

It Is Well
to test all things and to hold
fast only that which is good.
The Tribune as an advertis-
ing medium can stand the test.
Its Readers are Buyers and Its Rates are Right

The Florence Tribune

"Them Fellers Is Doing the
business," says Bill Sticker,
in a hot argument with Deacon
Tubbs. "Why? Because they
advertise big." Moral: To do big
business, advertise big in the Tribune

VOL. II.

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FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1910

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No. 27

ALDRICH WINS OUT

Florence Precinct Casts Little Over Half of Its Votes, But Aldrich Beats Dahlgren, While Hitchcock is the Only Democrat Able to Win—Sutton Beats Lobeck by Forty-Four Votes—Trouton Receives Appreciation for His Work for Florence Precinct.

Aldrich carried Florence. It surely must have been republican weather Tuesday for the republicans won out in Florence, greatly to the surprise of many. While the city is normally republican by a large majority, conditions were such this year that it was expected at least the head of the ticket would pull through.

There were 177 voters who pulled the republican lever and they either scratched or let it go straight. There were 146 who did the same with the democratic lever, two the populist, one the prohibition and 37 the socialist. Of those pulling the republican lever 20 scratched their ticket. Of the democrats who pulled the party lever 24 scratched and a big part of these voted or Tucker. The prohibitionist let it go straight, while four of the socialists scratched.

Little more than half the vote of the precinct was polled, there being over 600 voters qualified to vote, but 363 availing themselves of their right.

Following is the vote in detail:

United States Senator.
Elmer J. Burkett (r).....157
G. M. Hitchcock (d).....168
T. P. Lippincott (s).....34
T. M. C. Birmingham (p).....2

Governor.
Chester A. Aldrich (r).....164
James C. Dahlman (d).....153
C. J. Wright (s).....33

For Lieutenant Governor.
M. R. Hopewell (r).....178
Raiph A. Clark (d).....142

Secretary of State.
Addison Wait (r).....177
C. W. Pool (d).....145

State Auditor.
Silas R. Barton (r).....178
P. J. Hewitt (d).....144

State Treasurer.
Walter A. George (r).....179
George E. Hall (d).....143

Superintendent of Instruction.
J. W. Crabtree (r).....185
W. R. Jackson (d).....136

Attorney General.
Grant G. Martin (r).....178
C. H. Whitney (d).....146

Commissioner of Public Lands.
E. R. Cowles (r).....178
W. B. Eastman (d).....146

Railway Commissioner.
H. T. Clarke, Jr. (r).....178
Ben H. Hayden (d).....144

Congressman.
A. L. Sutton (r).....184
C. O. Lobeck (d).....140

State Senator.
A. C. Pancoast (r).....175
F. A. Shottwell (r).....176
F. D. Wead (r).....167
R. S. Horton (d).....149
J. B. Reagan (d).....145
J. M. Tanner (d).....150

For Representative.
F. C. Best (r).....174
H. C. Boesche (r).....175
W. B. Christie (r).....174
M. O. Cunningham (r).....178
J. A. Dempster (r).....174
B. R. Hastings (r).....171
Edward Leeder (r).....177
J. P. Redman (r).....173
F. S. Tucker (r).....196
P. G. H. Boland (d).....143
J. H. Budla (d).....148
J. H. Grossman (d).....148
R. H. Holmes (d).....146
C. B. Liver (d).....150
E. J. McArdle (d).....149
J. F. Morfarity (d).....148
F. J. Riha (d).....150
W. S. Shoemaker (d).....122

County Attorney.
James E. Rait (r).....167
J. P. English (d).....157

County Commissioners.
John Grant (r).....185
J. C. Lynch (r).....183
Walter J. Slate (r).....180
J. C. Trouton (r).....190
P. E. Elsassner (d).....141
Frank J. Fixa (d).....141
George Hauptman (d).....145
Thomas O'Connor (d).....136

Justice of the Peace.
Joseph Stern (r).....182

Overseer of Highways.
A. Ahlback (r).....188

The suffrage question received 213 votes, while 145 were against it.

NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS
OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE,
NEBRASKA.

The first levy of your paving tax became delinquent on the 15th day of October and is now drawing 12 per cent. Property owners should attend to this at once and save themselves further expense.

REPORT OF CITY TREASURER

George Siert Presents Report Showing Receipts and Disbursements for October.

Oct. 1, bal. in genl. fund.....\$ 62.67
Sept. 30, recd. from J. K. Lowry (fine)..... 13.50
Oct. 24, recd. from Co. Treas. genl. fund..... 37.08
Oct. 24, recd. from Co. Treas. 2-5 H. L. & T..... 16.32
Oct. 24, recd. from Co. Treas. road..... 3.71
Oct. 31, recd. from taxpayers (poll tax)..... 8.00
Oct. 31, recd. from peddler license..... .50
Oct. 31, recd. from J. Bondesen poll tax..... 10.00
Dog tax..... 8.00

Bal. in genl. fund.....\$159.78
Oct. 1, bal. in water fund.....\$ 607.23
Oct. 24, recd. from Treas., 3-5 H. P. & L..... 24.47
Bal. in water fund.....\$631.70
Oct. 1, bal. in paving dist. fund No. 1.....\$ 57.40
Oct. 31, recd. from taxpayers special paving tax..... 94.03

Bal. in paving fund.....\$151.43
Oct. 1, bal. Special S. W. & Grading fund.....\$119.19
Oct. 31, recd. from taxpayers for special sidewalk and grading..... 328.01
Oct. 31, Special S. W. warrants lifted.....\$ 407.92

Bal. in Special S. W. & Grading fund.....\$ 39.28
Balance in all funds.....\$982.19
GEORGE SIERT.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE CHICAGO STOCK SHOW.

This great show will be held on the dates of November 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and December 1st, 2d and 3rd at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. The entries are greater than ever before, the quality of the stock better, and the interest among farmers, breeders and feeders keener than at any previous time.

It may be interesting to state that the International Live Stock Exposition, from a comparatively small beginning, eleven years ago, has assumed such importance in the live stock world, as to render its annual occurrence an absolute necessity, not only on account of its being the high court of appeal, the court of last resort to stockmen, but because it sets the stamp of approval upon those of our domesticated animals that are most in demand, and establishes a standard among stock that must be lived up to in order to realize for the breeder, feeder and farmer the highest price for his produce.

The day of the inferior animal, the slow feeder and the tardy money getter, is passed and in order to succeed and obtain the best results in the shortest possible time, stockmen must breed for the types set by this great international tribunal; follow its mandates, adhere to its principles, and abide by the findings of its judges, in order to breed that which is best, reaches maturity the quickest, and realizes the highest prices in the shortest time.

The ordinary observer has little idea of what this Exposition is, what it teaches and what it means. It must be seen to be appreciated, and must be studied to be understood.

No more pleasant time can be spent, no more practical lessons learned, and no more valuable knowledge gained, than by attending the eight days devoted to this show. The stockman will gain more real, sound, solid and serviceable information by attending this Exposition than he can gain in ten times the period at any other institution. At this Show he sees the best of every breed, his field for comparison is immense, and his opportunities for practical instruction almost limitless. By attending this Show, he combines business with pleasure, knowledge with practice, and education with example. It is the school of rapid learning that remains in his head, and carries with it the method whereby the best live stock is produced and the most money made.

Card Tray

The Egenerolf club gave its regular dance Friday night, and a good crowd was in attendance. Everyone had an enjoyable time, as usual. The "robber's waltz", appealed greatly to the boys, to say nothing about the girls. The next dance will be given on Friday, November 18th.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reynolds and children returned Sunday from Montana where they have been making their home for over a year.

Serloin steak, 15c per lb., Thomas Dugher.

The volunteer firemen will hold their regular monthly meeting Monday evening at the city hall. The chief business will be arranging for their annual dance Thanksgiving evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henneberry, of Omaha, were visiting among Florence friends Sunday.

Mr. Bremwell, of Omaha, was the guest of Mr. Van Plank on Monday evening.

Croup is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their homes and it has never disappointed them. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Miss Ethel Mulligan of Florence and Mr. Edward Clark, of Lincoln, were married Monday.

Three cans tomatoes, 25c. Thomas Dugher.

The ladies of the church of St. Philip Neri gave an enjoyable social at Adam's hall, Wednesday evening and all present reported a good time.

