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is an EFFECTIVE advertisement,
but not a DESIRABLE one.
Advertising will BRING the
trade, nothing but equitable deal-
ing can HOLD it.

The Florence Tribune

A Man on a Barrel
Can attract the attention of, say,
20 people.
Think of what 1,000 men on
1,000 barrels in 1,000 places
could do.

VOL. II.

PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1910

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No. 32

NEWS OF FERRY RESERVE

Sis is Again in Evidence with the News of This Thickly Settled Portion of Florence. She Tells of the Sickness of Bud and of His Wonderful New Invention Which is Bound to Revolutionize all the Present Poultry Plants or Put Them all in the Junk Pile.

Bud has not been feeling very well these days and the doctors do say that maybe he will have to go to the hospital and have an operation performed on him. You see it was this way. Not long ago Bud was a-calling on his best girl and this girl she has some young brothers who are always having lots of fun with everyone who comes there. They read the Sunday supplement about the Caterjammenheimer boys and they tries to do like they does. Well, as I were a-saying, Bud he went to call on her and those brothers of hern had bent up some pins and put in the seats of the chairs and when Bud he sat down in the chair he says he was a-struck with that new fashionable disease what all the rich folks has been a-having, and that he would have to go to the hospital and have an operation performed. I forgot to say that the name of the disease was a-pin-in-de-seat-us.

Bud he wanted to enter some of his chickens in the poultry show this week, but his new experiment aint far enough a long for him to make public the results but he has great hopes that he has at last found a great money making scheme. He says as how there is millions in it but I don't see as how he will make a cent of it. Of course, if the skunks should get in the track there would undoubtedly be a scent in it but the public wouldn't be interested enough in it. But Bud he says as how there wont be no such thing as failure in this experiment as he has it all figured out as how it will be a money maker. He has done and gone got a lot of boxes and built a house with them and from each house he has constructed a circular track of wire. The yard is about two feet wide and the diameter of the circle is about fifty feet, so the chickens when they walk out of the house just continue around on the walk until they are again in the house. I ast him as how that kind of yard was an advantage but he wouldn't dare to answer me as said any fool orter know and that it was the secret of his success. I ast him as how he intended feeding the chicken in the small house they were in and he said he didn't intend feeding them. That was the whole secret of his great invention. He said as how he had been studying the laws of perpetual motion and that he thought at the same time he would be able to solve that problem at the same time. He told me as how he had studied about the making of eggs and had discovered they was most nourishing things there was to eat and that they fed them to baby chickens and his plan was to have the chickens walk around on the circular track and lay the eggs and then come along and eat them. He said it would be perpetual motion, the hen eating the eggs to lay and then laying the eggs to eat. I will tell you of his success in the experiment in the next letter I write, but for the life of me I can't see where the profit is coming from but Bud says as how I should wait and I would see it a-rolling in. What's a bothering me is what is the cockerels a-going to do for something to eat, but I don't dare to ast him.

Everybody on the rural route that we live on must take the paper for they are all a-asking who it is who is writing this here news from Ferry Reserve and wanting to make my acquaintance but lawsy me I have too much to do looking after Bud to go taipsing around visiting people. The Tribune is always very late in getting here Friday, so I ast Mr. Bena why he didn't get here as quick on Fridays as on the other days and he said as how he had to read the paper himself before he started out in the morning and when he did start he had to stop at every house on the route but one and leave a paper. He said as how the people were all a-waiting to see him and get the paper and that made him late. The man that didn't take the paper was one that wanted to always serve on the jury and he was afraid to take the paper for fear he would read something that was going on and it would disqualify him from serving.

The superintendent of the Sunday school says that if the Sunday school keeps on growing the way it has we will have to erect a church for them to meet in. Ever since it became known that the Sunday school would have a Christmas tree the attendance has been growing. The superintendent said as how there was an increase of 1,000 per cent last Sunday when there was ten scholars present.

SIS.

NEWS NOTES OF FORT CALHOUN

Bright, Breezy Items of Interest From the Suburb to the North.

Frank Beckly has gone to Gothenburg and his father now runs the Horseshoe ranch.

William Willis and wife of Fairfield were at the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gehrke.

Carl Weise reports six or seven acres of slough land that made seventy-five bushels of corn per acre.

The annual birthday party of Peter Klindt had to be laid over on account of the severe illness of his wife.

Masters Ollerman and Snowden of Blair high school were visiting Fort Calhoun schools.

Slader brothers bought a big boned Poland China hog at Tekamah.

Edward Brenner was at Fremont again to see his sister who mends very slowly after her operation.

William Hardy helped Jacob Seink put 2,000 bushels of corn in the crib.

Rev. Mr. Wilkeman, pastor of the Presbyterian church, expects to take up the work of a district Sunday School secretary, covering three or four states, about February.

The big corn show for Fort Calhoun and Oesota comes Thursday and Friday and a big time is expected.

Church Notes Presbyterian

A very enjoyable evening was spent by the young folks of the Ponca Sabbath school at the home of Miss Sacks last Saturday. The occasion was a box social. The evening was spent playing games. About ten o'clock the boxes were auctioned. They all sold at good prices and were filled with good things to eat. Close to twelve we all started for home hoping that we might enjoy many more such evenings.

Miss Mable Anderson entertained the Baracha and Philethia classes on Tuesday evening. The evening was used in stringing popcorn for the Christmas tree. Miss Gordon won the prize for fast work in stringing the corn. Mr. Bugby, secretary of the Tri-City Baracha union, told us of some things the young men were doing to make Omaha a better city.

Mrs. Goettsche has been quite sick with the gripe. She is much better at the present writing.

That chicken pie was sure good.

Ladies of the Aid and Missionary society met at the home of Mrs. Olmsted on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Allison lead the missionary meeting. Several articles were read that gave a very good idea of the condition of the mountaineers of the south. Mrs. Yoder gave a report of the synodical meeting and jubilee that was held in Omaha some time ago. It lead us to wish that we might be more in touch with the heroes of the foreign field.

Six united with the church on Sabbath. Mr. and Mrs. Jenssen were received by letter from the Broken Bow church. Miss Elenor Morgan, Estell Cole, Doris Cole and Mabel Cole were baptized and received upon confession of faith.

Miss Tracy lead C. E. Sabbath. She gave a very interesting talk on "Christian Traits as I Saw Them on my Vacation Trip."

Sabbath topics: Morning, "Rejoice." Evening, "What Becomes of Us After Death?"

On Thursday evening at prayer meeting we will take up a study in the book of Job.

Mrs. Hartman is suffering from a severe cold.

Mrs. Swanson has been on the sick list and has been unable to get out of the house for some time.

Somebody has borrowed a gasoline stove, two ovens and a number of wooden horses that belong to the church. Wont that somebody save us the trouble of coming after them by returning them?

The Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church desires to thank those whose generous donations and willing services assisted so materially in the success of their recent bazar supper, and to announce that the financial result of the enterprise is very gratifying, exceeding the proceeds of their celebrated chicken-pie suppers of previous years.

AS TOLD THE EDITOR

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.

Frederick Pries, of Pries Lake, died at the age of 65 years Friday morning. Mr. Pries was an eccentric character who has lived alone at a lake above Florence for forty years or more. For a time he ran the place as a sort of summer resort but has more recently sold most of the land and reserved a small tract for himself. His only known relative in this vicinity is a nephew, George R. Nelson, 2722 South 16th street. The funeral was held from the Brailey and Dorrance chapel at Nineteenth and Cuming at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, with interment in Springwell cemetery.

Any boy or girl turning in \$1.00 for a subscription for the Tribune for one year will be given a pound box of chocolates at the Postoffice News Stand.

Harold Reynolds of the contracting firm of Barber and Reynolds is engaged in doing some work up the river for the government.

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but counteracts any tendency of the disease towards pneumonia. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Frank P. Brown and William Loneragan were elected on the board of directors of the Douglas County Agricultural society at the meeting at Elkhorn last week.

Do you like chocolates? You can have a box free. See page 4.

Leon D. Ritchie who removed to South Dakota last year from Florence held a sale of his goods Wednesday preparatory to moving back to Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Anderson and family attended the convert given by Miss Mary Munchhoff at Omaha Wednesday.

Mr. G. Mancuni has returned from Excelsior Springs where he has been spending the past two weeks.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card, send to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Any boy or girl turning in \$1.00 for a subscription for the Tribune for one year will be given a pound box of chocolates at the Postoffice News Stand.

Mr. J. W. Griffith and Mrs. B. F. Reynolds were the guests of Mrs. Tierney in Omaha Sunday evening.

On account of her work at the telephone exchange Miss Stribling has removed to Omaha to reside for the winter.

Do you like chocolates? You can have a box free. See page 4.

C. A. Bauer, the plumber, has sent the Tribune a handsome calendar for 1911.

Mr. C. H. Thomson, who has been living with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas, sailed from New York on December 10 on the steamship Princess Irene.

A sprained ankle will usually disable the injured person for three or four weeks. This is due to lack of proper treatment. When Chamberlain's Liniment is applied a cure may be effected in three or four days. This liniment is one of the best and most remarkable preparations in use. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mr. G. Sachs, who will hold a big sale on January 4, visited the Tribune office this week and left his order for sale bills and that they are attractive is beyond dispute.

The Florence Coal and Lumber company are putting out a nifty advertisement in the shape of a thermometer and sent one to the Tribune, so the editor can see how hot he gets when he learns of some one who does not patronize the Florence merchants.

THE FLORENCE POULTRY SHOW

Again It Is Demonstrated That This City is Able to Produce the Very Best There Is.

Florence is written big on the map of the fanciers who attended the poultry show in Omaha this week. It was the best advertised place and created the most comment of any city that birds were entered from. This biggest feature of the show was the magnificent showing of Miss Lucy Harding, extolling the merits of the White Leghorns of the Seven Oaks poultry farm. This exhibit occupied almost the whole of the space on the big stage at the east end of the building and was a reproduction of a poultry plant, houses, yards and all. One looking at the exhibit saw the magnificent birds, their feed boxes, laying room and all that goes to make up a model egg farm. In one particular was the exhibit an especially valuable demonstration of the laying abilities of the birds, for during the whole show the pullets shelled out the eggs in great quantities. One pen was made up exclusively of over 50 cockerels, which were sold at fancy prices to people attending the show, and so impressed were the visitors that the whole pen was disposed of and orders for more secured. A large sign told all that the plant was located in Florence. They did not enter any of their birds in the competition for prizes.

Another exhibit from Florence that attracted considerable attention was the prize birds entered by the Mandy Lee poultry farm and which won many premiums. As this farm also advertised that they were located in Florence, the city was the subject of much discussion as a place to raise poultry.

The Mandy Lee Poultry farm of which L. R. Griffith is manager again won a string of ribbons, the same as they have every year. This year the winnings were first on pen, second on pen, first on cockerel, third on cockerel, fourth on cockerel, second on hen and fourth on pullet. Mr. Griffith is pleased with this showing as he had fewer birds on exhibition than at any show heretofore.

Another exhibition from Florence was E. H. Sutton of the Bonnie View Poultry farm who had White Plymouth Rocks on view.

News & Town

Mrs. B. F. Reynolds was the guest of Mrs. Porterfield in Omaha for luncheon Tuesday.

Many persons find themselves affected with a persistent cough after an attack of influenza. As this cough can be promptly cured by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it should not be allowed to run on until it becomes troublesome. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barker of Dundee Saturday at dinner.

The city council meets Monday evening at the city hall.

Any boy or girl turning in \$1.00 for a subscription for the Tribune for one year will be given a pound box of chocolates at the Postoffice News Stand.

Mr. Ted Estill has returned from his ranch in the west and expects to make quite an extended visit.

The peculiar properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have been thoroughly tested during epidemics of influenza, and when it was taken in time we have not heard of a single case of pneumonia. Sold by Geo. Siert.

The Guild of St. Marks church met at the home of Mrs. F. S. Tucker Thursday.

Emile Weber of Laurel, Neb., was the guest of his father, J. Weber Sr., Tuesday.

Do you like chocolates? You can have a box free. See page 4.

Mrs. Charles Huntington of Omaha will entertain the Literary society at her new home, 35th and Davenport, Omaha, Saturday.

Mr. Thompson of Gothenburg was the guest of F. B. Nichols Wednesday.

Mrs. F. S. Tucker and Mrs. Walter Van Plank returned Saturday from Iowa where they have been the guests of Mr. Scott Tucker.

Any boy or girl turning in \$1.00 for a subscription for the Tribune for one year will be given a pound box of chocolates at the Postoffice News Stand.

OFFICE BOY GETS DINNER

Editor Is Indisposed and Sends Office Boy to the Annual Chicken Pie Dinner of the Presbyterian Church and He Writes of His Experiences with the Dinner and a Pretty Waitress with Whom He Falls in Love and the Sad Consequences.

The boss had only one lone ticket for the annual chicken pie dinner given by the Presbyterian church last Friday, (I mean the annual dinner, not the annual chicken) and as he had a double appetite and was indisposed he noticed the hungry look on my face, and, although I am only the office boy, I did my duty and put the dinner under my belt.

The boss told me to write it up, so here goes my experience in full:

Donning my glad rags and putting a few shekels in my handbag, I set out for the hall. There were a few guys around the door and, one of them grabbed me by the mit and told me how glad he was I had come. (He evidently thought I had bushels of "geld" to spring at the sale following the dinner. Being late, I had a chance to pipe off the "skirts" at the different tables.

My reverie was broken by the appearance on the scene of a brunette damsel (I love brunette damsels) who came down the hall with a tray of eats. Oh, but my lamps never gazed upon a more lovely face—one of those blushing, Elberta types. "And that figure. "Oh, you Venus!" I looked her over carefully and couldn't keep my mind on my business. I made for her table.

Sitting down, I asked in trembling tones for the dinner. It came, but I hardly noticed it. I was so agitated I put my fork in my coffee and speared the chicken with my spoon. Cold sweat started from every pore when I heard her musical voice ask if I wanted sugar. I did. She went to the other end of the table and got the sugar and set it down on the table in time for the lady next to me to pick it up and put some in her coffee and pass it on down the table to its resting place.

I managed to get through the meal somehow and to the pie when I noticed my coffee had been removed and I had only a spoon to eat my pie with. However, I purloined a fork from a neighbor and finished up and was ready for the sale and my divinity.

I looked out of the side of my eye and wished for some excuse to blatt something. Wished she would drop her purse—anything. Suddenly a thought took me full in the face. I would ask her to help me do a little Christmas shopping. "Your taste is so good, you know." "Oh, thank you so much," came from the luscious "skirt." While ostensibly looking over the wares I looked over her. Strap sandals, silk stockings, three or four inches of embroidery and then the hem of a black voile skirt. "Oh, mamma, turn the hose on me. Oh, Molly, pin a rose on me." Look good to muh? Well, I guess so. Oh, sweet joy! Her purse slid to the floor and Little Willie after it. "Oh, thank you," came from the "cream puff" again. Then I managed a maneuver that led us to a seat. Right there is where I made this swell bunch acquainted with Little Willie. Well, well, I sat right there in front of her very face and one word brought on another and finally I was telling her about a swimming resort down in Missouri.

She remarked that she was crazy about swimming and that while bathing once at Atlantic City, a lobster bit her right between the—board walk and the lighthouse. Here is where your Little Willie would have taken a hyperdermic if he had only had a gun. Well, I got busy then pouring into her ears a lot of this "Laura Jean Libby" junk and we were living, oh so easy. Pshaw, my feet wiggled and I talked foolish, but, oh, cruel fate! Oh, merciless, relentless fate! A man came up and right before my eyes she fell into the sucker's arms and then—introduced him as her husband.

And Little Willie went out and sat on the curb and gazed at the front of a one-time theater. The next time the boss can go. No more for muh.

WILLIE.

The school board met Tuesday evening and let the contract for a new boiler at the school house to T. F. Balfe of Omaha. The bids on the plastering were laid over for one week. It was decided to give the children a two weeks' vacation from December 23 to January 9.

The water company has put on a large gang of men on the river ripraping the banks on the east side.

FLORENCE GIRL IS KIDNAPPED

Although Detectives and Officials Have Searched for Her, It is Impossible to Find Her.

"Bound hand and foot and gagged, the maiden was put into the gunny-sack, and, unable to move or scream, felt herself being carried down a flight of stairs, put into a buggy and then driven down the street. Ineffectually she tried to release herself from the gag. Alas! she was bound too securely. Finally the conveyance stopped. She was again carried into a building, fainting and gasping for breath; the sack was taken from her head. The villain, still masked, took the gag from her mouth, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire through his black mask, released her and hissed through his tightly clinched teeth: 'There, my pretty bird, scream and yell as loud as you like, no human ear will ever reach you. You are in my power. Do you hear? Totally within my power.' 'Where am I?' she gasped. 'In a store that never advertises,' was the cruel response. 'Alas, alas!' she moaned. 'No power on earth can save me; no one will look for me here.' And the poor girl fainted."

Ponca News

Mr. Clyde Deyo was a caller at Joe Hipps Friday evening.

The box social given by the Ponca Presbyterian church at the home of Mary Sacks on the Price farm was well attended and everybody expressed themselves as having had a jolly good time.

Do you like chocolates? You can have a box free. See page 4.

Misses Esther and Maybel Hendrickson and Elizabeth Larson of Omaha formed a week end house party at the Deyo home.

Miss Carolyn Deyo of the Gibbons family at Walt Hill, Neb.

Miss Belle Deyo who has been visiting at Walt Hill, Neb., has returned and reports the climate as exceptionally fine.

Mr. Clyde Deyo of western Montana is home for the winter months and says that the country out there is certainly fine.

The ladies of the Ponca district met at the home of Mrs. C. B. Christensen Wednesday afternoon and formed a Kensington club. They will meet every two weeks, the sole object of the club being one of sociability. Those present were Mesdames Brodersen, Hansen, Albach, Raymond, Jacobson, Jaspersen, Letovsky and Christensen.

Dr. Pritchard has put in a set of farm scales which is a valuable and economical addition to any farm.

Mr. Whitmore has sold up to date over 4,500 bushels of corn.

Personals

Any boy or girl turning in \$1.00 for a subscription for the Tribune for one year will be given a pound box of chocolates at the Postoffice News Stand.

Rev. Wedge of San Francisco is a guest of Florence friends for a few days.

Rev. McLaughlin of Alliance, Neb., was the guest of Florence friends this week.

Mrs. J. C. Barks of Sioux City is the guest of Florence friends.

J. P. Wilkes of the Minne-Lusa Lumber Co. leaves this week for New York where he will visit relatives and friends until about the middle of January.

Do you like chocolates? You can have a box free. See page 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Haskell entertained friends from Dunlap, Iowa, last Saturday. Among them Mr. R. E. Brown who brought some prize sheep to the Omaha market. They were so extra fine that they were used to decorate the market. They also brought a fancy price of nearly a dollar more than the common run.

The Mishna Botna News, speaking of Rev. George S. Sloan's sermon on "What Becomes of Us After Death?" says it is to be highly commended, as it was the best ever given at that place.

The GIRL and the BILL



BANNISTER MERWIN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

At the expense of a soiled hat Robert Orme saves from arrest a girl in a black touring car who has caused a traffic jam on State street. He buys a new hat and is given in change a five dollar bill with "Remember the person you pay this to" written on it. A second time he helps the lady in the black car, and learns that in Tom and Bessie Wallingsham they have mutual friends, but gains no further hint of her identity. He discovers another inscription on the marked bill, which, in a futile attempt to decipher it, he copies and places the copy in a drawer in his apartment. Señor Portol, South American, calls, and claims the marked bill. Orme refuses, and a fight ensues in which Portol is overcome. He goes to Señor Alcarrante, minister from his country, to vouch for him. Orme still refuses to give up the bill. Orme goes for a walk and sees two Japs attack Alcarrante. He rescues him. Returning to his rooms Orme is attacked by two Japs who effect a forcible exchange of the marked bill for another. Orme finds the girl of the black car waiting for him. She also wants the bill. Orme tells his story. She recognizes one of the Japs as her father's butler, Maku. The second inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers stolen from her father. Both Japs and South Americans want the papers. Orme, to the home of a friend in Evanston, returns. Returning to the university grounds Orme gets in conversation with a guard at the life-saving station. They hear a motor boat in trouble in the darkness on the lake.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"I know why he went out so far," remarked Porter. "He is running without lights."

"That in itself is suspicious, isn't it?" Ormie asked.

"Why, yes, I suppose so—though people aren't always as careful as they might be. Our own lights aren't lighted, you see."

"Have you any clue at all as to where she is?"

"Only from the direction the sounds came from just before the explosions stopped. She had headway enough to slide some distance after that, and I'm allowing for it—and for the currents. With the lake as it is, she would be carried in a little."

For nearly half an hour they continued straight out toward mid-lake. Ormie noticed that there was a slight swell. The lights of Evanston were now mere twinkling distant points, far away over the dark void of the waters.

Porter shut off the power. "We must be pretty near her," he said.

"They listened intently.

"Perhaps I steered too far south," said Porter at last.

