

The man who whispers down a well  
About the goods he has to sell,  
Won't reap the gleaming, golden dollars  
Like one who climbs a tree and hollers.

# The Florence Tribune

**HOGS** Are not entirely unlike human beings. (More's the pity.) Those who attend strictly to business get fat. Moral: Advertise your own business and not that of your competitor.

VOL. II.

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No. 18

## FROM FORT CALHOUN

News Items of Interest to Florence People. From That Thriving Suburb, to the North As Set Forth by That Veteran, W. H. Woods, Who Is Known to Almost Every Man, Woman and Child in This Part of the State of Nebraska.

Mrs. Nelson was home from Plattsmouth on a visit to her mother, Mrs. John Iverson.

Farmers' telephone man, Doyle, has returned from Idaho.

John Rathman and wife were here visiting from Knox county.

Mr. and Mrs. Lars Paulsen, west of town, have another girl, making six children to bless their home.

Pastor Marsh of the Blair Episcopal church was a guest of David Neale and others here last week.

Mrs. Thomas Price of Weinerville came to see her sister, Mrs. George Rohwer.

Charles Young, now an Omaha auto man, says he made a trip to Chicago and back without serious trouble.

Peter Holst and Henry Forman and the wives of both attended a German Lutheran mission gathering at Ponca brick church.

Mrs. Stanley Peirce and children of Chadron are at "Grandma" Louis Closans.

Fred Frahm, Jake Seirk and Scott Allen were in Denver and the mountains for a few days.

Miss Ruby Quick of Atwood, Ill., and the two Barnett sisters of Stanton were guests at the Landis home.

Judge Clark O'Hanlon of Blair was here on business.

The Schwager brothers write that their 230 acres of wheat at Sugar, Ida., turned out twenty-two bushels to the acre. They are now camped with a party in Yellowstone park.

Mrs. Bigelow was down from Blair.

Henry Roberts has brought his family from Tekamah to keep house for H. H. Couchman.

James Mahan, county commissioner, with his daughter and the two Misses McMahon "autoed" down here.

The Desoto Sunday school held its annual picnic in Jacob Markell's walnut orchard. A newspaper man from here joined a delegation and took items.

Olin Athen, a Washington county school teacher for over twenty years, was hauling sweet corn to the Blair canning factory.

Custodian Donehue of the Markell farm has a field of corn where some of the ears measure twelve inches long and twenty-two rows on an ear.

Cachelan and Mack are trying to open up the old Desoto sand pits.

Olin Athen on a Desoto "sky" farm, reports a good crop of corn with some hard enough to feed.

Pioneer Urban Cachelan says he is digging 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre on the bottoms.

Mrs. Belden is postmaster, railroad agent and storekeeper at Desoto. She keeps the telephone exchange and is doing a nice business, with her sister as assistant.

Claude Nethaway, who has been very ill since his return from Colorado, is again able to be out.

Henry Rix is shipping grapes. The crop here is very light this year.

Jud Taylor of Blair has a force of men cleaning the school rooms for the new term which begins Monday.

Veteran Noyes and Henry Taylor were down from Blair, the latter to run the postoffice while W. R. Gale went to Omaha.

Otto Frahm has a four-ear stalk of corn to boom Washington county.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans were up from Omaha.

Master Albert Christensen gave W. H. Woods a heart shaped flint knife found in his father's cornfield. The workmanship on this blade is perfect.

## UPDIKES CAUGHT FAST ASLEEP

Ramblers Carry Away a Bouquet of Four Easy Marks in the Third Inning.

The White City Ramblers defeated the Updikes on Sunday by a score of 4 to 1, at the Florence ball park.

The score was a surprise. The Updikes should have handed the Ramblers a goose-egg with an aura around it, but the Ramblers caught their opponents asleep in the third inning and got four scores without so much as a hit.

The Updikes came out of their trance after that but the mischief had been done and the score card in that spot looked like an amateur drawing of a picket fence. The feature was the work of Felman, who snatched several almost impossible ones from the center field fence.

W. C. R. . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4  
Updikes . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1  
Hits—White City Ramblers 5, Updikes 7. Errors—White City Ramblers 3, Updikes 3. Umpire—Hopkins.

Prof. Morehouse says they were the property of the medicine men, and Capt. Fred Hans says they were placed in the top of a staff twelve or fourteen feet long to which they tied their medicine bags, feathers, etc., and planted in front of the tepee as a sort of "M. D." shingle.

William Seivers had a nice visit from his mother and sister of Grand Island.

Miss Myrtle Landis was visiting in Council Bluffs.

## Ponca Improvement Club Meeting.

One of the most enjoyable events of the week for the editor was the meeting of the Ponca Improvement club at the Ponca school house last Monday evening. There was about fifty members present and many of them had their wives and daughters with them. While the club was holding its meeting the women prepared a regular feast for the members to sit down to on the completion of the business matters. The ladies provided a veritable banquet and the social time was highly appreciated by all present. The club decided to hold the next meeting at the Fairview school house. The old officers were all elected for another term. During the past year the club has secured many substantial improvements but is not content with that but are determined to push on and secure those that they were unable to secure this year. The members seem just as enthusiastic now as they did when the club was first started. They have the right idea in sticking together and going after improvements and when they fail to still stick by it until it is finally accomplished. It was largely through their help that the city of Florence was able to bring pressure enough on the county commissioners to get Main street paved from Briggs to the Omaha city limits, and they should have the co-operation of the city of Florence in their undertakings.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

G. B. Weltz and C. B. Janssen will start erecting homes for themselves the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gabrielson are rejoicing over the arrival of a boy Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Taylor and Mr. Ray Taylor left Wednesday for Lincoln to be gone several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Herzog are the guests of Mrs. Herzog's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Brennanman, for a few days.

Mrs. Robert and Bacon and Miss Bacon were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston Monday.

Steve Goodell is again very low. His daughter, Mrs. Bert Andrews of Des Moines arrived Monday evening and is now the guest of Mrs. George Foster.

Mrs. M. F. Powell of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. George Foster Wednesday.

Wednesday, Sept. 21—25 cents.

Mrs. James of Omaha entertained the Literary society at the home of her niece, Mrs. Harvey Smith Tuesday afternoon. Those from Florence were Mrs. J. B. Brisbin, Mrs. Harry Brisbin, Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., F. B. Nichols, Mrs. J. L. Houston and Mrs. Victors.

F. S. Tucker spent Tuesday in Omaha fixing up his fences as candidate for state representative in the election this fall.

## KIERLE IS APPOINTED

At a Quiet Little Private Meeting of the Council C. J. Kierle is Appointed to Fill Vacancy Caused by Resignation of Carl Feldhusen, and Some Bills are Paid.—Regular Meeting Monday is Very Short and Little Done Outside of Paying Bills and Approving Kierle's Bond.

"Hist! Does any one know?"  
"Not a soul."  
"Mum's the word. Steal softly down to the city hall by the back ways and I will shortly join you. Be careful and not let anyone know."  
"Not a soul."

Had anyone been of an observing nature last Thursday evening they would have seen stealthy forms stealing along quietly in the shadows, but all headed in the same direction, the city hall. The reason of such quiet and stealth was a special meeting of the council to appoint a councilman to take the place vacated by the resignation of Carl Feldhusen and for the further purpose of voting unto themselves a few shimeleons in recompense of the time they had spent listening to the dear "peepul" plead for a reduction in their assessment and the subsequent levying of the tax.

It was a nice little quiet mutual admiration, — you-scratch-my-back-and-I-will-scratch-yours sort of a meeting, and what little oratory that was spilled was done in a very quiet way, hardly above a whisper.

They proceeded to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Carl Feldhusen, councilman from the south ward, by electing C. J. Kierle to fill the vacancy.

The following bills were then allowed:

J. P. Crick.....\$87.00  
J. A. Miller.....40.00  
D. Kingery.....1.00  
A. Marr.....4.00  
R. H. Olmsted.....6.50  
W. M. Taylor.....9.75  
John Bondesson.....70.00  
M. B. Thompson.....67.00  
R. H. Olmsted.....59.00  
William Tucker.....28.50  
F. S. Tucker.....42.00  
J. H. Price.....42.00  
Robert Craig.....42.00  
C. Feldhusen.....42.00  
C. H. Allen.....42.00

A light was ordered placed at the intersection of Fourth and Calhoun streets after which the council adjourned.

The regular monthly meeting of the council was held on Monday evening, although but little business was transacted. The bond of C. J. Kierle, signed by John Lubold and W. B. Parks, was approved and Mr. Kierle was inducted into office.

A request was made for a permanent sidewalk on the west side of Fourth street from State to Harrison by Mr. Charles Baughman. The request was not acted on.

Charles Allen was granted a leave of absence for a period of sixty days.

The following bills were allowed:  
J. H. Price.....\$ 7.35  
J. P. Cooke.....1.45  
Emil Hanson.....42.75  
Tribune.....1.71

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

Wednesday, Sept. 21—25 cents.

The Carpenters and Joiners union held their Labor day picnic Monday at Coney Island park. They were given a welcome by Mayor Tucker who told them he was glad they had come to Florence and that for the day they owned the city, and all they had to do was to ask for anything they wanted and it was theirs. His address made quite a hit, especially as he did not mention politics or that he was a candidate but confined himself to the advantages of Florence.

"Can be depended upon" 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.

I. W. Brown moved his butcher shop this week further up-town, to the building south of the Hempling drug store. The change gives Mr. Brown a better market and more room to wait on his customers. His trade had so increased that he virtually outgrew his old location.

The Florence Coal and Lumber Co. have secured the contract for the brick and lumber on the new Price building on Main street.

## REPORT OF CITY TREASURER

George Siert Shows Collections of \$573.09 and Warrants Paid to Amount of \$1,425.61 During August.

Aug. 1. Bal. in gen'l fund .....\$ 55.20  
Aug. 3. Rec'd County Treas. .... 87.36  
Aug. 3. Rec'd County Treas. .... 38.70  
Aug. 3. Rec'd County Treas. .... 30.44  
Aug. 15. Poll tax .... 12.00  
Aug. 20. Rec'd from J. K. Lowry (Fine).... 5.00  
Aug. 22. Rec'd from C. C. Logan (3 pool tables tax) ..... 24.00  
Aug. 29. Rec'd from 4 saloons, 2nd Quarter ..... 140.00  
Aug. 29. Rec'd from 4 pool tables, Geo. Gamble ..... 32.00  
Aug. 29. Rec'd from J. K. Lowry (Fine).... 5.00

\$429.70  
Aug. 23. Gen'l fund warrants paid .....\$237.76

Bal. in gen'l fund Aug. 31, 1910 ..... \$191.94  
Aug. 31. Transferred from S. W. fund .. 7.86  
Transf'd from grad. fund .. 19.07

Total bal. in gen'l fund Aug. 31. Bal. in water fund.....\$1393.31  
Aug. 3. Rec'd Co. Treas. 45.67

\$1438.98  
Aug. 4. Water rent warrant lifted .....\$ 870.00  
Bal. in water fund ..... \$568.98

Aug. 1. Bal. in S. W. Grad. and Sewer fund .....\$182.35  
Aug. 3. Rec'd County Treas S. W. .. 7.43  
Rec'd County Treas. Grad. 12.60

\$ 20.03  
Aug. 30. Rec'd tax payer (Special S. W.)..... 165.39  
Aug. 31. Rec'd tax payer (Grading) .. 14.17

\$381.94  
Aug. 31. Special S. W. warrant paid ..... 317.85  
Aug. 31. Spec'l S. W. transferred to Gen'l fund ..... 7.86  
Aug. 31. Spec'l Grad. transferred to Gen'l fund ..... 19.07

Bal. in S. W. and grading fund ..... 37.16  
Bal. in all funds .....\$825.61  
GEORGE SIERT,  
City Treasurer.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

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.

Everybody will be there on Wednesday, September 21.

Miss Allie Houston was the guest of Miss Corinne Armstrong Tuesday night.

Mrs. W. H. Thomas entertained a number of ladies at her home on Main street Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Christine Gordon whose wedding to Mr. A. H. Christolm took place Wednesday evening. Miss Gordon was happily surprised with a linen shower and received many useful and beautiful presents. The afternoon was spent with games and music after which refreshments were served. Mrs. J. Weber received first prize in the guessing contest and Miss Gordon the consolation prize. Those present were Mesdames J. Johnson, J. J. Cole, J. Weber, Jr., D. F. Kelly, F. B. Nichols, Hugh Suttie, W. H. Thomas, Misses Thompson, Marguerite Suttie, Christina Gordon, Myra Goodlett, Belle Thompson, Bessie Robertson, Lena Hurtz, Maud Goodlett and Anna Boening.

## 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.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Johnson announce the engagement of their daughter, Laura, to Mr. Henry Thieszen of Neola, Ia., the wedding to take place in the near future.

Everybody will be there on Wednesday, September 21.

Miss Lillian Bondesson will again teach in the Howard Kennedy school in Omaha this year.

Mrs. J. H. Price has been visiting her mother in Missouri Valley, Ia., the past week.

Emil Weber of Wayne, who has been visiting his parents, left Monday for his home.

Wednesday, Sept. 21—25 cents.

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.

Miss Frances Thompson will teach at the Lothrop school the coming year.

Frank Wight of Rapid City, S. D., is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Wight.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen left Tuesday for an extensive western trip.

Miss Desmond of Denver who stopped here a few days to visit Mrs. D. F. Kelly a few days on her way home from Minneapolis left Saturday for Denver.

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.

Miss Golding of Blockton, Ia., is the guest of her brother, R. A. Golding and family.

The big event, Wednesday, Sept. 21.

Rev. William Barnes Lower, one of the first pastors of the Presbyterian church of Florence, who has been visiting old friends the past two weeks, returned to his old home in Wyncote, Pa., Tuesday. He filled the pulpit last Sunday evening and those present say he has improved wonderfully as a speaker since he left Florence.

Last Saturday afternoon J. P. Brown presented the county commissioners a protest against their paying over \$7,500 as their share of paving Main street. W. H. Thompson and J. H. Faris accompanied him and evidently concurred in the sentiments expressed in the protest. Just what they hope to accomplish by having the county withhold this money is not shown on the face of things. Should the commissioners heed the protest and not pay the money it would mean that amount would have to be assessed up against the already overburdened taxpayers of Florence.

The Ponca school this year has two new teachers, Miss Dietrick and Miss Henriksen. Many improvements were made in the building the past year and the attendance at the school shows a substantial increase.

Everybody will be there on Wednesday, September 21.

Captain Francis J. Ellison, alias Timothy Sherwood, alias Mervel, hero of many matrimonial engagements and captain of the defense in several court-martials and well known in Florence, has bobbed up again. Busy rumor has once more seized upon the captain and is now asserting, that the checkered career has reached a barred and striped end. Captain Ellison is declared to have got into trouble over Indian land titles in Idaho and a statement not fully verified is to the effect that he has received a five year sentence in the penitentiary. If true it will not be the first time Captain Ellison has been cooped up in durance unpleasance. He left Florence in company with James Nichols and went to Dayton, Mont.

## THE CITY OF FLORENCE IS SUED

Mrs. Katherine Gielen Brings Suit for \$3,000 As a Result of Fall Over Pile of Brick On Main Street.

An action for \$3,000 damages has been started against the city of Florence by Katherine Gielen. Plaintiff asserts in her petition that loose bricks and other rubbish piled on the sidewalk along the west side of Main street, between Washington and Briggs streets, caused her to fall and sustain serious and permanent injuries.

The petition recites that while walking on Main street the night of March 31 plaintiff was unable to note the obstructions on account of darkness and that she stumbled and fell, dislocating the fibula of the left leg and sustaining other injuries of a permanent character.

This is one of the suits that comes as an aftermath of paving Main street. The city has a bond from M. Ford to protect it from loss.

## FROM MISS TRACY.

San Francisco, August 29, 1910. To the Editor of The Tribune:—I think it is a perfect imposition to make (?) me write you when time is so precious sightseeing in a big city like this is.

Besides the sightseeing I'm doing the friends all along the coast have entertained me so royally. I'm certainly having the time of my life and am so charmed with the coast country—hardly think I'll ever be contented in the interior hereafter. The trip over the Canadian Pacific I think cannot be surpassed for marvelous scenic beauty in North America, and some travelers who have seen the Alps say it equals them. Think I sent you a card saying I could tell you some "fish stories" when I arrived home—of the fresh salmon I caught while guest of the Browns on their Island ranch home, Vancouver. So many novel things there to me—big saw mills, fishing vessels containing tons and tons of halibut. Saw the championship game of La Crosse of the world, and base ball is not to be compared with it to me—much easier understood by me and far more exciting. Sailed from Vancouver to Seattle in the steamer Princess Charlotte, which also was the grandest of Canada. Sir Wilfred Laurier. The decorations were therefore beautiful in his honor. I had my camera ready for him but some one just at the critical moment stepped in front of him and I fear spoiled my cherished "snap-shot." We were witnesses of the ovation he received when he arrived in Victoria, saw the crimson carpet spread for him and the beautiful floral decorations.