Mr. A. B. Anderson, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, at Herrick, S. D., returned home the fore part of the week.

Mr. J. L. Houston, who has been very ill at the hospital, where he underwent a surgical operation, is rapidly improving and expects to get home shortly.

Mrs. R. H. Olmsted and Miss Gladys Birkhauser, of Milwaukee, were guests of Mrs. J. L. Houston Sunday.

Eight bars of any laundry soap, 25c. at Thomas Dugher's.

The old, old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 36 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by Geo. Siert.

The Farmers' Mutual Insurance company, of Nebraska, has grown to be the strongest insurance company doing business in the state. Has now about one hundred millions insurance in force and about 30,000 members. J. H. Shugart, the agent for this territory, traveled over this territory for five years afoot introducing the company 17 years ago, and has been the agent ever since, and if you need any insurance let the old gentleman hear from you. His address is J. H. Shugart, 4809 Capitol Ave., Omaha, or telephone him Harney 2844.

19 lbs. sugar, \$1.00. Thomas Dugher.

We, the undersigned, sincerely thank the many friends for their kind sympathy in our sad bereavement. Mrs. Wm. H. Taylor and relatives.

Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mrs. Dr. Sorenson was taken suddenly ill Wednesday morning and operated on in the afternoon. She is getting along as nicely as could be expected.

Porterhouse steak, 15c per pound. Thomas Dugher.

Jim Suttie spent Sunday in Gothenburg and Brady, returning home Monday. Wilbur Nichols accompanied him to Brady.

Best Patent flour, \$1.30. at Thomas Dugher's.

Miss Emma C. L. Myers and Miss Prudence Tracy took a trip to Benson, Sunday, and visited St. James Orphanage.

COUNCIL MEETS AND ADJOURNS

Meets Monday Evening As Board of Equalization and Will Meet Friday Evening as City Council.

It was a case of only meeting and adjourning with the council Monday evening and a not much longer meeting as a Board of Equalization.

When the councilmen arrived at the city hall they found a hot stove but no stove pipe and the room full of smoke.

Councilman Allen was in attendance for the first time in a long while.

After reading the call Councilman Kierle introduced the resolution levying the tax on the Finkenkelier sidewalk.

Mr. Finkenkelier said it was not a permanent sidewalk but a wreck. It was not down according to specifications as in some places it was only 1 1/2 inches thick, and in others 2 inches. He said he had spoken to the inspector but the inspector said he only was on the job to see that the walk was laid in the right place and was straight.

The resolution was passed and the council adjourned until Friday evening.

News Town

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Leonard, Mr. M. McCarty, Miss Goldie Beckett and Mr. Charles Frost, of Omaha were guests of Mr. L. R. Griffith and Mrs. Viola Pettit at the Mandy Lee poultry farm Sunday afternoon and evening.

Chuck steak, 10c per lb., Thomas Dugher.

When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days' treatment to cure it, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mrs. Olsen who lives west of town left for Ashland Sunday, where she will visit among friends.

Three cans peas, 25c. Thomas Dugher.

Mrs. E. L. Platz entertained the Abamo auxiliary at her home west of town Monday afternoon. After the usual routine of business lunch was served. Among those present were Mesdames, William Boyer, George Sancha, U. G. Cox, and Wauble of Council Bluffs, John Polian of South Omaha, Herbert Cox, R. F. Gilder, Harry Ingals, Louis Kolb, Fred Sullivan, P. Boyie, R. Butler, Roy Hinman, J. Y. Hooper of Omaha and Mrs. E. L. Platz.

Standard oil, 10c a gallon. Thomas Dugher.

Church Notes Presbyterian

We all enjoyed Mrs. Stillwell's visit here. The Salvation Army is accomplishing much. This rescue department is a very hard proposition but one that should not be neglected. Mrs. Stillwell's devoted life has proven a great blessing to many a poor unfortunate.

Mrs. W. H. Thompson is again getting her subscription list in shape. Last year she turned in over \$17.00 to the Ladies Aid. If you expect to take any magazine give her your list.

Don't forget the Chanticleers' social at W. H. Thompson's, Friday.

Rev. W. Amos will preach for us Sabbath morning.

Miss Grey sang a beautiful solo for us Sabbath morning. She is a great addition to our choir. Come out and enjoy the music with us.

Mr. Anderson will be in the choir hereafter. He plays the violin.

Thursday the Ladies' Aid was invited to spend the day, quilting and sewing for the bazaar, at the home of Mrs. Allison on Willit street.

Bible study and choir practice on Thursday evening, 7:30 and 8:30.

Sunday topics. Morning: Rev. W. Amos will speak on the subject, "The result of being right with God." Evening the pastor will speak on, "Be not deceived."

We missed Mr. and Mrs. Babbit last Sabbath morning and evening.

Mrs. John Price sang a solo at the Women's meeting, Tuesday afternoon. It was much enjoyed.

BOOSTERS TURN OUT

Florence Boosters Turn Out in Goodly Numbers and Visit Ponca Improvement Club Meeting Where They Receive a Hearty Welcome and a Good Time and Listen to the Reports of Good Work Being Done by Energetic Farmers' Organization.

The Florence Improvement club turned out 28 strong Monday night to the meeting of the Ponca Improvement club at the Ponca school house and sprung a welcome on that body of willing workers. The Ponca club did not expect the Florence men to turn out in any such numbers and were greatly surprised as auto after auto drove up and turned a crowd of boosters loose on their meeting and the Ponca club deeply appreciated the compliment.

The Ponca club elected August Prochnow as vice-president in the place of T. E. Price, Jr., who has left the country and resigned in consequence. William Bena, Jr., the irrepressible "Bill," was placed on the permanent road committee, vice Mr. Price.

The question of electric lights was taken up, but in the absence of the electric light official nothing was done except talk over the situation.

Myron Metzinger had a sample gasoline light system on exhibition that lit up the school almost as good as electric light.

Discussing the project of a basket factory, J. W. Long stated that the promoter who appeared at the last meeting had signified a wish to move to Florence, provided suitable quarters could be obtained. He said that the main thing he wanted was two or three lots and a cheap building. He thought that if the club could make him an offer of a site either rent free for a term of years or an outright gift of the site, he would locate here in Florence and make the factory a go.

Myron Metzinger thought it would be a good idea to advertise in some fruit paper of big circulation that there was a field in Florence for a basket factory and would like to get in touch with a man that understood the business that was looking for a location. In this way it might be possible to get into communication with a man who would start the factory with only a guarantee of the sale of so many baskets.

The committee in charge of the project was enlarged by adding Andrew Anderson and August Prochnow and the committee instructed to look up sites and all information possible.

F. S. Tucker thought the most important thing for the farmer as well as the city people dependent upon him, was good roads and he said he felt sure that if that body of men would get together with a determination to get good roads they would get them. He said he would not be afraid to build an electric line from Omaha to Blair with the backing of such a force of determined workers as the two clubs, 250 strong could exert. "What would be the result if this entire body of men here tonight should appear before the board of county commissioners in a body and ask for anything? Why, they would get anything they asked," he said. He called attention to the fact that there were over 600 voters in this precinct and that if everyone of them would go to the polls and vote, it made no difference how, it would show to candidates for office that it was a precinct that they couldn't afford to overlook.

J. W. Long said that it was not only the farmers who used the roads in this vicinity as last Sunday one of the men in his place had counted 224 automobiles pass from 7 till 2.

R. H. Olmsted said he was proud to be present and affiliate with such a body of intelligent citizenship and said the only method to obtain anything was to stick to it and hammer all the time. He said before much could be done the law would have to be changed to permit the election of a county commissioners from this part of the county.

Among others speaking was J. H. Price, B. C. Fowler and J. A. Johanson. Henry Anderson advocated a joint committee of the two clubs to take up the road work. B. C. Fowler extended an invitation to the Ponca club to visit with the Florence club on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22.

The Florence boosters who attended the meeting are very enthusiastic over their reception and the Ponca club say they never enjoyed having a lot of visitors more than they did these who attended the meeting Monday evening.

Agnes Shipley has accepted a position with Goodrich Drug Co., and Mrs. E. L. Reeves is again chief at the Florence postoffice.

AUTO RUN OVER BY FARMER

Florence Farmer Reverses Order of Things by Driving Over an Automobile Sunday.