He threw on the power, and sent the boat northward in slow, wide circles. The distant steamship had made progress toward the northeast—bound, perhaps, for Muskegon, or some other port on the Michigan shore. She was a passenger steamer, apparently, for lines of portholes and deck-windows were marked by dots of light. There was no other sign of human presence to be seen on the lake, and Ormie's glance expectantly wandered to her lights now and then.

At last, while he was looking at it, after a fruitless search of the darkness, he was startled by a strange phenomenon. The lights of the steamer suddenly disappeared. An instant later they shone out again.



"Perhaps I Steered Too Far South."

With an exclamation, Ormie seized the steering-wheel and swung it over to the right.

"There she is," he cried, and then: "Excuse me for taking the wheel that way, but I was afraid I'd lose her."

"I don't see her," said Porter. "No; but something dark cut off the lights of that steamer. Hold her so." He let go the wheel and peered ahead.

Presently they both saw a spot of blacker blackness in the night. Porter set the motor at half-speed.

"Have you got a bull's-eye lantern?" asked Ormie in an undertone.

"Yes, in that locker."

Ormie stooped and lighted the lantern in the shelter of the locker.

"Now run up alongside," he said, "and ask if they need help."

The outline of the disabled boat now grew more distinct. Porter swung around toward it and called:

"Need help?"

After a moment's wait, a voice replied:

"Yes. You tow me to Chicago. I pay you."

It was a voice which Ormie recognized as that of the Japanese who had been with Maku in the attack at the Pere Marquette.

"Can't do that," answered Porter. "I'll take you in to Evanston."

"No!" The tone was expostulatory. "I go to Chicago. I fix engine pretty soon."

At this moment Ormie raised his lantern and directed its light into the other boat. It shone into the blinking eyes of the Japanese, standing by the motor. It shone—

Great Heaven! Was he dreaming? Ormie could not believe his eyes. The light revealed the face of the one person he least expected to see—his, seated on a cushion at the forward end of the cockpit, was the girl!

CHAPTER VII.

A Japanese at Large.

What was the girl doing out there in mid-lake in the company of her enemy? Ormie had seen her enter the house of her friends in Evanston; had bidden her good-night with the understanding that she was to make no further move in the game before the coming morning. She must have left the house soon after he walked away.

Had she known all the time where the Japanese was? Had she hunted him out to make terms with him? If that were the case, her action indicated a new and unsuspected distrust of Ormie himself. Her failure to call for help when Ormie and Porter came up in their launch seemed to show that her presence in the other boat was voluntary. And yet Ormie could not believe that there was not some simple explanation which she would welcome the first chance to make. He could not doubt her.

The immediate thing to do, however, was to find out just what she desired. Suppressing his excitement, he called out:

"Girl!"

At the same time he turned the lantern so that his own face was illuminated.

"Mr. Ormie!" she cried, rising from her seat. "You here?"

"At your service."

He smiled, and turned his eyes for an instant on her companion. The face of the Japanese was a study. His eyes were narrowed to thin slits, and his mouth was formed into a meaningless grin.

Ormie spoke to the Japanese in French. "Maku has confessed," I said. "He is under arrest."

The face of the Japanese did not change.

"Do you understand?" asked Ormie, still in French.

There was no answer, and Ormie turned to the girl and said, in French:

"I don't think he understands this language."

"Apparently not," she replied, in the same tongue.

"Tell me," he went on, "are you there of your own will?"

"No."

"Has he the papers?"

"I think so. I don't know."

"See if you can manage to get past him, and I will help you into our boat."

"I'll try." She nodded, with a brave effort to show reassurance.

Ormie frowned at the Japanese. "What are you doing with this young lady?" he demanded.

"No understand."

"Yes, you do understand. You understood well enough when you robbed me this evening."

"No understand," the Japanese repeated.

The girl, meantime, had moved slowly from her position. The two boats were close together. Suddenly, after a swift glance from Ormie, the girl stepped to the gunwale and leaped across the gap. Ormie reached forward and caught her, drawing her for a brief instant close into his arms before she found her footing in the cockpit.

"Splendid," he whispered, and she tossed her head with a pretty smile of relief.

Porter had been standing close by, the boathook in his hands. "Is there anything more to be done?" he asked of Ormie.

"Yes, wait a moment."

The Japanese had made no move to prevent the girl's escape. Indeed, while she was leaping to the other boat, he balanced himself and turned to his motor, as though to continue the work of repair.

"Now, then," called Ormie, "you must give me those papers."

"No understand." The Japanese did not even look up from his task.

Ormie turned to Porter. "Give me the boathook," he said, and, taking it, he hooked it to the gunwale of the other boat, drawing the two crafts together. His intention was to use the boathook to bring the Japanese to terms. But the Oriental was too quick. His apparent indifference vanished, and with a cat-like pounce, he seized the boathook and snatched it from Ormie's grasp.

The action was so unexpected that Ormie was completely taken by surprise. He made ready, however, to leap in unarméd, but the Japanese thrust the blunt end of the boathook at him, and the blow, which struck him in the chest, sent him toppling backward. He was saved from tumbling into the cockpit by Porter, who caught him by the shoulders and helped him to right himself. The two boats tossed for a moment like corks in the water.

When Ormie again leaped to the gunwale, the Japanese was using the boathook to push the craft apart. A final shove widened the distance to six or eight feet. The jump was impossible. Even if the boats had been nearer together it would have been folly to attempt an attack.

Stepping down into the cockpit, Ormie bent over the girl, who had sunk down upon a cushion. She seemed to be content that he should play the game for her.

"What is wrong with his motor?" he said. "Do you know?"

She answered in an undertone: "I shut off the gasoline-supply. He wasn't looking. He didn't see."

"Good for you, Girl!" he exclaimed. "Where did you do it? At the tank?"

"No. Unfortunately the valve is at the carbureter. Oh," she continued, "we must get the papers!"

Ormie turned to Porter. "Are you willing to take a risk?" he asked.

"Anything in reason." The life-saver grinned. "Of course, I don't understand what's going on, but I'll back you."

"This is a good, stout tub we are in." Ormie hesitated. "I want you to ram her nose into that other boat."

Porter shook his head.

"That's going pretty far," he said. "I don't know that there is warrant for it."

"It won't need to be a hard bump," Ormie explained. "I don't want to hurt the fellow."

"Then why—?"

"To frighten him into giving up some papers."

Porter looked straight into Ormie's eyes. "Do the papers belong to you?" he demanded.

"No." Ormie spoke quietly. "They belong to this young lady—or, rather, to her father. This Japanese, and the

other one, there on the shore, stole them."

"What is the lady's name?"

"I can't tell you that."

"But the police—"

"It isn't a matter for the police. Please trust me, Mr. Porter."

The life-saver stood irresolute.

"If this boat is damaged, I'll make it good five times over," continued Ormie.

"Oh, it wouldn't hurt the boat. A few scratches, perhaps. It's the other boat I'm thinking of."

"It's pretty grim business, I know," remarked Ormie.

The younger man again studied Ormie's face. "Can you give me your word that the circumstances would justify us in ramming that boat?"

It flashed over Ormie that he had no idea what those circumstances were. He knew only what little the girl had told him. Yet she had assured him again and again that the papers were of the greatest importance.

True, throughout the affair, thus far, with the exception of the blow he had given Maku, the persons concerned had offered no dangerous violence. The mysterious papers might contain information about South American mines—as little Portol had suggested; they might hold the secrets of an international syndicate. Whatever they were, it was really doubtful whether the necessity of their recovery would justify the possibility of slaying another man.

Perhaps the girl had unconsciously exaggerated their value. Women who took a hand in business often lost the sense of relative importance. And yet, she had been so sure; she had herself gone to such lengths. Then, too, the South Americans had hired a burglar to break into her father's house, and now this Japanese had abducted her. Yes, it was a serious game.

Ormie answered Porter. "I give you my word," he said.

Porter nodded and tightened his lips.

"At the very least, that fellow has tried to abduct this young lady," added Ormie.

"All right," said Porter. "Let her go."

The other boat had drifted about 50 feet away. Ormie called out:

"Hello, there, Japanese. Will you give up the papers?"

No answer came.

"If you won't," cried Ormie, "we are going to ram you."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the girl suddenly. "We mustn't drown him."

"We shan't," said Ormie. "But we will give him a scare." Then, in a louder voice: "Do you hear?"

The only reply was the tapping of metal on metal. The Japanese, it seemed, was still trying to find out what was wrong with his motor.

"Well, then," Ormie said to Porter, "we'll have to try it. But use low speed, and be ready to veer off at the last minute."

"He'll try to fend with the boat hook," said Porter.

"If he does, I'll get him."

"How?"

"Lasso." Ormie picked up a spare painter that was stored under the seat, and began to tie a slip-noose.

The girl now spoke. "I suppose we shall have to do it," she said. "But I wish there were a less dangerous, a less tragic way."

Hardly knowing what he did, Ormie laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "It will be all right, dear," he whispered.

If the word embarrassed her, the darkness covered her confusion.

Porter had started the motor, setting it at a low speed, and now he was steering the boat in a circle to gain distance for the charge.

"I've lost the other boat," exclaimed Ormie, peering into the darkness.

"She's off there," said Porter. "You can't see her, but I know the direction."

He swung the launch around and headed straight through the night.

"Hold on tight," Ormie cautioned the girl, and coiling his lasso, he went to the bow.

The launch moved steadily forward. Ormie, straining his eyes in the endeavor to distinguish the other boat, saw it at last. It lay a few points to starboard, and Porter altered the course of the launch accordingly.

"Make for the stern," called Ormie, "and cripple her propeller, if you can."

Another slight change in the course showed that Porter understood.

As the lessening of the distance between the two boats made it possible to distinguish the disabled speeder more clearly, Ormie saw that the Japanese was still tinkering with the motor. He was busying himself as though he realized that he had no hope of escape unless he could start his boat.

Narrower, narrower, grew the intervening gap of dark water. Ormie braced himself for the shock. In his left hand was the coiled painter; in his right, the end of the ready noose, which trailed behind him on the decking. It was long since he had thrown a lariat. In a vivid gleam of memory he saw at that moment the hot, dusty New Mexico corral, the low adobe buildings, the lumbering cattle and the galloping horses of the ranch.

There he had spent one summer vacation of his college life. It was ten years past, but this pose, the rope in his hand, flashed it back to him.

Now they were almost on the Japanese. For the moment he seemed to waiver. He glanced at the approaching launch, and reached uncertainly for the boat hook. Yet it did not seem to occur to him to yield.

And then, as for the hundredth time he laid his hands on the motor, he uttered a cry. It was plain to Ormie that the cause of the supposed breakdown had been discovered. But was there time for the Japanese to get away? It was doubtful. He opened the feed pipe and let the gasoline again flow in. The launch was now so near that Ormie could almost have leaped the gap, but the Japanese bent his energy to the heavy fly wheel, tugging at it hurriedly.

The motor started. The boat began to move.

Even now it looked as though the collision could not be prevented, but the Japanese, seizing the steering wheel, turned the boat so quickly to starboard that the stern fell away from the bow of the approaching launch. There was no crash, no hard bump; merely a glancing blow so slight that in that calm water it scarcely made the boats caren.

Then Ormie threw his noose. The distance was less than ten feet, and the loop spread, quick and true, over the head of the Japanese. But, swift though the action was, the Japanese had an instant to prepare himself. His right arm shot up. As Ormie, jerking at the rope, tried to tighten the noose, the hand of the Japanese pushed it over his head and it slid over the side into the water. In a few seconds the swift boat had disappeared in the night.

Tightening his lips grimly, Ormie drew the wet rope in and mechanically coiled it. There was nothing to say. He had failed. So good an opportunity to recover the papers would hardly return.

Silently he turned back to the others. Porter had swung the launch around and was heading toward the distant lights of Evanston. The girl was peering in the direction whence came the sound of the receding boat. Thus, for some time they remained silent.

At last the girl broke into a laugh. It was a rippling, silvery laugh, expressing an infectious appreciation of the humor of their situation. Ormie chuckled in spite of himself. If she could laugh like that, he need not stay in the dumps. And yet in his mind rankled the sense of failure. He had made a poor showing before her—and she was laughing. Again the corners of his mouth drew down.

"I suppose the notion is amusing," he said—"a cowboy at sea."

"Oh, I was not laughing at you," she had sobred quickly at his words. "I shouldn't blame you, if you did."

"It is the whole situation," she went on. "And it wouldn't be so funny, if it weren't so serious."

"I appreciate it," he said.

"And you know how serious it is," she went on. "But truly, Mr. Ormie, I am glad that we did not damage that boat. It might have been terrible. If he had been drowned—" her voice trailed off in a faint shudder, and Ormie remembered how tired she must be, and how deeply disappointed.

"Now, Girl," he said, bending over

her and speaking in a low voice, "try to forget it. Tomorrow I am going after the papers. I will get them."

She looked up at him. Her eyes were softly confident. "I believe you," she whispered. "You never give up, do you?"

"No," he said, "I never give up—when I am striving for something which I greatly want." There was meaning in his voice, though he had struggled to conceal it. She lowered her eyes, and said no more.

Slowly the lights of shore grew brighter. After a time Ormie could distinguish the masses of trees and buildings, gravely illuminated by the arc lamps of the streets. He spoke to Porter in an undertone.

"Can you land us some distance south of the life-saving station?" he asked.

"Sure. I'll run in by the Davis street pier."

"I'll be obliged to you," Ormie sighed. "I made a bad mess of it, didn't I?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the life-saver. "We got the lady."

Ormie started. "Yes," he said, "we got the lady—and that's more important than all the rest of it."

Porter grinned a noncommittal grin and devoted himself to the wheel.

They had saved the girl! In his disappointment over the escape of the Japanese Ormie had forgotten, but now he silently thanked God that Porter and he had come out on the water. The girl had not yet explained her presence in the boat. In her own good time she would tell him. But she had been there under compulsion; and Ormie shuddered to think what might have happened.

He stole a glance at her. She was leaning back on the seat. Her eyes were closed and her pose indicated complete relaxation, though it was evident from her breathing that she was not asleep. Ormie marveled at her ability to push the nervous excitement of the evening away and snatch the brief chance of rest.

When at last the launch ran up under the end of a little breakwater near the Davis street pier, she arose quickly and sprang out of the boat without help. Then she turned, as Ormie stepped up beside her, and spoke to Porter. "If you and Mr. Ormie had not come after me," she said, "there's no telling whether I should ever have got back. I should like to shake hands with you," she added; and bending down, she held out her firm white hand.

Then Ormie laid his hand on the life savor's shoulder. "You've done a piece of good work tonight," he said.

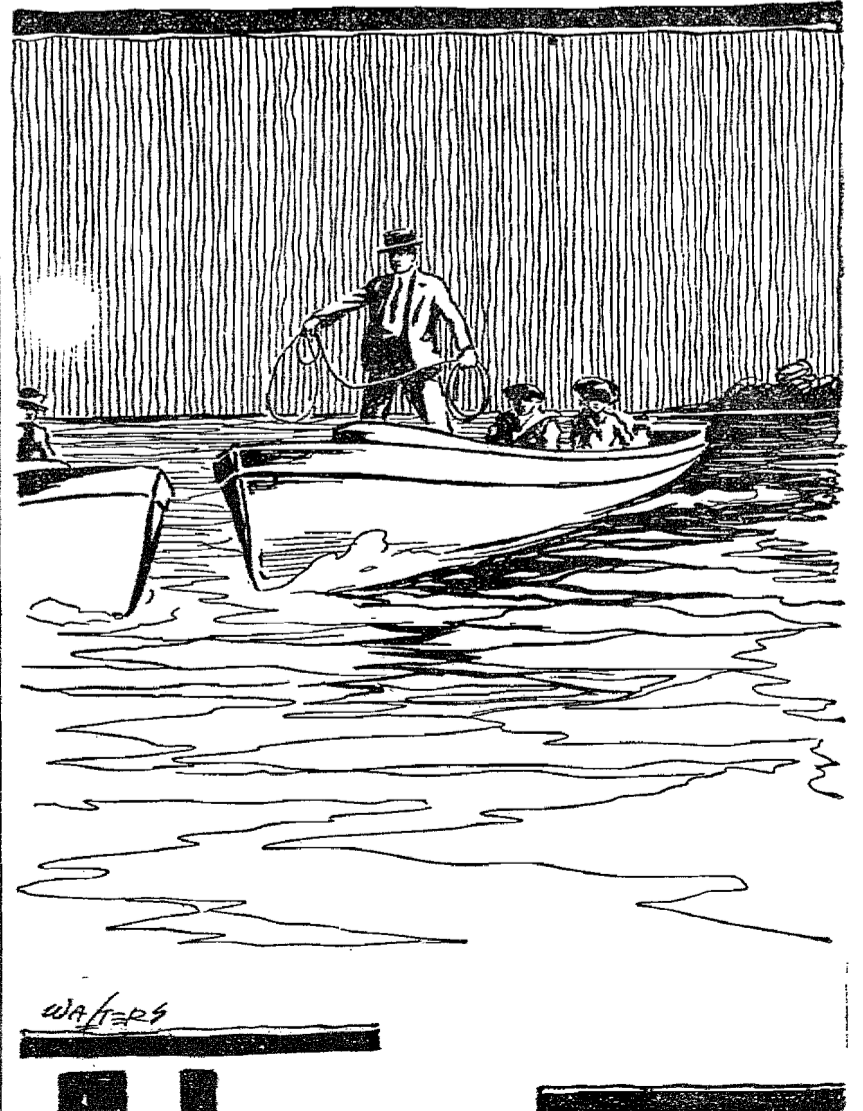
Porter laughed embarrassedly. "I only ran the boat for you," he began.

"You took me at my word," said Ormie, "and that's a good deal in such a case. Goodby. I will look you up before I go back east."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Canary's Ears.

A canary's ears are back of and a little below its eyes. They are not hard to find when one has learned where to look. There is no outer ear, such as animals have, but simply a small opening which is covered by feathers. It is quite surprising that birds possess the very acute hearing which they do, while lacking the fleshy flap which enables the animals to catch sounds.—St. Nicholas.



It Looked as Though the Collision Could Not Be Prevented.

Qualification for Office.

The little trial I have had of public employment has been so much disgust to me; I feel at times temptations toward ambition rising in my soul; but I obstinately oppose them.

"But thou, Catullus, be thou firm to the last." I am seldom called to it, and as seldom offer myself uncalled; liberty and laziness, the qualities most predominant in me, are qualities diametrically contrary to that trade.

MAN WHO HELPS HIS BROTHER

His "Boys" Call Him the "General Adviser Without Pay"—He is Partial to None.

When a man loves to live he usually can go among men who care little whether they live or not and do good. Such a man is Augustus E. Vaughan.

His specialty is helping his fallen and discouraged brother, whether he be a cigarette smoking boy or a rum-sodden and disheartened derelict of a man.

Often one may see him, tall and straight, faultlessly attired in a frock coat, with his flowing white beard and his long and carefully trimmed white locks, standing with or sitting beside some ragged and unkempt victim of circumstances who has sought the only place where the police will not tell him to move on, the Common, and then one is sure to be struck by the contrast.

Among the younger men with whom this old young man of 75 unceasingly labors he is known as "the general adviser without pay," and he is as interested in their ambitions as they can be, and so youthful is he in their presence that he is always one of them.

Mr. Vaughan is not engaged in active business this summer, but he comes to Boston every day, rain or shine, to talk with his "boys," as he calls them. Some of these have never before known a real friend.

He was born in Middleboro, nearly seventy-five years ago, and traces his lineage back to Peregrine White of Mayflower fame.

"I love to live," said he to me, "and I want to help 'the boys' to enjoy living, too."

His Means.

"You are charged with vagrancy, prisoner at the bar."

"What's dat, judge?" "Vagrancy? Why, you have no visible means of support."

"Huh! Heah's mah wife, judge; Mary, is you visible."

Asking Too Much.

"The count has promised that he will never beat or kick me if I will marry him," said the beautiful heiress.

"Oh, papa, don't be unreasonable."

To Oblige Him.

Mr. Dorkins—You're always bound to have the last word, anyway. Mrs. Dorkins—Yes; that's because you always wait to hear me say it.

Corriment and Meat Loaf.

Get two pounds of soup meat, with the soup bone, and after the soup has been made remove all the meat and chop it fine. Then take about a quart of the soup and reduce it slightly with hot water, then add sufficient cornmeal to make a rather thick mush.

Sweet Pickled Apples.

A delicious pickle is this, made from sweet apples: Cut in halves through the stem, leaving the core in and the skin on. Put three cloves on each half as in pickling peaches, then make a sirup, allowing for every six pounds of apples three pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar.

Squash Pie.

A pint of steamed, mashed and strained squash, two cups of milk, one cup of sugar, two eggs beaten light, half a teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon mixed mace and cinnamon. Beat all well together and bake with under crust only.

John Henry's Burglar

By GEORGE V. HOBART

The country place I had promised Clara J. and which I had borrowed for a day from Bunch, hadn't been so easy to give back. Clara J. liked ghosts, and I hadn't been able to stall her with the haunted-house yarn.