How good it seemed when I arrived in Seattle and saw "Old Glory" floating in the breeze of the United States of America. There I was the guest of former Nebraska friends, who took me all over the city in their automobile. I visited the exposition grounds. The buildings remain, you know, as a part of the university. The steep grades and some of the sky scraping sidewalks of Florence are not in it with Seattle and I hope my friends didn't know how frequently I held my breath in terror.

Portland surpassed my anticipations by far for its beautiful homes, splendid business districts and the wonderful roses for which it is far famed. But no coast city can equal Frisco. Everything here, and the way it has been rebuilt, is a marvel. Am seeing California the worst time of year—their "winter season"—but am charmed with it so much, so that while being shown the beautiful homes and wonderful trees and flower gardens of Kerkley the other day I heeded not the warning to "look out for fresh paint" and ran into it. Entertained here by Prof. and Mrs. Sears of the university and Rev. and Mrs. Lathrop of the University church, close friends of Mr. Wedge, whose work on Barbary Coast is winning him the friendship and co-operation of the most prominent and better citizenship of Frisco.

No time for more.

OLIVE P. TRACY.

The transcript for the removal of the case, Emma F. K. Paulson against the Omaha Water company and George Dial, from the district court of Douglas county to the United States circuit court was filed on Tuesday. The case is one growing out of the drowning of Hans J. Paulson in one of the settling basins at Florence on June 25. The wife of the deceased man is suing for damages in the sum of \$25,000. The petition for removal was allowed by Judge A. C. Troup on August 22.

Deputy Sheriff Thompson and Flanagan Monday arrested O. Gilbert at the Florence postoffice, just as he was inquiring for mail. Gilbert was wanted by Sheriff Young of Aurora. He is accused of skipping off from the hotel there, leaving a \$48 board bill behind him.



# The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER  
& LUCIA  
CHAMBERLAIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. Kettner  
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## 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, Clara 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. A reward of \$20,000 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 argues 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 party. She is startled by the effect on him when he catches a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew Idol causes Flora much anxiety. Cressy, Flora discovers Clara, ransacking her dressing room. Flora refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Thrust and Parry.

My dear Flora: I am going out early and shall not be back to dinner.

CLARA.

Flora let the little note fall as if she disliked the touch of it. She was relieved to think she would not have to see Clara that day. It was her desire never to see Clara again. If only they could part here and now! How she wanted to shake the whole thing off her shoulders! How foolish not to have gone to Harry when she had first made up her mind to! For why, after all, make him any explanations? Suppose she should just take the ring to him and say: "It gives me the shivers, Harry. Let's take it back and get something else." If he didn't suspect the sapphire already, he would never suspect it from that.

But did she really want Harry to rid her of the ring? She would get hold of him first and then she would see what she would do.

She stepped into the hall with all the confidence of one who has fully made up her mind to carry matters with a high hand; but at the telephone she hesitated. Calling him up at such an hour of the morning demanding his attendance on such a fanciful errand—wouldn't he think it odd? No, he would think it the most natural thing in the world for her to be so flighty. Reassured, she gave the club number and stood waiting, listening to the half-syllables of switched-off voices and the crossing click, click, that was bringing her fate nearer to her. She heard some one coming up the stairs and down the hall toward her. Marrika stood stolid at her elbow.

"Mr. Cressy," she pronounced.

"Yes, yes," said Flora, with the club clamoring in her left ear.

"He is down-stairs," said Marrika.

Flora nearly let the receiver fall. Harry here? What a piece of luck! But here on his own account, at such an hour—how extraordinary!

"Hello, hello," persisted the club. "What's wanted?"

"Why, I—!" Flora stammered. "It's a mistake; never mind. I don't want him now." She hoped that Harry had not heard her as he came in, since it was his informal fashion to await her in the large entrance hall. She didn't want to spoil the chance he had given her of seeming off-hand about the ring. But the hall was empty, and as she descended the stairs she amused herself with the fancy that Shima had had a vision, and that she would still have to ring up the club and explain to the attendant that, after all, she wanted Mr. Cressy.

Then from the drawing-room threshold she caught sight of Harry standing in the big bay window of the drawing-room, in the same spot where Kerr had awaited her the afternoon before. Harry was tall and large and freshly colored, and yet he did not fill the room to her as the other man had done. He met her, kissed her, and she turned her head so that his lips met her cheek close beside her ear. She did not positively object to his kissing her on the lips, but her instinct was strong to offer him her cheek. He had sometimes laughed at this, but now he resented it. He insisted on his privilege, and she was passive to him, conscious of less love in this than assertion of possession.

"You are not going to Burlington, are you?" she asked him with her first breath.

He looked down at her with a flushed and sulky air. "What difference would that make to you? I am, as it happens, but I suppose you think that's no reason for disturbing you so early." He was angry, but at what, she wondered, with creeping uneasiness.

"What is the matter?" she urged. "Are things going crookedly at Burlington?"

"Things are going as crooked as you please, but not at Burlington. Sit over there," he said, nodding toward the window-bench; "I want to talk to you."

Harry had the air of one about to scold, and certainly Flora thought if anybody was carrying matters with a high hand, it wasn't herself, but she

didn't follow his direction. She continued to stand, while he, sitting on the table's edge, drumming the top of his hat, gloomily regarded her.

"Well?" she persisted, troubled by this look of his, and this silence.

"Look here," he began, "I have to be away a couple of days and I wish you'd do me a favor."

Flora's thought flew to the ring. Was he going to ask for it back, to have it reset, as he had promised on the threshold of the goldsmith's shop? Here might be the chance she had hoped for of getting rid of it. She grasped at it before she had time to waver.

"I wonder if it's the very favor I was going to ask of you?"

But he didn't take it up. He seemed hardly to hear her, as if his mind was too much absorbed with quite another question—a question that the next moment came out flat. "What was that Kerr doing here yesterday?"

She was taken aback, so far had her apprehension of Harry's jealousy slipped into the background in the last 24 hours. But her consciousness that Harry was not behaving well, even for a jealous man, made her take it up all the more lightly.

"Why, he was calling, chatting, taking tea—what anybody else would do from four to six. What in the world gave you the idea that he was doing anything extraordinary?"

"Well," he said, "you shouldn't do the sort of thing that makes you talked about."

"That makes me talked about?" It made her pause in front of him.

"Why, yes, it isn't like you. It never happened before. Look here. I drop into the Bullers' yesterday; find Clara sidled up to the judge; look around for you. 'Hello,' I say, 'where's Flora?' 'Oh,' says she, 'Flora's at home amusing Mr. Kerr.' 'Amusing Mr. Kerr!'" he repeated. "That's a nice thing to hear."

Flora went red. She walked down the room from him to give her suddenly tumultuous heart time. However little he might guess the real trend of her interview with Kerr, she couldn't bear him come near it without apprehension. She was angry, helplessly angry at Harry that he had taken this moment for his stupid jealousy. But she was more angry at Clara, since such a speech on Clara's part wasn't carelessness.

She tried to laugh him out of it.

"Why, Harry, I never saw you jealous before!"

"It's all very well to say that—and you know I've never made a row about the other Johnnies. I knew you didn't care for any of them."

Her eyes narrowed and darkened.

"And you take it for granted I care for Mr. Kerr?"

"Oh, no, no!" He pushed his hand through his hair with an irascible gesture. "But it's plain enough you like him—you women always like a fellow that flourishes—but that's not the sort of man I care to see hanging around my girl."

Flora stood leaning on the table, breathing a little hurriedly, feeling rather as if she had been shaken.

Harry, standing with his hands in his pockets, looked not unlike the threatening image he had appeared in the back of the goldsmith's shop.

"Of course, the fellow can talk," he admitted, "and he has a manner. But Lord knows where he comes from or who he is. Why, even the Bullers don't know."

Flora turned sharply on him. "Who told you that?"

"The judge. He picked him up at the club."

"Well," she kept it up, "some one had to introduce him there."

Harry smiled. "You wouldn't care to bow to some of those club members?"

"Harry, do you know how you sound to me?" She was trembling at the daring of what she was going to say. "You talk as if you knew something against him."

Her statement seemed to bring him up short. "No, no, I don't," he said hastily.

She made a little gesture of despair. How was she to count on Harry if he was going to behave like this? How trust him when he was shuffling so?

She made one more bold stroke to make him speak out.

"Harry, you do know something about him! I know you have seen him before."

"Why, yes, I've seen him before. But that's got nothing to do with it."

He looked surprised that she should seem to accuse him of it, and she wondered if he could have forgotten how he had denied it before.

"And that isn't why you distrust him?"

The devil's tattoo that he beat on his hat stopped.

"I don't distrust him."

"Well, dislike him, then. When was it you saw him before?"



"Why, Harry, I Never Saw You Jealous Before!"

actual knowledge, knowledge that, with her own fitted to it, would make for him a complete figure. She caught her breath at the thought of how near she had come to actually betraying Kerr. Until that moment she had not realized that through all her waverings her one fixed intention had been not to betray him.

Harry had risen and was buttoning his overcoat. "You know you're never at home if you don't want to be," he said.

She stood misleadingly drooping before him. But though her appearance was passive enough for the most exacting lover her will had never been in more vigorous revolt. She knew Harry was taking her weariness for acquiescence, and she let him take it so. She even followed him into the hall, and with a vague idea of further propitiation, nodded away Shima and opened the door for him herself.

The fog was a chasm of white outside. Harry turned on the brink of it.

"By the way, where's Clara?"

"Why, do you want to see her? She will be out all day. She's dining with the Willie Herricks."

"No, I don't want to see her, but, by the way, she's not dining with the Willie Herricks; she's dining with the Bullers. I heard her make the engagement yesterday."

"Oh, no, Harry, I'm sure you're mistaken."

"Well, it doesn't matter. All I want to know is, why did you show that ring to Clara before it was set?"

She was genuinely aghast. "I did not," she flashed. "What made you think I had?"

He shrugged. "Well, she asked me where we got it. I don't see why women always talk those things over."

Well, I haven't," she said quickly. "Have you?"

He looked out upon the fog. "Told her where we got it, do you mean? No, I just chaffed her. I'd look out if I were you. She strikes me as damned curious."

He stood a moment on the threshold, looking from Flora to the chasm of fog outside, as if he were choosing between two chances.

"I think I'll take that ring this morning," he said slowly.

The deliberate words came to her with a shock. But in the moment, while she looked into Harry's moody face, she realized how impossible to make a scene over what must still be maintained as a trivial matter betwixt them—the mere resetting of a jewel; what should she do to put him off? She looked up at him and saw with relief that his face was turned from her to the fog, as if he had forgotten her. Then, still with averted head, as if he addressed the whiteness, or himself,—"No," he determined, "I won't. I'll take it when I come back." He pulled himself together with an effort, with a smile. "That is," he turned to her, "if you're in no great hurry about the setting? Very well, then. In a day or two."

He plunged away into the fog. A few rods from the door he disappeared, but she could still hear his footsteps growing thinner, lighter, passing away in the whiteness.

## CHAPTER XIV.

She stood where he had left her in the open doorway, with the damp, ed-



"I'll Speak to Clara To-night."

dy of the fog blowing on her. She had a narrow escape; but after the first fullness of her relief there returned upon her again the weight of her responsibility. There was no slipping out of it now, and it was going to be worse than she had imagined. So much had come out in the last half-hour that she felt bewildered by it. What Harry had let slip about Clara alarmed her. What in the world was Clara about? With one well-aimed observation she had stirred up Harry against Kerr and against Flora herself. And meanwhile she was running after the Bullers. Twice in two days, if Harry was not mistaken, and she was even nearing another engagement.

After all her fruitless mousings, Clara had too evidently got on the scent of something at last. How much she knew or guessed as yet, Flora could not be sure, but certainly, now, she couldn't let Clara go. For that would be turning adrift a dangerous person with a stronger motive than ever for pursuing her quest, and the opportunity for pursuing it unobserved, out of Flora's sight. Clara was at it even now, and the only consolation Flora had was that Harry, at least, would not play into her hands.

For Harry had a special secret interest of his own. The last ten minutes of their interview had made that plain. His manner, when he had declared his intention of taking the ring, had been anything but the manner of a care-free lover merely concerned with pleasing his lady. Then they were all of them racing each other for the same thing—the thing she held in her possession; and whether she feared most to be felled by a blow from Harry, or hunted far afield by Kerr, or trapped by Clara, she could not tell. She stood hesitating, looking out into the obscurity of the fog, as if she hoped to read the answer there. Presently she returned to the fact that Shima was waiting to close the door. Half-way across the hall she paused again, looking thoughtfully down the rose-colored vista of the drawing-room, and up at the broad black march of the stair. Vague mysteries peered at her from every side. Which should she flee from? Which walk boldly up to and dispel?

She went up-stairs slowly. She stood in her dressing-room absently before the mirror. She touched the hard,

unyielding stone of the ring under the thin bodice of her gown. She recalled the morning when she had gone to get it, before anything had happened and the lure of life had been so exquisite.

And yet she didn't wish herself back, but only forward. Now she had no leisure to imagine, to pretend, to enjoy, only the breathless sense that she must get forward. The chattering clock on her mantel warned her of the passing time and set her hurrying into her walking gown, her hat, her gloves, as if the object of her errand would only wait for her a moment longer. When, for the second time, she opened the house door, she didn't hesitate. She descended into the white fog that covered all the city.

Above her the stone facade of her house loomed huge and pinkish in the mist. Her spirits rose with the feeling that she was going adventuring again, leaving that house where for the last two days she had awaited events with such vivid apprehensions. She hurried fast down the damp, glistening pavement, seeing long, dim gray faces of houses glimmer by, seeing figures come toward her through the fog, grow vivid, pass, and hearing at intervals the hoarse, lonely voice of the fog-horn at "The Heads," reaching her from over many intervening hills. She did not feel sure what she should do at the end of her journey or what awaited her there. She knew herself a most unpracticed hunter, she, who all her life had been the most artful of quarry.

She turned in at the low gate of imitation grill in front of an enormous wooden mansion, with towers and cupolas painted all a chill slate gray, with fuchsias, purple and red, clamoring up the front. She rang, and was admitted into a hall, ornate and very high, with a wide staircase sweeping down into the middle of it.

The maid looked dubiously at Flora and thought Miss Buller was not at home, but would see. Flora turned into the room on her left and sat down among the Louis Quinze sofas and potted palms with a feeling that Miss Buller was at home, and for one reason or another, preferred not to be seen. She waited apprehensively, wondering whether Ella was not seeing the world-in-general, or had really specified against herself. Could it be that Ella was one of those women whom Harry had alluded to as running after Kerr? In the short 24 hours every individual help she had counted upon had seemed to draw away from her—Kerr, whose understanding she had been so sure of; Clara, whose propriety had never failed; Harry, whose comfortable good nature she had so taken for granted! It seemed as if the sapphire, whose presence she was never unconscious of, for all she wore it out of sight, had a power like the evil eye over these people. But if it could turn such as Ella against her, why, the Brussels carpet beneath her might well open and let her down to deeper abysses than Judge Buller's wine-cellar.

She started nervously at the step of the maid returning. The message brought was unexpected. "Miss Buller says will you please walk up stairs?"

Flora was amazed. That invitation would have been odd enough at any time, for she and Ella were hardly on such intimate footing. But now she was ushered up the majestic stair, and from the majestic upper hall abruptly into a wild little cluttered sewing-room, and thence into a wilder but more spacious bedroom, large curtains at the windows, large roses on the carpet, and over all objects in the room a clutter of miscellaneous articles, as if Ella's hand-boxes, bureaus and work-baskets habitually refused to contain themselves.

From the midst of this Ella confronted her, still in her "wrapper" and with the large puff of her hair a little awry. Under it her face was curiously pink, a color deepening to the tip of her nose and puffing out under her eyes.

"Well, Flora," she greeted her guest. "You were just the person I wanted to see. Sit down. No, not there—that's my bird of paradise feather! Oh, no, not there—that's the breakfast. Well, I guess you'll have to sit on the bed."

Flora swept aside the clothes that streamed across it and throned herself on the edge of the high, white plateau of Ella's four-poster. Ella, for all her eager greeting, looked upon her friend doubtfully, and Flora recognized in herself a similar hesitation, as if each were trying to make out, without asking, what thoughts the other harbored.

"I was afraid I shouldn't see you at all," Flora began at last.

"Well, you wouldn't if it hadn't happened to be you," said Ella paradoxically. "Look at me; did you ever see such a sight?"

"You don't look very well," Flora cautiously admitted. "Why, Ella, you have been crying!"

"Yes, I've been crying," said Ella, mopping her nose, which still showed a tendency to distill a tear at its tip.

"And it's perfectly awful to me to think you've been living so long in the same house with her."

Flora murmured breathlessly: "What in the world do you mean?"

"If you don't know, I certainly ought to tell you. I mean Clara," said Ella distinctly.

Flora, sitting up on the edge of the high bed with the tips of her little



shoes hardly touching the floor, looked at Ella fascinated, her lips a little apart. Ella had so exactly pronounced her own secret thought of Clara. She was breathless to know what had been Clara's performance at the Bullers'.