Traditions were overturned Sunday when a farmer named Daniels driving a wagon on the Ponca road, ran over and ruined the huge touring car of Jules Althaus Sunday night. Daniels passed clear over the side portions of the touring car with his destroying wagon and later turned back to help his victim and the car. The farmer drove to Florence towing the crippled machine behind.

Althaus, who is a dealer in horses, was out for his first trial ride with his new machine when calamity in the form of Daniels bore down on him suddenly. The helpless autoist was moving along slowly and endeavored to turn aside for the farm wagon. With apparent contempt the wreckless farmer plunged head-on into the machine.

BLACKMAIL.

"I was taking lunch with a friend of mine recently who has a small boy about three years old," said a gentleman. "As a very special favor, and to please me, his mother allowed him to come to the table, telling me that she could not promise that he would behave in the proper manner, as she had never tried him before. The boy behaved very well until the dessert came on the table. As this proved to be ice cream, his favorite dish, he wanted to have a second dish. His mother refusing, he said: 'If you don't give me some I'll tell on you!' The mother still refusing, he cried out: 'If you don't give it to me before I count ten I'll tell. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.' His mother still paying no attention, he shouted: 'My pants are made out of the window curtain!'"—Metropolitan Magazine.

Idle Chatter

Miss Clara Philant is enjoying weeks vacation.

Mrs. Walter Van Plank home from the hospital last Saturday.

Many school children suffer from constipation which is often the cause of seeming stupidity at lessons. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are an ideal medicine to give a child, for they are mild and gentle in their effect, and will cure even chronic constipation. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Three cans corn, 25c. Thomas Dugher.

Mrs. E. K. Turner, who has been on the sick list for the past two weeks is improving.

T. W. McClure celebrated his fifth anniversary in business in Florence this week by serving coffee and cakes and keeping open house. Souvenirs of the occasion were given to those attending.

The young child of Joseph Potter is ill with pneumonia.

The blacksmith shop of L. J. Amis was discovered on fire late Saturday night by W. R. Wall, who, with the assistance of Ned Murphy and several others, with buckets succeeded in putting out the fire without calling out the fire department. If it had been discovered 10 minutes later it is likely the whole block would have been burned as there were but few on the street at the time and the entire half block is composed of frame buildings and close together.

The Bank of Florence did business under a handicap this week owing to remodeling the building, putting in a new private office, concealed electric wiring and extending the tellers' cages.

Frank Broadfield of Omaha spent Tuesday and Wednesday visiting Florence friends.

Mrs. John Barton and Miss Blanche Huff are visiting relatives at Beaver Crossing, Neb.

W. R. Wall is fixing his bank building so he can store his auto in the basement.

The City Council will meet at the city hall Friday evening to transact the regular routine of business.

That it pays to advertise in the Tribune was demonstrated by J. H. Price who sold five stoves as the result of his advertisement last week.

The Florence Auto company sold four autos the past week which shows that business is pretty good in these parts.

The GIRL and the BILL



BANNISTER MERWIN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS
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CHAPTER I.

The Threshold of Adventure.

The roar of State street filled the ears of Robert Orme not unpleasantly. He liked Chicago, felt towards the western city something more than the tolerant, patronizing interest which so often characterizes the eastern man. To him it was the hub of genuine Americanism—young, aggressive, perhaps a bit too cocksure, but ever bounding along with eyes toward the future. Here was the city of great beginnings, the city of experiment—experiment with life; hence its incompleteness—an incompleteness not dissimilar to that of life itself. Chicago lived; it was the pulse of the great middle west.

Orme watched the procession with clear eyes. He had been strolling southward from the Masonic Temple, into the shopping district. The clangor, the smoke and dust, the hurrying crowds, all worked into his mood. The expectation of adventure was far from him. Nor was he a man who sought impressions for amusement; whatever came to him he weighed, and accepted or rejected according as it was valueless or useful. Wholeheartedly he was; any one might infer that from his face. Doubtless, his fault lay in his overemphasis on the purely practical; but that, after all, was a lawyer's fault, and it was counterbalanced by a sweet kindness toward all the world—a loveableness which made for him a friend of every chance acquaintance.

It was well along in the afternoon, and shoppers were hurrying homeward. Orme noted the fresh beauty of the women and girls—Chicago has reason to be proud of her daughters—and his heart beat a little faster. Not that he was a man to be caught by every pretty stranger; but scarcely recognized by himself, there was a hidden spring of romance in his practical nature. Heart-free, he never met a woman without wondering whether she was the one. He had never found her; he did not know that he was looking for her; yet always there was the unconscious question.

A distant whistle, the clanging of coppers, the rapid beat of galloping engines were racing down the street. Cars stopped, vehicles of all kinds crowded in toward the curbs.

Orme paused and watched the fire horses go thundering by, their smoking chariots swaying behind them and dropping long trails of sparks. Small boys were running, men and women were stopping to gaze at the passing engines, but Orme's attention was taken by something that was happening near by, and as the gongs and the hoof-beats grew fainter he looked with interest to the street beside him.

He had got as far as the corner of Madison street. The scramble to get out of the way of the engines had here resulted in a traffic jam. Two policemen were moving about, shouting orders for the disentanglement of the street cars and vehicles which seemed to be inextricably wedged together.

A burly Irish teamster was bellowing at his horse. The hind wheel of a smart barouche was caught in the fore wheel of a delivery wagon, and the driver of the delivery wagon was

expressing his opinion of the situation in terms which seemed to embarrass the elderly gentleman who sat in the barouche. Orme's eye traveled through the outer edge of the disturbance, and sought its center.

There in the midst of the tangle was a big black touring car. Its one occupant was a girl—and such a girl! Her fawn-colored cloak was thrown open; her face was unveiled. Orme was thrilled when he caught the glory of her face—the clear skin, browned by outdoor living; the demure but regular features; the eyes that seemed to transmute and reflect softly, all impressions from without. Orme had never seen any one like her—so nobly unconscious of self, so appealing and yet so calm.

She was waiting patiently, interested in the clamor about her, but seemingly undisturbed by her own part in it. Orme's eyes did not leave her face. He was merely one of a crowd at the curb, unnoticed by her, but when after a time, he became aware that he was staring, he felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and he muttered: "What a boor I am!" And then, "But who can she be? Who can she be?"

A policeman made his way to the black car. Orme saw him speak to the girl; saw her brows knit; and he quickly threaded his way into the street. His action was barely conscious, but nothing could have stopped him at that moment.

"You'll have to come to the station, miss," the policeman was saying.

"But what have I done?" Her voice was broken music.

"You've violated the traffic regulations, and made all this trouble, that's what you've done."

"I'm on a very important errand," she began, "and—"

"I can't help that, miss, you ought to have had some one with you that knew the rules."

Her eyes were perplexed, and she looked about her as if for help. For a moment her gaze fell on Orme, who was close to the policeman's elbow.

Now, Orme had a winning and disarming smile. Without hesitation, he touched the policeman on the shoulder, beamed pleasantly, and said: "Pardon me, officer, but this car was forced over by that dray."

"She was on the wrong side," returned the policeman, after a glance which modified his first intention to take offence. "She had no business over here."

"It was either that or a collision. My wheel was scraped, as it was." She, too, was smiling now.

The policeman pondered. He liked to be called "officer," he liked to be smiled upon; and the girl, to judge from her manner and appearance, might well be the daughter of a man of position. "Well," he said after a moment, "be more careful another time." He turned and went back to his work among the other vehicles, covering the weakness of his surrender by a fresh display of angry authority.

The girl gave a little sigh of relief and looked at Orme. "Thank you," she said.

Then he remembered that he did not know this girl. "Can I be of further service?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "I think not."

But thank you just the same." She gave him a friendly little nod and turned to the steering gear.

There was nothing for it but to go, and Orme returned to the curb. A moment later he saw the black car move slowly away, and he felt as though something sweet and, fine were going out of his life. If only there had been some way to prolong the incident! He knew intuitively that this girl belonged to his own class. Any insignificant acquaintance might introduce them to each other. And yet convention now thrust them apart.

Sometime he might meet her. Indeed, he determined to find out who she was and make that sometime a certainty. He would prolong his stay in Chicago and search society until he found her. No one had ever before sent such a thrill through his heart. He must find her, become her friend, perhaps—But, again he laughed to himself, "What a boor I am!"