When finally I located Bunch and told him the bitter truth he acted like a zee-zee boy in a wheel house.

Laugh! Say, he just threw out his chest and cackled a solo that fairly bit its way through my anatomy. Every once in a while he'd give me the red-faced glare and snicker.

"Then he'd throw his ears back and let a chortle out of his throat—jump that made the neighborhood jump sideways and rubber for a cop.

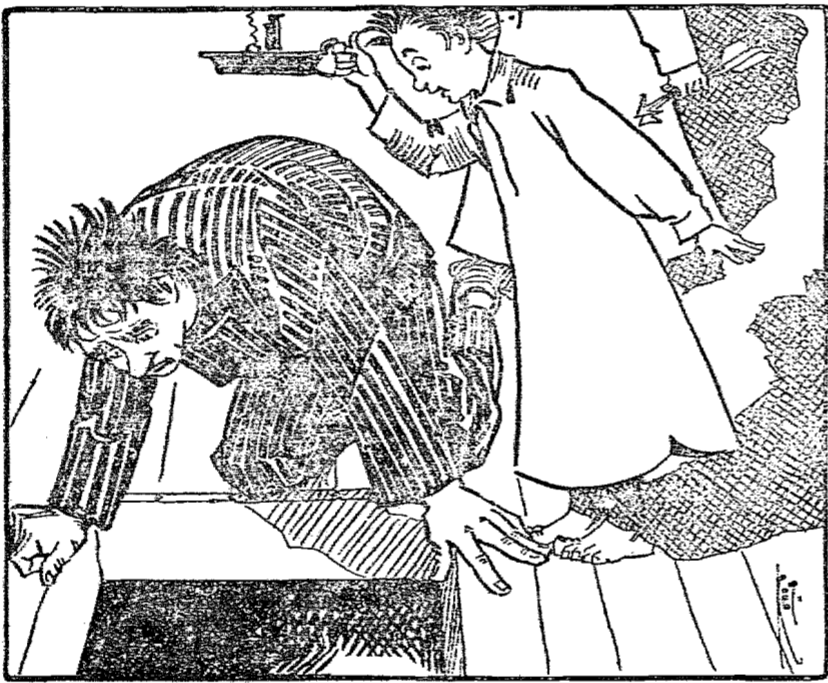
"What are you going to do?" he asked me presently when his face grew too tired to hold any more wrinkles.

"Give me the count," I sighed; "I'm down and out."

"Have you no plan at all?" inquired Bunch.

"Plan, nothing," I said; "every time I try to think of a plan my brain gets bashful and hides. There's nothing in my noddle now but a headache."

"Well," said Bunch, "I'll throw a wire at my sister and tell her not to move out to Jiggersville until day after tomorrow. In the meantime we'll have to get a crowbar and pry your family circle loose from my premises. Nothing doing in the ghost business, eh?"



Leaning Over the Yawning Cellar Trap-Door, I Yelled, "Who's Down There?"

"Nothing," I answered, mournfully; "I couldn't coax a shiver." "We-o-o-n-w!" yelled Bunch. "I have it—burglars!"

"Burglars!" I repeated, mechanically. "Sure! It's a pipe!" Bunch went on with enthusiasm. "You will play Spike Hennessy and I'll be Gumboose Charlie. We'll disguise ourselves with whiskers and break into the house about two o'clock in the morning."

We'll arouse the sleeping inmates, shoot our bullet-holders in the ceiling once or twice and hand them enough excitement to make them gallop back to town on the first train. Do you follow me, eh, what?"

I sighed and looked as helpless as a nut under the hammer.

Bunch laughed again. "Oh, very well," he said. "I see I'm the only life-saver on duty, so I'll do a single specialty and pull you out of the pickle bottle."

I grasped my rescuer's hand and shook it warmly in silence. "Leave a front window open," Bunch directed, "and somewhere around two o'clock I'll squeeze through. I'll give you an imitation of the best little amateur crackman that ever swung a jimmy. I'll take a late train out and hang around till it's time to ring the curtain up. By the way, are there any revolvers on the premises?"

"Not a gun," I answered, "not even an ice-pick. Uncle Peter won't show fight. All he'll show will be a blonde night-gown cutting across lots to beat the breeze. Aunt Martha will climb to the attic, Clara J. will be busy doing a scream solo, and Tacks will crawl under the bed and pull the bed after him. There'll be no interference, Bunch; it's easy money!"

With this complete understanding we parted and I hustled back to Jiggersville.

About six o'clock Uncle Peter waded into the sitting room, flushed and happy as a school boy. "I've just left the garden," he chuckled.

"No, you haven't," I said, glancing at his shoes; "you've brought most of it in here with you."

"John," he said, "this country life is great. Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man's stomach digest

mince pies—how's that? Notice the air out here? How pure and fresh and bracing! You ought to go out and run a mile, John!"

"I'd like to run ten miles," I answered truthfully.

"Exercise, that's the essence of life, my boy!" he continued. "I firmly believe I could run five miles today without straining a muscle. I found a sword hanging on the wall in the hall today and I've been practicing a few swings."

A vision of Uncle Peter running a rusty sword into the interior department of the disguised and disgusted Bunch rose before me, but I blew it away with a laugh.

"He laughs best who laughs in his sleeve," chuckled the old party. "Now that we're out in the country all of us should learn to handle a sword or a pistol. It gives us self-reliance. It's very different from living in the city. I tell you. A tramp in the lockup is worth two in the kitchen. I shot at a mark for an hour today."

"What with?" I gasped.

"With a bow and arrow I bought for Tacks yesterday directly I learned we were coming to the country. I hit the bull's eye five out of six times. An ounce of prevention is worth two hundred pounds of policemen, you know. Tacks practiced, too, and drove an arrow through a strange man's overalls and was chased half a mile for his skill in marksmanship; but, as I said before, the exercise will do him good."

"Where do you keep this bow and arrow?" I inquired, with a studied assumption of carelessness.

in the house. Do let me shoot him; I can aim straight, indeed I can! Why, John, what makes you tremble so?"

"I'm not trembling, you goose!" I snarled; "I can't find my shoes, that's all. Doggone if I'm going to live in a joint like this with ghosts and burglars all over the place."

Just then an alarming yell ascended from the regions below, followed by a crash and a series of the most picturesque, sulphur-lined oaths that mortal man ever gave vent to.

It was Bunch. His trademark was on every word. I could recognize his brimstone vocabulary with my eyes shut.

But what dire fate had befallen him? Surely, not even an amateur crackman would give himself and the whole snap away unless the provocation was great.

Lights began to appear all over the house. Aunt Martha in a weird makeup came out of her room screaming, "What is it? What is it?" followed by Uncle Peter and his trusty bow and arrow.

Just as I was ready to rush down to investigate, Tacks came bounding up the stairs, two steps at a time, clad only in his nightgown.

Up the stairs, mind you! The nerve of that kid!

"Give me the prize, sister!" he yelled. "I caught the ghost! I caught him!" "What do you mean?" I said, shaking him.

Tacks grinned from ear to ear. "You know they's a trap door in the hall so's to get down to the cellar and it ain't finished yet, so this evening I took the door up and laid heavy paper on it so's if the ghost walked on it he'd go through, and he did, and I get the prize, don't I, sister?"

I rushed down to the scene of the explosion, followed by my excited household.

Leaning over the yawning cellar trap door I yelled, "Who's down there?"

"Oh! you go to blazes!" came back the voice of the disgusted Bunch, whereupon Aunt Martha almost fainted, while Uncle Peter loaded his bow and arrow and prepared to sell his life dearly.

Great Scott! what a situation! The man who owned the house nursing his bruises in the muddy cellar while the bunch of interlopers above him clamored for his life.

While I puzzled my dizzy think-factory for a way out of the dilemma there came a terrific knock at the door and Tacks promptly opened it.

"Have you got him? Have you got him?" inquired the elongated and cadaverous specimen of humanity who burst into the hall and stared at us.

"I seen him early this evening a hanging around these here premises and I ups and chases him twice, but the skunk outran me," the newcomer gurgled, as he excitedly swung a policeman's billy the size of a fence rail.

"Then I seen the lights here and says I, 'they has him!' Perduce the malefactor till I trot him to the lock-up," and with this the minion of the law rolled up his sleeves and prepared for action.

"I presume you are the chief of police?" inquired Uncle Peter, with an affable smile.

"I'm all the police they is and my name is Harmony Diggs, and they's no buggular livin' can get out'n my clutches once I gets these boys on him," the visitor shouted, waving an antiquated pair of handcuffs excitedly in the air.

"I caught him!" Tacks cried in exultant tones when the village copper looked his way; "he's down there."

"Down there, eh?" snorted the country Sherlock, getting on his knees and peering into the depths, but just then Bunch handed him a handful of hard mud which located temporarily over Harmony's left eye and put his optic on the blink.

With the other eye, however, Mr. Diggs caught a glimpse of a step-ladder, which he immediately lowered through the trap, and drawing a murderous looking revolver from his pocket commanded Bunch to come up or be shot.

Bunch decided to come up. I didn't hold the watch on him, but I figure it took him about seven-sixteenths of a second to make the decision.

As the criminal slowly emerged from the cellar the spectators stood back, spellbound and breathless; Aunt Martha with a long tin dipper raised in an attitude of defense, and Uncle Peter with the bow and arrow ready for instant use.

Bunch looked at me reproachfully, but never opened his head. Say! if ever there was a dead game sport, Bunch Jefferson is the answer.

He didn't even whimper when the village Hawkswan snapped the bracelets on his wrist and said: "Come on, Mr. Buggular! This here's a fine night's work for everybody in this neighborhood because you're been a source of pestermation around here for six months. If you don't get ten years, Mr. Buggular, then I ain't no guess-maker. Come along; good-night to you, one and all; that there boy that caught this buggular ought to get rewarded nice!"

"He will be!" I said mentally, as Mr. Diggs led the suffering Bunch away to the bastille.

"I've got to see that villain landed in a cell," I said to Clara J. as the door closed on the victor and vanquished.

"Do, John!" she answered, "but don't be too hard on the poor fellow. You can't tell what temptations may have led him astray. I certainly am disappointed, for I was sure it was the ghost. Anyway, the burglar had whiskers like the ghost's, didn't he?"

I didn't stop to reply, but grabbing my coat, rushed away to formulate some plan to get Bunch out of hock. (Copyright, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Russia's Growing Population. This year's census of the Russian empire adds another five millions to the population as enumerated in 1908. The czar's subjects now number 160,000,000 and increase every year by 2,500,000 despite wars, epidemics and internal disturbances. As there is no lack of cultivated soil in Russia there seems no reason why this big annual increase should not continue.

Chambermaid Repartee. First Chambermaid—Look! You let your pillow slip. Second Chambermaid—No; the coverlet it.—Exchange.

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

Truth has a sliding scale, regardless of the frank person.

Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 3c cigars.

People avoid him because they are afraid of his tongue.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Advertisement for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, featuring a parrot logo and text describing its benefits for digestive health.

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches cost more than price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

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

Large advertisement for CASTORIA featuring a product bottle, a signature, and text describing it as a safe, effective remedy for infants and children.

Advertisement for THE Famous Rayo Lamp, showing a lamp illustration and text describing its features and benefits.

Advertisement for W. L. DOUGLAS shoes, featuring a portrait of the manufacturer and text listing shoe styles and prices.

Advertisement for EUREKA HARNESS OIL, featuring a horse illustration and text describing its benefits for harnesses.

Advertisement for Household Lubricant, featuring a product bottle illustration and text describing its uses as an all-around oil.

Advertisement for COLT DISTEMPER, featuring a horse illustration and text describing its uses for painting and wood treatment.

CHRISTMAS
Is a day of cheer and good will and is always a day of big meals.
Why not let us do your baking for you and leave you time to devote to the other details?
CADIES, CIGARS,
BAKERY SUNDRIES
Look for this label on your bread

JANSSEN'S
Hand Made Bread
GERMAN BAKERY
EAST SIDE OF MAIN STREET

What You Don't Want -- Sell

Everybody has something around the house they do not want. Or perhaps they have articles that while they really have no use for them, at the same time they dislike to throw them away.

Just let them find people who would take these articles off their hands and pay for them and they would be happy.

Yet that is just what can be accomplished by way of the want ad column in *The Tribune*.

If you have anything you wish to dispose of, write a small Want Ad and

Put It In The Tribune

FRANK PASCALE
Shoe Repairing
Tel. Flor. 445. 1502 Main St.

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GERMOZONE
This is the season of the year to exercise special care with your fowls. Fowl-trymen who supply

Lee's Egg Maker
is the best of all forms of meat food for your poultry and contains a percentage of digestible protein that insures a larger egg-yield from any flock of hens. A food that is clean, wholesome, and absolutely reliable.

Lee's Egg Maker
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Pails \$2
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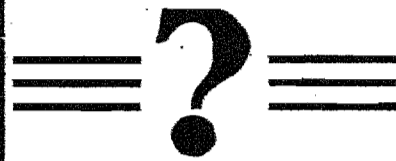
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Of course you do. Why don't you get a pound box of chocolates to eat in the evening after the evening's work is done? You can get the box and not a cent will you have to pay for it if you don't want to.

Any Boy Or Girl

can have a pound box of chocolates free by securing a subscription for the *Tribune* for one year. It don't make any difference whether it is a new subscription or the paying for one that is already being taken. All you have to do is to get someone to give you \$1.00 for the *Tribune* for one year and give that money to Mr. Fuller at the postoffice news stand and tell him who the \$1.00 is from, and he will give you a one pound box of chocolates for your trouble, and a receipt for the money. You will only have until the first of the year to get this

Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

In a Motorboat

By John Philip Orth

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Mr. George Thorpe, inventor and mechanical engineer, lived in the city, but a part of each summer was spent at his brother's house at Smithtown Bay, on the sound.

Mr. Thorpe was a young man with hobbies. All inventors have them. One of his hobbies was to build a motorboat that would run thirty miles an hour. He couldn't satisfactorily explain to anybody why such a burden of anxiety should be placed on the shoulders of a motorboat, but he built and equipped until sure he had struck it at last.

As the speed of a horse is in his legs, so the speed of any sort of boat is in the machinery which propels it. The last and newest boat not only had the latest improvements, but the starting and stopping gear was used for the first time on any body of water.

The boat was tried out on the bay. A flash of lightning could overtake her, but had to hike right along to do it. "Eureka!" was the general verdict of the residents and transients of Smithtown. The fear of a Japanese fleet reaching that placid bay rolled off their shoulders and they slept once more.

On a certain July day, after the *Stingaree* had made one of her wonderful runs, she was brought back to the dock and made fast, while her owner went about some other business. Some one might climb aboard for inspection, but the newly-invented machinery would not start for them.

On that same afternoon Miss Dorothy Benson and Miss Mollie White left the summer hotel for a wander.



The young ladies wandered down the shore. It was incidental and not premeditated. Fate always works that way. The motorboat couldn't get away, and after a while the wanderers stood looking down upon her and softly exclaiming:

"Molly, did you ever!"
"Never. Never!"
"Isn't it a darling?"
"It surely is!"

"It's that new boat they are talking so much about, and I'm going aboard to have a look. She must have been left here for people to look at."

In another minute both girls were aboard and rummaging about. Their praise was of the highest, but after they had calmed down a bit Miss Dorothy said:

"Mollie, last year at Lake Placid I ran a motorboat all by myself a dozen times, and I know I can run this. We will take a ride across the bay and back. When we get opposite the hotel we will wave our handkerchiefs and cooee! We will be the heroines of the hour."

"Gracious, but none for me!" was the reply. "Mother would go into fits at the idea of it."

"I didn't know you were a coward." "Come on ashore. The owner may come back any minute!"

"If he does I will introduce you as 'The Girl-Airaid-of-the-Water.' Go on, then. I'm going to have a ride."

And then Miss Dorothy began hunting about for the starting switch. Her finding it was a blunder, but blunders have brought about some of the happiest marriages. The *Stingaree* had been berthed with her bow to the bay, ready to run out. As her wheel began to revolve the fasts were cast off, there were three screams from the girl left behind, and that motorboat started out to fly. The helm had been left lashed to port. It was well. The young lady who had run a boat on Lake Placid was helpless on this occasion. She yelled for the police and fire departments, but there was no gallant response. The circus performance had opened.

With the helm lashed as it was, the boat began to move in a wide circle. The circle took in the hotel, a number of sail and row boats and several craft which were after oysters and clams. The bareheaded Miss Dorothy was generally mistaken for a bareheaded inventor and mechanical engineer. It was only when she began to scream that folks sat up and looked. And they hustled, too. The *Stingaree* had a route to follow, and she followed it. She shaved an oar off a row boat and upset the rower in fannels; she smashed the bow of a

clammer and left the owner muttering "by thunder."

She ran down and upset the "Bide-A-Wee" sail boat just as its occupant was making love to its other occupant, and Cupid had to turn his attention to swimming and yelling.

Lake Placid wasn't in it, but Miss Dorothy was, and she could not get out of it. She yelled; she wrung her hands; she entreated. She looked for the switch to shut off the power, but it could not be found.

"Look out! Look out! She's running away!"

Two motorboats tried to overhaul the *Stingaree*, but it was the race of the hare and the turtle. Boats out off the circle here and there, and their captains, mates and crews shouted in stentorian voices to Miss Dorothy to put her helm a-sta'rb'd—to put it to port—to put it any old way, but she only wept the more. One captain more venturesome than the rest tried to board her craft in the good old piratical way as she came along, but fell short by two feet and went to the bottom of the bay and didn't come up again until time to pay taxes.

By the time the flyer had made three grand circles of the grand bay there was a trail of wreckage over all. No one drowned for good, but lots of folks gasping for breath and praying or swearing. The excitement had spread for a mile inland. Rates at the hotel were not raised, but mine host stood on his veranda and pointed a long arm over the bay and exclaimed:

"Where, oh, where, ladies and gentlemen, can you find scenery to compare with this at my prices!"

Then Mr. Frank Thorpe arrived. He had come back from dinner to give the *Stingaree* another spin. He found her spinning, as it was. There was no need to ask questions or listen to suggestions. He promptly took command of a row boat, set out alone on the salty blue and placed his craft in a position to be run down.

The thing happened just as he planned. As the planks were shivered and scattered he leaped for the motorboat and caught it. His first act was to doff his cap to the tearful crew, and the next to shut off the power.

"You—you mean thing!" sobbed Miss Dorothy, meaning the new arrival.

"You see, you don't know how to manage the *Stin*—"

"You did it on purpose! You had no right to leave it there."

"But I didn't tell you to take her out."

"But you might have known that if two girls came across a boat they would want to take a ride."

"But where is the other?"

"She was a cow-coward and didn't dare come."

"I see. Well there's no harm done."

"Oh, there isn't, eh!" exclaimed the girl as anger steadied her trembling lip. "It's nothing to be made a circus of, is it! Five hundred people have been looking on, and—"

"And five hundred people will call you a heroine."

"Start the boat, sir! I want to go ashore. No—no true gentleman would leave a b-boat where a girl—"

Such little things can always be arranged. This was arranged. Heroines may get mad, but they get over it like other people. They also go riding in motorboats with the builder and captain at the helm. They also acknowledge acts of gallantry and after a while that Lake Placid and Smithtown bay are two different propositions.

CHINA TO HAVE PARLIAMENT

Agitation for an Earlier Assembling of the House of Commons Proved Successful.

The agitation for an earlier assembling of a parliament in China than the original date promised, in 1915, has proven successful. On the advice of the leading public men, the prince regent has caused the recently instituted senate to be informed that the date for organizing the national parliament would be advanced two years, to 1913. It has been originally believed that it would take the full time scheduled by the throne for the people to become properly prepared for full self-government, but China has made such rapid strides in the adoption of western ideas within the past few years that it has been deemed safe to proceed in creating a parliament at an earlier date than intended.

Since the war between Russia and Japan, China has been steadily modernizing her government in all branches. She has created a good standing army, organized on the European plan, and she is endeavoring also to build up a navy. Railroads have been built, and approved western methods are being introduced all over the empire. The provincial assemblies organized a year ago to look after the local affairs of each province of the empire have proven eminently successful, and the senate, convened for the first time this year, has already made itself felt.

Their Policy.

"And so you live in Skaneateles?" he asks of the fair young thing who is visiting his cousin.

"Yes, sir," she replies, pleasantly enough.

"How do you pronounce the name of that town, anyway?"

"We don't pronounce it. We permit strangers to have their own way about it."

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A DIFFERENCE.



Stranger—Is this the nursery?
Host—No; that's the bawl'room.

SAVED OLD LADY'S HAIR

"My mother used to have a very bad humor on her head which the doctors called an eczema, and for it I had two different doctors. Her head was very sore and her hair nearly all fell out in spite of what they both did. One day her niece came in and they were speaking of how her hair was falling out and the doctors did it no good. She says, 'Aunt, why don't you try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment?' Mother did and they helped her. In six months' time the itching, burning and scalding of her head was over and her hair began growing. Today she feels much in debt to Cuticura Soap and Ointment for the fine head of hair she has for an old lady of seventy-four.