"Of course I've always known she was like that," said Ella, leaning back in her chair with an air of resignation. "She's always getting something. It's awful. It was the same even when we were at boarding-school. I suppose she never did have enough money, though her people were awfully nice; but she worked us all for invitations and rides in our carriages, and I remember she got lots through Lillie Lewis' elder brother, and he thought she was going to marry him, but she didn't. She married Lulu Britton's father; and I guess she worked him until he went under and they found there really was no money. So she's been living on people ever since." Ella rocked gloomily.

"But she does it so nicely," Flora suggested. She still had the feeling that it was not decent to own up to these most secret facts of people's failings.

"Oh, yes, she's a perfect wonder," Ella admitted grudgingly. "Look at what she's done for you!" Ella's gesticulation was eloquent of how much that had been. "But don't you imagine she cares about you any more than she cares about me!" Ella began to cry again. "You were an awfully good thing for her, Flora, and now that you're going to be married she's got to have somebody else. But I do think she might have taken somebody besides papa."

Flora gasped. "Taken! Ella, what do you mean?"

"I mean married," said Ella.

"Married!" For the time Flora had become a helpless echo.

"Oh, not yet," Ella defiantly nodded. "Not while there's anything left of me."

Flora stammered. "Oh, Ella, no. Oh, Ella, are you sure?" She felt a hysterical impulse to giggle.

"Well, I'd like to know why," Ella snapped. "I'm sure papa is twice as rich as old Britton was, and twice as easy."

She went off into sobs behind her handkerchief.

"Oh, don't, Ella, don't cry!" Flora begged, petting the large expanse of heaving shoulders. "I didn't mean anything. I was just silly. Of course it may be that she wants to marry him. But she never has before—at least, I mean, I don't believe she wants to now. What makes you think she does? What has she done?"

"Well," Ella burst out, "why is she coming here all the time, when she never used to, and petting papa? Why does she loiter to be so agreeable to me when she never was before? Why does she make me ask her to dinner, when I don't want to?"

Each question knocked on Flora's brain to the accompaniment of Ella's furious rocking. She could not answer them, and Ella's explanation, absurd as it seemed, coming on top of her high expectations, wasn't impossible. It was like Clara to have more than one iron in the fire; but when Flora remembered the passionate intensity with which Clara had demolished the order of her room, she couldn't believe that Clara would pause in the midst of such pursuit to pounce on Judge Buller.

"Oh, Ella," Flora sympathetically urged, "I don't believe there's really any danger. And surely, even if she meant it, Judge Buller wouldn't be—"

"Oh, yes, he would," Ella cut her short. "Why, when she came yesterday he was just going out, and she went for him and made him stop to tea. Think of it—papa stopping to tea! And he was as pleased as Punch to have her make up to him. He has not the least idea of what she's after. Papa isn't used to ladies. He's always just lived with me."

This astonishing statement looking at Flora through Ella's unsuspecting eyes had nevertheless a patios of its own.

"But I'll tell you one thing," Ella ended, still rocking vigorously. "I don't come here tonight to dinner when she knows I don't want her. I shall tell her what I think of her, before she leaves this house! See if I don't!"

"Don't do that, Ella," Flora entreated, "that would be awful!" She was certain that such an interview would only end in Clara's making Ella more ridiculous than she was already. "Let me speak to her. I don't mind at all," she declared bravely, and in a manner truly, though she was fully aware that speaking to Clara would be anything but a treat.

"Oh, would you?" said Ella eagerly. "I really would be awfully obliged. I hated to ask you, Flora, but I thought perhaps you might be able to do something," she ended vaguely. "Do you think you could?"

"I'll speak to Clara to-night," said Flora heroically, "or to-morrow," she added; "I'm afraid I won't see her to-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# INDEPENDENCE ON THE FARM

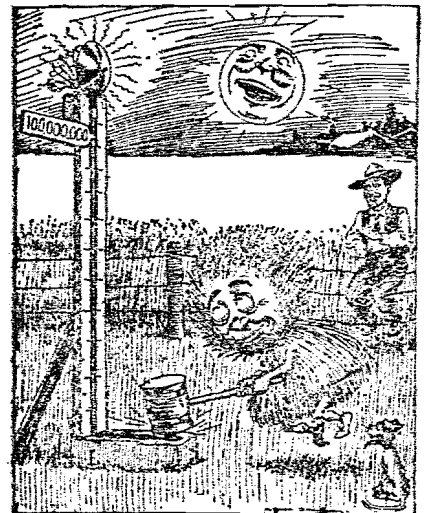
**SPLENDID RESULTS FOLLOW  
FARMING IN THE CANADIAN  
WEST.**

**Americans in Canada Not Asked to  
Forget That They Were Born  
Americans.**

Farm produce today is remunerative, and this helps to make farm life agreeable. Those who are studying the economics of the day tell us that the strength of the nation lies in the cultivation of the soil. Farming is no longer a hand-to-mouth existence. It means independence, often affluence, but certainly independence.

Calling at a farm house, near one of the numerous thriving towns of Alberta, in Western Canada, the writer was given a definition of "independence" that was accepted as quite original. The broad acres of the farmer's land had a crop—and a splendid one, too, by the way—ripening for the reapers' work. The evenness of the crop, covering field after field, attracted attention, as did also the neatness of the surroundings, the well-built substantial story-and-a-half log house, and the well-rounded sides of the cattle. His broken English—he was a French Canadian—was easily understandable and pleasant to listen to. He had come there from Montreal a year ago, had paid \$20 an acre for the 320-acre farm, with the little improvement it had. He had never farmed before, yet his crop was excellent, giving evidence as to the quality of the soil, and the good judgment that had been used in its preparation. And brains count in farming as well as "brawn." Asked how he liked it there, he straightened his broad shoulders, and with hand outstretched towards the waving fields of grain, this young French Canadian, model of symmetrical build, replied: "Be gosh, yes, we like him—the farmin'—well, don't we, Jeannette?" as he smilingly turned to the young wife standing near. She had accompanied him from Montreal to his far-west home, to assist him by her wifely help and companionship, in making a new home in this new land. "Yes, we come here was year ago, and we never farm before. Near Montreal, me father, he kep de gris' mill, an' de cardin' mill, an' be gosh! he run de cheese factor' too. He work, an' me work, an' us work tarn har', be gosh! Us work for de farmer; well 'den, sometin' go not always w'at you call

## RANG THE BELL, ALL RIGHT



Estimates of Yield of Wheat in Western Canada for 1910 More Than One Hundred Million Bushels.

de' right, an' de farmer be say de' mean t'ing, be gosh! and tell us go to—well, anyway he tarm mad. Now," and then he waded his hand again towards the fields, "I 'ave no bodder, no cardin' mill, no gris' mill, no cheese factor'. I am now de farmer man an' when me want to, me can say to de oder fellow! you go—! Well, we like him—the farmin'." And that was a good definition of independence.

Throughout a trip of several hundred miles in the agricultural district of Western Canada, the writer found the farmers in excellent spirits, an optimistic feeling being prevalent everywhere. It will be interesting to the thousands on the American side of the line to know that their relatives and friends are doing well there, that they have made their home in a country that stands up so splendidly under what has been trying conditions in most of the northwestern part of the farming districts of the continent. With the exception of some portions of Southern Alberta, and also a portion of Manitoba and Southern Saskatchewan the grain crops could be described as fair, good and excellent. The same drought that affected North and South Dakota, Montana, Minnesota, Wisconsin and other of the northern central states extended over into a portion of Canada just mentioned. But in these portions the crops for the past four or five years were splendid and the yields good.

The great province of Saskatchewan has suffered less from drought in proportion to her area under cultivation than either of the other provinces. On the other hand, instead of the drought being confined very largely to the south of the main line of the C. P. R. it is to be found in patches right through the center of northern Saskatchewan also. In spite of this, however, Saskatchewan has a splendid crop. A careful checking of the averages of yield, with the acreages in the different districts, gives an average yield of 15½ bushels to the acre.

In Southern Alberta one-fifth of the winter wheat will not be cut, or has

been re-sown to feed. There are individual crops which will run as high as 45 bushels on acres of 500 and 1,000 acres, but there are others which will drop as low as 15. A safe average for winter wheat will be 19 bushels. The sample is exceptionally fine, excepting in a few cases where it has been wrinkled by extreme heat.

The northern section of Alberta has been naturally anxious to impress the world with the fact that it has not suffered from drought, and this is quite true. Wheat crops run from 20 to 30 bushels to an acre, but in a report such as this it is really only possible to deal with the province as a whole and while the estimate may seem very low to the people of Alberta, it is fair to the province throughout.

When the very light rainfall and other eccentricities of the past season are taken into account, it seems nothing short of a miracle that the Canadian West should have produced 102 million bushels of wheat, which is less than 18 million bushels short of the crop of 1909. It is for the West generally a paying crop and perhaps the best advertisement the country has ever had, as it shows that no matter how dry the year, with thorough tillage, good seed and proper methods of conserving the moisture, a crop can always be produced.

As some evidence of the feeling of the farmers, are submitted letters written by farmers but a few days ago, and they offer the best proof that can be given.

Maidstone, Sask., Aug. 4, '10.  
I came to Maidstone from Menominee, Wis., four years ago, with my parents and two brothers. We all located homesteads at that time and now have our patents. The soil is a rich black loam as good as I have ever seen. We have had good crops each year and in 1909 they were exceedingly good. Wheat yielding from 22 to 40 bushels per acre and oats from 40 to 50. We are well pleased with the country and do not care to return to our native state. I certainly believe that Saskatchewan is just the place for a hustler to get a start and make himself a home. Wages here for farm labor range from \$35 to \$45 per month.

Lee Dow.  
Tofield, Alberta, July 10, 1910.  
I am a native of Texas, the largest and one of the very best states of the Union. I have been here three years and have not one desire to return to the States to live. There is no place I know of that offers such splendid inducements for capital, brain and brawn. I would like to say to all who are not satisfied where you are, make a trip to Western Canada; if you do not like it you will feel well repaid for your trip. Take this from one who's on the ground. We enjoy splendid government, laws, school, railway facilities, health, and last, but not least, an ideal climate, and this from a Texan.

O. L. Pughs.  
James Normur of Porter, Wisconsin, after visiting Dauphin, Manitoba, says: "I have been in Wisconsin 25 years, coming out from Norway. Never have I seen better land and the crops in East Dauphin are better than I have ever seen, especially the oats. There is more straw and it has heavier heads than ours in Wisconsin."

"This is just the kind of land we are looking for. We are all used to mixed farming and the land we have seen is finely adapted to that sort of work. Cattle, hogs, horses and grain will be my products, and for the live stock, prospects could not be better. I have never seen such cattle as are raised here on the wild prairie grasses and the vetch that stands three or four feet high in the groves and on the open prairie."

Sir Wilfred Laurier Talks to Americans.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, is now making a tour of Western Canada and in the course of his tour he has visited many of the districts in which Americans have settled. He expresses himself as highly pleased with them. At Craig, Saskatchewan, the American settlers joined with the others in an address of welcome. In replying Sir Wilfred said in part:

"I understand that many of you have come from the great Republic to the south of us—a land which is akin to us by blood and tradition. I hope that in coming from a free country you realize that you come also to another free country, and that although you came from a republic you have come to what is a crowned democracy. The King, our sovereign, has perhaps not so many powers as the President of the United States, but whether we are on the one side of the line or the other, we are all brothers by blood, by kinship, by ties of relationship. In coming here as you have come and becoming naturalized citizens of this country no one desires you to forget the land of your ancestors. It would be a poor man who would not always have in his heart a fond affection for the land which he came from. The two greatest countries today are certainly the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Republic of the United States. Let them be united together and the peace of the world will be forever assured."

"I hope that in coming here as you have, you have found liberty, justice and equality of rights. In this country, as in your own, you know nothing of separation of creed and race, for you are all Canadians here. And if I may express a wish it is that you would become as good Canadians as you have been good Americans and that you may yet remain good Americans. We do not want you to forget what you have been; but we want you to look more to the future than to the past. Let me, before we part, tender you the sincere expression of my warmest gratitude for your reception."

# THE REAL JAPAN

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

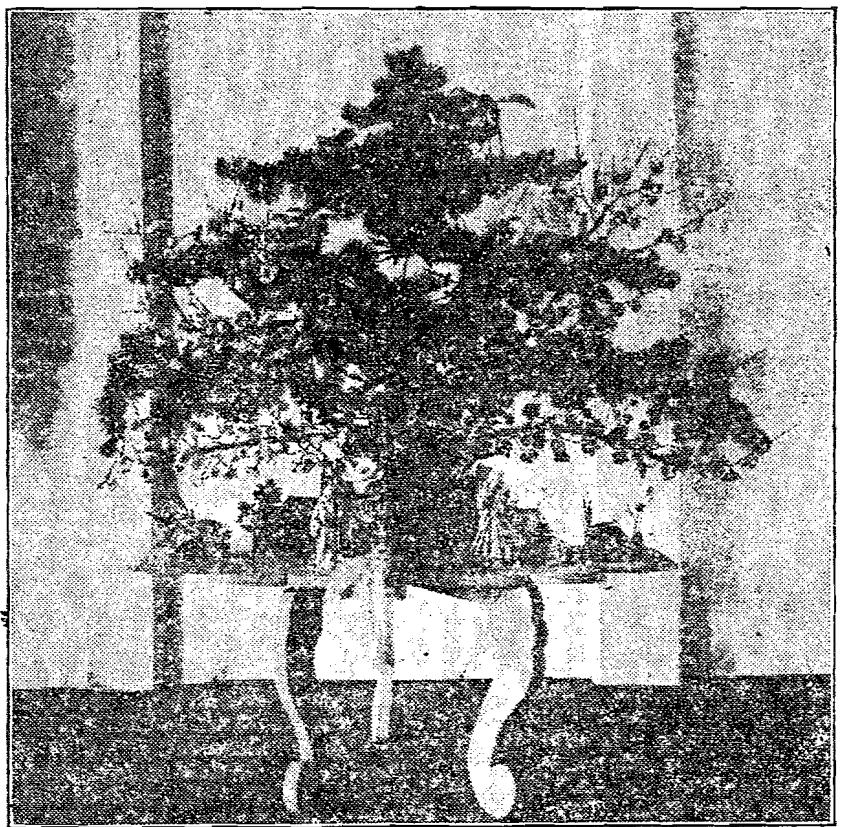
By PROF. FREDERICK STARR

## The Caves of Konosu.

Less than two hours by rail brought us to Konosu, from which point we took basha. A basha is an ugly one-horse wagon, with a wooden cover; passengers enter from the rear by means of a step; the driver sits on a front seat; two seats run lengthwise of the body of the vehicle, each sufficient for three medium-sized Japanese; six passengers, then, is the supposed and intended limit of capacity, and for comfort they should be little passengers. The basha was waiting close by the station, two passengers already in their seats. The driver had a load of freight with him in front, and when we stepped in he started promptly on the six or seven mile drive that lay before him. We ourselves were bound for the famous caves five miles from Konosu village, and a little before the terminus of the basha line. We had gone no great distance before we picked up two more passengers, and our little wagon was more than comfortably filled. We rode out through a level country occupied by rice fields. It is the time of rice harvest. In all the little fields men, women and children were busy. Horses were being brought in, loaded down with sheaves of the yellowed grain. In yards about houses and out-houses shocks were spread out to dry. Handfuls of the loaded stalks were taken and drawn through coarse metal combs to separate the grains; these still in the husk were further cleaned by flailing with flails quite like those of Europe of a hundred years gone by. Two or three or more persons threshed in unison or alternately, and a pretty sight it was to see the movement of the falling instrument and to note the rhythm.

When it had accomplished half its course, the basha stopped for its midway rest. An old woman brought out a tabako-bon at which the passengers might warm their hands or light

thirty years ago and public attention called to them by Professor Tsuboi of the Imperial university. There has been a good deal of discussion in regard to their use. Tsuboi himself believes that they were dwelling-places, and attributes them to a pre-Ainu population. Most writers, however, among them Aston and Basil Hall Chamberlain, consider them the burial places of an olden time. They have been taken possession of by the public authorities and are maintained at government expense. Stopping at the office where we paid the trifling fee demanded from visitors, amounting to one cent of our own money, we began to climb about the face of the white cliff. It is perhaps 100 to 150 feet in height. Chamberlain says that it is "a gray, tuffaceous sandstone," which we are in no position to deny. It is soft, especially when moist and not exposed to the open air; it is probable that it is easily excavated by means of a cutting instrument—knife, or even spade. The cliff presents itself in two slightly separated faces exposed to the midday sun; that is, facing southward. Where dry and long exposed the material is almost chalky white and nearly hard. At the base and on the summit of the ridge and on the slopes beyond the exposed cliff faces there is a growth of pines sprinkled with maples, the latter of which were in fine coloring. There is comparatively little diversity in the caves. They have rectangular openings ranging from 1½ to 3 feet or so in height and of somewhat lesser breadth. Very commonly there is a ledge or platform preceding the doorway and excavated from the mass itself; passing through the little door, one finds himself in a small rectangular vaulted chamber; the floor, level with the bottom of the entrance doorway, forms usually a narrow aisle running from the front



A Shimadai.

their cigarettes. She also served hot tea and little cakes. Those who wished to avail themselves of the refreshment did so, and left upon the tray on which the tea was served five rin (one-quarter cent) or one sen (one-half cent) as they chose. Our animal was a sorry one, our progress slow and jerky. Long before we reached the caves we looked anxiously for some sign of their existence. The country through which we rode seemed unfavorable for caves. It was an almost level plain, and the only hills of consequence seemed indeed far distant. Just before us, however, was a little irregularity which looked promising, and, as we came nearer, we found that there was a low ridge of considerable extent, composed of soft calcareous or arenaceous rocks. This we followed for some little distance, and at last, after making a considerable detour about its base, we suddenly saw, off to our right, a beautiful rock cliff, almost white in the bright sunshine, which was perforated by scores and scores of small rectangular openings. There were so many of them, and they were so close to each other as almost to warrant the expression "honey-combed" in reference to the cliff. We had not been prepared for seeing so many at one time in so small a space. We knew, indeed, that almost 400 caves existed in this immediate neighborhood, but had supposed that they would extend over a considerable space.