After all she was but a passing stranger, and the pleasant reverie into which his glimpse of her had led him was only a reverie. The memory of her beauty and elusive charm would disappear; his vivid impression of her would be effaced. But even while he thought this he found himself again wondering who she was and how he could find her. He could not drive her from his mind.

Meantime he had proceeded slowly on his way. Suddenly a benevolent, white-bearded man halted him, with a deprecating gesture. "Excuse me, sir," he began, "but your hat—"

Orme lifted his straw hat from his head. A glance showed him that it was disfigured by a great blotch of black grease. He had held his hat in his hand while talking to the girl, and it must have touched her car at a point where the axle of the dray had rubbed. So this was his one memento of the incident.

He thanked the stranger, and walked to a near-by hatter's, where a ready clerk set before him hats of all styles. He selected one quickly and left his soiled hat to be cleaned and sent home later.

Offering a ten-dollar bill in payment, he received in change a five-dollar bill and a silver dollar. He gave the coin a second glance. It was the first silver dollar that he had handled for some time, for he seldom visited the west.

"There's no charge for the cleaning," said the clerk, noting down Orme's name and address, and handing the soiled hat to the cash boy.

Orme, meantime, was on the point of folding the five-dollar bill to put it into his pocket book. Suddenly he looked at it intently. Written in ink across the face of it, were the words: "Remember Person You Pay This To."

The writing was apparently a hurried scrawl, but the letters were large and quite legible. They appeared to have been written on an uneven surface, for there were several jogs and breaks in the writing, as if the pen had slipped.

"This is curious," remarked Orme. The clerk blinked his watery eyes and looked at the bill in Orme's hand.

"Oh, yes, sir," he explained. "I remember that. The gentleman who paid it in this morning called our attention to it."

"If he's the man who wrote this, he probably doesn't know that there's a law against defacing money."

"But it's perfectly good, isn't it?" inquired the clerk. "If you want another instead—"

"Oh, no," laughed Orme. "The banks would take it."

"But, sir—" began the clerk. "I should like to keep it. If I can't get rid of it, I'll bring it back. It's a hoax or an endless chain device or something of the sort. I'd like to find out."

He looked again at the writing. Puzzles and problems always interested him, especially if they seemed to involve some human story.

"Very well," said the clerk, "I'll remember that you have it, Mr. —" he peered at the name he had set down—"Mr. Orme."

Leaving the hatter's, Orme turned back on State street, retracing his steps. It was close to the dinner hour, and the character of the street crowds had changed. The shoppers had disappeared. Suburbanites were by this time aboard their trains and homeward bound. The street was thronged with hurrying clerks and shop girls, and the cars were jammed with thousands more, all of them thinking, no doubt, of the same two things—something to eat and relaxation.

What a hive it was, this great street! And how scant the lives of the great majority! Working, eating, sleeping, marrying and given in marriage, bearing children and dying—was that all? "But growing, too," said Orme to himself. "Growing, too."

Would this be the sum of his own life—that of a worker in the hive? It came to him with something of an inner pang that thus far his scheme of things had included little more. He wondered why he was now recognizing this scantiness, this lack in his life.

He came out of his reverie to find himself again at the Madison street corner. Again he seemed to see that

beautiful girl in the car, and to hear the music of her voice.

How could he best set about to find her? She might be, like himself, a visitor in the city. But there was the touring car. Well, she might have run in from one of the suburbs. He could think of no better plan than to call that evening on the Wallinghams and describe the unknown to Bessie and try to get her assistance. Bessie would divine the situation, and she would guide him unmercifully, he knew; but he would face even that for another glimpse of the girl of the car.

And at that moment he was startled by a sharp explosion. He looked to the street. There was the black car, bumping along with one flat tire. The girl threw on the brakes and came to a stop.

In an instant Orme was in the street. If he thought that she would not remember him, her first glance altered the assumption, for she looked down at him with a ready smile and said: "You see, I do need you again, after all."

As for Orme, he could think of nothing better to say than simply: "I am glad." With that he began to unfasten the spare tire.

"I shall watch you with interest," she went on. "I know how to run a car—though you might not think it—but I don't know how to repair one."

"That's a man's job, anyway," said Orme, busy now with the jack, which was slowly raising the wheel from the pavement.

"Shall I get out?" she asked. "Does my weight make any difference?"

"Not at all," said Orme; but, nevertheless, she descended to the street and stood beside him while he worked. "I didn't know there were all those funny things inside," she mused.

Orme laughed. Her comment was vague, but to him it was enough just to hear her voice. He had got the wheel clear of the street and was taking off the burst tire.

"We seem fated to meet," she said.

Orme looked up at her. "I hope you won't think me a cad," he said, "if I say that I hope we may meet many times."

Her little frown warned him that she had misunderstood.

"Do you happen to know the Tom Wallinghams?" he asked.

Her smile returned. "I know a Tom Wallingham and a Bessie Wallingham."

"They're good friends of mine. Don't you think that they might introduce us?"

"They might," she vouchsafed, "if they happened to see us both at the same time."

Orme returned to his task. The crowd that always gathers was now close about them, and there was little opportunity for talk. He finished his job neatly, and stowed away the old tire.

She was in the car before he could offer to help her. "Thank you again," she said.

"If only you will let me arrange it with the Wallinghams," he faltered. "I will think about it." She smiled.

He felt that she was slipping away. "Give me some clue," he begged.

"Where is your spirit of romance?" she rallied at him; then apparently relenting: "Perhaps the next time we meet—"

Orme groaned. With a little nod like that which had dismissed him at the time of his first service to her, she pulled the lever and the car moved away.

Tumult in his breast, Orme walked on. He watched the black car thread its way down the street and disappear around a corner. Then he gave himself over to his own bewildering reflections, and he was still busy with them when he found himself at the entrance of the Pere Marquette. He had crossed the Rush street bridge and found his way up to the Lake Shore drive almost without realizing whether he was going.

Orme had come to Chicago at the request of eastern clients to meet half way the owners of a western mining property. When he registered at the Annex he found awaiting him a telegram saying that they had been detained at Denver and must necessarily be two days late. Besides the telegram, there had been a letter for him—a letter from his friend, Jack Baxter, to whom he had written of his coming. Jack had left the city on business, it appeared, but he urged Orme to make free of his North side apartment. So Orme left the Annex and went to the rather too gorgeous, but very luxurious, Pere Marquette, where he found that the staff had been instructed to keep a close eye on his comfort. All this had happened but three short hours ago.

After getting back to the apartment, Orme's first thought was to telephone to Bessie Wallingham. He decided, however, to wait till after dinner. He did not like to appear too eager. So he went down to the public dining room and ate what was placed before him, and returned to his apartment just at dusk.

In a few moments he got Bessie Wallingham on the wire.

"Why, Robert Orme!" she exclaimed. "Wherever did you come from?"

"The usual place. Are you and Tom at home this evening?"

"I'm so sorry. We're going out with some new friends. Wish I knew them well enough to ask you along. Can you have some golf with us at Arradale tomorrow afternoon?"

"Delighted! Say, Bessie, do you know a girl who runs a black touring car?"

"What?"

"Do you know a tall, dark girl who has a black touring car?"

"I know lots of tall, dark girls, and several of them have black touring cars. Why?"

"Who are they?"

There was a pause and a little chuckle; then: "Now, Bob, that won't do. You must tell me all about it tomorrow. Call for us in time to catch the one-four."

That was all that Orme could get out of her; and after a little banter and a brief exchange of greetings with Tom, who was called to the telephone by his wife, the wire was permitted to rest.

Orme pushed a chair to the window of the sitting room and smoked lazily, looking out over the beautiful expanse of Lake Michigan, which reflected from its glassy surface the wonderful opalescence of early evening. He seemed to have set forth on a new and adventurous road. How strangely the girl of the car had come into his life!

Then he thought of the five-dollar bill, with the curious inscription. He took it from his pocketbook and examined it by the fading light. The words ran the full length of the face. Orme noticed that the writing had a foreign look. There were flourishes which seemed distinctly un-American.

He turned the bill over. Apparently there was no writing on the back, but as he looked more closely he saw a dark blur in the upper left-hand corner. Even in the dusk he could make out that this was not a spot of dirt; the edges were defined too distinctly for a smudge; and it was not black enough for an ink-blot.

