that matter—the cost of transportation influences practically everything he buys, sells, eats, wears or uses in any way whatever, except water, air and sunshine. The average man is inclined to laugh when told that he pays out more for transportation than he does for taxes or because of the tariff—but his laughter does not alter the fact in the least.

There are three principal methods of transportation, the wagonway, the railway and the waterway, and there is so great a difference in the cost of transportation by these different methods that it is worth while to study the matter a little. The experts of the good roads bureau estimate the cost of hauling a ton of freight one mile by horse and wagon on the average road in the United States at 25 cents. The cost on a thoroughly good, smooth road might be reduced to 10 cents. Poor's Manual gives 7.82 mills per ton-mile as the average price received by the railways in 1907, while the official records kept at the Soo show that the average rate on the freight carried into and out of Lake Superior in the same year was only .3 of one mill.

Facts in a Nutshell. You can better understand what these figures mean if they are stated in another way. They mean that if you have a dollar to spend in shipping a ton of freight you can send it 4 miles on an average road, 10 miles on a first-class road, 127 1/2 miles on a railroad, and 1,250 miles on a lake vessel.

It is very easy to see that good roads are a lot better than poor roads but that transportation by horse and wagon is too costly at the best to be used except for small loads and short distances. So far as interstate traffic is concerned the wagon road must be left entirely out of consideration. It is just as easy to see what a great benefit would result from the building of a railway into a region where there was none before, and that a still greater benefit would result from so improving a river that it is made dependably navigable when it was not so before.

Waterways increase prosperity in three principal ways, viz: direct saving, indirect saving, and by what may be called a creative effect. The direct saving is that which occurs on goods actually carried by water, and some facts which indicate how great this direct saving is, will also make more plain the vast difference between the cost of transportation by rail and by water.

Through the Soo canal at the outlet of Lake Superior there were carried in 1907, 58,217,214 tons of freight. This was carried an average distance of 828.3 miles at an average cost of .3 of one mill per ton-mile. If this had been shipped by rail at the average railway rate for that year (.732 mills), its transportation would have cost \$338,633,364 more than was paid for its carriage by water.

The total freight carried on all lakes that year was, in round numbers, 100,000,000 tons. This vast tonnage was carried for \$550,000,000 less than it would have cost to send it by rail, and the improvements, which produce a saving large enough to pay off the national debt in less than two years, cost only \$85,000,000.

Proof of Good Results. Wouldn't you call that a pretty fair dividend on the investment? And don't you think it would pay to improve all our waterways as fast and as far as we can?

"But," says some one, "what reason is there to suppose that improved rivers would give anything like as good results as have been obtained on the lakes?" That is a proper question and is entitled to an answer.

The only waterway in this country which has been improved as a whole is composed of the four lakes above Niagara Falls; but there are many improved rivers in Europe. From a careful study of the results obtained on these rivers the army engineers estimate that when the improvement of the Ohio river is finished, freight can be carried thereon for one-half mill per ton-mile. That means that the dollar which will carry a ton 127 1/2 miles by rail and 1,250 miles by lake, will carry it 2,000 miles by river.

Cost of transportation will vary on different rivers with depth, width, swiftness of current, etc., but the estimated cost on a completely improved Ohio river can be increased by 60 per cent. before it will equal the average cost on the lakes in 1907, and there is still a margin of nearly 400 per cent. before you reach a rate one-half as high as that by rail. It will pay to improve our rivers.

## CURIOSITIES OF LIGHTNING

Origin of the Electrification Manifested in a Thunder Storm is Still Unknown.

A young girl in charge of two children, sheltering under a tree on Chislehurst Common, says the London Sphere, was struck by lightning and killed—one of those dreadful instances of the sort of personal touch with which lightning seems to select its victim, for though one child is reported to have been thrown down, neither, apparently, was injured. There are many instances of course, of this strange selection, due in most cases, probably, to some accident of clothing. There is a well-remembered case which happened some years ago at Cambridge, when three young men were walking across an open space of ground, and the middle one of the three was struck dead, while the others were untouched. The inquest showed that the young man who was killed had nails in his boots, whereas the others were wearing boating shoes.

The phenomena of thunderstorms have been the subject of much study in America. But if thunderstorms can be classified, they are still not thoroughly understood. We do not yet know what are the exact conditions which lead to a discharge of electricity in the form of a lightning-flash from cloud to cloud or from cloud to earth. We cannot reproduce thunder and lightning in a laboratory. We do not know what is the origin of the electrification manifested in a storm.

### WAS A FIEND FOR FRESH AIR

Transatlantic Passenger Who Insisted Upon Having an Open Porthole Over the Dining Table.

A man who formerly was a waiter on a big transatlantic liner told this story the other day:

"On a certain trip over I had at my table an irascible old gentleman who was a fresh air fiend. No matter what the weather, he always insisted on having the porthole over the table open. It was no use to argue with him, but one day, when the seas were very high and the ship pitching and rolling, I ventured to remonstrate. He was up in arms in a minute. 'You are paid to obey order!' he said tartly. 'Open that port!' I did. The soup course was served in safety. Then I asked him if he would have fish. 'Of course I will,' he snapped. 'And I'll have it in a hurry. Don't keep me waiting all day.'

"Just at that moment an unusually big sea rolled by. That is, part of it did. A goodly portion came through the porthole, soaking the old man and depositing on the table in front of him a live fish. No waiter on board of our ship had ever served an order so quickly before. But I didn't get any credit for it. The queer thing about that story," he added, "is that it isn't a fish story at all. I never told it yet to any one who believed it. But it is absolutely true."

### Kitchen on Wheels.

A restaurant keeper in one of the poorer quarters of Paris has hit upon an original way of increasing his custom. He noticed that a large proportion of workmen had not the time to get their midday meal at a restaurant, and contented themselves with an al fresco lunch on the pavement. "If they have no time to come to me, I must go to them," thought this enterprising caterer, who thereupon had constructed a large truck on wheels provided with a chef in attendance, a stove and all the implements of a restaurant kitchen. With this he perambulated the busiest thoroughfares looking for customers, and with so much success that, according to the Mundus, an Italian review published in five languages, he will probably before long have several imitators.

### Not at Home in London.

The moving wonders of London, the greatest city in the world, do not commend themselves to every visitor. "I had never dreamed there were so many people in all the earth," said a mid-African visitor, recently. "You darken the face of the sky, you shut out the sun, and the cattle die in your presence. But I want to go home where the sun shines." And he stood erect and stretched out his hands, oddly enough, just in the direction where his country lay. "I want to go home," he repeated. "Home!"

### Few Competitors.

"But you must admit," said Reggy Sapp, as he toyed with his hatband, "that I have a great deal of self-possession."

"How fortunate," replied Miss Tabasco, with a rigid twinkle in her eye. "I am sure no one else would care to possess you."—Stray Stories.

### A Disquieting Report.

"Is it true," asked Plodding Pete, "dat yous is offerin' work to anybody dat comes along?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Jes' take off your coat an'—"

"Not me. I'm jes' a scout sent ahead by der other fellers to verify a terrible rumor."

### No Argument There.

Diogenes once asked alms of a sour tempered man, who said:

"Try to convince me that I ought to give."

"Had I thought you amenable to son," said Diogenes, "I should have recommended you to go and hang yourself."

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