The driver of the basha told us that he should return at 2:30, and that he would expect us at that time if we wished to make the train, as the basha was punctual in its service and he would have no time to wait for us if we were tardy. It was but a few minutes' walk from the place where we descended to the caves.

These caves were discovered some

to the rear of the cave; on either side of it there is a platform or bed of the original rock some eight inches to a foot higher than the floor; these platforms are usually bordered by a narrow rim or margin 1½ to 2 inches wide rising above their general level. While this form may perhaps be considered typical many of the caves have, but one platform or bed instead of two; a very few have three, the third transverse with reference to the others and at the rear of the apartment. Of course, where there is but a single platform-bed the flooring of the central aisle is extended over the remaining section of the room. The chambers range perhaps from six to eight feet square to twelve; the usual height at the highest part is from six to seven feet. At the office we had seen some ancient pots—presumably found in connection with the caves. We had time to examine perhaps twenty of these curious affairs. Personally we are inclined to believe with Tsuboi, and against almost general contrary opinion, in the idea that they were dwelling-places originally. It was no uncommon thing among cave-dwelling peoples for the old cave to be afterwards used for burial purposes, and it is possible that such has been the case in this locality. But, that the chambers were originally made for living and not dead persons, seems to us quite clear. The fact that practically all of the nearly 400 caves face southward is a strong argument for this point of view; the living call for the sun's warmth and light; the dead need no heat. The raised platforms usually bordered by a narrow elevated margin seem to us intended for beds or sleeping-places. They are curiously like the Japanese tokonoma. If, as has been claimed, the Japanese name "tokonoma" means a sleeping-place it would not be inappropriate to apply

the term directly to these chambers. While we agree completely with Tsuboi in his idea that these little caves are sleeping-places, we are by no means equally convinced that they were made for or by a pre-Ainu population.

From the caves to the highroad is a matter of five minutes' walk. At a midway point is another curious and interesting object. Whatever may be the material of the ridge in which the caves occur, a neighboring ridge is composed of calcareous material with flimsy nodules scattered through it. This limey ridge is cut by a narrow gulf, and in this gulf is perched a little temple or rather shrine to the goddess of mercy, Kwannon. The little shrine is wedged in between the rock walls in queer and pretty fashion, and is raised high on a cobwork of supporting poles and posts. To reach it one climbs up a rickety stairway. When he reaches the level of the little shrine he sees excavated in the cleft of rock behind him a little niche in which is a strong figure of the goddess. The shrine is in no way of special importance or interest apart from its picturesque position. There seems to be no resident priest or caretaker, and the place is sadly neglected. The shed before the altar contains indeed some curious votives, among them a great board on which are represented in brilliant colors and poor art the heads of something like 300 horses, each accompanied by a written name. Why these horses should be here represented by a votive we cannot say, but interesting surmises might be framed. On either side of the supporting cobwork there are cavities within the limestone rock. One of them is directly under the shrine itself. The other has been cut into the opposite wall of the rock cleft diagonally through to the natural front face of the ridge. In both these cavities there are today ranged great numbers of little figures of the kindly goddess. They make a strange impression of loneliness here in their chilly, unsummed, neglected caves.

But we hear the tin horn of the basha driver, hasten back to the roadside, and crowd our way into the unfortunate vehicle.

Japan is a great country of connoisseurs and collectors; it is a land of perennial exhibits. Yesterday we had the pleasure of seeing a curious collection by a well-known connoisseur, a man of wealth, education and position. It was the collection of toys of Marquis Tokugawa. The marquis is a younger member of the family of the last of the Shoguns of Japan. He has a beautiful property behind the Shiba park. On his property a large building is devoted to his private library, one of the best in all Japan. He is interested in various subjects in ethnography and anthropology, and among other things has made a very considerable collection of toys, not only Japanese, but from all portions of the world. These have been on exhibition to invited guests for the past three days, and it was this exhibition that we had the pleasure of seeing.

There had been a large attendance of visitors, and printed catalogues were given to all. Several large halls were devoted to the display which was arranged upon a series of tables and to some degree upon the walls. A classification had been adopted, and the specimens arranged with reference to it. Japan, as everyone knows, is a veritable child's paradise. Nothing is too good for the little ones. From the beginning of the year at January 1, with its kites and battledore and shuttlecock, on to the closing of the year, the children's year is marked by a succession of toys appropriate to the season. Lafcadio Hearn never wearied of mentioning the variety and daintiness of these devices. Well, here they were displayed in all variety. Notable, of course, were the different kinds of dolls, in which Japan delights. There are dolls in old families that have been passed on from generation to generation through 200 years. In the dolls of such collections one may follow something of the history of hairdressing among these people. There are dolls of every size from little creatures less than a half-inch in height to dolls as large as the children for whose amusement they were fabricated. Most curious perhaps of all are the dolls with little heads of peas and clothes of ancient damasks and brocades; these are 200 years or more of age. Also notable among the toys of Japan are the great variety and range of wire puzzles; we have ourselves some of these, but in comparison with the Japanese ours are nothing. In kite-flying perhaps no people reach the Chinese, but certainly the Japanese are a close second. The walls of a whole hall were occupied with different types of kites.

The local variation of toys in Japan is rather interesting. The same toy may have characteristic differences in different areas. A whole room was devoted, in connection with the exhibit, to a great table-map of the empire, and upon this map were carefully arranged in geographical position the characteristic types of some of the more common toys, giving a most suggestive illustration of the difference in art ideals and technique. It will be seen that the marquis has an "educational idea underlying his display. In a handsome lecture hall in the library building, during the three days of the exhibit, lectures were given upon the subject of toys in their historical, ethnological and educational aspects. When we were there yesterday a professor of the Women's Normal school was speaking to an audience of perhaps 200 persons upon the subject of the educational meaning and value of children's toys.

(Copyright 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

## A TIMELY WARNING.

Backache, headache, dizzy spells and distressing urinary troubles warn you of dropsy, diabetes and fatal Bright's disease. Act in time by curing Doan's Kidney Pills.



the kidneys with They have cured thousands and will cure you.

Mrs. L. B. Burke, 319 So. Lilly St., Moscow, Idaho, says: "I was almost crazy with excruciating pain through my kidneys. The kidney secretions were highly colored, scanty and looked like blood. For over a month I was in bed, totally helpless. Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me wonderfully. They have my endorsement at all times."

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

## HIS COMEBACK.



Mr. Henpeck—I don't want you to put "Requiescat in pace" on my wife's tombstone. Make it "Requiesco in pace."

Stonemason—But that means "I rest in peace."

Mr. Henpeck—I know, and I want you to sign it "Husband."

## Source of Revelation.

Twenty-seven new, crisp \$1 bills, says Harper's Weekly, weigh as much as a \$20 gold piece. Wouldn't have thought it, and have no means of proving the assertion, but if so it is probably owing in some way to the recent activity of the inspectors of weights and measures.

## Important to Mothers

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

Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.* In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Depend not on another, rather lean upon thyself; trust to thine own exertions, subjection to another's will gives pain.—Manu.

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

The busy man wonders how the loafer manages to live.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

The man whose bluff is not sometimes called never existed.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

And the only way to impress some people is to suppress them.

**Don't Take Chances** of having a sick spell by delay, when you notice the first sign of Stomach, Liver or Bowel weakness. Act promptly and get a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You are then on the safe side because it quickly restores things to a normal condition. It is for Poor Appetite, Cramps, Heartburn, Indigestion, Costiveness, Malaria, Fever and Ague. Get



**DEFIANCE STARCH** for starching finest linens.

A New York couple got married the other day because, they said, they both loved the same bull pup. The silly season is showing results all right.

New York druggist thinks rattlesnake poison is a cure for consumption. Consumption is also a cure for rattlesnake poison. But who gets the first bite?

American tourists are reported to be the most eager patrons of dirigible balloons in Europe. Their experiences with the tip-custom in their travel seems to make them careless of life.

The only doubt to be thrown on the story of those quadrillions of microbes in frozen eggs is that it is almost beyond belief that any self-respecting microbe would relish that sort of food.



## 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.  
J. H. Price.  
Charles Allen.  
C. J. Kierle.  
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

**Fire Department.**  
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-  
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the  
second Monday evening in each month.  
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.  
R. A. Golding, Chairman  
W. H. Thomas, Secretary  
W. B. Parker, Treasurer

**TRADE UNION COUNCIL**  
OMAHA, ILL.

Florence, Neb., Friday, Sept. 9, 1910.

## BRAIN STORMS

It is now Councilman C. J. Kierle.  
Cheer up. The circus will soon be  
here.

How about that improved street car  
service?

There is room in Florence for more  
good buildings.

It is fair to state that the State Fair  
is certainly a hummer.

Now that fall is here, the various  
clubs will resume activities.

Have you read the want ads yet? If  
not do so. They are interesting.

Paving taxes are now due and pay-  
able at the office of the city treasurer.

If some one offered to give you  
\$7,500, would you protest against it?

Don't you think you would feel bet-  
ter if you paid for the Tribune for an-  
other year?

Saturday the postoffice will have a  
special sale and will sell a \$10 money  
order for 10 cents.

The statements of the two banks of  
Florence show that the people of this  
vicinity are prospering.

You have almost two months in  
which to look up the candidates and  
see who you want to vote for.

To the Carpenters and Joiners  
union: Come again. We are always  
glad to have you picnic with us.

The editor of the Tribune has been  
appointed central committeeman for  
this precinct by the republican party.

The perseverance and stick-to-it-  
ness of the members of the Ponca Im-  
provement club is bound to secure re-  
sults.

Now that things have settled down  
to a quiet everybody should put their  
shoulder to the wheels and push for  
Florence.

Now that school is open mothers  
are having a quiet time. The dogs  
and cats are also wondering what has  
happened.

That Florence is up-to-date is  
proved by the many people from here  
who attended the state fair at Lincoln  
this week.

There is more than one way of lan-  
ding on the first page of the daily pa-  
pers. One of them is to call Colonel  
Roosevelt a liar.

The people of Dundee are having  
the same round of injunctions and  
court fights on their paving that the  
people of Florence enjoyed.

The way to build up Florence is to  
do your trading with Florence mer-  
chants. Those who care for your  
trade advertise for it in the Tribune.

Every person who read the article  
in the Saturday Evening Post on ad-  
vertising a city knows why Florence  
does not go to the front as it should.

Mary had a little calf  
As soft and white as snow,  
Because I am Mary's better half  
I guess I ought to know.  
—(Contributed.)

It's pretty near time to be thinking  
of that coal bin and getting it filled  
before the first storm of winter comes  
and the yards are blockaded with or-  
ders.

If there is any valid reason why the  
street car company should not be

compelled to pay for its share of pav-  
ing Main street it has not yet been  
advanced.

When the history of Florence is  
written, the council of last year and  
this year will be known as the ones  
who gave Florence its pavement and  
sewer system.

That the laborer is worthy of his  
hire and should be paid for all labor  
performed no one will dispute, and  
the action of the council in paying the  
members of the Board of Equaliza-  
tion for services performed is but just  
as the labors were entirely distinct  
from councilmanic duties. The only  
question at issue is, "Is the precedent  
established politic?"

Just what those protestants to the  
county against their paying over \$7-  
500 towards paving Main street hope  
to accomplish is not evident on the  
surface of things. If they should suc-  
ceed it would simply mean the calling  
of another Board of Equalization, and  
its consequent expense, and the as-  
sessment of the amount up against the  
owners of property in Omaha. There  
are not very many who want their  
taxes still further increased.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES

Prayer meeting was well attended.  
The plan of Bible study met with un-  
animous approval. These hours of  
study, song and prayer will be of  
great value to any one interested in  
being a more efficient Christian.

William Barnes Lower gave us a  
very helpful sermon on Sabbath even-  
ing. He spoke from the incident of  
the widow and her cruze of oil, show-  
ing how it was increased by using.  
Mrs. Olmsted and Mrs. Cottrell sang  
a duet which was much enjoyed.

Miss Francis Thompson is back  
from her vacation and is again with  
the primary department of the Sab-  
bath school. Miss Sidner and Miss  
Thompson are both excellent workers  
and teachers. We should have more  
children in the primary. It is a large  
class now but we have room for more.

Communion will be held on Sab-  
bath. A number have expressed their  
desire to unite with the church. We  
would be glad to welcome others.

The morning subject from which  
the pastor will speak is, "What it  
Means to Be a Christian." By request  
the evening subject will be "The  
Crown and its Winning." This was  
given some time ago and a number of  
people have expressed a desire that  
it be given again.

A man's dog will form habits like  
the man. Mr. Haskell was prevented  
from attending church Sabbath, be-  
cause of Mrs. Haskell's continued ill-  
ness, but his dog represented the  
family and insisted on remaining in  
church during the service.

On Friday night Mr. Paul Boodagie  
will lecture for us again. He is a Per-  
sian and brings a message from Per-  
sia, "the land of the magic." Come out  
and hear him.

Will Tompson expects to leave soon  
for Lincoln where he will enter the  
university. We will miss him for he is  
a young man that we have learned  
can be depended on, always in class  
and ready to teach a class when the  
need arises. We wish for him a very  
pleasant year in school.

Mr. Olmsted very generously gave  
the pastor the use of his machine one  
day last week. We were thus able to  
visit a number of homes in the Ponca  
neighborhood. If we had had to walk  
it would have taken a long while and  
been quite difficult. We are grateful  
to Mr. Olmsted.

Misses Francis and Grace Thomp-  
son will entertain the Philaetha and  
Baraca classes down at the Rod and  
Gun club Saturday evening. We  
leave on the 3:45 car and, needless to  
say, will have a very enjoyable  
evening.

New screens have been purchased  
for the church. They will be put up  
before Sabbath. We are not late, we're  
early with them. It is quite a while  
before flies will be around next spring.

Mrs. H. Goetche proved herself a  
most delightful hostess on Wednesday  
afternoon. The occasion was the  
usual bimonthly meeting of the Ladies  
Aid society. About thirty ladies  
gathered at her home. After an hour  
spent in visiting and work, Mrs.  
Goetche introduced Mr. and Mrs.  
Francis Potter of Omaha. Mrs.  
Goetche and Mr. Potter played a duet  
upon banjos accompanied by Mrs. Pot-  
ter on the piano. They were heartily  
encored. Mrs. Fred Hartmann played  
two numbers upon the piano which  
were thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Helen  
Reynolds sang. Miss Reynolds has an  
excellent voice which she has trained  
to a high degree of perfection. After  
several more numbers played by Mr.  
Potter upon the mandolin and guitar,  
refreshments were served. The ladies  
voted to extend a vote of thanks to  
Mrs. Goetche, Mr. and Mrs. Potter,  
Miss Reynolds and Miss Hartmann  
for a most delightful afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Baird of Lin-  
coln who have been the guests of  
their daughter, Mrs. Thomas D.  
Crane, and Mr. Crane the past week,  
have returned home.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Church Services First Presbyterian  
Church.**  
Sunday Services.  
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.  
Preaching—11:00 a. m.  
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.  
Preaching—8:00 p. 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 Pilaat  
Treasurer.....Hulda Peterson

**Court of Honor.**  
Past Chancellor.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett  
Chancellor.....John Langenbach  
Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis  
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson  
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor  
Lodge.....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: W. R. Wall,  
Charles Johnson and A. P. Johnson.  
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday  
of each month in Pascale's Hall.

**Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of  
America.**  
Past Oracle.....Mrs. Emma Powell  
Oracle.....Mrs. J. Taylor  
Vice Oracle.....Mrs. George Foster  
Chancellor.....Mrs. J. J. Cole  
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson  
Outside Sentinel.....Mary Leach  
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,  
(S-2-9-16-23) City Clerk.

**CHAS. E. FOSTER, ATT'Y**  
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 Decem-  
ber, 1910, and on the 27th day of March, 1911, at  
9 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of pre-  
senting their claims for examination, adjust-  
ment, and allowance. Six months are allowed  
for the creditors to present their claims, from  
the 20th day of September, 1910.  
CHARLES LESLIE,  
County Judge.