Moving to the center table, he switched on the electric lamp, and looked at the blur again. It stood out plainly now, a series of letters and numbers:

"Evans, S. R. Chi. A. 100 N. 210 E. T."

The first thought that came to Orme was that this could be no hoax. A joker would have made the curious cryptogram more conspicuous. But what did it mean? Was it a secret formula? Did it give the location of a buried treasure? And why in the name of common sense had it been written on a five-dollar bill?

More likely, Orme reasoned, it concealed information for or about some person—"S. R. Evans," probably. And who was this S. R. Evans?

The better to study the mystery, Orme copied the inscription on a sheet of note paper, which he found in the table drawer. From the first he decided that there was no cipher. The letters undoubtedly were abbreviations. "Evans" must be, as he had already determined, a man's name. "Chi" might be, probably was, "Chicago." "100 N. 210 E." looked like "100 (feet?) paces?) north, 210 (feet?) paces?) east."

The "A." and the "T." bothered him. "A." might be the place to which "S. R. Evans" was directed, or at which

he was to be found—a place sufficiently indicated by the letter. Now as to the "T."—was it "treasure"? Or was it "time"? Or "true"? Orme had no way of telling. It might even be the initial of the person who had penned the instructions.

Without knowing where "A." was, Orme could make nothing of the cryptogram. For that matter, he realized that unless the secret were criminal it was not his affair. But he knew that legitimate business information is seldom transmitted by such mysterious means.

Again and again he went over the abbreviations, but the more closely he studied them, the more baffling he found them. The real meaning appeared to hinge on the "A." and the "T." Eventually he was driven to the conclusion that those two letters could not be understood by anyone who was not already partly in the secret, if secret it was. It occurred to him to have the city directory sent up to him. He might then find the address of "S. R. Evans," if that person happened to be a Chicagoan. But it was quite likely that the "Chi." might mean something other than that "Evans" lived in Chicago. Perhaps, in the morning he would satisfy his curiosity about "S. R. Evans," but for the present he lacked the inclination to press the matter that far.

In the midst of his puzzling, the telephone bell rang. He crossed the room and put the receiver to his ear. "Yes?" he questioned.

The clerk's voice answered. "Scnor Poritoll to see Mr. Orme."

"Who?"

"S-e-n-o-r—P-o-r-i-t-o-l," spelled the clerk.

"I don't know him," said Orme. "There must be some mistake. Are you sure that he asked for me?"

There was a pause. Orme heard a few scattering words which indicated that the clerk was questioning the stranger. Then came the information: "He says he wishes to see you about a five-dollar bill."

"Oh!" Orme realized that he had no reason to be surprised. "Well, send him up."

He hung up the receiver and, returning to the table, put the marked bill back into his pocketbook and slipped into a drawer the paper on which he had copied the inscription.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Retort Courteous.

Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long-distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed.

"You don't seem to like my whistling?" said the noisy one, after a five-minute continuous performance.

"No, I don't," was the frank reply.

"Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?"

"No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are."

And the whistling was discontinued.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"Don't marry your stenographer," advises the Philosopher of Folly. "She belongs to the union and knows the rules and she'll never let you hire another one."



Orme Lifted His Straw Hat From His Head.



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went home and managed the funeral, made the few distant relatives who could come as comfortable as he could, wrote letters, faced an empty house. Then he knew that, trying as the half-insane, peevish, unloving old woman had been, her absence was a terrible thing. His heart was empty. He faced the fact, which was not the worst thing he did; he accepted it, which was fatal. He not only recognized loneliness and failure and limitation—he accepted them. He had ceased to fight.

When the two weeks were over he went back to the office. He gave up the little rented house and moved to a cheap boarding place. It was not comfortable, but neither was debt. He settled down to work and the stoop in his shoulders was most marked and his hair thinned a bit more; but his smile grew very gentle and a fine quality crept into his voice. He slept and began to be really rested, and some of the daze passed.

After a few months he began to read again magazine stories—foolish things, but they reminded him that there was somewhere, youth and love and laughter in the world.

And then there was Ninette. She was the landlady's little girl, curly-headed, warm-hearted. With the confidence of her four years the baby-woman walked into his heart and took possession. She would come up to his room, creep into his arms, and demand a story. Unable to deny her anything, he bestirred his memory, his imagination, and the stories became an escape from reality.

It was his first step up from the depths of apathy. He would think things out to tell the baby and he took to buying her candy and cheap toys. It was the first time in years that he had practiced self-indulgence. He did it as a lover wastes gifts on the lady of his dreams. One night the child, over-tired, fell asleep, her yellow little head on his breast; and he held her awhile before carrying her down to her mother, who was none too sorry to have the care of the child fall sometimes upon this big, kind man.

He became lighter of heart and brighter, and his work had a tinge of his boyish energy in it. It occurred to him one morning just as the senior partner came up, to speak to him to ask for a raise. Without giving himself time to weigh and ponder, somewhat to his own surprise, he did it confidently on the spot. The request was granted; he had forgotten that a man was valued by himself and that others rated him with some dependence on this valuation.

That night he bought a new gray suit and took the band from his hat. It was early summer, and he took Ninette out for a walk in the little park.

Sitting in a red swing in the twilight, with the sleepy child in his arms, all of a sudden his heart was full of Amy Bartlett. Where was she? He longed to see her, to hear her gentle voice and see the womanly, motherly, comforting smile. Being fair himself, he liked dark women; there was to him something deep and sweet about them. He remembered that Amy had a dimple in her plump cheek. Then he carried the little one home and went to his room with his mind full of Amy Bartlett.

The next day he asked Mrs. Farley, who had been years in the office, what had become of her. The elder woman looked at him with a sort of pity, before she replied.

"Well, you actually want to know? She's at Woodly's—two whole blocks away, John Akers! And while we're talking about her, let me tell you something—you're the most awful idiot. Well, it's time you were catching step!"

That night he walked out of the office thinking. What had Mrs. Farley meant?—what? He did not go home. He went for a walk, passing out of the hot streets to a quieter way, one that led to the little park. It was early evening. He went along, and then suddenly he turned his head to glance at a woman sitting on a bench. He met her dark eyes.

It was Amy Bartlett, and he went straight to her—it was as if she might disappear before he could tell her something. She held out her hand and gave him a smile, but there was a pathetic look in her eyes. A great light came to him.

"Amy," he said low and breathlessly, "do you know how I have starved for you? How I have loved you? Do you know? I wanted you to know—it will be easier then to go on alone." She choked a little and he saw that her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Alone? Why should it be alone, John?"

They sat long into the twilight, and the heavy past lifted itself like a mist and floated away, and love revealed her shining face.

Quite Up to Date.
"Kind o' dull out in your suburb, isn't it?"

"Dull? Gee! We've got some of the loveliest neighborhood scandals out our way you ever heard of!"

A Case in Point.
"Some men are born great, some men achieve greatness, and some men have greatness thrust upon them."
"I know it. There's Big Bill Edwards, for instance."

Almost Universal Felling.
"In spite of the fact the road to success lies along the great highway, lots of folks allus wanted out 'cross lots."—Boston Herald.

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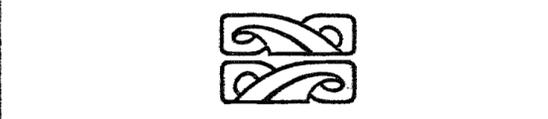
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They will surely destroy the senses of small children, and completely derange the whole system when it is taken internally, acting directly upon the brain and mucous surfaces of the system. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Write for Druggists' Prices, 10c per bottle. Sold in all drug stores.

St. Paul, Minn.—“My eight-year-old daughter returned with her parents from church, where the district superintendent had that morning occupied the pulpit.”

“Oh, father,” asked the little girl, her face alive with enthusiasm, “Don't you think Brother C. is a very strong preacher?” “I do.”

“Gratified by this evidence of unusual intelligence on the part of his offspring, the minister eagerly inquired into her reasons for her statement.”

“Oh,” replied the little miss, artlessly, “didn't you see how the dust rose when he stamped his feet?”—Judge.

On Authority of Teacher.