"My own case was an eczema in my feet. As soon as the cold weather came my feet would itch and burn and then they would crack open and bleed. Then I thought I would flee to my mother's friends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I did for four or five winters, and now my feet are as smooth as any one's. Ellsworth Dunham, Hiram, Me., Sept. 30, 1909."

Sense of Taste.

From a series of experiments recently made at the University of Kansas it is evident that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 52,000 parts of water. Salt was detected in water when one part to 640 of the liquid was used. Sugar could be tasted in 228 parts of water and common soda in 48. In nearly all cases women could detect a smaller quantity than men.

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

We cannot teach truth to another, we can only help him to find it.—Galilea.

It's a pity that more sermons are not as deep as they are long.

Dogs at St. Bernard.

Although the tunnels which now connect Switzerland with Italy have greatly decreased the importance of the St. Bernard and other passes, especially during the eight months of snow, it is still deemed advisable to employ St. Bernard dogs. It is no longer customary, however, to send out the dogs alone with baskets of food and drink; a man always accompanies them.

These dogs are not really of the famous old St. Bernard breed. That originated in the fourteenth century through a cross between a shepherd dog from Wales and a Scandinavian dog whose parents were a Great Dane and Pyrenean mastiff. The last pure descendant of this tribe was buried under an avalanche in 1816. Fortunately there were found subsequently at Martigny and on the Simplon Pass a few dogs which by crossing with mates from Wales yielded the modern St. Bernard dog, which is physically even stronger than his mediaeval namesake and shares most of his traits.

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PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS!

The Village of Always Christmas

FROM the rush and bustle of busy American city streets, alive at this season of the year with Christmas shoppers, back to old Nuremberg, in Germany, where the Christmas spirit lasts the year around, where Santa Claus spends his working months for the joy of the world's children—surely the step is not too great for the imagination nor its goal uninteresting as a study. Come out of your crowded streets, your people-packed stores, leave off for the time being your breathless chase after that troublesome "last present," and turn into the quiet winding streets, the irregular hilly passages dovetailed by houses older than anything in the oldest parts of the United States. House rises above house full of a history as romantic as the proudest mansion of our city streets, and yet marked by a simplicity and single-heartedness seldom present in things modern. It is here that the toys are made which you buy in your home across the sea. Here in the quietness of the unmodern, the playthings are invented and perfected for your restless, buoyant children. You read "Made in Germany" with a skeptical tilt of the eyebrow, but the fact remains that by far the



PUTTING HAIR ON DOLL'S HEADS

greater number of all the toys manufactured come from Nuremberg.

The ancient feudal city, around which cluster the grim traditions of the inquisition and the thrilling epic of the times of Charles V., has for four hundred years or more been the center of the children's fairyland. It has been and is the nucleus of Christmas happiness for the youth of every place in the Occident, and its charm is the perpetual one of joyous creation which delights in planning the amusement of little people.

In the factories they will tell you that 72,000,000 marks (\$18,000,000) worth of pleasure is sent out from Nuremberg every year, and that \$5,500,000 of this export is for the benefit of Young America. Only a few years ago all of the necessary labor for this immense production was done by hand, and much of the finishing and fine last touches are performed by special artists. Even now in the factories the old spirit of an almost consecrated enthusiasm lives and is evident in the interest of the village artisans for their craft. Not merely the reason of bread and butter goes toward the making of those marvelous walking dolls, those phenomenal speaking picture books, those thousand and one games that have called for all the imaginative as well as practical genius of these honest German peasant folk. Rather has their unique industry called for and developed in them a romance, a sensitiveness of perception which is remarkable.

Follow the lurching, worn curves of the Albrecht-Durerstrasse, and you come to one of the many homes of this Nuremberg spirit. In a miniature red-roofed house, wedged in among a hundred squat brown huts, live two old men—brothers, of sixty-five and seventy—whose white heads are constantly bent over small circles of wood—shaping, paring, carving, painting.

All day they sit there, sometimes all night, toiling over the delicately ornamented dolls' dishes which perhaps you have bought, as a small insignificant thing, just this afternoon for your small daughter's tree.

You looked at them carelessly; they were not especially original or attractive, and you shoved them into your bag with a half-hesitating acceptance, thinking that maybe they would please capricious Dorothy. How could you know that back in the village of Always Christmas old hands had fashioned those trivial plates and pitchers, old eyes had strained with loving anxiety over those fine traceries of columbine, and old hearts had warmed over those completed trifles with the same thrill of the master painter over his best?

But this was true. Indeed, nearly all of the simple wooden toys are constructed by hand, in some humble volkshaus which goes to make up the aggregate creative force of Santa Claus' workshop. Take the tiny sets of soldiers, the doll's chairs and tables, the painted wooden animals whose realism is a delight to all children, actual or grown up. These are fashioned in homes, sometimes by the efforts of whole families, but most often by children themselves.

Sixteen is the age limit for child labor in the factories, but no young person is prohibited from assisting his parents at home, provided he spends the required period of time at school. So that many of those playthings which give most happiness to the children of America have been made by the children of Nuremberg. And if babies must work, what work could one find for them more appropriate or more pleasurable than

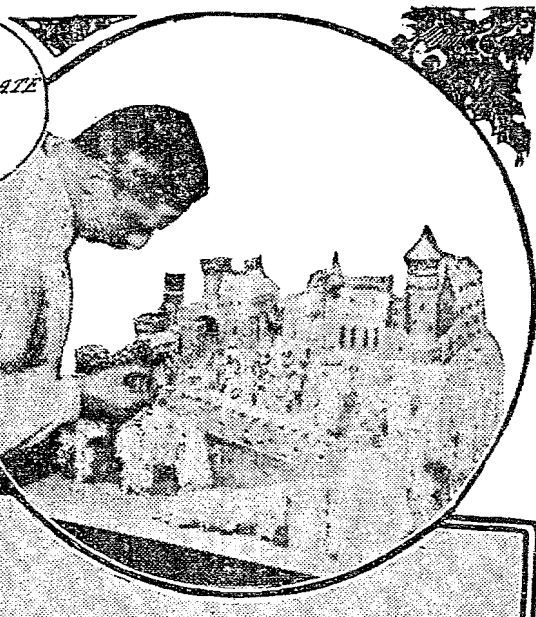
this business of toy-making. They grow up in the midst of it, all their hereditary ideas are colored by it, the history of the city speaks of it.
Inside of half a dozen blocks you have trains, up-to-date hotels, electricity, motor cars, Parisian frocks, primitive carts drawn by huge mastiffs, funny tucked-away inns near the market place full of peasant women in wide black silk aprons and snowy white caps—crumbly fountains and a castle with a secret passage. All the elements of the fascinating past and the strangely progressive present within a stone's throw of each other. The realization of all that Nuremberg has been and has undergone comes to one most vividly as one stands looking down into the Schloss level 650 feet deep, where prisoners used to come to fetch water. Underground their passage led from the dungeons to this unlit circular pool, for state prisoners were never permitted to see the light, and the hollow splash of the water which the attendant drops into the well seems to re-echo, after an interminable half-minute, the hopeless pilgrimage of those countless victims of medieval fanaticism. Such is the potency of the ended. While the vitality of the occurring emphasizes itself, not far off, in one of the dozens of toy factories, whose very machinery whirs modernity, men, women and children—that is, children over sixteen—are massed into this building, all intent on the one idea, the creation of better and newer and more wonderful toys for everyone's children, in everyone's country.

It is seldom the industrial planet can boast of a broader ambition than this of the craftsmen of Nuremberg. To bring the greatest possible amount of pleasure, legitimate and often educative pleasure, to growing, active minds is surely an aim worthy of the finest art in the world. It even seems as though the thought back of the toys should surround them with a deeper meaning as gifts this Christmastide, since the added gift—the biggest gift—lies in the patient interested invention and accomplishment of which they are the exponent.

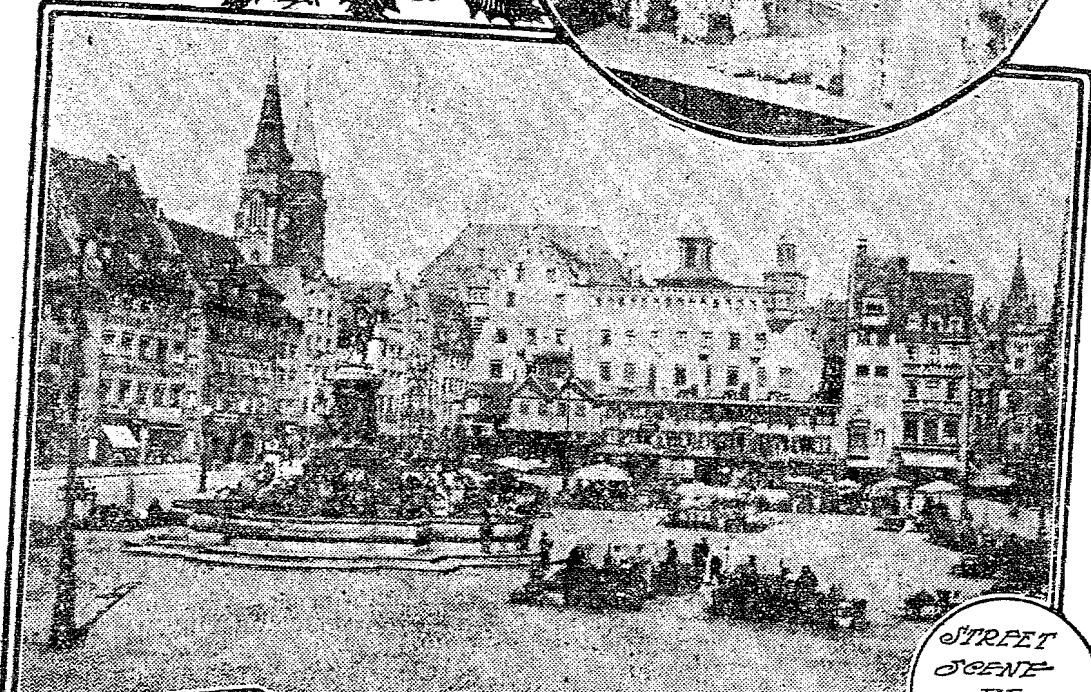
As for the inventors, strictly speaking, their reward seems infinitesimal according to our standards. The "boss" controls ideas as well as materials of output, and it is chiefly to his profit that new inventions in toyland redound. The man or woman who first thinks of or improves upon some plaything gets a very small per cent. of the income from it. To our new world standards of commerce it seems strange that the originator should receive such scant recognition and that without grumbling.

Very, very few Nuremberg toymakers have ever grown rich over their ingenuity. It is true that ideas as well as toys in Germany sell for double what they sold for eight years ago, even! On the other hand the price of living has gone up appreciably, and what would have seemed a large purchase price then is only moderate now.

The staff of artists employed by the Nuremberg factory boss is in itself a not inconsiderable expense, and many a quiet charity is undertaken by these men who at home would be absorbed in getting rich. In the shop of Fritz Muller are



AN FLABORATE TOY



STREET SCENE IN NUREMBERG



WORKING TOY'S ARE



SCENE IN TOY WORKSHOP

various small kitchen gardens, carved and painted by a poor man and his sister after their regular working hours, and bought by Mr. Muller at high rates as his pet philanthropy. In this shop, now 100 years old, are seen all of the most novel of the toy-village playthings. The store was crowded with more children over thirty than under thirteen, and absorbed for hours over the clever and quaint attractions.

The doll's house of Nuremberg leaves nothing to be desired. Not only the usual rooms of a conventional menage are found in it, but conservatories with miniature orchids, fountains and watering cans; school rooms with tiny desks, a schoolmaster, very stern, with goggles and ruler, and children in aprons and carrying slates, the latter a sixteenth of an inch big; fields of flowers for the back yard and a swing for the smallest doll.

In all German art, of which toy making is by no means an insignificant department, perfection of detail has always been the salient feature. Every phase of home life is reproduced in microscopic form in German toyland, even down to the wee pairs of hand-knitted stockings and sweaters, the hob-nailed shoes and blue blouses which make up the wardrobe of the folks boy and girl.

The tourist season is a second Christmas for Nuremberg people, and they sell as many playthings in the one period as the other. An interesting point brought to light by this fact is the early differentiation of the American and European individuality, which shows itself in choice of games and pastimes. They say in the shops that an American child is invariably fascinated over the mechanical and complicated, that he finds intense interest in mastering the technicalities even of playing, while the European child likes a simpler but brilliantly colored toy, cherishing often a curious sentiment for traditional objects such as typify old world conservatism.

They are blessed with imagination, these village people, and they are not ashamed of showing their simplicity of spirit. Their souls are bound up in the heritage of centuries. The tragedies of their city's history wind about the toys they make, breathing into the wood a characteristic vitality—the vitality that comes of centuries of striving, of centuries of patient achievement.

As you sit in a swirl of red ribbon and foamy paper, "doing up" your Christmas presents, remember that many of them have come from this quaint little Village of Always Christmas. It may add to your holiday happiness to know that no pleasure which the toys may bring can be greater than the pleasure of those who made them, and that no good will of yours can outdo the quiet sincerity of purpose with which the simple people of Nuremberg have given their part toward this season of the universal gift.

THRESHING RETURNS FROM WESTERN CANADA.

They Reveal Larger Averages of Wheat and Oats Than Anticipated.

The returns from the grain fields of Western Canada as revealed by the work of the Threshers, show much larger yields than were expected as the crop was ripening. It is a little early yet to give an estimate of the crop as a whole, but individual yields selected from various points throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta show that the farmers there as a rule have had reason to be thankful over the results. Excellent yields are reported from many portions of Manitoba and a large district of Saskatchewan has turned out well, while the central portion of Alberta is splendid. There will be shown at the land exposition at St. Louis a sample of the Marquis wheat—a new variety and one that appears to be well adapted to the soil and climate of Western Canada—that yielded 53 bushels to the acre. The exhibit and statement will be supported by affidavits from the growers. This wheat weighs well, and being a hard variety will find a ready market at the highest prices obtainable for a first-class article. It is interesting to point out that a field of one hundred acres of this wheat would give its producers 5,300 bushels. Sold at 85 cents a bushel would give him \$45 an acre. Counting all the cost of interest on land at \$20 an acre, getting the land ready for crop. Seed sowing, harvesting and marketing, the entire cost of production would not exceed \$8 an acre, leaving the handsome net profit of \$37 an acre. Is there any crop that would yield a better return than this, with the same labor and initial expense? Cotton fields will not do it, apple orchards with their great expense of cultivation and the risk to run from the various enemies of the fruit cannot begin to do it. While what is considered an exceptional case just now is presented, there is no doubt that this man's experience may be duplicated by others who care to follow his example. As has been said the growing of this wheat is but in its infancy, and wheat growing is still largely confined to other older varieties that do not yield as abundantly. Even with these we have records before us of farmers who have grown 49 bushels to the acre, others 35, some 30, and others again 25 bushels. Taking even 20 bushels, and some farmers report that amount, it is found that the returns from such a yield would be \$17 an acre. This wheat will cost to get to market, including all expenses, about \$8 an acre, and the farmers will still have a net profit of about \$9 an acre. Certainly the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are progressing, settlement is increasing and there is a general contentment all over the country. The social conditions are splendid, the climate is excellent, and there is every condition to make the settler satisfied. At the farming congress, held at Spokane in October, wheat shown by the Alberta Government, took the silver cup, awarded by the Governor of the State. It completely outclassed all other specimens on exhibition, and it was but an ordinary selection, hundreds of fields in Alberta and Saskatchewan being able to duplicate it. There are still available thousands of homesteads, as well as large areas of first-class land—that is being offered for sale at low prices. The agent of the Canadian Government from whom the above facts have been learned expects that the rush to Canada will next year largely exceed the numbers who have gone this year.

Why Do They.

Why women like the baldheaded man it is somewhat difficult to define. It may be because he appears to be: Thoughtful and kind.

Trustworthy and confiding. Whimsical. Past the follies and frivolities of youth.

Usually successful. A man of property.

Opinions why women like the bald-headed man obtained by the Daily Mirror are as follows: He is not silly like young men.

He accepts refusals of marriage so nicely that one is sorry one did not accept him. The bald patch looks so clean and nice. One would like to kiss it.

A doctor welcomes baldness when it comes to him, as it is a sign of sedateness and dignified learning, which invariably increases his practise.

Tribute to Painter's Skill.

One of the still life paintings by Jan van Huysen in the museum at The Hague was recently injured, but it is believed the perpetrator was neither vandal nor thief. The picture represents a basket of fruit on which a number of insects have gathered. On a pale yellow apple, which is the centerpiece in the cluster of fruit, is a large fly, painted so true to nature, so say the officials of the gallery, that the canvas was injured by some one who endeavored to "shoo" it and brought his cane or hand too close to the canvas. "A tribute to the painter's genius," says the letter recording the fact, "for which the work had to suffer."

Why Kick?

Louis Wisna, the Newark artist, wore a gloomy look on his usually cheerful face. "It has just struck me," he said to Charles Stasse, "that my shoes don't cost me as much as my youngsters'." "Then what are you complaining about?" asked Stasse.

CURE THAT COLDS TODAY



"I would rather preserve the health of a nation than be its ruler."—MUNYON.

Thousands of people who are suffering with colds are about today. Tomorrow they may be prostrated with pneumonia. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Get a 25 cent bottle of Munyon's Cold Cure at the nearest drug store. This bottle may be conveniently carried in the vest pocket. If you are not satisfied with the effects of the remedy, send us your empty bottle and we will refund your money. Munyon's Cold Cure will speedily break up all forms of colds and prevent grippe and pneumonia. It checks discharges of the nose and eyes, stops sneezing, allays inflammation and fever, and tones up the system.

If you need Medical Advice, write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and advise you by mail, absolutely free.

Prof. Munyon, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

TWO WORLD FAMED GRANNIES

One of These Talented Women is Sarah Bernhardt and the Other Ellen Terry.

Two famous grandmothers are distinguished visitors of this country. Referring to these talented ladies The Rochester Post Express says: "One of the grandmothers is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; the other is Ellen Terry. Both actresses have reached an age when it is permissible to retire from active life; but the French actress is said to be as energetic as a woman half her age, while Ellen Terry is declared to be as young as ever she was in the palmy days when she and Henry Irving ruled the theatrical world of England. Miss Terry has retired from the stage so far as acting is concerned, and has taken to lecturing on Shakespeare's heroines. And who could do better than she who has played so many of the womanly women of the great dramatist? Readers of her breezy biography know what she thinks of Portia, Beatrice, Viola, Rosalind and other famous women of the tragedies and comedies, but no printed page could charm as does the wonderfully expressive features and the velvet voice of the greatest living English-speaking actress."

TWO OF A KIND.



Dobbins—Is there a list of millionaires published?

Bronson—Not that I know of, but you can probably get a list of the fellows who dodge their taxes.

A Long Chance.

"I took a long chance when I asked her to marry me."

"She rejected you, eh?"

"No, that was the long chance I took. She accepted me."

The great pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine a true friend.—Temple.

Choosing One's Fiction.

Fine fiction, like fine friendship, is a personal affair. Your friend is not to be of another's choosing. He is yours to elect; yours to have and to hold, or to love and lose, as the inner laws decree. Whether he be of your social or intellectual caste is a secondary matter; he must be of your soul's kin—or you must believe that he is till you learn better—and his quality to you is as individual as your taste in fruit or wines, in sunsets or marine painting.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Century.

Caught Again.

"John," said the wife sweetly, "do you know what day this is?"

"Of course," said hubby, pretending to have remembered all the time; "it's the anniversary of our wedding day, dear."

"No such thing!" frigidly answered the wife. "It's the day you promised to nail the leg on that old kitchen table."

A Futile Scheme.

"I always have a quarrel with my husband in order to get him to buy a new suit of clothes. He never thinks he can afford it."

"I should think he would learn after a while that it is useless to try in that way to get you to quit spending so much for dress."

OLDEST QUAKER CIT' HOUSE

Residence Erected in Philadelphia in the Year 1692 is Still Standing.

Philadelphia.—Although Philadelphia is known as the "City of Homes" and contains many public buildings of historic renown, the number of residences of the seventeenth century now standing are comparatively few. One of the reasons for the disappearance of the old landmarks is the fact that many of the old residential sections of the city have been transformed into business localities and the old structures have given place to modern office buildings and business houses. It is a curious fact that the oldest house in Philadelphia, and the only residence of size in the city with gable ends facing on the street, stands at American and Ionic streets, in the



Philadelphia's Oldest House.

very heart of the business and wholesale section bounded by Chestnut and Walnut, and Second and Third streets.

While this house is generally recognized as the oldest dwelling in the city, the exact date of its construction is not known. There are two bricks in the walls which are scratched with dates. One of them is inscribed "1701," while the other indistinctly bears figures "1692." It is upon the last figures that the claim of antiquity is based and the various historical societies of the city are convinced that the belief is correct.