**McCoy & Olmsted, ATT'YS**  
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 Administratrix  
of said estate, before me, County Judge of  
Douglas County, Nebraska, at the County Court  
Room, in said County, on the 27th day of Decem-  
ber, 1910, and on the 27th day of March, 1911, at  
9 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of pre-  
senting their claims for examination, adjust-  
ment, and allowance. Six months are allowed  
for the creditors to present their claims, from  
the 20th day of September, 1910.  
CHARLES LESLIE,  
County Judge.

**Bank of Florence**  
(The O'ld Bank)  
**The Road to Wealth**  
has its foundation in small savings.  
Interest paid on time deposits.  
Do your banking at home.  
We write insurance.  
Phone 310  
J. B. Brishin, Pres. Thos. E. Price, Vice  
H. T. Brishin, Cash.

**Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted**  
**McCoy & OLMSTED**  
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law  
652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16.

**Myron M. Metzinger**  
Florence, Nebr.  
Grower and Hybridizer of  
**STRAWBERRY PLANTS**  
Plants for sale for fall and spring set-  
ting. Potted plants for sale now.

**YOUR DOLLAR**  
Will come back to you if you spend it at  
home. It is gone forever if you send it to  
the Mail-Order House. A glance through  
our advertising columns will give you an  
idea where it will buy the most.

## 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.  
TCL. FLORENCE 330

**PATRONIZE OUR  
ADVERTISERS**

**DR. SORENSON**  
Dentist  
Just South of Bank of Florence  
Good Work—Reasonable Prices  
Telephone Florence 173

**ORRIS S. HULSE** C. H. RIPPEN  
Res. D. 3875 Res. Red 4497

Telephones:  
Douglas—Bell 1225. Ind. A-2266.

**HULSE & RIPPEN**  
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

Successor to  
**HARRY B. DAVIS**  
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

**Young Women**  
coming to Omaha as strangers  
are invited to visit the Young  
Women's Christian Associa-  
tion building at St. Mary's Av.  
and Seventeenth St., where  
they will be directed to suit-  
able boarding places or other-  
wise assisted. Look for our  
Traveler's Aid at the Union  
Station.

**W**E 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** Florence,  
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 order where they will be  
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## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

The big event, Wednesday, Sept. 21.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gleason and Mrs. Draper of Lockport, Ill., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gleason.

In celebration of his election as a councilman C. J. Kierle entertained R. H. Olmsted, John Lubold, Hugh Suttie, Robert Craig, J. H. Price and Charles Allen after the council meeting last Monday evening.

Mr. Gus Peters of Grand Island was visiting with Florence friends Tuesday evening.

Miss Edna O'Connell of Pawnee City, Neb., is the guest of Mrs. Lewis.

A very pretty wedding occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon of Florence Wednesday evening when their daughter, Christine Ross, was married to Mr. Alexander Hugh Chisholm. The wedding was the culmination of a boyhood and girlhood romance begun in Scotland. The bride came to America from Scotland some four years back, the groom soon following and beginning what is proving a very successful career, having begun at the foot of the ladder at the First National bank and now being a teller. The short wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. George S. Sloan of the Presbyterian church in the presence of about fifty guests. Miss Bessie Robertson played the wedding march and little Margaret Paul and Eloise Thomas were ribbon bearers. Miss Janet Paul carried the ring in the heart of a lily. Miss Margaret Gordon, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. James Suttie was best man. The bride wore a whole batiste gown trimmed in valenciennes and baby Irish lace. The bridesmaid wore a pale blue mull and pointed lace. The wedding presents were numerous and among them were a beautiful pendant with pearl and amethyst setting, a present from the bride's aunt in Scotland, and a ring set with pearls, the gift of the groom's mother and father, which the bride wore during the evening. The young couple will make their home in Florence where they have furnished a house and will be at home to their friends after October 1.

Everybody will be there on Wednesday, September 21.

L. H. Griffith and E. L. Platz spent Wednesday in Lincoln where they took in the state fair and state farm.

The Boosters Committee of the R. N. of A. met at the home of Mrs. Green Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Cook of Omaha was a Florence visitor Tuesday evening.

The big event, Wednesday, Sept. 21.

H. P. Kuhl took the third ribbon with his Loneran bred hog, Big Tom, at the state fair this week.

Lyman Peck secured first and champion on Bib Mischief and fifth on sow at the state fair this week. This illustrates pretty well the kind of foundation stock D. C. Loneran handles.

Mrs. D. F. Kelly entertained Thursday in honor of Miss Desmond of Denver, who was her guest last week.

Misses Mabel and Sophie Anderson entertained the Philatelia society Monday evening.

Wednesday, Sept. 21—25 cents.

D. Deoy marketed 535 baskets of grapes in three trips to market. He received a fair price and is well pleased at the way his grapes have turned out this year.

The fruit growers association will ship a car of grapes from Florence Friday evening. This is the first car this year. In ordinary years three to five cars a week are shipped.

H. S. Raymond has a bed of strawberries that is now bearing its second crop. The bed is attracting a great deal of attention as it is a novelty to see strawberries at this time of the year.

Some of the residents of Florence are predicting a hard winter this year because several flocks of geese were seen flying south on both Sunday and Monday evenings.

The school board held their regular monthly meeting at the school house Tuesday evening.

The big event, Wednesday, Sept. 21.

Cyril Kelly was a visitor to the state fair Thursday.

Last Friday afternoon while driving the team belonging to the Florence Coal and Lumber company, Fred Mortig was badly hurt by the team running away and throwing him out, the wagon passing over his body. He was taken to the Swedish hospital where it was found that he was not seriously hurt. He left the hospital Wednesday returning home. Outside of being bruised and sore he is getting along nicely.

## THE SILENT WITNESS

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

No one knew just where the white kitten belonged. The chances were that she came from one of the low gray cottages along the line of the beach. She could generally be found on sandy hillocks at the remote end of the peninsula where she dug sunny nests for herself and basked lazily watching the sandpipers between half-closed eyes. There were traces of distinguished ancestors in the length of her hair, the busyness of her tail and the blueness of her eyes. Now and then she drifted down close to the water's edge and played with the foam, of which she seemed almost a part, with her snowy fur and her light movements.

There were two persons who came often to that end of the peninsula and who played with the white kitten. The girl who came wore white gowns, so that when the kitten lay on her lap they seemed merged one into the other.

"She is a beauty," the girl said one day in late summer. "I am going to steal her and take her home with me, Richard."

The man laughed lazily. "If you find out to whom she belongs, I'll buy her for you, and save the sin of stealing."

The kitten blinked and yawned. She had always lived by the sea and she loved it. She did not know that.



The Girl Was Very Lonely.

over her head, they were planning to carry her to the city, where she would be shut in from the wind and wave.

After that they talked sweet nothings over her head, but finally they disagreed. The loud voices startled the kitten and she sprang from her resting place and flew down the sands. But they did not notice her. The girl's face was as white as her dress. "I can't give all of my time to you, Richard," she said, "not until after our engagement is announced."

"Then announce it," he demanded. "Why is it necessary to keep it secret, Elizabeth?"

"I have told you and told you," she stated, "that until mother returns from abroad and ratifies it I must not let the world know."

"I am so afraid of losing you," he said, "that perhaps I am unreasonable. But you danced so often with Radcliff last night that my heart was heavy as I watched you."

"Oh, Radcliff!" She threw out her hands in a gesture of scorn. "As if any woman would look at him twice when you are around, Richard."

His face cleared at that and they began their walk back toward the hotel, talking peacefully as they went. The white kitten trailed along behind, making mad dashes down the beach, and, at length, rushing on ahead of them, she landed on a ledge hollowed out by the waves. There was a hole in the ledge where a bird had made a nest. Elizabeth stopped and examined it. "It's like a little mail box," she said. "Some day I am going to leave a letter for you here, Richard."

"Every day I shall look for it," he declared, ardently.

After that the kitten stood guard often over letters which came to the strange hiding place. Some of the letters were in pale gray envelopes and addressed in a feminine hand others were big and square with a masculine scrawl. One day a strange man left a letter and when Elizabeth opened it she gasped: "How did he know?"

"What is it?" Richard demanded. "How did Radcliff know that we mailed our letters here?"

"You must have told him," Richard said. "You have been with him often enough lately."

"Oh, jealousy!" Her eyes blazed. "Will you never understand that he is only an old friend? Why I have known him from a boy."

"Why should he write you letters?" "It's just some foolishness." She tore open the envelope and gasped.

"What does he say?" her lover demanded.

But she would not tell him, and, jealousy getting the better of him he insisted that she should. The quarrel that followed made the white kitten cringe and then fly down the beach toward the gray cottages. Late that night, however, she scuttled back to the ledge. It was moonlight. The waves seemed crested with silver. The white kitten stretched her snowy length along the ledge, half closing the opening to the mail box. The man who came later moved her gently. When he had gone there peeped from the hole the edge of a white envelope.

The spring breeze blowing from the ocean beat against the bit of paper, and the crackling made the white kitten sit up and take notice. She patted the paper with her paw. It gave a little and came half out from the hiding place. Helped by the kitten's eager paw and by the wind it lay fluttering on the ledge. Then the wind took it again, down the beach. Once it went sailing over the tops of the waves, like some strange bird, only to be brought back for the kitten's plaything.

The next morning the kitten was again on the ledge when the girl came. She was alone, and when she had looked and found no letter she sat down on the sands and cried. Presently a man came along the beach, and seeing her came toward her.

"Radcliff," she looked up startled. "I thought it was Richard."

"Did you get my note yesterday?" he asked. "Perhaps I should not have written, nor have put it here. But I had seen you two people exchanging notes, and it seemed interesting to see what would happen."

She looked at him reproachfully. "Your joke has made me very unhappy," she stated. "You know how jealous Richard is. He wanted to see the note, and made so much out of a trifle that I would not let him—just to punish him. I told him that he must write to me and apologize. I thought, of course, he would, but he hasn't."

In the days that followed, the kitten and the girl sat often together on the sands. Both of the men had left, and the girl was very lonely. Now and then she played with the kitten, but usually she sat looking listlessly out to sea.

The kitten played, however, racing up and down the sands, chasing the waves, leaping after every stray thing that fluttered in the wind.

One day there came flying down the beach a bit of yellowed paper. The kitten pursued it, leaping high in the air after it as it was carried aloft by the strong breeze. She flattened herself on top of it when she had gained possession. The girl laughed at her antics and, growing interested, caught up the bit of paper crushing it in a ball to throw toward the eager animal. As she did it, a line of writing caught her eye. It was a familiar masculine scrawl. With eager haste she opened it and read the letter that the kitten had drawn from the hole two weeks before.

"Why," the girl murmured, "he did write and he begged my pardon."

The kitten sat and looked at her. She had been a silent witness to the whole story, the petty quarrel, the tragedy of parting and of loneliness which had followed. To her the letter had been a plaything; to the girl it meant life.

The girl flung her arms out with a glad gesture toward the sea. "I shall write to him tonight," she said. "and tomorrow, oh, waves, you shall bring him back to me."

She sped toward the hotel and the kitten was forgotten. But the kitten was content. For her there was the sand, the sea and the wild song of the waves and of the wind.

### SOME QUEER TASTES IN EGGS

Those of the Booby and the Noddy Find Favor Among People of West Indies.

"The only eggs considered fit for food in this part of the world," remarked the traveled man, "are those produced by domestic poultry; but there are places where the grocer offers one quite a selection from which to choose.

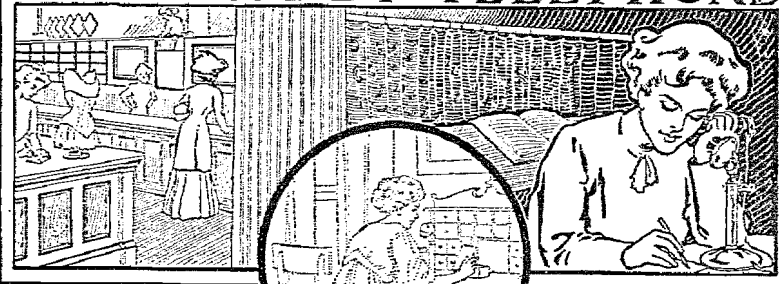
"In the West Indies the eggs of certain sea birds are placed on the market in great quantities and command a ready sale. Most sea birds' eggs have a strong fishy taste, but this is not the case with the eggs of the booby and the noddy, and as the latter always repair to certain rocky islets at the nesting season, the merchants who deal in the product are able to secure a sufficiently large supply to make it profitable. The eggs are slightly smaller than those of a hen; the shells are white with blue and brown markings; and when boiled, the yolk is of a deep yellow and the white faintly tinged with blue.

Along the northern coast of South America the natives eat the eggs of the alligators that still swarm in their sluggish rivers. The egg of an alligator is about three inches long, and a perfect oval in shape. It has no shell, but is covered with a tough skin. It contains a glutinous substance, but when boiled assumes the consistency of jelly, and is said to have an agreeable flavor.

"The egg of another reptile that is eaten in South America is that of the iguana, a lizard that frequents sandy places. The egg is about the size of a pigeon's, and except in the matter of size is identical with that of the alligator."

A girl's substitute for wild oats is to spell her name Mayme or Lucyle.

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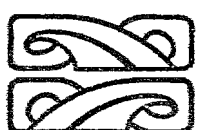
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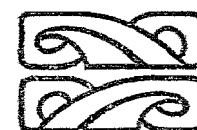


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A Summer Resort.  
Noah disembarked.  
"A combination of the mountains and seashore!" he cried.  
Herewith he resolved to advertise the tour.

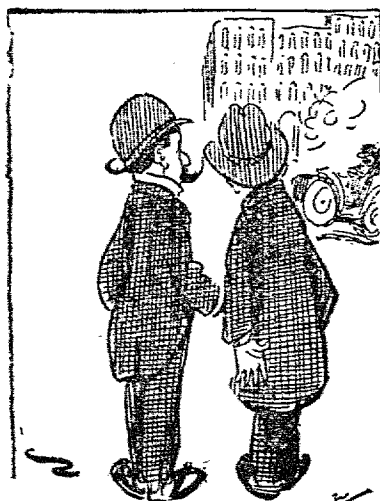
There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.  
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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Something Dreadful.  
Wee Anita was listening to a story of the Johnstown flood.  
"What made it?" she asked.  
"Oh, the dam broke," replied grandma.

The next morning she ran into her brother's room and, climbing up on the bed, inquired anxiously: "Buvver, wasn't it just dreadful 'bout that swear breaking and killing all dose people?"

Slightly Confused.  
All of us become confused and all of us mix our language sometimes, but the preparation of an old negro preacher's sermon was the greatest confusion of metaphors I ever heard says a traveler. When the lengthy discourse was nearing its close and he had reached his "Twenty-third and lastly, brethren," he wound up by the following elaborate figure:  
"Everywha, bredren, we see de almighty—all down de untrodden paths of time, we see de footprints of de Almighty hand."—Human Life.

LIKE CURES LIKE.



Smudge—He calls his new invention a "noiseless automobile."  
Grudge—Noiseless? It makes an infernal clatter.  
Smudge—He claims that the loudness of the smell drowns out the loudness of the noise, and vice versa.

Brussels Sprouts.  
These are next to the cauliflower in delicacy and easier to grow. They form in many small heads about the size of an English walnut on the stalk of the plant, to prepare for the table. The little heads are blanched first, after which they may be served with any kind of sauce or be simply sautéed in olive oil or butter. To blanch them remove the wilted and yellow outer leaves from the little heads or sprouts, then having removed the stalk close to the head soak the heads in cold salt water for an hour. Drain, cover with boiling salted water and cook rapidly for 15 or 20 minutes until tender. Be sure and have plenty of water for this cooking. Drain in a colander, throw cold water over them and drain again. They are now ready to reheat in butter or be simply seasoned with salt, pepper and butter or to be reheated and served with sauce.

For the Household.  
Luncheon cheese mixed with minced green peppers or olives, moistened with salad dressing and spread on crackers for the salad course or on hot crisp toast to precede the soup or make a substantial for a little supper, is another of the demonstrator's prize dishes.

Baking Powder Biscuit.  
Sift two cupfuls flour into a basin, add half a teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; then sift it again; then rub one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of lard finely into it with the tips of the fingers. Add gradually enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Knead a little on a floured board; do not handle much; roll out half an inch in thickness, cut into rounds with small cutter. Lay on a greased baking tin, and bake till ready in a hot oven, usually about 20 minutes.

## PICK UP LUNCHEON

SHOWING USE THAT MAY BE MADE OF LEFT-OVERS.

Canned Salmon Salad an Always Acceptable Picnic Dish—Many Methods That May Be Employed to Utilize Tongue.

Canned Salmon Salad.—From canned salmon or a boiled left-over of the fresh fish a delicious salad is available for a warm day's luncheon.

Flake a pound of it into small pieces with a silver fork. Mix carefully into this a tablespoonful each of capers, olives and gherkin pickles, chopped fine. Arrange the mixture on white lettuce leaves, garnish with thin slices of hard-boiled eggs and cover with mayonnaise. Decorate with little touches of aspic jelly if this is at hand.