A quick-witted boy, asking food at a farmhouse too recently ravaged by other hungry fishing truants, was told that he was big enough to wait until he got home.

“Of course, if you have children with you—” hesitated the kindly woman of the house, and was immediately informed that there were six children in the party.

“No, I don't tell a fib, neither,” was the indignant protest later drawn forth by the condemnation of one who had shared the good bread and butter thus secured. “Fib nothin'! We're children six times over. We're children of our father and mother, children of God, children of our country, children of the church an' children of grace.” Teacher said so last Thursday, and I guess she ought to know.”

That Poughkeepsie society woman whose pearl necklace was confiscated by the customs officials might have had it yet if she could only have kept it under her hat.

The waiters now ask to be divided into classes. Excellent idea! Waiters who wait, waiters who make customers wait, waiters who are polite and waiters who are otherwise?

A little while ago the cheering word was passed that lobsters would become more plentiful. Now it is threatened that there will be a shortage of salmon and sardines.

It may be none of our business, but we trust that the sororities will deal gently with the eighty-one-year-old woman who has entered the Ohio state university as a student.

A Kansas City woman, suing for divorce, charged that her husband quarreled with her for going to a funeral. Some men are so mean they hate their wives to have any pleasure at all.

Eighty-two pounds of sugar for every man, woman and child last year! The men may offer thanks that the women and children got theirs.

A Connecticut man fired ten bullets in his head without fatal results. It is hard to tell which was greater—the persisting force of his determination or the resisting quality of his brain.

On the Bridge of a Battleship

THE modern battleship is a marvel of concentration and space economy. There is no room for things purely ornamental, but every foot of space is used to some purpose in connection with the storage or operation of the myriad adjuncts necessary for the work, the safety and the

comfort of the hundreds of men who crowd one of these floating fortresses. If one were to choose, however, the one section of a battleship which above all others is a veritable nest of wonders and surprises choice would unhesitatingly fall upon the “bridge”—that elevated structure which is so appropriately named and which extends the full width of the deck on the forward part of the ship—in front of the huge smokestacks, as a “land lubber” might designate its location.

For one thing, we find on the bridge an even greater array than anywhere else on the ship of those remarkable mechanical and electrical devices which do so much of the work on shipboard that would seem to require human intelligence. But the bridge has in addition a special significance which multiplies many times its importance and the interest of its equipment. It is the “nerve center” of the ship, the seat of authority and command which directs all the operations within the bounds of the big armorclad, and also the intelligence office through which this warship community communicates other vessels of the fleet and, indeed, with the entire outside world.

Under ordinary conditions when the battleship is cruising at sea, participating in battle drill or target practice or engaged in any of the other important functions of a sea warrior the captain commanding, the navigating officer and other responsible officials of the ship have their positions on the bridge. In time of actual battle those directing heads of the fighting machine would not expose themselves on the bridge, but they would not be far away. Sheltered by conning towers or some other protective screens,



SENDING MESSAGES BY THE ARDIS SYSTEM

they would be as near as possible to the vantage points to be found only on the exposed bridge and from those substitute observatories—some of them located directly behind or otherwise adjacent to the bridge—would direct the action of the battling armorclad.

In order to enable the officers on the bridge to be at all times closely in touch with all parts of the ship this elevated promenade is made the nerve center of elaborate telephone, telegraph and signaling systems that afford instantaneous communication with the engine and fire rooms, the ammunition magazines, all the different “gun stations” throughout the ship, and, in fact, every scene of activity that has part in the complex mission of one of these great fighting machines. The telephone system on a battleship is much like the private telephone system in a great store or manufactory, but with the difference that on shipboard most of the receivers are of the pattern which fit close to the head, covering both ears and strongly resembling those used by the helio girls in telephone exchanges. This special equipment is designed to shut out disturbing noises and is very essential when officers and men may be called upon to listen to telephone conversation when the guns are roaring or against the opposition of the various distracting noises always to be encountered on shipboard.

Near the bridge of a battleship is the wireless telegraph station which is one of the newer yet easily one of the most important adjuncts of the up-to-date battleship. However, the wireless telegraph is not used for interior communication aboard the battleship but solely for the exchange of messages with other ships and with shore stations. What are sometimes referred to as “telegraphs” on shipboard are not telegraphs at all, as the lay reader understands them, but are rather signaling systems. The most common of these communicative systems is that whereby the pressure of a button or lever at one station on a battleship—say on the bridge—will cause a printed command to suddenly appear in illuminated form in a distant part of the ship. For instance, the movement of a certain lever on the bridge of the battleship will cause an illuminated sign to suddenly appear before the eyes of the engineers, “way down below the water line, reading, “Full Speed Ahead,” or “Full Speed Astern,” or any other command which it is desired to give. By means of this method of signaling a command can, if need be, be communicated simultaneously to a number of different stations scattered throughout the ship. Indeed it is by this expedient that the captain of the battleship insures uniformity of action during target practice or in battle. In a twinkling he can send the command “Begin firing” or “Cease firing,” or any other instructions to each and every gun crew scattered throughout the length of the ship.

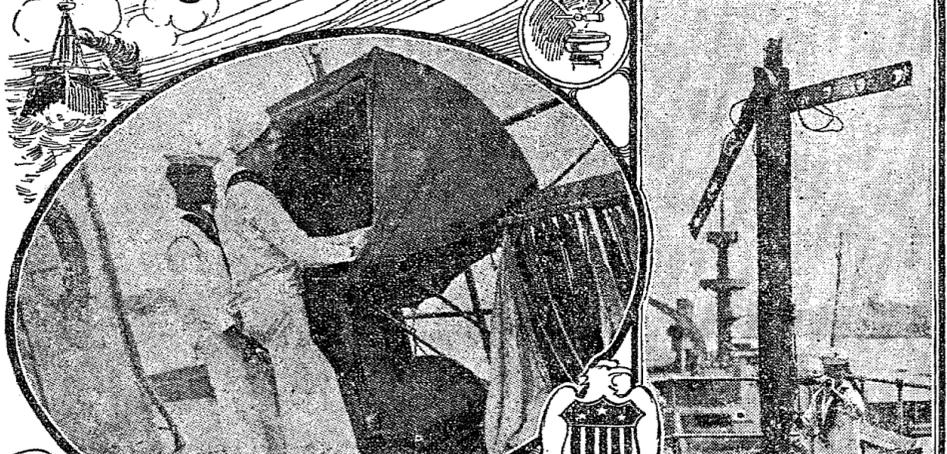
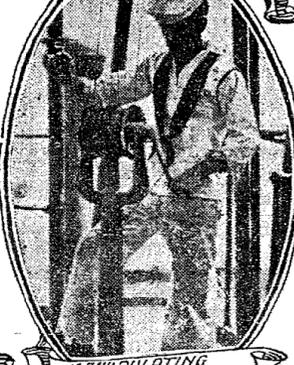


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STEERING A BATTLESHIP



MANIPULATING BATTLESHIP SEARCHLIGHT

up aloft on skeleton steel towers—a means of managing the searchlights which is not only more rapid but more effective than the old plan of turning them this way and that by manual labor. On the bridge, too, are no end of signaling devices for supplementing the wireless telegraph in communication with other ships or with the shore. There are signal flags for use with various codes and with the always useful “wigwag;” there are the semaphore and Ardis systems for signaling at night by means of different combinations of red and white lights, and there is the electric torch for unofficial messages.

The American navy has been the most successful military organization, from its very inception, which the world has ever seen. That is a pretty broad statement, but it is absolutely true. There are good reasons for this.

In the early days we were a commercial people. We were natural seafarers. Our people lived along the shores. They made their money in commercial pursuits. The men who commanded merchant ships were not only good sailors; they were good merchants, and the foundations for many of the great fortunes of this country have come from that source. In order to protect themselves they were obliged to get armed. Their ships were armed as were privateers in time of war. The result is that they not only knew navigation, but they knew gunnery, and combined with these qualities the intelligence which makes great merchants.

Naturally, when those men came into positions where they commanded men-of-war, they were equal to the occasion, although they had had no naval training. As time went on they acquired a naval training, so that in the later wars, in the early part of the nineteenth century, they met every requirement, and in the recent wars the graduates of the Naval academy have been equal to every duty which has been imposed upon them. They have made a record of which every American citizen should be proud.