Although no effort has been made by the various historical societies of the city to preserve it, the old building is in good condition, and from present indications, it looks as though it could withstand the buffetings of another century. The walls bear no cracks, and the plaster which holds the bricks together hardly shows its two centuries of wear. The joists of the two floors are solid and must have been of exceptionally well seasoned timber originally. In only two rooms has the flooring been renewed, and this was done when they were combined to make more room for the present tenant.

From all that can be learned the house has been in constant use since its construction, and its various tenants have from time to time brought the interior of the house up to modern ideas, excluding the possibility of divulging any idea of the interior decorations of the colonial days. Very little is known of its former tenants, except that it was once the residence of Samuel Mickel, in 1735. He was the man who talked so discouragingly to Benjamin Franklin when he advanced the project of setting up a printing office in the city.

FAMOUS WAR ARTIST IS DEAD

Melton Prior Represented the Illustrated London News in 24 Campaigns and Revolutions.

London, Eng.—Melton Prior, who died recently, held the remarkable record of having served his paper, the Illustrated London News, as correspondent and artist in 24 campaigns and revolutions. There was no part of the world, civilized or savage, that was not familiar to him. He was acquainted with the prairies of the west, the pampas of South America, the jungles of Africa, the steppes of Russia, the rugged



Melton Prior.

sternness of Central Asian plateau, and he knew Corea and Japan as well as the country of Kent or Devonshire. He began his experiences as a war artist and correspondent in the Ashante campaign of 1873. He was in the Russo-Turkish war, the desperate struggle between Russia and Japan and the Boer fight for freedom in South Africa. He was an artist of ability and faithful in his delineation of characters and scenes.

Helps Explain Mine Accidents.

Washington.—Recent experiments have proved conclusively that coal dust which has been ground to a state so fine that it will pass a 200-mesh sieve will explode from contact with either a naked flame or with the arc of an electric current.

A LINGERER.



The Eldest Daughter—If Harry had lived in the old days he'd have made a good knight.

Her father—I don't know much about that—but it takes him a long time to say 'good night' now.

Which is the Star?
"We are thinking of putting an electric sign over the church."
"It might be a good idea."
"But there are factions. We can't decide whether to feature the minister or the soprano of the choir."

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

The girl in the silk stockings never gets her skirts muddy.

YOUR CHANCES FOR HEALTH

are a thousand times better if you will only take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is an absolutely pure medicine and a sure health maker, because it tones and strengthens the entire digestive system and thus drives out disease. For over 57 years it has successfully demonstrated its great merit in cases of Poor Appetite, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Colds, Grippe, Malaria, Fever and Ague. Try it.

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Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy, promptly relieves. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

MISTLETOE—Sprigs of mistletoe leaves and berries for Christmas decoration. Paper boxes 4c by mail prepaid. Larger size 7c by express prepaid. Stamps or silver. L. S. KENNICOTT, YSLETA, TEXAS.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. They may bring you wealth. **FREE BOOK Free.** Est. 1894. **FITZGERALD & CO., Pat. Attys., Box 2, Washington, D.C.**

DEFIANCE STARCH—easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest.

PATENT your invention. Free preliminary search. Booklet free. **MILBURN STEVENS & CO., Inc.,** 1894, 835 14th St., Washington; 26 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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ST. NICHOLAS is the one great magazine for children, and an ideal gift. Every month it brings a wealth of happiness in stories, pictures, articles, and verse. Parents and teachers prize its influence which imparts high standards and sound tastes.

St. Nicholas and Pearson's, both for \$4.00.

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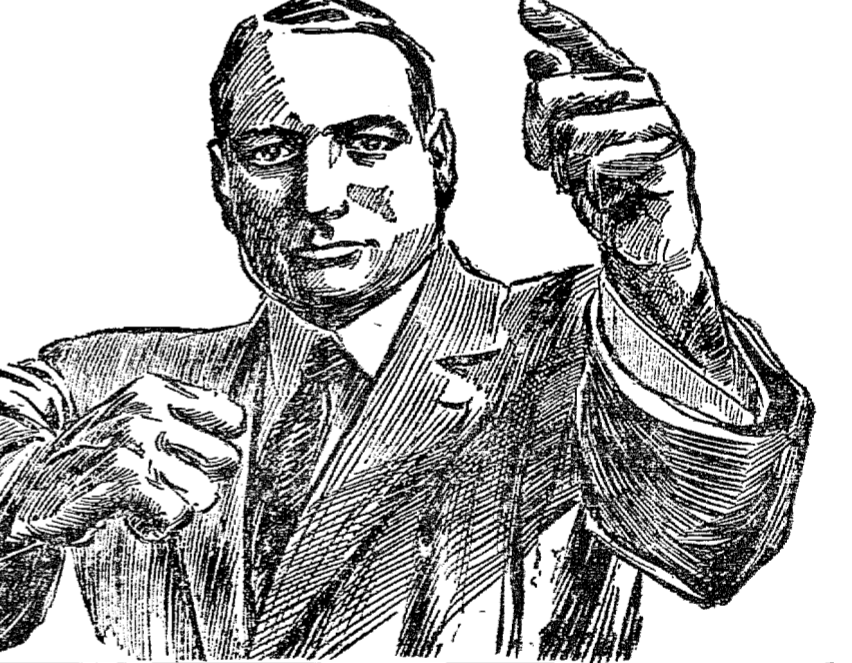
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and when I say that I will sell you Ten Acres of the Best Land in the Panhandle of Florida at \$7.50 cash an acre and accept the balance of the purchase price in sugar cane, I mean every word of it.

JOHN. E. STILLMAN



MY OFFER Growers of sugar cane in the Florida Panhandle, average \$100.00 an acre from their crop and it is the easiest, safest, surest crop that grows. I have 27,000 acres of selected, rich cane land, also suited to trucking and fruit growing, in Escambia County, Florida, north of the city of Pensacola. Ten acres will net you \$1,000.00 a year in sugar cane alone. I will sell you ten acres for \$30.00 an acre, \$7.50 an acre cash and the balance in two, three and four years. **Payable in sugar cane or cash.**

MY RECORD I have been dealing in Florida lands for the past 24 years, and in order to convince you of my absolute responsibility, I want to tell you—that I am Ex-President of the Pensacola Chamber of Commerce, have been Collector of Customs for the port of Pensacola for the past thirteen years, and that I am President of The Pensacola Inter-State Fair Association.

I am President of the Pensacola Investment Co., capitalized at . . . \$300,000
 I am Vice-President of the Pensacola Hotel Co., capitalized at . . . 150,000
 I am President of the East Pensacola City Co., capitalized at . . . 250,000
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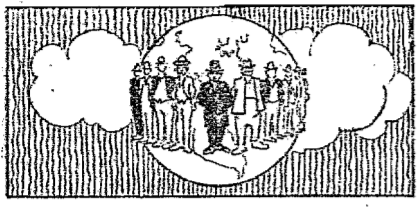
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 Please mail me booklet and full information in regard to the farms that you are selling in Escambia, County.
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NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

The Physical Bigness of Uncle Sam



WASHINGTON.—How many Americans realize the huge bulk of the population of their country, in the same sense that coal is heavy or the hay crop is immense in cubic feet? Just as a matter of physical bigness, this is a great nation, not in possessions but in people.

If all of the inhabitants of the United States, grownups and children, were to lie down in a long line, one person's head touching the feet of the one in front, there would be about 75,000 miles of such a human chain.

If every American stood up to be counted, in a long row of men, women and children, even if they stood so close together that they occupied only a foot and a half apiece, the file would be more than 25,000 miles long. It would girdle the earth at the equator.

Averaging the 93,000,000 people in the United States, young and old, adults and babies, at 100 pounds apiece, the American nation weighs 4,500,000 tons. That is enough to load 1,000 good-sized steamships with human freight, if it were piled in like coal or grain, with no regard whatever for space or air.

If the 93,000,000 Americans, babies included, drink, on the average, a pint of some liquid every day, which is an extremely modest estimate, the peo-

Expert Offers Criticism of the Army



THAT the United States army is inferior in military organization to the armies of every other large nation of the world is the sentiment of H. Lee Clotworthy, military expert, associate editor of the United States Infantry Journal, and formerly a captain in the army. He asserts that Uncle Sam's military department is inefficient as a fighting machine, and that any one of the big powers—notably Japan—could "whip the daylight out of us without half trying."

"There are 30 regiments of infantry in the army," he says, "but hardly any one of them has been mobilized together in order to give the men the proper training. They are scattered all over the country at various needless military posts. Consequently, both officers and men suffer for lack of adequate drill, and would be absolutely unprepared to fight an army of real soldiers."

"There are a great many needless

Waste of Death Is Greatly Lessened



LAST year the death rate in the United States was probably the lowest ever known. It certainly was less than the mortality of any other year since vital statistics have been collected in a sufficiently large part of the country to indicate clearly the general state of the public health.

In 1908 the death rate in states and cities which contain more than half of the population of the United States was almost exactly 15 to every thousand persons living. It was not quite one in the thousand below the average mortality rate of the preceding five years. The fraction was nine-tenths. That means nine lives in every 10,000 of the population. It is 900 in every million inhabitants, or 81,000 in 90,000,000.

The cutting down of the death rate enough to save 81,000 lives in a year

Soldier Serves His Country 56 Years



GOVERNOR'S ISLAND is to lose its oldest soldier. He is Sergt. David Robertson of the Hospital corps of the army, who has spent 56 years in the service and now, at the mature age of seventy-eight, has been recommended for retirement upon full pay and allowances. It will take a special bill, of course, to thus recognize the services of Robertson and major generals and brigadier generals have recommended to the secretary of war that he present to congress such a bill.

An interesting thing about the long and faithful service of Sergeant Robertson is that it has been almost con-

ple of the United States consume about 45,000 tons of water, beer, milk, coffee, tea, etc., daily. The quantity may be twice as great, or even more. But 45,000 tons would load 900 freight cars of the largest size. That means about 25 long trains.

The physical bigness of Uncle Sam is impressive if viewed from any direction or calculated upon any basis. If the average consumption of solid food—bread, meat, potatoes and other vegetables, cake, pie, fruits, etc.—is only a pound and a half a day that means 135,000,000 pounds, or 67,500 tons, every 24 hours.

On the strength gained by such inroads upon the food stores of the world the people of the United States can easily lift 4,500,000 tons at the same instant. If they walk only a mile apiece in a day, which is certainly too low an estimate, the total is equal to walking three times around the earth at the equator, and more than half way around the fourth time.

If the clothing worn by the people of this country averages five pounds weight, shoes and hats included, of course, it follows that when everybody is ready to go outdoors the nation is about 225,000 tons heavier than it is when ready for bed. When Uncle Sam puts on his collar he uses more than 5,000 miles of cloth bands, without taking Mrs. Sam into account at all.

Truly we are a big nation. We bulk tremendously on the scales and under the tape measure. American quantity will evidently care for itself. Quality requires more attention in all countries.

military posts. Of course, it is necessary to keep men in the Philippines and Alaska, but not in small towns. The latter type—known to military men as "hitching posts"—were established years ago and small towns have grown up around them.

"These posts also are one of the principal causes of desertion. A recruit enlists because of visions about how grand it is to be a soldier. On arriving at some post, however, he finds he must be a carpenter, a gardener, or a telephone operator. At some stations half of the men are employed in this way rather than occupying their time in learning to be soldiers.

"Instead of useless military posts, the army should be divided into large divisions, located at large central points. There are only 3,000 infantrymen along the Pacific coast, where the present situation demands that a strong force be concentrated.

"If the trouble in Mexico, on our own frontier, had necessitated our men getting into action, we could not mobilize a full division there within a month. Even Mexico could teach us a severe lesson.

"The war department, however—has recognized the inefficiency of the army, and is taking steps to make it the institution our navy is getting to be."

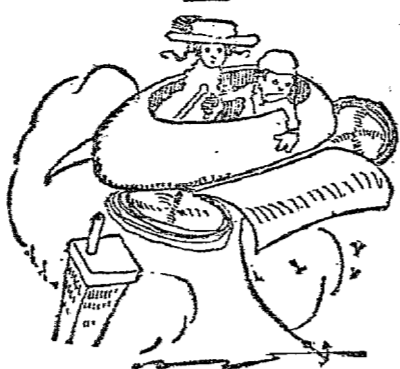
is like stopping the waste of life in a great war. It is equivalent to warding off death 6,750 times every month, 1,687 every week, 241 times a day. It averts ten deaths every hour, one every six minutes day and night, from one year's end to the next.

If the economic value of the lives saved by lowering the death rate in the United States—the results of better and more careful living—is placed at no more than an average of \$1,000 apiece, the effect of cutting down the mortality \$1,000 in a year is much the same as preventing the waste of \$81,000,000 dealing with this great economy in human life on the hardest and narrowest industrial and commercial basis.

The gradual change for the better in respect to saving life and warding off death is not confined to the United States. It is going on in other countries, also. Throughout the civilized world, there is a general change for the better in the conditions of living and in the chances for life itself. The conservation of human life is one of the great interests and one of the best signs of the times.

tinually spent on Governor's Island. He has seen generals and colonels come and go. He was a veteran when "Hancock's Superb" came to take command of the department of the east and the military division of the Atlantic. On Governor's Island he married and raised his family, and, looking northward from his island home, Robertson has seen the skies over Manhattan red with the fires of the draft riots and watched the transports which in later days sailed out laden with troops for distant possessions of the United States. He has seen the island upon which he lived grow from the small, unvalued spot which it was when he enlisted to the great military depot which it now is. On Governor's Island there still exists a little graveyard where those who died in the great cholera epidemic of 1854 are buried. Robertson was a young man then and stuck, quietly and faithfully, to his post.

IN SCIENTIFIC DAYS



Marjorie—Why are we stopping here, Harold?
Harold—Ah, the anchor's caught on a wireless.

SKIN BEAUTY PROMOTED

In the treatment of affections of the skin and scalp which torture, disfigure, itch, burn, scale and destroy the hair, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the complexion, 'fallible. Millions of women throughout the world rely on these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, and for the sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., sole Proprietors of the Cuticura Remedies, will mail free, on request, their latest 32-page Cuticura Book on the skin and hair.

The Modern Way.

A couple of young men on the Market street viaduct the other evening offered a new version of an old saw. After they had passed a couple of auburn-haired damsels one of the young men took his stand at the curb and gazed up and down the bridge.

"What are you looking for?" inquired his companion.

Pointing to the red-headed girls, the young man answered: "I'm trying to see a white automobile."—Youngstown Telegram.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

PETTIT'S EYE SALVE strengthens old eyes, tonic for eye strain, weak and watery eyes. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Severe.

"I don't think there is an honest hair in his head."
"That's right. I believe he'd even cheat at checkers!"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the statesman is dead.

Levis' Single Binder, the famous straight 5c cigar—annual sale 9,500,000.

The noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil.

The General Opinion.
"I hear you have a fine wife, old chap."
"I have; everybody thinks it's a great pity she married me."

In case of pain on the lungs Hamlin Wizard Oil acts like a mustard plaster except that it is more effective and is so much nicer and cleaner to use.

The donkey is unable to talk. Therefore man has indisputably proclaimed himself lord of creation.

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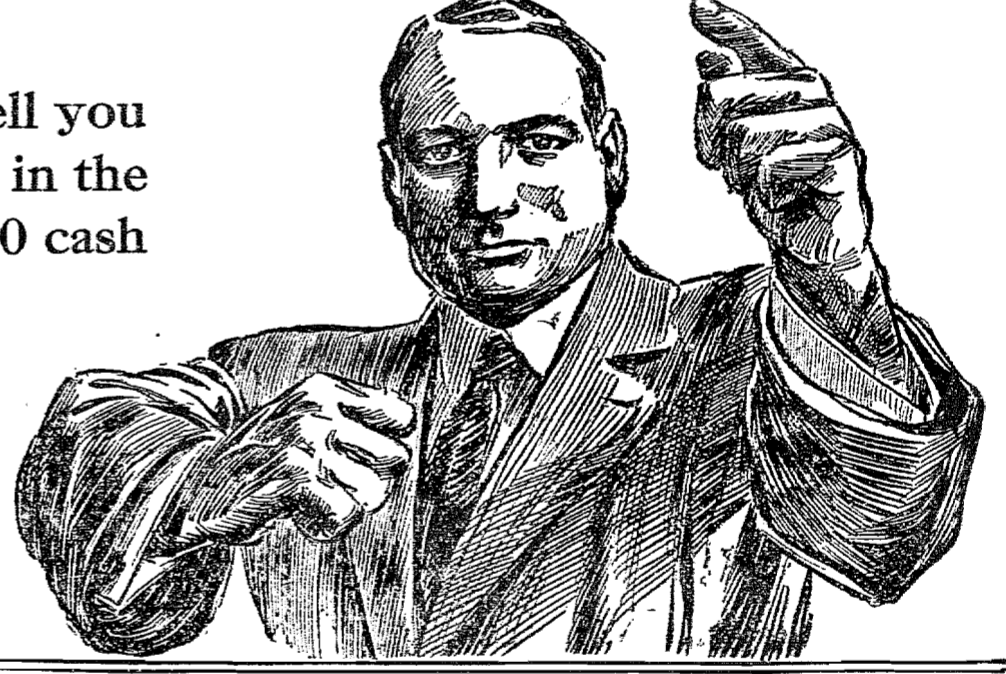
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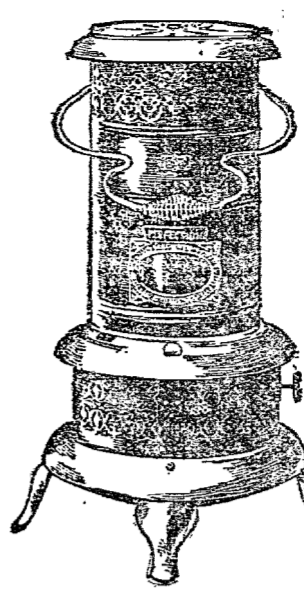
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I am President of the Maxent Land Company, capitalized at . . . 300,000
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Total Capitalization of Companies . . **\$1,030,000**

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In winter, it is hard to get fresh air in certain rooms. Some rooms in a house are usually colder than others, and if you open the windows it is hard again to heat the room properly. If you keep the windows closed you don't get fresh air; if you keep them open you cannot quickly reheat the room. The

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Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

Sturman-Hancher vs. Hymen
By STACY E. BAKER
(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

There was bad blood between the house of Hancher and the house of Sturman. This, however, did not prevent the respective scions of the families from falling in love with each other.

Mabel, the pride of the Sturman seniors, was a girl whom any youth with red blood in his veins would be proud to call sweetheart. She was as pretty as the break of a June morning. Her eyes were jet black and long-lashed. She was tall, gracefully slim, and walked with the virile spring of youth. Tom Hancher was fortunate.

Tom knew this, but the peppery soul of Father Hancher, inflamed years ago against Sturman, Sr., refused to discriminate between the old grocer and his daughter.

"But you don't know the girl," Tom protested, when the old gentleman had included the maid in his frenzied summing up of the faults of the head of Mabel's family.

"She is her father's daughter," growled Hancher. "I don't need to know more. The blood is bad."

So, once again, the confession that trembled on the lips of the youth was stilled. It would have been a most unfortunate time to explain to this irritable parent that his most hated enemy's daughter was to become his son's wife.

The hatred of Sturman for Hancher, and vice versa, extended back over a dozen years. Both were grocers in the thriving town of Tingsboro. Both had been fast friends. Unfortunately, both had lived in the same ward, and had aspired, at the same time, to the common council. Some one has said that politics makes strange bed fellows. It also undermines strong friendships. After three weeks of mudslinging electioneering, Sturman won the coveted laurels by a majority of one vote.

Sturman and Hancher were friends no longer. Hancher moved out of the ward. Their grocery shops were now at opposite ends of the city.

"Tom Hancher, only son, was now his father's partner. Mabel Sturman, only daughter, was now her father's bookkeeper. The evenings, however, belonged solely to the young people, and they met frequently at the homes of mutual acquaintances with their embittered parents being not a whit the wiser.

"Father is so set," complained the youth. "But never mind, dear, I have enough money of my own, and we will be married first, and tell about it afterward. If the governor has the nerve to object—after seeing you—you know he doesn't even know you by sight—I'll pass up his old grocery, and start one of my own."

All this brought the gratified red to the pretty cheeks of Mabel Sturman, and the light in her eyes was nice to see as she turned to the ardent Thomas.

"Alr in due time, Tom," she soothed. "There is no great hurry, you know. Why, you are only 22, boy, and I am not yet 20."

The plan of waiting did not appeal to the impetuous young lover. He would like to have to go to Sturman to ask him for his daughter's hand, but a knowledge of the temper of the lean, wiry, East-end grocer told him what would happen if he did this.

Time dragged on. Patience, that pearl among virtues, paled on the love-lorn pair, but still the girl would not consent to a secret marriage. Something might happen.

Something did happen!

Sturman bought an automobile—a big red touring car, at once the pride and envy of the neighborhood. Hancher heard of this. Not to be outshone and outdone by his ancient rival, he invested in the goods of a competing company; a yellow car. The two, although not very proficient, drove their own machines.