This is a foreign recipe "choicely good."

On a day when a rather substantial course is wanted to accompany the roast try the following original recipe of peppers with pasta: One quart of tomatoes, three peppers sliced fine. Let them simmer together two hours. Boil tender in salted water a package of spaghetti and brown well three good-sized onions in a little rendered beef suet. When the spaghetti is tender drain it, add tomatoes and onions. Let boil two minutes. Serve with grated cheese.

Tongue as a Left-Over.—To many housewives cold boiled tongue does not present itself as a left-over susceptible of metamorphosis. If no longer slightly for slicing it must be discarded.

Yet to the initiated a cold boiled end which would not be appetizing sliced is most piquant when creamed. Cut the meat into small bits, remove all skin and gristle and heat up in a cream sauce. Serve on rounds of toast or fried bread or in individual dishes with bread and butter sandwiches.

In suburban places where fresh bonbons are not always obtainable on short notice a good recipe for a home-made sweet is often treasure trove to the house mother.

Peppermint is an excellent digestive in addition to its tastiness and in some form is universally liked.

Peppermint drops with fruit are something of a novelty and are not difficult to accomplish in the home kitchen.

In a quarter cup of lukewarm water soak one ounce of gum tragacanth until it becomes tender. Wring dry in a straining cloth and knead with the hand, adding five drops oil of peppermint. Continue to work it until white and elastic. Work in little by little 2½ cups of confectioners' sugar and one-half cupful each of dates, raisins and candied peels (orange and lemon equal quantity), mixed and chopped fine.

Roll out on a marble slab, pastry board or strip of canvas, using the sugar in lieu of flour. Roll to the thickness of half a dollar, stamp out and place on waxed paper in a warm room until dry.

### For the Housewife.

A suspected sample of ground coffee may be tested in this way: Place a teaspoon of the coffee in a wineglass containing water. If a part floats and a part sinks it is adulterated.

If soot falls upon the carpet or rug do not attempt to sweep until it has been covered thickly with dry salt. It can then be swept up properly, and not a stain or smear will be left.

When boiling milk put two tablespoonfuls of water in the pan first, and let it boil. Milk boiled in this way will never burn the bottom of the saucepan.

If salt is sprinkled over the range before frying is commenced there will be no disagreeable odor if the fat spatters over.

### Baking Powder Biscuit.

Sift two cupfuls flour into a basin, add half a teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; then sift it again; then rub one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of lard finely into it with the tips of the fingers. Add gradually enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Knead a little on a floured board; do not handle much; roll out half an inch in thickness, cut into rounds with small cutter. Lay on a greased baking tin, and bake till ready in a hot oven, usually about 20 minutes.

### A Good Corn Recipe.

When cutting sweet corn from the cob cut lengthwise through the center of each row of kernels with a sharp knife, then cut off the tips of the kernels without cutting into the cob and scrape the milk from the cob. Put into a well buttered pan with salt, pepper and butter and steam three-quarters of an hour over a quick fire, keeping plenty of water under the steamer. Cooked in this way, the corn retains all the juices and will be found delicious.

### Patches to Which Boys Won't Object.

To mend the knees of little boys' trousers so they will look as well and wear as well as when new, rip the seams as far up as worn, cut away the worn part, take a piece of cloth like the garment, sew straight across the front, carefully matching goods; press the seam well, then shape by the piece cut off, sew up the seams and hem across the front.

If the pressing is well done one could not tell they had been mended.

# CATCHING the OULACHAN

By JOHN BRAND



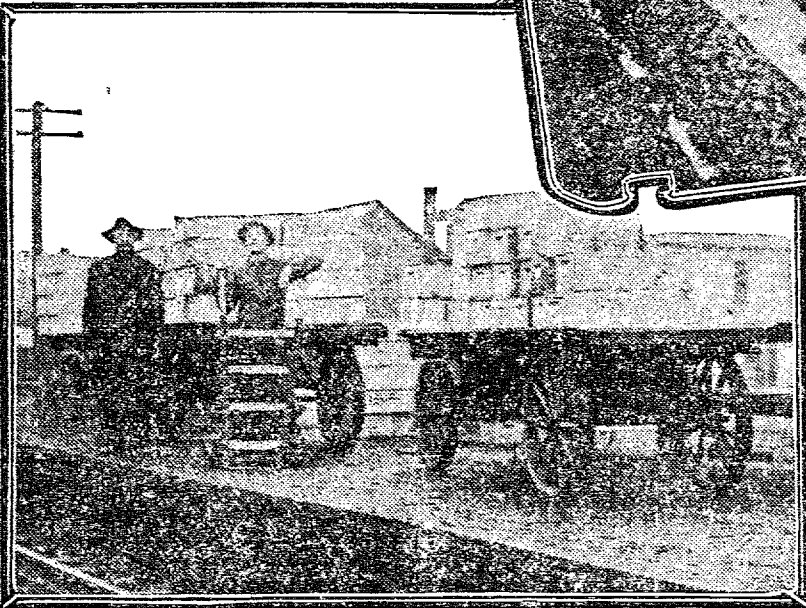
## ULACHAN!

The old Indian turned his face from the camp fire and fixed his bead-black eyes on mine.

"Oulachan," I repeated. "Why do men call you Oulachan?" He turned his wrinkled face to the fire again and we sat awhile in silence.

Then, in the deep gutturals and short, broken words of his native tongue, he told me.

"Many summers ago," he said, "the teepees of my father's tribe stood where we sit tonight. The white man was not here then"—he pointed up the river toward Kelso—"the woods and the open were the Indian's. The Indian hunted and fished and was happy. But white men came up the big river in canoes and they brought with them the black death. Warriors, klootchmen, pappooses, all alike sickened. Many died. When the rain and the winter came, no deer meat, no fish hung beside the teepees. For when the frost drove the black death away, the hunters were weak. They could not go to the woods for deer, and the salmon had passed on up the little river. The Indian was very hungry. The klootchmen and the pappooses cried for meat. And when the Indian was ready to fold his blanket around him and lie down to the long sleep, the Great Spirit saw and sent food. From the north it came, from under the frozen water. Swimming together. A long rope—big—many suns long. Many little fish swimming at the bottom of the big water—"the Pacific"—"along the bottom of the big river"—the Columbia. "They came here to the mouth of the little river"—he pointed to the Cowlitz flowing past us in the darkness to the Columbia—"and here they came to the top of the water. My father saw



READY FOR SHIPMENT

them and shouted, 'Oulachan.' Hunters and klootchmen went into the water and caught the oulachan with their hands. 'Oulachan,' they shouted. They made potlachs and were filled. In that hour was I born. My name is Oulachan."

The oulachan still runs in the Cowlitz and every year there is a feast, but it is a feast for white men; the Indian tribes have vanished from the river. During the early months of winter Portland and all the cities and towns within reach of the fishing grounds look forward to the feast. In the old days when Portland was the only market fishermen scrambled for the first of the run. A wild race of the deep-laden boats up the Columbia followed, and the first boatload to reach the market sold, smelt for silver, weight for weight. But since railroads and refrigerator cars have put smelt fishing on the basis of a practical industry, the first run of the oulachan does not bring more than 20 cents the pound in the northwestern retail markets, though the very first to arrive are eagerly sought at prices somewhat higher.

Known commercially as the Columbia river smelt, the king of pan fish has several names. Ichthyologists classify it as *theichthys pacificus*, of the smelt family. The Indians of the Columbia river region knew it as oulachan and the pioneer fishermen called it the Eskimo candle fish. In shape it resembles the smelt of the eastern states and Europe, but its rich yet delicate and sweet flavor places it far above them in the estimation of the epicures. Indeed, enthusiasts insist that as a pan fish it is superior to trout of any kind.

For unnumbered years the oulachan has made the Cowlitz river its spawning ground and of course the Columbia river Indians were the first to use it for food. During the runs they caught the fish in vast quantities, drying and smoking them, and dried, actually used them for light in their teepees. For so much is the oulachan in oil that, with a strip of bark run through it, the dried fish will burn with a clear flame from nose to tail.

In the early months of the northwestern winter the oulachan gather in uncountable millions at some unknown spot in Bering sea and begin their southward swim. Always close to the ocean bed, traveling in the form of a monster rope miles in length, they pass all the river and flood openings along the coast until the mouth of the Columbia is reached. Then, so closely hugging the river bottom that kill nets are all but useless, to reach them, they make for the Cowlitz. A few miles up from the mouth of that river they strike the shallower water, and come within easy reach of the waiting fishermen.

From Indian times until the great catch of last season the method of fishing has been the same. A boat or a canoe to fish from, and a dip net with a long handle for fishing tackle, are all

that is necessary. One does not even need the dip net to catch a "mess," for the river is literally alive with oulachan and children often ball them out of the water with tin cans, getting half fish and half water. Where the water is shallow enough they can even be caught with the bare hands, as their skin is not slimy when in the water.

The run is always heralded far down the Columbia by flocks of eagles, gulls and hawks, following in the wake of the living rope of fish and picking up the dead as they come to the surface. Then the fishermen gather by hundreds in their boats along the fishing grounds and feel along the bottom with the pole ends of their dip nets. When the pole strikes the small, wriggling bodies swimming along the river bottom in solid phalanx, it is simply dip and fill, empty the net into the boat, dip and fill again, until the boat can hold no more. There is not much sport about it. It is just about as exciting as clam digging and requires no more skill. Quantity caught, and quickness in dipping one's boat full to the gun-wales of flapping little fish are the smelt fisherman's ideals of sport. And during the runs fishermen, fish eaters and even the eternally gobbling seagulls alike become sated. When the gulls are at all hungry the fishermen amuse themselves by tossing up smelt for the gulls to catch in the air. A seagull on the wing will grab a fish by the middle or tail, toss and reverse it in air, and gulp it down head first in the wink of an eye.

Most of the fishing is done at night. Daylight seems to scatter the fish, but even in daytime during the height of the season the fishermen keep at their work with good results. As a rule, there are two men to each boat and the craft are filled in an incredibly short time. One night last season two Kelso men filled a power launch to its capacity of 2,250 pounds in 45 minutes, or at the rate of 50 pounds a minute, and catches of 10,000 pounds in one day and night were frequent.

While the Cowlitz river is the only constant spawning ground, the oulachan has been known to run up the Lewis and the Sandy. At the time of the run up the Lewis, 14 years ago, there was only a small run of male fish in the Cowlitz, and the fishermen made their season's catch in the Lewis. About once in eight years there is a run up the Sandy, apparently independent of the Cowlitz run, as the number in that river is not lessened. At the time of the last run in the Sandy a party of Portland men went out with dip nets. One man lost his dip net but found an old, rusty, discarded bird cage. He tied it to the end of a pole and scored an equal catch with the others. During the same run farmers drove their wagons into the stream, dipped them full of fish and hauled load after load to their orchards to use as fertilizer. Pork sold in the Portland market some months later had a distinctly fishy flavor and revealed the fact that some of the thrifty agriculturists had fed smelt to their hogs.

Last season the Cowlitz river was the spawning ground of the greatest run of smelt ever known by fishermen who have been in the business over twenty years. At the season's close the river had yielded over 10,000,000 pounds, or

5,000 tons of oulachan, and as the fish average about eight to the pound \$0,000,000 of them went the way of the market and the frying pan.

The fishing grounds of the Cowlitz are practically the only ones where the oulachan can be caught in paying quantities. On the Columbia some few are caught by gill netters. But the river is deep and for the most part the fish swim beyond the reach of the widest net. Even when caught they have to be picked one by one out of the meshes, so putting the gill netter out of competition with the Cowlitz man and his greedy, long-handled dipper. The grounds extend but eight or ten miles in the Cowlitz. Before Kelso was on the map the best location is said to have been directly opposite where the Northern Pacific depot now stands, but the growth of the town has driven the fish farther up and the best catches are now made two miles above this point. Between the small floating docks of the town and the fishing grounds boats ply day and night during the runs, going upstream empty and returning laden with fish. Over 500 boats are employed in the industry, about 75 of them power boats.

It seems strange that the oulachan, so far superior to the eastern smelt, has never reached the eastern markets. The fish are packed in 50-pound boxes for shipment and the earlier catches sell in the wholesale market at from \$2.50 to \$5.00 the box; but in the height of the season the ordinary fisherman gets only about \$50 for 200 boxes—10,000 pounds. On the river are several men who buy at these prices from other fishermen, maintain boats of their own and ship direct to retail markets. Portland has wholesale buyers on the ground, and probably the greater part of the retail trade is supplied through them. At Kelso smelt have been shipped as far east as Wisconsin. The fishermen say that with cold storage facilities the output could be greatly increased. Canning in the form of sardines has never been tried, though in the opinion of experts the fish so treated would discount the imported sardine. The market is usually demoralized early in the five months' season by schoolboys, who go out, load up a few boats with fish and become an easy mark for buyers. Often, too, Greeks and Italians come up the river in boats, stay a day or two and sell their fish for whatever they can get, and the men regularly engaged in the trade want to make it a licensed one, on this account.

The growing output of the oulachan would seem, on the face of it, to demand a Gifford Pinchot on the fish commission. But the supply increases year after year with the demand and apparently knows no limit. Last year's run broke all records and the Cowlitz smelt fisher is looking forward in happy confidence to the coming winter, when the deeps and shallows of the streams will again be filled with oulachan.

### Sad Blow.

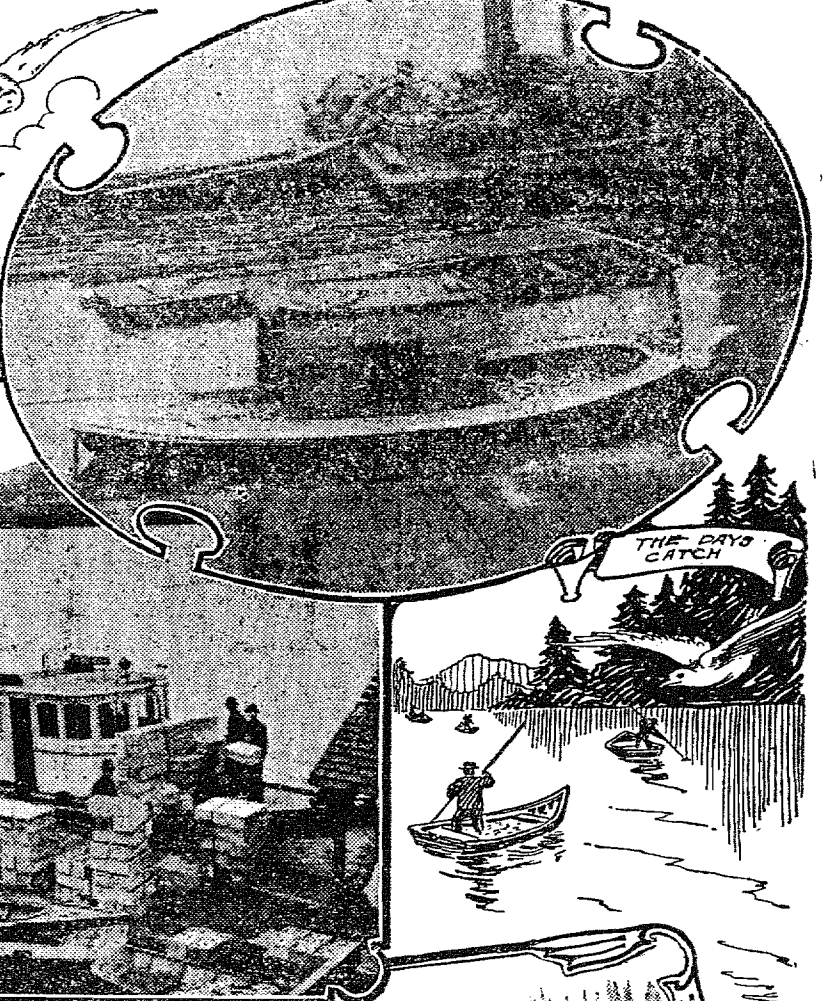
"Was she overcome by her husband's sudden death?"  
"Oh, yes. She had just bought half a dozen new ball gowns."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Scaring.