The American seaman has always been efficient. They were good men in the time of the Revolution; competent men in the time of the war of 1812. They are better men today than they were in those days, because today 95 per cent. of them are American citizens, and not a man is shipped in the American navy who has not declared his intention to become a citizen. Twenty-five years ago not more than 30 per cent. of our men-of-war's men were American citizens.

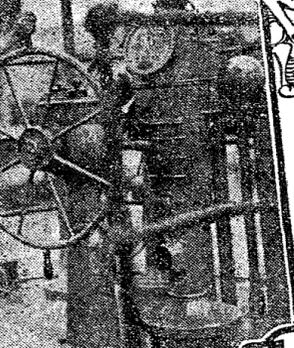
The American navy has been successful because our ships have always been as good ships as any that were built in the world. Our merchantmen, in the Revolutionary times, and down to the Civil war, were the best merchant ships sailing the seas. They were, no doubt, the best manned, and they made the fastest time. During the period of wooden ships, when we built men-of-war they were of the same general character. Our men-of-war, gun for gun, were equal to, and probably superior to, those of any other nation.

We have always been able to shoot better than most people. Go back to the early times, to the revolutionary war. We lost 24 men-of-war, carrying less than 500 guns. In the Revolutionary war, while the British lost 102 men-of-war, carrying more than 2,500 guns. We captured 800 of their merchant ships, and it is not too much to say that if it had not been for the damage caused by

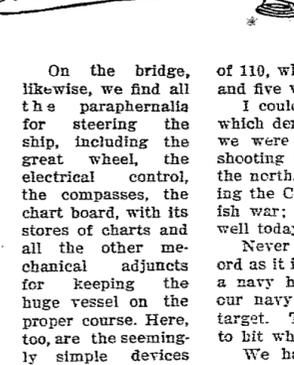
SEMAPHORE (SIGNALING) ARM



SEMAPHORE (SIGNALING) ARM



STEERING A BATTLESHIP



MANIPULATING BATTLESHIP SEARCHLIGHT

the American navy we would not have won the Revolutionary war at all; that is, it might have been necessary later to have fought that war over again.

The same relative skill prevailed in the War of 1812. Our ships of the same class were superior to the ships of our opponents. This statement is confirmed when we study the exact figures. For instance, in the Hornet-Peacock contest the British ship lost five men killed and 37 wounded, out of a crew of 130, while the American ship had but three wounded—this in eleven minutes. In the Wasp-Frolic fight the British ship lost 15 men killed and 47 wounded, out of a crew

of 110, while the American ship lost but five killed and five wounded from a crew of the same size.

I could mention a number of similar instances which demonstrate my statement that at that time we were able to shoot well, and we have been shooting better ever since. Not only the men of the north, but the men of the south, shot well during the Civil war; they shot well during the Spanish war; and we can shoot half a dozen times as well today as we could during the Spanish war.

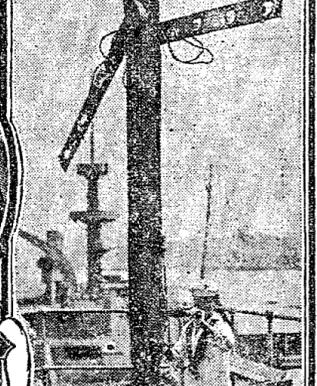
Never has the American navy made such a record as it is making today, and never has there been a navy having a record exceeding the one which our navy is now making for capacity to hit the target. That is really the whole war problem—to hit what you are shooting at.

We have not in the past built homogeneous fleets. We build a surplus of battleships and then provide the men to man them, and frequently provide more than we have ships for. We build auxiliaries and torpedo boats, if we do it at all, without any regard to the relation which such craft should bear to the battleship fleet, and while we have built or have in construction 29 battleships, we have practically no means of furnishing tenders for them under service conditions.

When the battleship fleet was sent to the Pacific recently it was necessary to charter 40 foreign ships to carry coal for it. If it had been found necessary to send the fleet around the horn in time of war it could not have been attempted, because we could not have furnished American vessels in which to carry the coal.

Very few people realize the deplorable condition we are in, as far as our merchant marine is concerned. If we had a large merchant marine we could draw from it without having special auxiliaries for the navy, but we are so lacking in both that it makes our present situation almost hopeless.

SURGERY ON HEART



SURGERY ON HEART

Surgical operations upon the heart have become more or less of a commonplace in medical history. Something approximating 100 cases of the sewing up of heart wounds are on record, and the recoveries have been considerable when one considers the highly dangerous character of such work. Hitherto, however, heart surgery has been limited to accident cases.

In a recent issue of the *Annals of Surgery* one of the workers at the Rockefeller institute for medical research discusses the possibility of treating diseased hearts surgically. He has made numerous experiments on animals and believes that such operations will be successfully performed on human beings in the near future. His tests have convinced him that the heart can be opened, scraped out (cleaned, so to speak), sewed up and started off on its “beating” path again without any great, at least insuperable, difficulty. By an ingenious system of side piping and new channeling he is able temporarily to cut out of the circulation portions of such important vessels as the descending aorta the largest artery in the body, without killing the animal. Among his suggested operations is one on the coronary arteries of the heart for the cure of angina pectoris.

This doctor has apparently proved to his own satisfaction on animals that successful surgical interference with the great vessels and the heart itself is a possibility. It is, of course, a long step from these experiments to actual operations on human beings, but there is every indication that the latter feat will be attempted in the near future. The intractability of cardiac affections and their high fatality make the proposed new surgery a thing of great general interest, and may justify the extreme boldness of the proposal.

COFFEE CREAM PIE

Heat one cup coffee and one cup milk in double boiler. Mix half a cup of sugar, seven level tablespoons sifted pastry flour, quarter teaspoonful salt, little milk (reserved from the cup), and the yolks of two eggs. Add to hot coffee and cook till thick, stirring constantly, then add walnut oil butter and let it cool (covered) while making frosting of whites of two eggs beaten stiff, then add one heaping tablespoon of confectioner's sugar. Put cream in baked shell, frost and brown lightly.

SUNSHINE PICKLES

One quart green tomatoes, one quart ripe tomatoes, one quart cabbage, two-thirds quart onions, one red pepper, one green pepper (remove seeds), one bunch celery, one-fourth cup horseradish, measuring after chopped, one-fourth cup salt. Mix and let stand over night. In the morning drain and add one quart of vinegar, one and one-half cups sugar, one dessert spoon of cassia, same of cloves and mustard. Cook slowly 20 minutes.

GREEN PEPPER RELISH

Carefully seed a dozen peppers, six green and six red. Add half a dozen small onions and the leaves of a young cabbage. Chop all together until quite fine; pour over the mixture enough boiling water to cover it; drain thoroughly and add a quart of vinegar scalding hot, one cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of salt. Stir until the vinegar comes to a boil. Cool and seal in preserve jars.

PLUNKETS

Cream together a cup each of butter and sugar, and the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, then the stiffened whites sift together one-sixth teaspoonful of corn starch, four tablespoonfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Add this mixture gradually to the other ingredients, stir in a tablespoonful of vanilla and bake for 15 minutes in pate pans.

AFTERNOON TEA CAKES

One cup sugar, one cup water, one cup raisins, one-half cup butter, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful cloves. Stir this all together and put on stove and let come to a boil. Cool, then add two cups of flour with one teaspoon of soda. Put in zam pans and bake in a quick oven.

GOLDS BREED CATARRH

Her Terrible Experience Shows How Peruna Should Be in Every Home to Prevent Colds.

Mrs. C. S. Sagerser, 1311 Woodland Ave., Kansas City, Mo., writes: “I feel it a duty to you and to others that may be afflicted like myself, to speak for Peruna.”

“My trouble first came after a grippe eight or nine years ago, a gathering in my head and neuralgia. I suffered most all the time. My nose, ears and eyes were badly affected for the last two years. I think from your description of internal catarrh that I must have had that also. I suffered very severely.”

“Nothing ever relieved me like Peruna. It keeps me from taking cold. With the exception of some deafness I am feeling perfectly cured. I am forty-six years old.”

Catarrh in Bad Form.

Mrs. Jennie Darling, R. F. D. 1, Smyrna Mills, Maine, writes: “I was unable to do my work for four years, as I had catarrh in a bad form. I coughed incessantly, and got so weak and was confined to my bed.”