For awhile they kept to their own particular neck-or-the-woods, but a mischievous fate one day impishly suggested to each of them that he invade the other's territory, and awe him with his aptness in the control of his machine.

On the same day, and at the same hour, they started, but by different routes. Patiently, lean Sturman honk-honked up and down in front of Hancher's store; persistently, fat Hancher drove his yellow monstrosity past the Sturman grocery—and all to no purpose. Sturman could not catch sight of Hancher; Hancher could not dazzle the eyes of his rival. Puzzled clerks watched the manifestations.

The Sturman store stood on a corner. Hancher, turning his machine close to the curb, and with his back to the walk, failed to notice a tipsy man with a number of long iron rods over his wavering shoulder. The latter staggered around the corner, and the rods, suddenly turning toward the street, struck the unseeing Hancher on the side of his head, precipitating him to the pavement, half unconscious. Instantly a crowd gathered. As is usual with crowds, none seemed inclined to render the luckless one assistance. Suddenly a dainty damsel tripped out of an adjoining store.

"Let me in to him," she said, authoritatively, and the gaping crowd broke before her. In an instant the head of the downed man was lifted to the lap of the girl, and a bottle of strong smelling salts was applied to his nose. Hancher gasped, writhed and attempted to gain his feet.

"One moment," came in a soothing voice. Hancher realized that cool hands were applying a bandage to the slightly bleeding wound on his temple. Gratefully, and with the maid's assistance, the grocer staggered to his feet. His machine, which in falling he had automatically stopped, stood a little distance from him. He turned to thank the girl. She was gone. Dizzily he scrambled into the car, and turned homeward.

Sturman, at the other end of the town, was also having his troubles. At about his third turn in front of his rival's store, something went wrong with the machine. It balked. Covered with perspiration and grime he worked desperately.

"Possibly I can be of assistance to you." Sturman turned to confront a neat young man with pleasant blue eyes, and a half smile on his lips. "I know something about automobiles."

Without waiting for permission the stranger crowded under the car. In a surprisingly short space of time, he had ascertained the error, and the great machine was ready to respond to its owner's hand. Sturman climbed into his seat and tried it. It worked. He turned to thank the youth, but he was gone. Sturman went home.

"He never knew me," Mabel Sturman explained to the younger Hancher that evening.

"And before he could get a chance to thank me, I flew back into the store again."

"He has been talking about you all day," answered her lover.

"Some one told him yesterday that on several occasions I had been seen with you. He ranted terribly. Asked me why I didn't look around for a girl with the sense of the one who had come to his assistance? Swore she was the handsomest girl he had ever seen."

Mabel Sturman flushed. "Father has nothing but good words for the youth who repaired his machine. He said his modesty was most commendable. He says that if he finds him—of course he didn't recognize him as the son of his old enemy—he means to introduce him to me." Miss Mabel

looked demurely down. "I think," she said softly, "that father believes it is high time for me to marry."

"And so it is," cried young Hancher enthusiastically. "And if Papa Sturman can see a possibility in me he must not be disappointed."

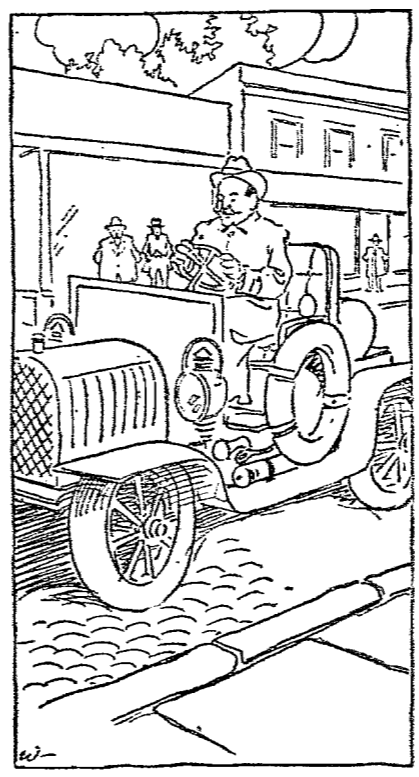
The next morning Hancher, senior, received this surprising message:

"Have married the girl who came to your assistance yesterday. We are waiting at Elder's hotel for you to congratulate us, Tom."

At the same moment Sturman was puzzled over this:

"Married the young man with the commendable modesty of which you spoke. You must come to the Elder hotel at once and congratulate us Mabel."

It is recorded that the two old enemies celebrated the nuptials of their children, shook hands and were friends again.



Drove His Red Monstrosity Past the Sturman Grocery.

looked demurely down. "I think," she said softly, "that father believes it is high time for me to marry."

The next morning Hancher, senior, received this surprising message:

Bedtime for Children.
Sunset should be the time for every child under eight years of age. When the chickens go to roost and twilight begins to deepen the country baby's head begins to droop and he is ready for his cot. The more nervous town baby, who has nothing for an example except the sun, and who, at any rate, on rainy days is used to twilight atmosphere at midday, seldom wishes to go to bed with the chickens.

If he lives in an apartment he must hear drifting down the hall the tantalizing voices of his elders at dinner, and the smell of savory things from the kitchen greets his nostrils. But hard as it must seem the city mother must have even more rigid rules about bedtime than the country mother. Her child is at a greater disadvantage in the first place in not living where he can breathe the purest air in the midst of healing country sights and sounds. The distractions of city life are so numerous and so varied that city bred children need more repose than children in smaller towns of the country. Between 6 and 6:30 o'clock they should be undressed and put to bed.

Important.
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Christmas, 1473.

A Mystery Play of the Nativity

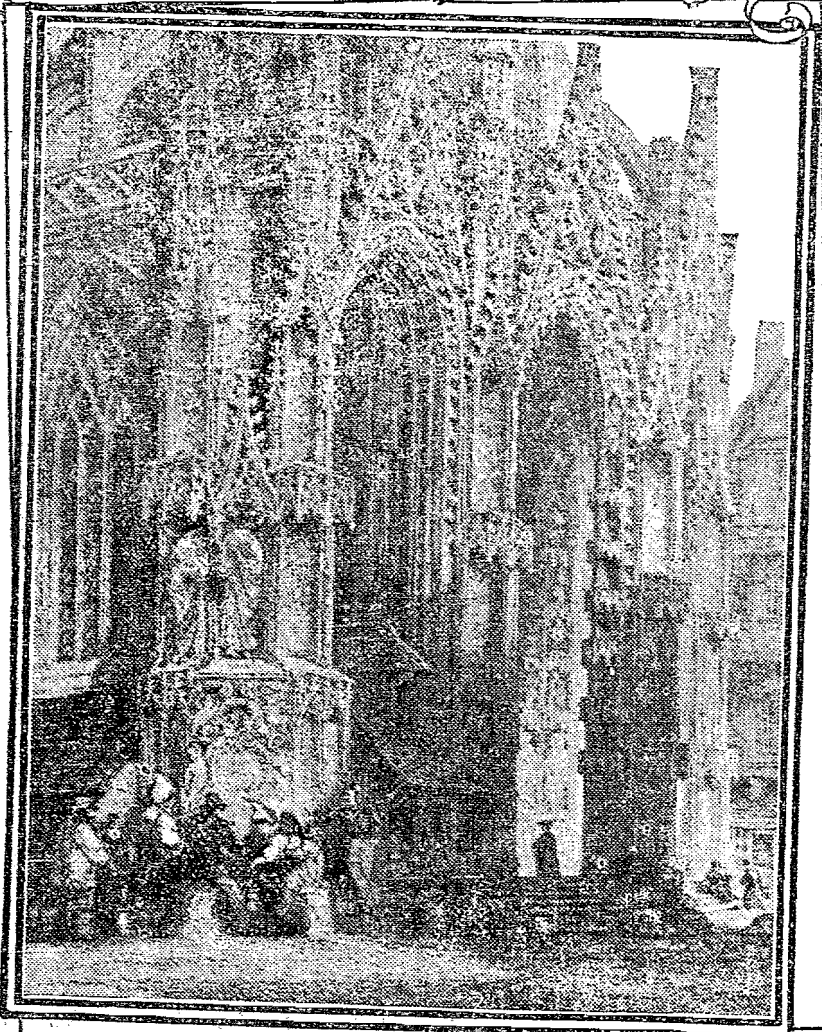
It was early morning of the sixteenth of December, in the year of our Lord 1473. There was a sprightly freshness in the air, yet a touch of ardor, too, for France, even in its northern parts, as in the neighborhood of Rouen, where this scene is laid, is favored with sunshine and pleasant warm breezes until the early months of the new year. Shops were closed, the tools of the mason and the shoemaker and the carpenter lay where they had fallen from the hand of the owner or where they had been put the night before. But every square of Rouen all the way from the massive portal of the cathedral to the cloisters of St. Maclou was thronged, and every window threatened to burst outward from the press of heads and shoulders seeking a point of vantage. In the streets the royal archers had difficulty in keeping a little way clear, and were forced often to threaten and sometimes to prod into order the crowding masses. Something of unusual nature was evidently toward.

Promptly at eight o'clock a herald stepped from the arch of the cathedral and sounded long and loudly on his trumpet. For some moments he remained standing there, as though waiting for a signal from behind. Then he began slowly to pace forward. With a grotesque caper another figure sprang into life from the darkness of the archway. On its head were horns, in its hand it carried a horrid spear, in the girdle at its waist hung smoking firebrands, and sharp implements like the tools of a tinsmith, while its entire body was covered with long hair, and hideous talons armed its long black fingers. No doubt of its identity could be left: it was Lucifer. Rapidly others of his band emerged and surrounded him, merry devils playing pranks, raging devils with forked tongues, serene devils disguised as vintagers, as artisans, as magistrates, yet all displaying in some fashion the cloven hoof or spiked tail. Close pressing on the heels of this boisterous crew came a long bearded patriarch, mounted on an ass. From time to time a celestial figure clothed in white, bearing a shining long sword, stepped from beside him and blocked the way. The chronicles of the time fail to mention whether the ass spoke or not, but the spectacle made it plain beyond peradventure to every onlooker that this was Balaam who was riding in review before them.

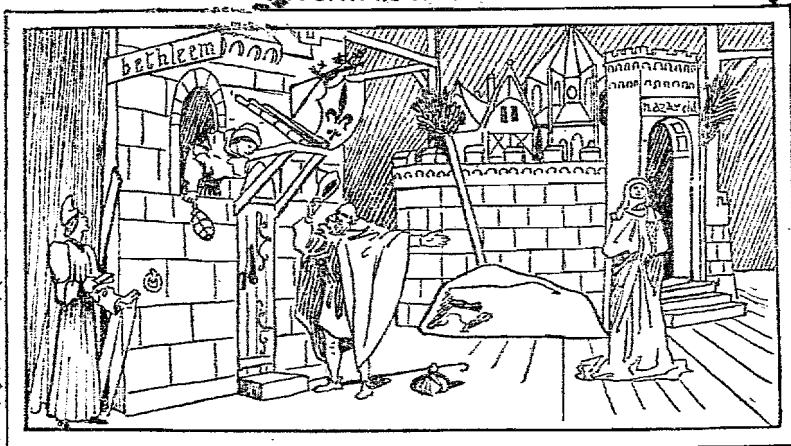
After Balaam came other of the prophets, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel and the Sibyl. These were they who had foretold the coming of the Messiah. Shepherds followed them, playing upon bagpipes and singing lustily:

"Downe from heaven, from heaven so his,
Of angels there came a great companie,
With mirthe and joy and great solemnitye.
They sange terly, terlowe:
So merrell the sheppards their pipes can
blow."

Queerest of all was the manner in which these various personages were accoutered. Balaam



PORTAL OF ROUEN CATHEDRAL



JOSEPH AND MARY ARRIVE AT BETHLEHEM

some 10,000 verses, and had rehearsed the actors in their parts, so that all was in readiness. On the morning of the twenty-fourth the play would begin, in the market place of the city, and by the grace of God it would be finished by evening of the day following. Let all attend! The crier then made proclamation for the mayor that all shops save those of the victualers should be closed on those two days. Citizens need have no fear at leaving their houses unguarded, for special troops of the archers would patrol the city, and furthermore the gates of the town would be closed against either ingress or egress. Let all attend!

Now let us turn our attention to the market place. It is a large square in the center of Rouen, into which the principal thoroughfares of the city debouch. On all of its four sides is confusion. Along one entire dimension is being erected a row of private boxes for the mayor and other dignitaries of the town, and for such of the clergy as are not impersonating parts in the mystery. The two abutting sides are given over to the victualers, whose booths will feed the hungry throngs during the entreactes of the play. And the fourth side, that facing the private boxes, is allotted for the stage. In all, this structure compasses some 10,000 square feet; but this small space for the time represents two countries, Palestine and Italy—to say nothing of two realms not to be located with so much geographical certainty—paradise and hell.

On its extreme left is Nazareth, and the house of Joseph and Mary. In fact, the house is all there is to the town, except a sign board inscribed with the name of the place. Next is Bethlehem, typified by an inn and a stable, and just beyond Bethlehem lies a "mansion," or curtained-off square. At the appropriate moment the screen here will be withdrawn, disclosing to the eyes of the onlookers the band of shepherds, watching their flocks by night, and incidentally making the welkin ring with the sound of song and shrilling of the pipes. The field of the shepherds lies between Bethlehem and Jerusalem, that is to say, between the inn and stable and the house of Herod, which stands for the holy city. The next few feet leap oceans, for at the side of Herod's house stands the temple of Apollo in Rome, the chamber of the Roman emperor and the capitol, besides the haunt of the Sibyl, that strange figure of medieval church lore, who, pagan though she was, ranked with the Hebrew prophets, and was celebrated in the greatest of church songs, the "Dies Irae," along with David:

"Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla."

Adjoining the house of the Sibyl is limbo. So close are they that during the course of the play their inmates can reach across the intervening space and exchange the courtesy of a sip of wine from the flask. Limbo is merely a square tower, with a front strongly grated. It serves to hold the materialized souls of such of the worthy departed as dwell on earth during the old dispensation. Here will reside, during the two days of the representation, the prophets, the patriarchs and a select few of the pagans. Their lot is not an unhappy one—they live only in unsatisfied hope. They may well be content with their fate when they look upon their neighbors to the right, at the end of the row of spectacles. For here is hell-mouth. Of all the grotesque and impressive spectacles of the mystery play, hell-mouth took precedence. The most skillful carpenters and mechanicians were employed in its fabrication, and the art of the most expensive painter was none too good for its adornment. When completed, hell-mouth stood 12 or 15 feet high, and as

man; broad, grinning like the head of St. George's dragon. Its jaws opened cavernously when proper levers were put in operation at the back, and from its eyes and throat issued flames and gusts of smoke, from braziers filled with pitch and blown upon with bellows. Through this smoke sallied out the devil and his aides, to drag in the souls of the lost; and the agonized screams of the damned, punctuated by the roar of cannon,

the crashing of stones in the thunder barrel and the shrieking of pipes, was calculated to instill into the most obdurate heart a wholesome fear of what the hereafter might have in store for the unrepentant.

The final spectacle of the stage the carpenters were erecting was paradise. High placed above everything else, it dominated all the scene. Its occupants, God the Father, God the Son and the blessed angels, were hoisted up into it by mechanical lifts, and when the angels wished to descend, as for instance on the night of the nativity, over the fields near Bethlehem, they did so suspended on ropes. It was hard being God or an angel, for there was little chance to get down and stretch one's legs. With these heavenly characters abode four others—Peace, Mercy, Justice and Truth, in imitation of Aristotle's four cardinal virtues.

Such were, in the main, the "mansions" and the characters for which the carpenters had to provide, and the eight days succeeding the "monstre" or grand parade were especially busy ones for these artisans.

Early on the morning of December 24 the long-awaited representation began. The vast market place was thronged. Every box was filled with the gentry; the roped-in space in front, out to within some yards of the stage front, had been covered thickly with straw, and here on the ground sat thousands, while the open stretch immediately in front of and rather below the level of the stage was filled with crowds parading back and forth. Altogether it was a glorious and eager gathering.

The learned doctor whose midnight toil had prepared the doggerel, and whose weeks of labor had rehearsed the players in their parts, appeared first in a short prologue. After exhorting his listeners to silence, he described for them briefly the substance of what was about to be presented on the stage, and admonished them to take to heart the lessons of the mystery. As he retired to a convenient angle of the wall of Herod's house, whence he might advantageously be in position for prompting the actors, a deep lamentation broke out within hell. It was Adam grieving over the sad and fallen state of man.

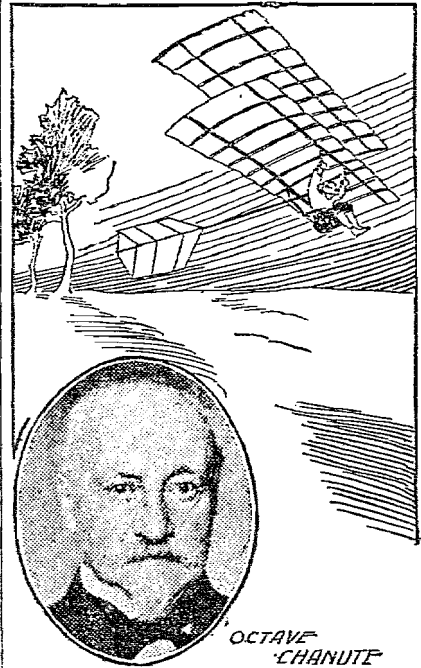
Thus the play goes on for two days, passing now to limbo, whence the prophets issue to foretell to mankind the coming salvation, to Nazareth, to Bethlehem and throughout the whole cycle of the nativity. When Christ is born in Bethlehem, hell redoubles its efforts, and Lucifer rolls about the stage in a mighty orgy of blind fury. The images of the idols in the temple at Rome fall crashing from their pedestals, and, high above all, the angels in paradise, or hovering on their ropes above the fields of Palestine, chant majestically the praises of the Creator and proclaim the "Pax in terris."

Curious is the final scene. It is placed in Rome, in the chamber of Augustus. The emperor, dressed like a French duke, is seated on a fancy chair loaned by the mayor of Rouen. Evidently he is ill at ease. He is reading a scroll of the Sibylline writings, wherein he finds a distinct prophecy to the effect that a Messiah is to be born in Palestine, in Bethlehem of Judea. More and more disturbed he becomes, and as he paces the floor of his chamber he recites his woes in doggerel French, accompanied by a wealth of gesticulations. The sun is already down beyond the gables to the west of the market place ere his monologue comes to an end. With a sudden inspiration, he falls to his knees and worships a figure of the virgin that miraculously appears on the wall. Satan and his crew give a final salvo, and the crowd rises stiffly to its feet and wends its way back to the homes and taverns of the city, much moved by the spectacle it has been a witness of for two whole days.

LIVED TO SEE HIS IDEA GO

Octave Chanute, Father of Aviation, Who Died in Chicago, Invented the Glider Years Ago.

Chicago.—In the recent death of Octave Chanute, Chicago mourns the loss of the first heavier-than-air birdman, known as the "Father of Aviation." Chanute perfected and flew in a glider, which was practically the same machine as the present biplane without an engine. Chanute is credited with being the originator of the



OCTAVE CHANUTE

heavier-than-air craft, which have now brought fame to scores of birdmen. Chanute was a native of France.

In 1882, as vice-president of the American Association of Engineers in convention in St. Louis, he suggested that the development of the gasoline engine, which had then just been discovered, would make it possible for man to fly. Fellow engineers told him it was undignified and unprofessional for an officer of an engineers' association to make such a prediction. But he lived to see his prophecy fulfilled while he sat in his garden outside of Paris and the Frenchmen flew over his head to do him honor.

Chanute was born in Paris, February 18, 1832, and came to America with his parents in 1838. He was a civil engineer on many railways, and had been an officer or honorary member of the British Institute of Civil Engineers, Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, American Society of Civil Engineers and Western Society of Civil Engineers.

He was the author of many engineering papers. He made public his ideas on the conquest of the air in a volume published in 1894, entitled "Progress in Flying Machines."

Chanute offered the Wrights financial assistance when they were making their experiments, but they declined it. It was at his suggestion in 1903 that they had their flying machines patented. The Wrights have made public acknowledgment of their indebtedness to Chanute for ideas, plans and valuable suggestions. The flying machines of today are merely variations of the Chanute machine with power applied, but he was the first to suggest the application of power to the flying machine, although he did not do it himself.

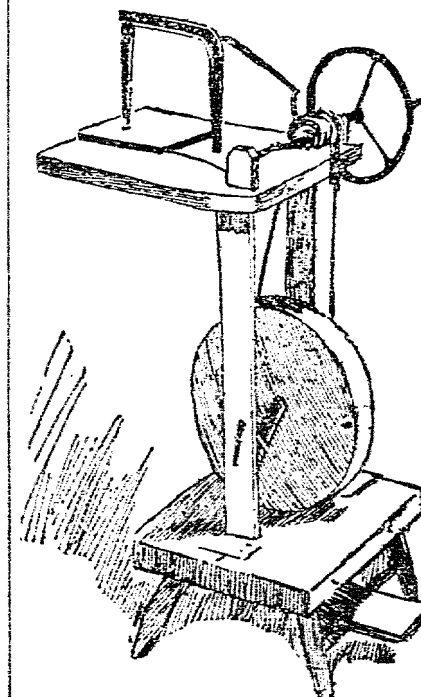
He made 2,000 flights in his gliders before the Wrights or any of the other heroes of the air began their power-machine experiments and escaped without a serious injury.