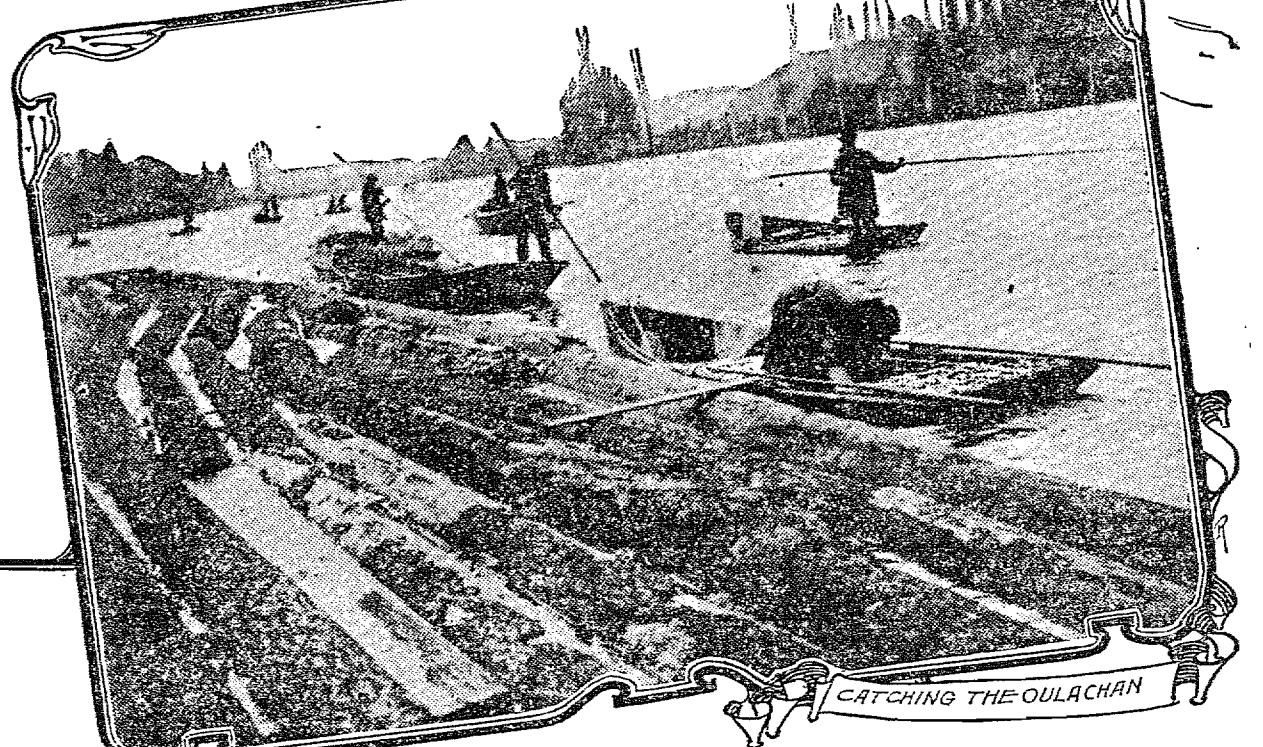
"She married an old man who is very rich."  
"I went one better on that. I married a young aviator who is a millionaire."—Pele Mele.

### Hard to Convince.

Little Tommy (eldest of the family, at dinner)—Mamma, why don't you help me before Ethel? Mamma—Ladies must always come first. Tommy (triumphantly)—Then why was I born before Ethel?—Tit-Bits.



PACKING THE FISH



CATCHING THE OULACHAN



# WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

## Need Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brookfield, Mo.—"Two years ago I was unable to do any kind of work and only weighed 118 pounds. My trouble dates back to the time that women may expect nature to bring on them the Change of Life. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel much better, and I have continued its use. I am very grateful to you for the good health I am now enjoying."—Mrs. SARAH LOUISIGNON, 414 S. Livingston Street, Brookfield, Mo.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

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

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

**A Shipping Error.**  
The young Duchess of Westminster, wife of the richest peer in England recently gave birth to her third child, a daughter. Thus there is no heir to the immense Grosvenor fortune, Earl Grosvenor, the duchess' second child, having died at the age of four.

Appropos of all this, a rather cruel story is being told in Newport about Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the eight-year-old daughter of the young duchess.

A friend, the story goes, called at Eaton Hall, and as she sat in the drawing-room, little Lady Ursula entered.

"Oh, good afternoon," she said gravely. "Mamma can't see any one today. She's upstairs with the new baby. They sent her, you know, a girl when she'd ordered a boy, and she's so upset that she's quite ill."

**Talking to the Child.**  
"Mrs. X—talks to little Madge just as Mr. X—talks to their dog," said a little girl of a neighboring family. And it was indeed true. Mrs. X— is a very well-meaning woman and would be greatly surprised if she should hear the foregoing statement. She has simply unconsciously acquired a harsh tone of voice in dealing with her children. This is altogether unnecessary and is not, as many mothers seem to think, a mark of good discipline. The mother whose manner is quiet but firm is generally a much more successful disciplinarian than the harsh-voiced mother who issues her commands in a dictatorial manner. Kindness never spoils children. It is flabby indecision, sometimes mistaken for kindness, which spoils them.

**When the Fish Exploded.**  
Somebody discovered that fish are fond of gasoline, and this led to the idea of soaking worms in gasoline in order to make them more alluring when used for bait.

Mark the result.  
Two of those gasoline-tempted fish exploded in the frying-pan, and broke the kitchen window, and blew the cook's face full of mashed potato, and hurled the teakettle into the flour barrel, and painted the kitchen ceiling with stewed tomatoes.

Call it a lying world and let it go at that.

**Living Was Not So High Then.**  
"Well," said the prodigal son, "I'm mighty glad you didn't all turn vegetarians while I was away."  
Herewith he helped himself to some more of the veal.

**The Real Thing.**  
"I congratulate you, old boy!"  
"On what?"  
"Why, your engagement to Miss Frye."

"That was a false report."  
"Truly? Then my congratulations are sincere. Come have a drink!"

**Strictly Business.**  
"That man who passed you in the hall never comes into my office without asking for money."  
"Improbable, eh?"  
"No, college president."

**Blest Be Nothing.**  
Wife—The doctor writes that in view of our poor circumstances he will not present his bill immediately.  
Artist—We are lucky that our circumstances are no better; if they were, we might have to pay at once! —Flegende Blaetter.

**Showing It.**  
"The clever widow is always on the lookout for a good matrimonial investment."  
"Yes, even when she speaks you can detect a catch in her voice."

## DEATH TOLL OF A FLOWER

Many Lives Are Lost Yearly in Quest of This Commonplace Alpine Bloom.

Zurich, Switzerland.—Though Switzerland has had a cold wet summer this year, in common with the rest of Europe, the Alpine death toll has mounted high. In many parts of the



Edelweiss, Death Lure of the Alps.

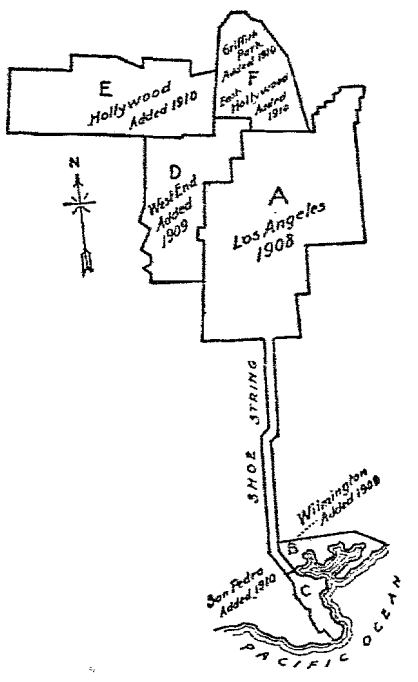
mountains there have been exceptional storms, with the result that several parties of visiting climbers have been swept away by avalanches. But the alluring edelweiss remains the most fatal attraction of the summer tourist.

Not in itself a remarkably beautiful flower, edelweiss nevertheless appeals to that side of human desire that craves the difficult. Generally it grows in rock corners that are practically inaccessible. Inaugurated by the mountain air, the climber spies the blooms in their dangerous crevice and determines to claim them for his own. Sometimes he succeeds in the quest, only to fall as he returns; sometimes a loose stone, trusted for a foothold, slips away, and the end is deep down in the ravine below. One by one the edelweiss claims its victims, till the total is higher than that of the avalanche, which destroys the mountaineers in full parties. Thirty flower pickers sacrificed themselves for edelweiss during July, and every week during summer brings its tragic quota till the Alpine snows fill the nooks where now the flowers bloom.

## CITY HAS A CURIOUS SHAPE

Peculiar "Shoe String" Strip That Is a Part of Greater Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal.—This city claims the distinction of being one of the most curiously shaped cities in the world, the reason for its peculiarity being the desire to make a seaport out of an inland city. The part of the illustration designated as A shows the city as it was in 1908. In 1909 Wilmington was added, and in 1910 San



Outline Map of Los Angeles.

Pedro was annexed. The section designated as D was annexed in 1909, and E and F were made parts of the city this year. The coast annexations, San Pedro and Wilmington, are connected with Los Angeles proper by the narrow strip known as the "Shoe String."

**Luxury of Ancient Eggs.**  
Chicago.—A chef, discussing the evils of cold storage, said with a smile: "And yet the Chinese, who are great gourmets, adore eggs three or four years old, eggs that have turned quite green."

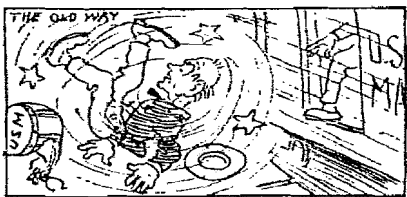
"Don't think they are ordinary bad eggs, these green chaps, though. If you've eaten Chinese food you'll know better than that. The Chinese are gourmets and their ancient eggs are ripened like fine cheese."

"It is a science. The eggs, I believe, spend nine months in a hot temperature, buried in sawdust, another nine months in a cool temperature, buried in chalk, and so forth and so on."

"They are green in the end, and they have an unpleasant, putrid odor. But Roquefort cheese is green, and its odor, too, is putrid and unpleasant."  
"A. P. Wu, when he last dined here, told me that green eggs of the 1905 vintage cost two and three dollars apiece in Canton."

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## To Test New Mail Device for Trains



WASHINGTON.—After a series of tests continuing since February the Postoffice Department has arranged for a formal six months' try-out of an invention for delivering and picking up mails by fast trains. As a demonstration of the practicability of the system a live pig, weighing 65 pounds, was recently delivered without injury at Carrollton, Ky., the home of the inventor, without the slightest injury from a train running 25 miles an hour.

For years the Postoffice Department has sought an improved method of picking up and delivering mails over the old catcher-hook system, and the new device was the result of four years' advertising by the postal authorities, urging inventors to produce something that would meet the requirements.

It is 40 years since the catcher hook came into use, and in spite of the progress in railroading and the tremendous improvement in the mail service along other directions no for-

ward step is recorded in the matter of exchanging mail sacks by moving trains. Under this system only one small sack could be picked up at any one station, and it is a matter of official history that not infrequently, instead of catching the suspended sack of mail, the hook, operated by a mail clerk standing in the open door of the car, would snatch up a chicken coop or something else not to be found in any classification of mail matter.

The delivery of mail from moving trains is still more primitive, consisting merely of having the clerk hurl or push the sacks out of the car as the train rushes past the platform. Great numbers of persons have been injured and some killed by being struck by the whirling and rebounding sacks, thrown with the force of a catapult.

In a number of instances the bags of mail have rolled under the wheels of the train and have caused wrecks or have been ground to pieces and the mail destroyed. And these defects do not take into consideration the tremendous wear and tear on the mail bags and pouches, one of the largest items of expense to the railway mail service.

The new device has passed through a successful test of six months at Burnside station, and this decided the government to give the more extended trial.

## Women of Diplomatic Set Are Smokers



IN CERTAIN parts of the city where society is familiar with the foreign habits of the diplomatic set and where cigarette smoking is so common among women that it is no longer a matter of much comment, there is a strong feeling that the anti-cigarette agitators have been unfair in directing their criticism at one or two individual women smokers.

The practice, it was pointed out, was not confined to any special few, but was quite general among fashionable women. As a regular feature of practically every ultra-fashionable dinner party here cigarettes are equally provided for the women. The old custom of the women leaving the men at the table to smoke has almost entirely disappeared.

At a recent amateur theatrical performance a purse was stolen from a prominent feminine member of the "younger set." The loss was advertised in the papers and among the contents of the purse was a jeweled cigarette case. The name of the own-

er was given without any apparent thought of embarrassment. Dealers patronized by fashionable dwellers here carry a large stock of women's cigarettes.

It is not a rare sight to see the wife of a foreign diplomat smoking complacently as she sits on the lawn of her home on a pleasant evening. Some foreign women prominent here have been known to smoke cigars.

Though these facts put the Washington situation in a light slightly different from that of other American cities, the local clergy fail to find any defense for the habit.

"The habit of cigarette smoking among women is, to my mind, a thoroughly pernicious one from any standpoint," said Canon Mays of St. Thomas Episcopal church.

Father Eugene Hannon of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, was unusually severe in his criticism of the cigarette habit among women. He said: "The habit is obnoxious all around and in women, despite the fact that the law from a gospel standpoint is the same for both sexes, cigarette smoking is worse with women than with men because of the example they set. Society demands a different ethical code for women for its own protection."

## Treasury Department Old Folks Home



A FEW days ago a woman clerk in the office of the Comptroller of Currency, Treasury Department, celebrated the 90th anniversary of her birth. The Treasury Department, sometimes facetiously called "the old folks' home," probably has more aged employees connected with it than any other, for it was under the late United States Treasurer, Mr. Spinner, that women were first given employment there. If the truth could be known probably other females in this department are mighty close to the 90-year mark, but, of course, they are not going to admit it, especially as the talk has been getting stronger and stronger that a superannuated list is going to be made up sooner or later, and a way found to get rid of their services.

Not so very many years ago Senator Teller of Colorado has passed in the senate a resolution calling upon

the Secretary of State for a complete list of the officials and clerks in his department, together with the ages, when appointed and compensation received.

Quite a number of the venerable women clerks before that had been proud of telling their ages and boasting of how much work they could perform, but on having to give the figures for the scrutiny of the senators it was common talk around the department that a considerable lopping off of years was done, and ever since that information was called for women generally in the government service, who are approaching the sundown of life, have been mighty mum when it comes to discussing ages.

At the last session of congress numerous bills and resolutions were introduced with a view of trying to reach some solution of the problem of what to do with the aged employees of the government. Many speeches were made on the subject, but the more the question has been discussed, the more confused became the congressmen who take enough interest in the matter to be willing to go on record as being in favor of establishing a civil pension list.

## Where the Money of the Country Goes



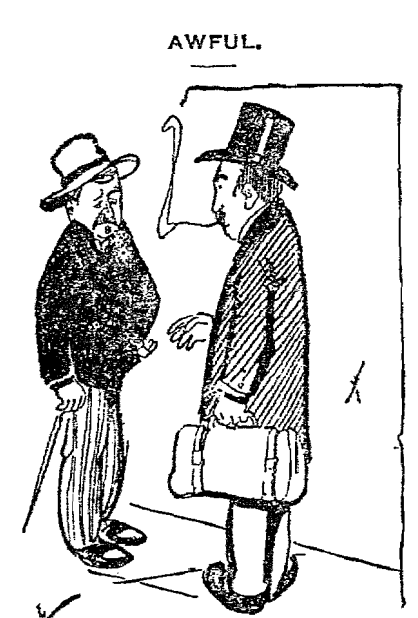
THE cost of the national government is but a small part of the burden on the taxpayer. The expenses of cities are manifold greater to each person than are those of the Union. The census brings together the figures for the 158 cities of the country which have a population of 50,000 and over. Their expenditures for the year 1908 were \$16.81 per capita. Boston far surpassed this ratio, and leads in money paid for local administration, showing an outlay for each person of \$27.53; New York comes next with its municipal budget of \$24.71 per capita, while Washington follows close with a cost of \$24.68 for each person. The chief items of expenditure in cities are schools, police and fire protection.

Last year under the laws of Congress for all purposes the nation spent \$660,728,353. This amount cared for

pensions, the army and navy, the courts, lighthouses, the foreign service and all the departments at the capital. Of this sum \$7.33 on the average falls on each inhabitant. Set this over against \$16.81, the average cost per capita of local rule in the cities, and \$24.71 in New York city. The contrast will show that the national machinery costs less than that at home, under the very eyes of the citizens.

The public schools are maintained in the cities at a cost of \$4.70 per capita, while \$2.25 is paid for the police and \$1.72 for the fire department. This school's and the police in cities cost \$6.95 a year per capita, or only 35 cents per capita less than the total ordinary disbursements of the national government.

The taxpayers are proud of the public schools and do not begrudge the moneys spent for them. The police is required for the safety of the community, for the maintenance of law and order. If the funds are laid out honestly and wisely, the taxpayer will not scrimp either schools or the police. People are apt to forget that these cost almost as much as all the machinery of the Union.



Stranger—I suppose you people in this town think you have the grandest climate in the country?  
Man With a Cold—No; but we claim the greatest variety.

## HOW A DOCTOR CURED SCALP DISEASE

"When I was ten or twelve years old I had a scalp disease, something like scald head, though it wasn't that. I suffered for several months, and most of my hair came out. Finally they had a doctor to see me and he recommended the Cuticura Remedies. They cured me in a few weeks. I have used the Cuticura Remedies, also, for a breaking out on my hands and was benefited a great deal. I haven't had any more trouble with the scalp disease. Miss Jessie F. Buchanan, R. F. D. 3, Hamilton, Ga., Jan. 7, 1909."

## Kept with Barnum's Circus.

P. T. Barnum, the famous circus man, once wrote: "I have had the Cuticura Remedies among the contents of my medicine chest with my shows for the last three seasons, and I can cheerfully certify that they were very effective in every case which called for their use."

**A Liking for "Hamlet."**  
"Do you like Hamlet?" asked the hostess of her unlettered, if gushing, guest.

"Indeed I do," was the reply. "I am excessively fond of it, but I always prefer a savory to a sweet one."