He suggested that the next development might be the utilization of air currents in flying, as do the birds. He thought flying machines would eventually fly 100 miles an hour.

THE FIRST SEWING MACHINE

One Pictured Here Was Constructed During First Half of the Last Century.

London.—The oldest original sewing machine we have is shown below. It is, as will be noticed, very roughly constructed, and was made during the first half of the last century by Charles Kyte, a native of Snowhill, near Evesham. It is built on a four-legged wood-



The First Sewing Machine.

en stool, which supports the table on which the machine is carried. This curious and clumsy-looking forerunner of the delicate machine of the present day is now the property of the South Kensington museum.

THE CENSUS OF CANADA

ITS GROWTH IN TEN YEARS PAST.

A census of the Dominion of Canada will be made during 1911. It will show that during the past decade a remarkable development has taken place, and, when compared with the population, a greater percentage of increase in industries of all kinds than has ever been shown by any country. Commerce, mining, agriculture and railways have made a steady march onward. The population will be considerably over 8,000,000. Thousands of miles of railway lines have been constructed since the last census was taken ten years ago. This construction was made necessary by the opening up of the new agricultural districts in Western Canada, in which there have been pouring year after year an increasing number of settlers, until the present year will witness settlement of over 300,000, or a trifle less than one-third of the immigration to the United States during the same period with its 92,000,000 of population. Even with these hundreds of thousands of newcomers, the great majority of whom go upon the land, there is still available room for hundreds of thousands additional. The census figures will therefore show a great—a vast—increase in the number of farms under occupation, as well as in the output of the farms. When the figures of the splendid immigration are added to the natural increase, the total will surprise even the most optimistic. To the excellent growth that the western portion of Canada will show may largely be attributed the commercial and industrial growth of the eastern portion of Canada. All Canada is being upbuilt, and in this transformation there is taking part the people from many countries, but only from those countries that produce the strong and vigorous. As some evidence of the growth of the western portion of Canada, in agricultural industry, it is instructive to point out that over 100,000 homesteads of 160 acres each have been transferred to actual settlers in the past two years. This means 25,000 square miles of territory, and then, when is added the 40,000 160-acre preemption blocks, there is an additional 10,000 square miles, or a total of 35,000 square miles—a territory as large as the State of Indiana, and settled within two years. Reduced to the producing capacity imperative on the cultivation restriction of 50 acres of cultivation on each 160-acre homestead within three years, there will be within a year and a half from now upwards of 5,000,000 additional acres from this one source added to the entire producing area of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In 1901, at the time of the last census of Canada, successful agriculture in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was an experiment to many. There were skeptics who could not believe that it was possible to grow thirty, forty and even fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, or that as high as one hundred and thirty bushels of oats to the acre could be grown. The skeptics are not to be found today. The evidence of the hundreds of thousands of farmers is too overwhelming. Not only have the lands of western Canada proven their worth in the matter of raising all the smaller field grains, but for mixed farming, and for cattle raising there is no better country anywhere. The climate is perfectly adapted to all these pursuits as well as admirable for health. The Dominion government literature, descriptive of the country, is what all that are interested should read. Send for a copy to the nearest Canadian government representative.

Ill-Mannered Chicken.

Little Robert, 3 years of age, went with his grandmother to the chicken park to see her feed the chickens. When the little ones jumped upon the water dish and dipped their bills into the water, he cried: "Oh, grandmother, they are putting their feet on the table."

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And when he had finished his peroration in Latin he announced in the vernacular the purport of the celebration. It was to be a great mystery play in honor of the nativity of the Savior, "Incarnacion et nativite de nostre sauveur et redempteur Jesuchrist." The sheriffs of the town, the clergy of the cathedral and St. Maclou, many of the rich burghers and the bishop himself had given of their time and money without stint, in order that the dear townspeople might refresh their souls with a spectacle of holy events. And he, the doctor, had composed a mystery play of

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Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

Sturman-Hancher vs. Hymen

By STACY E. BAKER
(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

There was had blood between the house of Hancher and the house of Sturman. This, however, did not prevent the respective scions of the families from falling in love with each other.

Mabel, the pride of the Sturman seniors, was a girl whom any youth with red blood in his veins would be proud to call sweetheart. She was as pretty as the break of a June morning. Her eyes were jet black and long-lashed. She was tall, gracefully slim, and walked with the virile spring of youth. Tom Hancher was fortunate.

Tom knew this, but the peppery soul of Father Hancher, inflamed years ago against Sturman, Sr., refused to discriminate between the old grocer and his daughter.

"But you don't know the girl," Tom protested, when the old gentleman had included the maid in his frenzied summing up of the faults of the head of Mabel's family.

"She is her father's daughter," growled Hancher. "I don't need to know more. The blood is bad."

So, once again, the confession that trembled on the lips of the youth was stilled. It would have been a most unfortunate time to explain to this irritable parent that his most hated enemy's daughter was to become his son's wife.

The hatred of Sturman for Hancher, and vice versa, extended back over a dozen years. Both were grocers in the thriving town of Yingsboro. Both had been fast friends. Unfortunately, both had lived in the same ward, and had aspired, at the same time, to the common council. Some one has said that politics makes strange bed fellows. It also undermines strong friendships. After three weeks of mudslinging electioneering, Sturman won the coveted laurels by a majority of one vote.

Sturman and Hancher were friends no longer. Hancher moved out of the ward. Their grocery shops were now at opposite ends of the city.

"Tom Hancher, only son, was now his father's partner. Mabel Sturman, only daughter, was now her father's bookkeeper. The evenings, however, belonged solely to the young people, and they met frequently at the homes or mutual acquaintances with their embittered parents being not a whit the wiser.

"Father is so set," complained the youth. "But never mind, dear, I have enough money of my own, and we will be married first, and tell about it afterward. If the governor has the nerve to object—after seeing you—you know he doesn't even know you by sight—I'll pass up his old grocery, and start one of my own."

All this brought the gratified red to the pretty cheeks of Mabel Sturman, and the light in her eyes was nice to see as she turned to the ardent Thomas.

"All in due time, Tom," she soothed. "There is no great hurry, you know. Why, you are only 22, boy, and I am not yet 20."

The plan of waiting did not appeal to the impetuous young lover. He would like to have to go to Sturman to ask him for his daughter's hand, but a knowledge of the temper of the lean, wiry, East-end grocer told him what would happen if he did this.

Time dragged on. Patience, that pearl among virtues, paled on the love-lorn pair, but still the girl would not consent to a secret marriage. Something might happen.

Something did happen! Sturman bought an automobile—a big red touring car, at once the pride and envy of the neighborhood. Hancher heard of this. Not to be outshone and outdone by his ancient rival, he invested in the goods of a competing company: a yellow car. The two, although not very proficient, drove their own machines.

For awhile they kept to their own particular neck-of-the-woods, but a mischievous fate one day impishly suggested to each of them that he invade the other's territory, and avenge him with his aptness in the control of his machine.

On the same day, and at the same hour, they started, but by different routes. Patiently, lean Sturman honk-honked up and down in front of Hancher's store; persistently, fat Hancher drove his yellow monstrosity past the Sturman grocery—and all to no purpose. Sturman could not catch sight of Hancher; Hancher could not dazzle the eyes of his rival. Puzzled clerks watched the manifestations.

The Sturman store stood on a corner. Hancher, turning his machine close to the curb, and with his back to the walk, failed to notice a tipsy man with a number of long iron rods over his wavering shoulder. The latter staggered around the corner, and the rods, suddenly turning toward the street, struck the unseeing Hancher on the side of his head, precipitating him to the pavement, half unconscious. Instantly a crowd gathered. As is usual with crowds, none seemed inclined to render the luckless one assistance. Suddenly a dainty damsel tripped out of an adjoining store.

"Let me in to him," she said, authoritatively, and the gaping crowd broke before her. In an instant the head of the downed man was lifted to the lap of the girl, and a bottle of strong smelling salts was applied to his nose. Hancher gasped, writhed and attempted to gain his feet.

"One moment," came in a soothing voice. Hancher realized that cool hands were applying a bandage to the slightly bleeding wound on his temple. Gratefully, and with the maid's assistance, the grocer staggered to his feet. His machine, which in falling he had automatically stopped, stood a little distance from him. He turned to thank the girl. She was gone. Dizzily he scrambled into the car, and turned homeward.

Sturman, at the other end of the town, was also having his troubles. At about his third turn in front of his rival's store, something went wrong with the machine. It balked. Covered with perspiration and grime he worked desperately.

"Possibly I can be of assistance to you," Sturman turned to confront a neat young man with pleasant blue eyes, and a half smile on his lips. "I know something about automobiles."

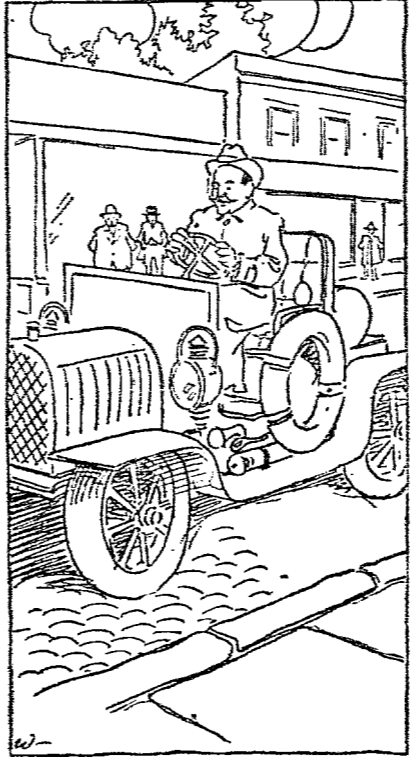
Without waiting for permission the stranger crowded under the car. In a surprisingly short space of time, he had ascertained the error, and the great machine was ready to respond to its owner's hand. Sturman climbed into his seat and tried it. It worked. He turned to thank the youth, but he was gone. Sturman went home.

"He never knew me," Mabel Sturman explained to the younger Hancher that evening.

"And before he could get a chance to thank me, I flew back into the store again."

"He has been talking about you all day," answered her lover. "Some one told him yesterday that on several occasions I had been seen with you. He ranted terribly. Asked me why I didn't look around for a girl with the sense of the one who had come to his assistance? Swore she was the handsomest girl he had ever seen."

Mabel Sturman flushed. "Father has nothing but good words for the youth who repaired his machine. He said his modesty was most commendable. He says that if he finds him—of course he didn't recognize him as the son of his old enemy—he means to introduce him to me." Miss Mabel



Drove His Red Monstrosity Past the Sturman Grocery.

looked demurely down. "I think," she said softly, "that father believes it is high time for me to marry."

"And so it is," cried young Hancher enthusiastically. "And if Papa Sturman can see a possibility in me he must not be disappointed."

The next morning Hancher, senior, received this surprising message: "Have married the girl who came to your assistance yesterday. We are waiting at Elder's hotel for you to congratulate us, Tom."

At the same moment Sturman was puzzled over this: "Married the young man with the commendable modesty of which you spoke. You must come to the Elder hotel at once and congratulate us Mabel."

It is recorded that the two old enemies celebrated the nuptials of their children, shook hands and were friends again.

Bedtime for Children.
Sunset should be the time for every child under eight years of age. When the chickens go to roost and twilight begins to deepen the country baby's head begins to droop and he is ready for his cot. The more nervous town baby, who has nothing for an example except the sun, and who, at any rate, on rainy days is used to twilight atmosphere at midday, seldom wishes to go to bed with the chickens. If he lives in an apartment he must hear drifting down the hall the tantalizing voices of his elders at dinner, and the smell of savory things from the kitchen greets his nostrils. But hard as it must seem the city mother must have even more rigid rules about bedtime than the country mother. Her child is at a greater disadvantage in the first place in not living where he can breathe the purest air in the midst of healing country sights and sounds. The distractions of city life are so numerous and so varied that city bred children need more repose than children in smaller towns of the country. Between 6 and 6:30 o'clock they should be undressed and put to bed.

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Young Women
coming to Omaha as strangers are invited to visit the Young Women's Christian Association building at St. Mary's Av. and Seventeenth St., where they will be directed to suitable boarding places or otherwise assisted. Look for our Traveler's Aid at the Union Station.

John Henry's Country Cop

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Bunch Jefferson's country house I had borrowed for a day to present to Clara J. and then take back, was hard to pry loose from wife's loving care. Poor Bunch in desperation had played burglar to scare her out, but Tacks, my scamp brother-in-law, had caught him in a cellar trap, and he was in the hands of the village police force, even now en route for the canery, with me trailing along.

Ahead of me, plodding along the pike under the moonlight, were Bunch and his cadaverous captor, the former bowed in sorrow or anger, probably both, and the latter with head erect, haughty as a Roman conqueror.

Bunch's make-up was a troubled dream. Over a pair of hand-me-down trousers, eight sizes too large for him, he wore a three-dollar ulster. On his head was an automobile cap, and his face was covered with a bunch of eelgrass three feet deep. He was surely all the money.

As I drew near I could hear Mr. Diggs expatiating on crime in general and housebreaking in particular, and I fancied I could also hear Bunch boiling and seething within.

"Mr. Bugglar," Harmony Diggs, the police force, was saying, "I don't know just what your home trainin' was as a child, but they's a screw loose somewhere or they'd a' never been brought to this here harrowful perdition, nohow. I s'pose you jest started in nat'rally to be a heenyus maleyfactor early in life, huh? You needn't to answer if you're afeared it'll incriminate you, but I s'pose you took to it when a boy, pickin' pockets or suthin' like that, huh?"

"Oh, cut it out, you old goat, and don't bother me!" snapped Bunch, just as I joined them.

"A dangerous maleyfactor," said Diggs to me, as he tightened his grip

spair when a voice in the doorway caused us both to turn.

There stood Bunch Jefferson, the real fellow, looking as fresh as a daisy!

"What's the trouble, John?" he asked, smiling benignly on Diggs.

While I was talking to the representative of the law, Mr. Slick saw his opportunity and grabbed it by the hind leg. He had quietly reached the door, and once outside the sledding was excellent.

Bunch had his business suit on under the burglar make-up. It didn't take him two minutes to work the shine darbies over his hands. He then peeled off the ulster and the tuppenny trousers, and throwing these and the Svengalis over the fence, he was home again from the Bad Lands.

The transformation scene was made complete by the fact that Bunch was now wearing my hat.

In answer to Bunch's question, the redoubtable Diggs smiled indulgently and said with pride-choked tones, "A maleyfactor, sir, caught in the meshes of the law and hauled before this here trybune of justice by these hands!"

The eagle eye of Diggs was now triumphantly sighted along the arm and over the bony hand to where the criminal was supposed to be, but when the gaze finally rested on an empty bench the expression of pained surprise on the old man hunter's map was calculated to make a hen cackle.

Diggs rushed over to the bench, turned it upside down, looked behind the chairs, and then, emitting a roar that rattled the rafters, he hustled back to see if by any chance the prisoner had locked himself up in a cell.

Bunch gave the old geezer the minnehaha and yelled, "Say! you with the me-ra-ya's on the chin! Did some-

and the ghost story, but he wouldn't stand for it.

"You should have been waiting for me on the stairs," he argued, unreasonably, rubbing one of the bruises in his choice collection. "Didn't you catch me early in the evening being chased from pillar to post by everything in the neighborhood that has legs long enough to run? When I tried to hide in the corner of a farm, over there, a bull dog came up on rubber shoes and bit his initials on some of my personal property before I could crawl through the fence. Every time I showed up on the pike that human accident that breathes like a man and talks like a rabbit chased me eight miles there and back. The first time I tried to approach the infernal house I fell over a grindstone and signed checks in the gravel with my nose. Hereafter, when you want a burglar, pick somebody your own



"I S'pose You Jest Started in Nat'rally to Be a Heenyus Maleyfactor Early in Life, Huh?"

size. I'm going to hunt a hospital and get sewed together again."

I put on all steam and tried to square myself, but Bunch only shook his head and said I was outlawed.

"You can't run on my race track," he exclaimed, as he started for the depot; "that last race was crooked and you stood in with the dope mixer."

I watched him down the hill until he disappeared in the station, then, sad at heart, I trudged back to the old homestead that had caused all my trouble.

It was now broad daylight, but nowhere within my line of vision could I get a peep of the doughty Diggs.

No doubt he was still cutting across lots trying to head off the "maleyfactor."

FOREIGNERS FAVOR "HOT AIR"

Use of Superheated Atmosphere for Cooking is Attracting Considerable Attention.

"Hot air" is to be turned to a good end, according to the foreign cooks, and at the same time a great waste in fuel in the preparation of meals is to be eliminated. The use of superheated air for cooking purposes is attracting considerable attention from the domestic economist. The process is said to be quite simple—as simple as the "fireless cooker," in fact. The steam from an ordinary kitchen boiler is conveyed by pipes to the "superheater," where, by means of a series of coils above a coke fire, its temperature is raised to 1,000 degrees. The pressure is not increased, which eliminates danger of bursting the pipes. Hollow rods surround and lie underneath the grill, and through these rods the superheated air is permitted to rush, quickly making the grill as hot as desired.

The enthusiast predicts an early departure of the blazing coal, coke, or gas fire in the kitchen. When any special dish is to be cooked it is to be placed on a certain part of the grill, fed by a certain pipe from the superheated air reservoir. A valve is turned to let just the proper amount of heat under the grill, and the work is done without fumes, without the waste of any heat, and without the loss of any good nature. The air, after being used to broil your beefsteak, can be turned into the heating radiators and used to keep the dining room warm.

Furnishes Milk for Babies.

The Morningside Presbyterian church of New York City has conducted a milk route for the benefit of the babies of the poor for two years. A bequest of \$30,000 enabled this charity to be founded. It is reported that some of the parishioners—happily a minority—are now objecting to the milk route on the ground that it is not a business of sufficient dignity for a church to be engaged in. Some years ago the parishioners of a Massachusetts church objected to their pastor selling milk on the ground that it was not a dignified avocation for a clergyman.

Cents Made by the Million.

The Philadelphia mint coined 146,000,000 cents last year, and is expected to exceed the 160,000,000 mark this year.

British Vital Statistics.

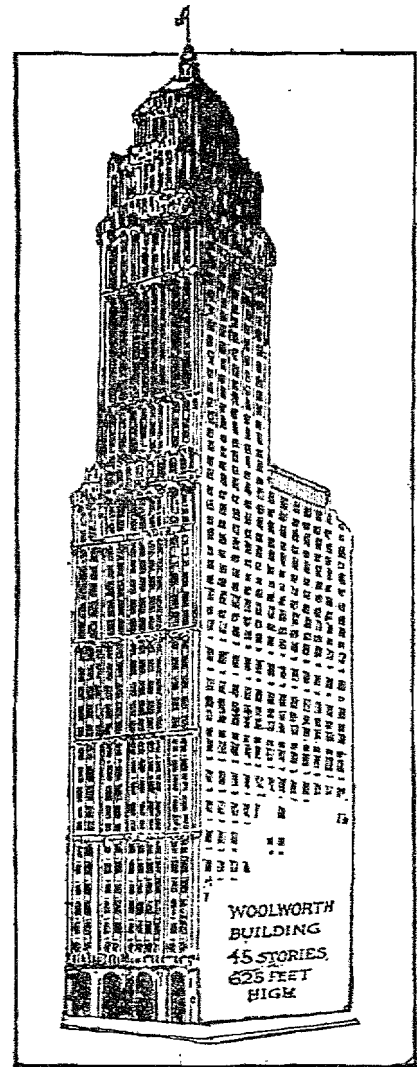
The birth rate in 76 great towns in England, in 1909, was 25.7 a 1,000. The death rate averaged 14.7.

RISES LIKE A SPIRE

New York Building Which Is Forty-Five Stories High.

New Woolworth Structure on Broadway Stands 625 Feet Above the Street, and There Are Three Stories Below Ground.

New York.—The accompanying picture is of the new Woolworth building to be erected on Broadway in New York. It will occupy the southwest corner of Broadway and Park Place, the site of Mayor Philip Hone's famous Broadway residence "opposite the park." It is estimated that this newest addition to New York great skyscrapers will cost \$5,000,000. From the sidewalk to the top of the tower there will be 45 stories, the total height being 625 feet, exceeding the height of the Singer tower, just five blocks below, by 13 feet. Only one building in New York will be higher, the Metropolitan, whose tower rises 700 feet and 3 inches above the street level. The only other loftier structure in the world is the Eiffel tower, 985 feet, making the Woolworth building the third highest edifice in the world and the second highest in America. The frontage of the building on Broadway will be 105 feet and on Park Place 197 feet. The main building will rise to a height of 26 stories. The tower beginning at this point will contain 19 stories. The tower at the pinnacle will be 86 feet square, larger in dimensions by about 20 feet than the Singer tower. Below the street there will be three stories. Counting these, the building will actually have



The Woolworth Building.

48 stories. The cost of the site was \$2,000,000, so the total investment will be \$7,000,000.

It is expected that the Woolworth building will be completed by January 1, 1912.

AWFUL RECORD OF MURDER

Estimated That We Now Have an Average of 200 a Week in This Country.

Chicago.—A well-known statistician makes the statement that we now have an average of 200 murders a week, or 10,000 every year, in this country.

In Chicago there are 118 murders a year; in Paris, 15; in London, four times as large as Chicago, 20; while in three years the number of lives taken in this way in this country equals the total number lost by the British army in the Boer war. The number of murders in the United States has increased four and a half times in the last 20 years. The murder spots of the world seem to be Italy and Mexico. The number per year in Italy is 96 to the 100,000.

Much of this killing comes from our polyglot population, gathered from all the countries of the world, jostling and crowding each other; the loose habits which people take on, and the natural passions that, in a moment of excitement, give rise to the taking of life.

To kill and maim seems to be an American ambition. The railroads of the country are killing 10,000 people a year on the average. The steel mills in many places have been great slaughter houses. The autos, too, are piling up their lists of victims, the sports are adding theirs, and other factors are entering in to swell the total.

Malice and passion are the causes of crime and these ought to be curbed. Only two per cent of the homicides in the country are brought to punishment, and the reasons are aversion to capital punishment and the miscarriage of justice. Capital punishment is necessary, however, as a deterrent. Where it has been abolished murder is on the increase.

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

FOR FULLEST MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Professor Munyon has engaged a staff of specialists that are renowned leaders in their line.

There is no question about their ability, they are the finest physicians that colleges and hospitals have turned out and receive the highest salaries.

He offers their service to you absolutely free of cost. No matter what your disease, or how many doctors you have tried, write to Professor Munyon's physicians and they will give your case careful and prompt attention and advise you what to do. You are under no obligations to them. It will not cost you a penny, only the postage stamp you put on your letter.

All consultations are held strictly confidential.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.



Household Lubricant

THE ALL-AROUND OIL
IN THE HANDY, EVER-READY TIN OILER

Is specially selected for any need in the home. Saves tools from rusting. Can not break. Does not gum or become rancid.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

CLAIMS TO BE SQUARE MAN

Big Man With Good-Natured Face Submits Reasons Why—BUILT That Way.

"I don't want to blow my own horn," said the big man with the good-natured face, "but I think I come under the head of square men."

"Did you find a lost purse and restore it to some millionaire?" was asked.

"A little better than that, I think. Ten days before the state election a man came to me and asked:

"John, how do you think things are going to go?"

"All my way," I replied.

"Will it be a landslide?"

"Sure."

"But I'm told that it will go the other way."

"Don't you believe it. I'm seeing the signs in the sky. Bet my way. Bet even up. Bet all you've got. You'll be a sure winner."

"And he took your advice, did he?"

"He did. Went right off and made a bet within an hour."

"And about the landslide?"

"It landslided the other way. Yes, my party got buried ten feet deep."

"But where did the square deal come in?"

"Oh, I saw him afar off on the street next day and ran to him and handed him 50 cents."

"But—"

"He'd bet that and lost. It was his all. I restored it to him. Square deal, and he is a happy man. No compliments, gentlemen. I am built that way!"

It Worked Well.

"How is the new filing system? Success?" asked the agent of the merchant to whom he had sold a "system" a few days before.

"Great!" said the merchant.

"Good!" said the agent, rubbing his hands. "And how is business?"

"Business?" echoed the merchant. "Oh, we have stopped business to attend to the filing system."

A Willing Witness.

"Did his actions have an air of verisimilitude?" the lawyer asked the witness.

"What was that, sir?"

"I say, did his conduct wear an air of verisimilitude?"

"Oh," replied the witness. "Sure! He was verisimilitudin' all around the place."—Saturday Evening Post.

Of Course She Must.

"What time does the dance begin?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Then we must be there at 8:30."

"What for?"

"I must have at least an hour in the dressing room to rearrange my hair."

National Shortsightedness.

"In this country," said the sociologist, "everything possible is done to discourage people from marrying."

"How so?" inquired one of the listeners.

"You have to buy the marriage license, fee the preacher, the boys give you what they call a 'shivaree,' your friends throw old shoes at you, the newspapers print caricatures of you, life insurance agents bound you, you bump right up against the cost of living, and if you find you've made a mistake you have to go to no end of trouble to get a divorce."

A Last Year's One.

"Well, the oyster stew given at our church festival has been vindicated."

"How?"

"A man who ate some of it is dead of ptomaine poisoning, caused from eating oysters, according to the doctor."

"Well, good heavens, how does that vindicate the stew?"

"It proves that there was an oyster in it."

Pa's Ultimatum.

"Our Thursday, Saturday and Monday mornings' papers have checked up shy for the last three weeks regularly."

"Do you suppose they are being stolen, pa?"

"I know Kitty's beau calls Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights. I want him to go home earlier or to stop taking our paper with him."

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner—distress—cure indicated—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wheat Food

Saved Grave of Keats.

The municipality of Rome has adopted the convention regarding the Protestant cemetery, proposed by the German ambassador, Herr von Jagow. Signor Nathan and Sir Rennell Rodd. This news will be a great relief to all admirers of Keats who have, ever since 1887, been trembling lest the "piano regulator," whereby a road would be made right through the old cemetery where he is buried, should be carried into effect. In 1887 the danger was, says Mundus, the polyglot review published in Rome, averted only by the intervention of Queen Victoria, who wrote to King Humbert asking him to exert his influence to preserve the spot made sacred by so many memories, and, thanks to the king, the idea of the road was dropped for the time being. It has recently been revived, but now that this convention has been adopted, it is to be hoped that this beautiful corner will be left untouched forever.

Says the Misogynist.

A woman whose tongue can be trusted is as rare as are the fairies.—Exchange.

Down in the dumps

—from over-eating, drinking—bad liver and constipation get many a one, but there's a way out—Cascarets relieve and cure quickly. Take one to-night and feel ever so much better in the morning.

Cascarets—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE (TRADE MARK)

PLANTEN'S BLACK C & C OR CAPSULES

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MENETRIER'S DRUGGISTS, TRIAL BOX BY MAIL \$2.00 PLANTEN'S 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

Use for Creamed Entrees.

Handsome china ramekins should not be used as baking dishes, but reserved for creamed entrees. To put in the oven have a set of the most attractive individual earthenware dishes you can find. Many of these now come with silver cases for table use.

Molasses Cookies.

Two cups molasses, 1 cup shortening, ½ cup sour milk, 4 even teaspoonsfuls soda, 1 teaspoonful ginger. Stir in as much flour as possible, stand in a cool place 20 minutes, roll dough out quite thin and bake in a hot oven.

When Frying Doughnuts.

When frying doughnuts success depends largely on having the fat at just the right heat. To test it dip a match quickly into the hot fat, and if it ignites the fat is hot enough to fry doughnuts.

Making Candies.

By keeping candle molds at hand, a few candies may be made at a time as the suet accumulates, and the ends of candles, and the droppings on the candlesticks, may be melted and run into fresh candies.

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.

Pound box of chocolates free. See ad. in another part of paper.

FOR RENT—Six-room cottage for rent cheap. Telephone Florence 397. (31)

BIRDIE PETERS, teacher of Piano. Omaha. Tel. Webster 1054. Florence 1535. (32-35)

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)

The Western Land-Products Exposition will be held in the Omaha Auditorium January 13 to 28. 28x

Pound box of chocolates free. See ad. in another part of paper.

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

CO-OPERATIVE FARM HOME ASSOCIATION.

To even the casual observer, it must be patent that the passage of each recurring year makes increasingly difficult to the wage-earner the acquirement of a small farm which will place him in a position of independence. Recognizing this fact, and realizing the earnestness with which so many essay the accomplishment of this laudable ambition, the instigators of the movement are encouraged in the belief that not only will the members of this organization secure through that medium a farm home sufficiently large for ordinary requirements, but in addition thereto, through this proposed plan of home-building, an impetus to general development of the region contiguous to the settlement to be effected, will naturally follow, with its incidental increase in land value as a direct result thereof, the benefits of which will inure to all connected with the enterprise. Briefly outlined, the plan of this organization is as follows:

A membership of 500 is to be secured, each of whom subscribes to the conditions imposed by the constitution and by-laws of the association and agrees to pay \$1 as an entrance fee and \$1 each and every week thereafter to be paid into a fund to be set aside for the absolute and sole purpose of buying a tract of agricultural land sufficient in area to give each member of the organization not less than forty acres.

By purchasing a large body of land, as this organization will of necessity do, the cost thereof per acre will be accomplished by a plan similar to that adopted, in late years by the United States Government, the drawing therefor to be conducted entirely by parties selected for that purpose who are not in any manner interested in the lands or the organization; such allotment to be effected within three months after actual purchase of the lands, and to insure an equitable distribution to the entire membership, a plan will be devised to equalize any variance which may exist in value of the different tracts distributed. It is believed that suitable land can be secured, located to meet the requirements of the organization, and at a price which will enable the association to close up its affairs within five or six years from date of its establishment, provided the land is purchased within six months from the present time. The foregoing summarizes the objects and aims of the Co-operative Farm Home Association of Omaha, Nebraska, and further particulars may be obtained upon application to A. F. Clark, 330 Brandeis theatre building, who will furnish, on request, blank applications for membership.

RURAL Wisconsin Potatoes, free from scab, solid and choice flavor. W. L. Ross, Phone Florence 117.

WANTED—Fresh cows and springers. F. D. Anderson, 13th and Ave. O. East Omaha. Web. 4928. (33-34)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pound box of chocolates free. See ad. in another part of paper.

TRY PASCALE'S RUBBER HEELS on your shoes to ease your feet. (23)

GRAND VIEW MATERNITY HOME. Address Florence, Neb., Box 117, Tel. Florence 39A

40-Bushel Wheat Land \$17.00 Per Acre. 160 acres, Cheyenne county. Nebraska, six miles of R. R.; good soil. level. W. S. RIPLEY, 2221 Burt St.

Pound box of chocolates free. See ad. in another part of paper.

White Rock cockerels for sale. Mrs. Charles Slump, Route 1, Henderson, Ia. (31)*

IF YOU HAVE SORE FEET have Pascale put rubber heels on your shoes. (23)

WANTED to buy, a good farm in eastern or central Nebraska; give full particulars, price and terms in first letter. P. O. Box 173. Council Bluffs, Ia. 25x

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)

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

Subscriptions for all magazines taken at the postoffice newsstand.

For Sale—Single Comb Brown Leghorn roosters, 50c each if taken soon. John Wolsmna, Route 3, Blair. (31)*

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)

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

WANTED—Bids will be opened by the finance committee for the auditing of the books of the city and its finances for the past 20 years. For further information apply city attorney.

Pound box of chocolates free. See ad. in another part of paper.

All kinds of Hay and Feed and Coal. Baughman & Leach. Telephone 213, Ind. 1272. (10)

WANTED—Correspondent from Coffman for this paper. Apply the Editor. (31)*

The Skeleton in His Closet

By Stacy E. Baker

(Copyright, 1916, by Associated Literary Press.)

The soul-racking tale poured into the ears of little Ethel Murray could result only in one thing—a missive promptly penned to the profligate Emery Jarvis, assuring him that she had learned all, and asking to be released from the engagement.

"I know of the skeleton in your closet," wrote Ethel (here she applied a dainty bit of cambric to streaming eyes ordinarily as sunny and blue as the sky of a June morning). "I am surprised at you! Had you come to me and told me all, I feel that I could have forgiven you—but never, now that I find the truth through other people. I return herewith your ring."

The rest of the letter was a rambling plaint, save on one subject—the engagement existing between these two must be considered past history. That was plain.

For more than a year the daughter of Burgess Murray, the biggest man politically in the community, and Emery Jarvis, a clerk in Glisson's drug store, had been making plans for a future that would embrace them both. Jarvis was an ambitious young fellow, well liked by every one, and seemingly having the best of habits.

Ethel had believed in him thoroughly until the gossiping tongue of old Mrs. Pollet had disclosed certain things that no girl of spirit could tolerate in her fiancé. Therefore the return of the handsome solitaire that she had so proudly worn and the letter to her betrothed asking for her release.

Jarvis read the lines in the seclusion of the little prescription room in the rear of the drug shop and his dark eyes clouded as he vainly strove to solve the cause of the maiden's anger. "She couldn't be cross about a little thing like this," he ruminated. "I wonder how she found it out, anyway?"

That evening Jarvis called up the girl. She was not at home. During the ensuing week he made several other fruitless attempts to see her.

It was after this that the ire of the youth assumed significant proportions. "My dear Ethel," wrote Jarvis, "I know, and you have not been at home."



"I know of the Skeleton in Your Closet," wrote Ethel.

Patience has ceased to be the proverbial virtue, and I shall not try to see you again. I am done. I release you from the engagement, as you ask. I also acknowledge the skeleton in my closet, but why a normal-minded maid should take this amiss is beyond me. If anything, my dear, I am rather proud of it."

Ethel positively stormed when she read this communication. She clinched her fists until the nails bit cruelly into the tender flesh and angrily tossed her little blonde head.

"I shall never, never have anything more to do with men," she complained bitterly. "The very brazenness of that Emery Jarvis—to say that a 'normal-minded' girl shouldn't take such things amiss. I'm sure no girl with common sense would allow her fiancé to act in that scandalous manner. Anyway, I'm glad it's all over." To prove this, Ethel burst into convulsive sobs and hid a flushed and tear-wet face in a convenient pillow.

Weeks passed, but the two erstwhile lovers seemed hopelessly estranged. Ethel made no attempt to save the wound caused by her letter, nor did Jarvis try to explain away the misunderstanding.

Gradually the gossips in the little town—and there were many—grew accustomed to the new order of things, and everybody ceased to interest themselves in the affairs of the young couple.

It was a month after this that old Pollet (he was a portly butcher, owning the meat shop next to the drug emporium) ventured to incorporate something of a remark that caught the youth's puzzled interest.

"What was that?" demanded Jarvis, ears metaphorically a-cock. "Just repeat that last sentence."

"You'll have to be more explicit," snapped the drug clerk. "I can't understand. What are you driving at?"

"Can't understand, eh?" commented the other, sourly. He was angry at the tone of the lad. "Well, I guess I can put it plainer, all right. I mean that you tried to play double just like that Jekyll-Hyde feller did. Every evening after you called on the girl you was engaged to, you went straight to the house of old Doc. Blyly to see his daughter. My wife she seen you do it time and again, she did."

The dull red stained the face of the angry butcher. "She's the one that put a crimp in you, too. Ethel Murray is too fine a girl to be galavanting around with a young fellow that she thinks thinks a heap of her, and all the while he don't, but is making her out a fool by sneaking away from her house to call on another girl."

"So it was your wife that caused this trouble between Ethel and me, was it? Pity she can't learn to attend to her own affairs, isn't it?"

The butcher, his mind relieved, stamped heavily out of the drug store, but he left a knowing youth behind him. Mrs. Pollet was a gossip monger of some notoriety in the community. She resided just opposite the Blyly home, and now that the fate meat man had given him his cue, Jarvis could understand many things.

That evening, his heavy jaws set firmly and his broad shoulders thrown defiantly back, the drug clerk mounted the steps to the Murray home and rang the bell.

Ethel answered the summons. An angry flush dotted her cheeks when she saw who her visitor was, but Emery ignored these trouble signs, and pushed by her and into the familiar parlor.

"I am here to explain," began Jarvis. "Mrs. Pollet's loquacious husband has just told things, and I think I understand."

"I don't care for explanation," interrupted little Miss Murray formally. "Nevertheless," persisted Jarvis, patiently, "you are about to receive them. Listen, dear, I have never called on Millie Blyly in my life—let alone after I left here. When you referred to the skeleton in my closet, I took the phrase literally. There is a skeleton in my closet—a six-foot skeleton of a man that Dr. Blyly loaned me to add me in my studies, because—well, I'm studying medicine with him, you see. I don't want to be a drug clerk all my life. I—"

But here his late fiancée, face asmile, interrupted his sentence in a very pleasing way.

FASHIONS IN WEST AFRICA

Natives Used the Telegraph Wires for Necklaces and the White China Insulators for Earrings.

The aesthetic and decorative uses to which barbarians will turn objects which to civilized races are things of the humblest utility are amusingly illustrated by this "fashion note" from West Africa:

For some time the officials of the German colony in Southwest Africa noticed that the telephone wires and other accessories of the electrical plant disappeared as by magic immediately after they had been put up. The most diligent inquiries remained fruitless.

From other parts of the German predilections for articles of strange predilections for articles of German commerce, as, for example, rubber heels, garters, buckles, and so forth, things which the natives of those countries do not generally use.

The governor of the colony gave an entertainment one year in honor of the emperor's birthday, and invited the chiefs of the different tribes to it. What was his surprise when he saw these native gentlemen appear with his stolen telegraph wire twisted round their illustrious necks. The higher the dignity the more rings of the wire were round the neck.

Inquiries were soon started in the outlying villages and it came to light that the white china insulators of the telegraph poles had become earrings. A young lady of the highest distinction in native society wore a rubber heel hanging from her nose, and a young man who was a well-known dandy wore dangling from his ears a pair of beautiful pink silk garters.

Financier by Inheritance. Joseph Morgan, J. P. Morgan's paternal grandfather, fought in Washington's army until the Revolution closed, and then settled down to farming near the village of Hartford. He made money enough to invest it in stage lines and eventually rose to the control of the chief roads of transportation in the state. Hartford, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, had a great prosperity as the center of long-distance traffic, the main line of stage from New York to Boston passing through the city. Hartford also held the key to the trade of the Connecticut River valley, northward nearly, or quite, to the border of Canada. Innumerable taverns were sprinkled along the countryside, and Joseph Morgan also dipped into this thriving business. Later he opened a large hotel in Hartford, the City hotel, and soon afterward began to figure as a capitalist in connection with the Aetna Fire Insurance company of that city.

From the Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Lucky Girl. "I thought she was engaged to be married to a genius?" "She was, but she got a chance to marry a butcher."



MILES AND MILES AWAY

Most men call up their families every night when they are away, for it relieves anxiety and they are able to determine how things are progressing at home.

Universal Telephone Service has made it possible for you to reach people in 40,000 towns at any time, for Bell lines reach nearly everywhere.



NEBRASKA TELEPHONE CO.

F. W. Ellis, Local Manager.

Bell Service is the World's Standard of Telephone Efficiency

Merry Christmas

We extend to you and yours the Season's Greetings, and our wishes that you and yours may enjoy a Happy Holiday Season, as you bid farewell to 1916.

As you take the measure of its three hundred and sixty-five days, we hope you will find that there has been more of Joy than Sadness, more of Sunshine than Shadow and more of Prosperity than Misfortune.

To those of you who have given us your business, much or little, we are truly grateful, and live in hopes that we may be favored with many others the coming year. We have worked hard, tried to treat you as we would wish to be treated, made mistakes for which we are sorry, and enjoyed one of the most prosperous years that we have had in our business experience here in Nebraska, the past thirty-six years.

IN REGARD TO PRICES WE QUOTE THE FOLLOWING FOR

Saturday Specials

Patent Flour \$1.30
20 lbs. Sugar for \$1.00
3 cans Corn 25c
3 cans Tomatoes 25c
4 lbs. Oyster Crackers 25c
25c Package Matches 15c
Standard Oil 10c per gallon
8 Bars of Soap for 25c

Special Sale on Men's Overshoes, Rubbers, Gloves and Mitts.

Thos. Dugher The People's Store

Florence Lumber & Coal Co. R. A. Golding, Mgr. Telephone 102

The Best Soft Coal For the Money

Black Diamond Makes a Quick, Hot Fire

Best Scranton Hard Coal

WE 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 boasting, 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

NOW IS THE TIME TO DO YOUR Fall Painting No dust or insects. We handle the best mixed Paint on the market (John Lucas Co.) We also carry fillers, oil stains and varnishes, in fact everything pertaining to painting. By the way let us figure on your broken window lights, winter will soon be on us.

M. L. ENDRES, 2410 Ames Ave. Phone: Webster 2138 Ind. B-2138 Don't Forget Us On Wallpaper—Our Prices Are Right

CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE

Have you thought about the Christmas dinner, of the good things you are going to give them to eat? If you will come here and talk to us about it, you will find you can get up a mighty nice dinner at a very small cost. We carry everything that is needed to make the dinner one long to be remembered. We have

CHERRIES, APRICOTS PEACHES, PINEAPPLES at 15c a Can. CRANBERRIES, 10c Quart.

XMAS TREES, XMAS CANDIES, ORANGES, FANCY APPLES, SWEET CIDER.

Come in and talk to us anyway.

Anderson & Hollingsworth Phone 527 Florence, Nebr. General Merchandise