There was a momentary confusion, and then the hostess realized that the admiration of the guest was of a culinary, not literary, character.

"I gave her ham with an omelette for breakfast next morning," said the hostess, when telling the story.—Scraps.

The days are not mere repetitions of themselves; tomorrow will have a better meaning.—T. T. Munger, D.D.

Tell the dealer you want a Lewis' Single binder straight 5c cigar.

A girl will tell how a man made love to her when she did to him.

## Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

## Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

**It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well.**  
Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this non-secret remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.

## KEEPING THE ARMS WHITE

Certain Rules That Should Be Followed By Those Who Wear Short Sleeves.

Now that the elbow sleeve is once more in fashion, it becomes girls to pay attention to the skin of their arms.

Keep a watchful eye for dust. A girl who would be horrified at the thought may have a grimy look about the elbow.

Use a small flesh brush and pure white soap, with once a week liquid green soap. The latter must be rinsed off thoroughly.

Be careful to dry the arms well after bathing; otherwise roughness of the cuticle often occurs. It also forms from not rubbing hard enough in bathing.

When the skin is thus rough it is more often found on the back of the arm than elsewhere. Rub with powdered pumice moistened in water or alcohol. Follow by a thorough rubbing with cold cream.

A learned German scientist, in the course of an exhaustive study of the evolution of the sense of color, discovered that the rainbow has not looked the same to men in all ages. He found that it was at first thought to be all of one color. To Homer, he says, the rainbow seemed purple white. At a later period Xenophon saw in it "a little cloud, red and yellow green."

**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, 50c, \$1.00  
Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00  
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL.  
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bilelessness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.  
**SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE**  
Genuine must bear Signature

*W. L. Douglas*

## W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED SHOES

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 popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are certainly the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed. *Fast Color Eyelets* TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalogue.  
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

## PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

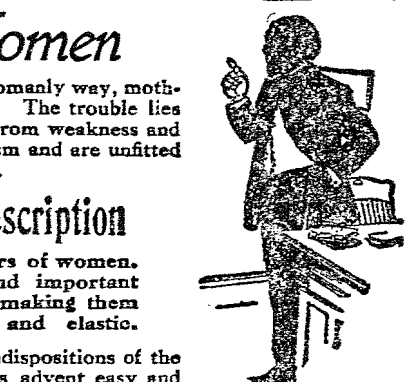
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 929

**KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE**  
**PLANTEN'S BLACK C & C OR CAPSULES**  
SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN  
ADDRESS: 155 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

**PATENT YOUR IDEAS.** They may bring you wealth. 64-page Book Free. Est. 1873. Fitzgerald & Co., Pat. Attys., Box K, Washington, D.C.

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High est references. Best results.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 37-1910.



If your skin is sensitive to sunburn or freckles, do not go out in daytime without long gloves. It is almost impossible to remove freckles from the arm, though they may fade off the face in winter.

Where arms are red, see first that there is no pressure around the arm hole; also that the corset is not too tight. Use lemon at night as a bleach, followed by a whitening cream. If all methods fail resort to powder well rubbed in. It will take off the most brilliant hue.

If the arm is too thin enlarge it by tensing exercises. A good one is to hold the arm at right angles to the body; then clench the first and draw it up until it touches the shoulder. This should be done as if pulling a heavy weight.

Just a word as to the etiquette of the elbow sleeve. Do not wear them on the street in the daytime, unless the arm is well gloved, or in any public place. It is to be hoped we will be spared the shocking lack of good taste that was so common two summers ago.

Two centuries after this Aristotle distinguished three colors—red, green and blue—and was able sometimes to see yellow between the red and green. Three hundred years after Aristotle came Ovid, to whom the rainbow was "a thousand dazzling colors, which the eye cannot distinguish separately" but the tricolor division persisted until the thirteenth century.

**MICA AXLE GREASE**  
Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.  
**STANDARD OIL CO.**  
Incorporated



## 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 315. (6)

All kinds of Hay and Feed. Baughman & Leach. Telephone 213 (10)

Wanted to Buy—Good oat straw. Will pay Omaha prices. L. R. Griffith, Tel. Florence 162. (17)

For Sale—Work team, weight 1,050 each. W. H. Taylor. (17)

FOR RENT—Four rooms, modern, for rent. Joe Thornton at Thos. Dugher. (17)

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)

George Foster. Plastering and bricklaying. Phone Flor. 307. (11)

One thousand people wanted to pay a year's subscription to Florence Tribune any time they can. (7)

ALL kinds of insurance written at Bank of Florence (4)

All of the late magazines for sale. Also Omaha papers. Postoffice newsstand. (18)

It only costs one cent a word for an ad. in this column. Why not try and sell some of those things lying around you have no use for. (18)

FOR SALE—Cheap yearling heifer, called Durham Calf Mother Good Milker (20 quarts a day when fresh). Telephone Florence 315. E. Z. Platz. (18)

FOR SALE—Furniture for a 5-room house for sale. Apply Charles Cottrell, corner Bluff and Monroe streets. (17)

### 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? (17)

FOR SALE—Duroc Jersey boars for sale. Frank M. Beckley, Fort Calhoun, Neb. (17)

WANTED—Cosmopolitan Magazine requires the services of a representative in Florence to look after subscription renewals and to extend circulation by special methods which have proved unusually successful. Salary and commission. Previous experience desirable, but not essential. Whole time or space time. Address, with references, H. C. Campbell, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1789 Broadway, New York City. (17)

FOR SALE—West 1/2 of lot 6 and all of lots 7 and 8, block 113, top of the hill. Finest view in Douglas county. Snap at \$1,000. Enquire of E. L. Platz. (5)

FOR SALE OR TRADE for a cow—A good gentle pony. Telephone Florence 3502. (19)

We grow strong potted strawberry plants for sale. Write or call for prices. 1-4 mile southwest Briggs. Myron Metzinger, Florence. (18)

Old papers for sale at the postoffice newsstand. 5 cents a bundle. (18)

Subscriptions for all magazines taken at the postoffice newsstand. (18)

## MEAN LOWER RATES

EFFECT OF WATERWAY COMPETITION ON THE RAILWAYS OF THE COUNTRY.

### DIRECT AND INDIRECT SAVING

Conservative Estimate is That In a Single Year It Would Be More Than Enough to Discharge the Entire National Debt.

It was stated in a previous article that waterways produce both direct and indirect savings in the cost of transportation and also exert what may be called a creative effect. As an instance of the direct saving it was shown that the 100,000,000 tons of freight handled on the great lakes in 1907 were carried for \$550,000,000 less than it would have cost by rail. If the opinion of the United States army engineers is correct—and this opinion is based upon results actually achieved on the rivers of Europe—we have a number of rivers on which, when properly improved, freight can be carried for less than on the lakes and many rivers on which it can be carried for much less than by rail. If, therefore, the plan advocated by the National Rivers and Harbors congress should be carried out—which includes the improvement of all our rivers to such extent as shall be found advisable after expert examination—the direct saving in cost of transportation would be vastly increased. It would probably be increased tenfold, but if it were only doubled the direct saving in a single year would be more than enough to pay off the national debt.

But this is not the end of the benefits which the general improvement of our waterways would bring, it is only the beginning. Beside the direct saving there is an indirect saving which results from the effect of waterways on railway freight rates, for rates are always lower on railroads which meet water competition than on those which do not. The amount of this saving is not everywhere the same, owing to difference in conditions, but we can get a good general idea of it from a study of some sample instances.

#### Freight Rates Affected.

Freight rates from New York to Salt Lake or Spokane are much higher than to San Francisco or Seattle, although the distance is much less, because goods can be carried to the Pacific coast by water, around Cape Horn, while there is no waterway of any kind to the inland cities named. It is not the ocean alone that affects railroad rates. Compare the rates on first class merchandise to river towns and inland towns situated about 250 miles from St. Louis. Towns on the upper Mississippi get a rate of 33 cents a hundred, inland towns pay 63 cents; towns on the Ohio pay 41 cents, inland towns in the same region pay 87.

A still more striking instance, and one showing the direct result of waterway improvement, is to be found on the Columbia river. Before the locks at the cascades were built freight rates on nails, and that class of goods, from Portland to The Dalles were \$6.40 per ton. As soon as the locks were finished and the steamboats could get through, the railroad rate dropped to two dollars per ton—less than one-third what it was before.

That the difference was due to the river improvement is shown by the fact that rates were not reduced beyond the point to which the steamboats could run. For instance, the rate on salt in car load lots was \$1.50 per ton to The Dalles, and \$10.20 per ton to Umatilla—\$1.50 per ton for the 88 miles with water competition and \$8.70 per ton for the next 100 miles without. These rates have since been reduced as the improvement has proceeded, and when the work is finished and boats can run far up the Columbia river and to Lewiston and other point in Idaho on its principal tributary, the Snake river, the people in all that region will benefit not only by the direct saving on goods carried by water, but also by the indirect saving through the reduced rate on goods carried by rail. Exactly similar results would follow the radical improvement of rivers all over the United States.

#### Indirect Saving Large.

There is, however, no possible way of finding out just how much this indirect saving would be. Rates on some freight would be reduced greatly, on some freight slightly, on some, perhaps, not at all. But we can get some idea of the amount of freight which might be influenced. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, the total amount of freight handled by the railroads of the United States was 1,796,336,659 tons. Some of this was hauled a short distance, some a long distance, and some was handled by more than one road, but it was equal to 236,601,390,103 tons hauled one mile. If the comprehensive improvement of our waterways should make an average reduction of one mill per ton-mile—the difference in the rates on salt given above is 70 times as much, or seven cents per ton mile—it would make a saving of over \$236,600,000 on the value of business handled in the fiscal year.

At first glance, it looks as if that would mean disaster to the railways, but that is the exact opposite of the truth. Strange as it may seem, the surest and speediest way to enlarge the business and increase the profits of the railways of the United States is to improve the waterways of the United States.

## ENDED WITHOUT A FATALITY

Boyish Affair of Honor Principally Amusing to the Brothers of the Principals.

"Do I look like a man who ever 'ought a duel?" laughed the portly party. "Well, I did, and it was intended to be a duel to the death, too, and, as it often happens, a woman was at the bottom of it. As near as I can figure now I must have been about the ripe age of seven when this deadly affair took place. At that time my heart was wrapped up in a little china doll girl with blue eyes and yellow hair, who kept me in a continual state of bankruptcy buying her taffy and red apples. Unfortunately, or my peace of mind, I had a rival, upon whom she smiled with exasperating impartiality. My first impression was to pick a fight with him, but I was always cautious, even as a youth and I had grave doubts about the success of such a plan.

"Then I conceived the happy idea of challenging him to a mortal combat. I hadn't the slightest idea that he would accept, to tell the truth, but he did and with what seemed to me almost indecent haste. Realizing that I would need a second, I went to an elder brother, explained the matter to him and asked him if he would act for me. He listened to me gravely and then said he would. Here was surprise number two. I had been almost certain that he would frown upon the idea and threaten to tell my father, thus giving me an excuse to retire from the field of honor. But the calm way he accepted the situation gave me a chill.

"I suppose," said he, "that Bobby's brother will act as his second?"

"I moistened my lips and said: 'I suppose so.'

"Very well," said he, "I will talk the matter over with him and we will let you know when you are wanted."

"We were wanted the next afternoon, and it was some consolation to me to discover that my rival's face was as white as mine.

"Now," said our seconds, "you two sit down here in the grass back to back, and the first one to desert the spot loses the fight."

"Then they both retired hastily to a spot that seemed to me at the time to be unnecessarily removed from the place of action. A moment later my rival was going one way and I another. Those miserable brothers of ours had caused us to sit on the top of a big bumblebee's nest."

### BOYS BUILD FLYING MACHINE

Young American Conspicuous in Sport Just Now Much in the Public Eye.

Alfred P. Morgan of Upper Montclair, N. J., who was graduated from the Montclair high school last year, has completed the construction of a biplane, in which the young aviator expects to fly over the farns of Montclair Heights.

The machine is 29 feet long and the plane is five feet wide. There are 250 square feet of supporting surface upon its frame. Without the engine it weighs 150 pounds. The motor is 25 horsepower.

Young Morgan was assisted in constructing the machine by Harold E. Dodd of 15 Appleton Place, and Safford Adams of 140 Watchung avenue, Upper Montclair. The machine will first have a trial flight by kite method. It will be attached by wire to an automobile, which will run until the machine attains a height sufficient to allow the young aviator to correct its balancing planes. Then Mr. Morgan expects to fly without assistance from the auto. Mr. Morgan will make his first attempt at flying the machine either on Broad street or Ridgewood avenue, Brookdale.

"I will certainly fly," said young Morgan, "provided I have got the right engine. If I find I have not, I will take out the engine and get a new one. I intend to build a larger machine if this one proves a success."

### MAN WASN'T BLIND AT ALL

Why Philanthropically Inclined Persons Soon Come to Abominate the Professional Beggars.

Miss Mary Richmond of the Philadelphia society for organizing charity abominates professional beggars, and has innumerable stories in proof of the worthlessness of these men.

Many of Miss Richmond's stories have a humorous turn. Thus, recently, she said:

"As an English gentleman was walking down a quiet street he heard a raucous voice say:

"Charity! For the love of heaven, charity!"

The gentleman, a true philanthropist, turned and saw a thin and ragged figure on whose breast hung a card saying 'I am blind.' The gentleman took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into the blind beggar's cup.

"But the coin was dropped from too great a height, and it bounced out again. It fell and rolled along the pavement, the beggar in pursuit. Finally it lodged in the gutter, whence the blind man fished it out."

"The gentlemen said in a stern voice:

"Confound you; you are no more blind than I am."

"The beggar at these words looked at the placard on his breast and gave a start of surprise.

"Right you are, boss," he said. "Blamed if they haven't put the wrong card on me. I'm deaf and dumb."—Topeka Capital.

## \$25 Nebraska To Points In Idaho

A rapidly developing, fertile country whose broad acres await settlers.

Low One-Way Fares in Effect Daily from Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, 1910

over the

## Union Pacific

Electric Block Signals

Through trains—comfortable tourist sleepers—excellent dining car meals and service.

For tickets and general information, call on or address your local agent.



## THE LARGEST AND BEST List of Florence Property

What is the use of wasting energy and time looking for what you want and not finding it when I can show you what you are looking for.

### HERE ARE A FEW

One new 8-room house and 2 lots.  
One new 5-room house, modern.  
One new 5-room house, modern except furnace.  
One new 8-room house

### ACREAGE

Four acres, three in fruit, new 7-room house, eight blocks from street car.

### VACANT LOTS

Choice of over 40 vacant lots at prices from \$175.00 up.

## JOHN LUBOLD

TELEPHONE: FLORENCE 165

FLORENCE, NEBR.

*Storz*

## TRIUMPH BEER

"Pleasure and health in every bottle"

STORZ  
BREWING CO.

FOR SALE BY  
JOHN NICHOLSON.  
LUDWIG IMM.

OMAHA  
NEBRASKA

## The Want Ads Do the Business

## JUST A WORD!

We want your grocery business and, what's more, we want to merit it. We try hard to please, and know that only the best of everything will please permanently.

Fresh vegetables and all the table delicacies of the season. You can trust our selection.

Phone us your order.

Sleepy Eye Chick Food,  
Cracked Shells,  
Mica Grit,  
Mashed Bone, etc.

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

FLORENCE, NEB.

PHONE 257

### REASON NO. 7

Students of The VAN SANT SCHOOL spend five hours a day in the study of Shorthand and Typewriting. They receive the maximum amount of training in the minimum time under the most scientific teacher in this line of work. (Our tuition is the same as in all other high grade schools.) This is ONE MORE REASON why VAN SANT graduates SUCCEED.

Elizabeth Van Sant, Principal Ione C. Duffy, Proprietor Wead Building, Omaha, Nebraska

## The Home Paper

Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

## The Reason McClure sells So Many Shoes

Because we buy our shoes direct from the factory, therefore cutting out middleman's profit.

Because we have had 16 years experience in the shoe business.

Because we guarantee every pair of shoes we sell.

Because we have the largest and most complete stock to select from.

### School Commences Next Week

Is the boy ready? Has he the new shoes you've been waiting for school time to buy? Have you ever tried our

### "Boy Proof" Shoes

that we guarantee to be so good that they will out wear two pairs of ordinary boys shoes. They are such a quality of leather that they wear like iron and made to fit growing feet. Youths sizes, 12 1-2 to 2. \$1.75 and ... \$2.00 Boys sizes, 2 1-2 to 5 1-2, \$2.00 and ... 2.25 Youths 9 in. High Cuts, 2 buckles at top, double soles, sizes 13 to 2 1-2. 1.75 Boys 9 in. high cuts, same, 2 1-2 to 5 1-2 2.00

### FREE

A souvenir free with every pair of boys shoes we sell.



"Boy Proof" Shoes for Me

Phone, Bell 440

Florence, Neb.

McCLURE'S

Auto H-1113

We Sell Everything

READ the TRIBUNE & \$1.00 A YEAR