“Peruna came to my relief and by faithfully using it, I am able to do my work. Peruna is the best medicine that I ever took.”

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
A. C. Carter

20 For 10c
BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS views of Leading Cities and other points of interest. Send coin or stamp. Clayton, Hazlett & McNeil, Inc., 321 Broadway, New York.

Coffee Cream Pie

Heat one cup coffee and one cup milk in double boiler. Mix half a cup of sugar, seven level tablespoons sifted pastry flour, quarter teaspoonful salt, little milk (reserved from the cup), and the yolks of two eggs. Add to hot coffee and cook till thick, stirring constantly, then add walnut oil butter and let it cool (covered) while making frosting of whites of two eggs beaten stiff, then add one heaping tablespoon of confectioner's sugar. Put cream in baked shell, frost and brown lightly.

Sunshine Pickles

One quart green tomatoes, one quart ripe tomatoes, one quart cabbage, two-thirds quart onions, one red pepper, one green pepper (remove seeds), one bunch celery, one-fourth cup horseradish, measuring after chopped, one-fourth cup salt. Mix and let stand over night. In the morning drain and add one quart of vinegar, one and one-half cups sugar, one dessert spoon of cassia, same of cloves and mustard. Cook slowly 20 minutes.

Green Pepper Relish

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Afternoon Tea Cakes

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WHAT?



Weeks—Why are you stopping? You didn't run over that man. Swiftly—I know it. I just want to see what ails the steering gear.

AN INTOLERABLE ITCHING

"Just about two years ago, some form of humor appeared on my scalp. The beginning was a slight itching but it grew steadily worse until, when I combed my hair, the scalp became raw and the ends of the comb-teeth would be wet with blood. Most of the time there was an intolerable itching, in a painful, burning way, very much as a bad, raw burn, if deep, will itch and smart when first beginning to heal. Combing my hair was positive torture. My hair was long and tangled terribly because of the blood and scabs. This continued growing worse and over half my hair fell out. I was in despair, really afraid of becoming totally bald.

"Sometimes the pain was so great that, when partially awake, I would scratch the worst places so that my finger-tips would be bloody. I could not sleep well and, after being asleep a short time, that awful stinging pain would commence and then I would wake up nearly wild with the torture. A neighbor said it must be salt rheum. Having used Cuticura Soap merely as a toilet soap before, I now decided to order a set of the Cuticura Remedies—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills. I used them according to directions for perhaps six weeks, then left off, as the disease seemed to be eradicated, but toward spring, eighteen months ago, there was a slight return of the scalp humor. I commenced the Cuticura treatment at once, so had very little trouble. On my scalp I used about one half a cake of Cuticura Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment in all. The first time I took six or seven bottles of Cuticura Pills and the last time three bottles—neither an expensive or tedious treatment. Since then I have had no scalp trouble of any kind. Standing up, with my hair unbound, it comes to my knees and had it not been for Cuticura I should doubtless be wholly bald.

"This is a voluntary, unsolicited testimonial and I take pleasure in writing it, hoping my experience may help someone else. Miss Lillian Brown, R. F. D. 1, Liberty, Mo., Oct. 29, 1909."

A Condition, Not a Theory.

A sociologist, in conversation with a practical person from the middle west concerning the labor problem in her part of the country thereby learned the lesson of the situation.

"Are there many men out of work?" he asked.

The lady admitted that there were quite a number.

"What," said he then, "do the unemployed do?"

"Nothing," said the lady. "That's the trouble."—"Youth's Companion."

ED GEERS. "The grand old man," he is called for he is so honest handling horses in races. He says: "I have used SPOON'S DISTEMPER CURE for 12 years, always with best success. It is the only remedy I know to cure all forms of distemper and prevent horses in same stable having the disease. 50c and \$1 a bottle. All druggists or manufacturers. Spolin Medical Co., Chemists, Goshen, Ind."

The average man would not perjure himself if he pleaded guilty to the charge of amounting to but little.

There are lots of people who are afraid to sit down at a table with 13, but a hungry boy isn't one of them.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original Tin Foil Smoker Package, 5c straight.

But is doesn't take long to tame a social lion.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

As a reward for its wonderful merit the Bitters has become the recognized leader as a tonic and preventive of Stomach and Bowel Ills as well as Chills, Colds and Malaria. Try it and see. All druggists.

PATENTS Watson R. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Books Free. High on references. Best results.

WANTED Live, bustling agents to sell an attractive lot and land proposition. Big money. R. E. Clark, Sales Exp., Nashville, Tenn.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. Edwards

Governorship Cost Him \$8

That Was All Joel Parker Spent in His Successful Campaign to Be Chief Executive of New Jersey.

Joel Parker, who died in 1888, at the age of seventy-two, gained national distinction at the time of the Civil war because, although elected governor of New Jersey as a Democrat, he was nevertheless one of the most efficient and zealous of all the war governors of the north. His unique distinction, in fact, was that he was the great Democratic war governor of the Union. He served from 1862, to 1866 and in 1876 he was the favorite son of the New Jersey Democrats for the presidential nomination.

Five years before Governor Parker's party became very much disturbed by the understanding that the Republicans were going to nominate for governor a very rich manufacturer—Cornelius Walsh, by name—who, it was understood, had expressed a willingness to contribute a very large sum of money in support of his candidacy. In their perturbation the Democratic leaders sought out Governor Parker at his home in Freehold.

"Governor," they said to him, "the Republicans are going to nominate Cornelius Walsh for governor, and he is going to spend a lot of money to be elected. We believe that the only Democrat in the state who stands a reasonable chance of beating Mr. Walsh and his money is yourself, and although we know that you have retired from politics, we have come to urge you to accept the nomination by the Democracy."

"Well," replied the war governor, after a few moments of thought, "I have just got into the full swing of my law practice again, and for me to drop it all would mean a considerable monetary sacrifice. Still, if my party makes a sincere call for me I will listen to it, upon this one condition, that I shall not spend any money, that my party shall not spend any money, except for absolutely necessary expenses, in the campaign, and that you will make the campaign up on this issue."

The condition was accepted by the Democratic leaders, Governor Parker was duly nominated and in the exciting campaign that followed there was plenty of evidence that his opponent was spending a large amount of money. Nevertheless, when the votes were counted, it was found that the Democratic war governor had triumphed.

The day following the election—

and here comes in the new news—Governor Parker, in his capacity as a lawyer, was obliged to appear before the supreme court of the state in Trenton. The first thing he did after arriving in the capital city was to hunt up a barber shop, in front of which, as the successful candidate was being shaved, a large crowd of the curious gathered.

In due course the governor, smooth as to chin, started to pay the barber. He felt in one pocket—no money. In dismay he turned to the barber, when a friend rushed up and offered his purse, while the crowd outside, quick to grasp the little comedy, cheered frantically.

A moment later Governor Parker had taken his stand upon the threshold of the shop.

"Fellow citizens," he said, "I began the campaign which ended yesterday with the understanding that I was to spend no money to secure my election and that my party was to spend none, except for printing and other absolutely necessary incidentals. When I began my campaign I started out from my home in Freehold with a ten-dollar bill in my pocket. I spoke in every county in the state and every day for the past two weeks. When I arrived at my home the night before election

I found that I had just two dollars left of that ten-dollar bill. Eight dollars was all I had spent to make my campaign. As counsel for the railroad company, I am privileged to ride upon a pass, and in that way I traveled from meeting place to meeting place. The hotel proprietors throughout the state insisted upon receiving me as a guest without pay, and I have also been entertained at private houses. As for the two dollars I had left over when I got back home, I spent them for postage stamps in order to send letters in reply to those which had accumulated during my absence.

"So, you see, my friends, we have shown that it is possible for a gubernatorial candidate to be victorious in New Jersey without the use of money. Still, because of this fact, I have just had an embarrassing moment. I gave so little thought to money during the campaign that it apparently has become a habit, for when I left home to come to Trenton I didn't think to supply myself with money, and you have just seen that I was actually obliged to ask the barber to hang up the shave!"

It was a little confession that tickled the crowd immensely, and as the famous Democratic war governor went on his way to the court house a great throng followed him, cheering him to the echo when he entered the building. (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Hobby Cost Nation a Hero

General Terry, When a Young Court Clerk, Was an Enthusiastic Student of War and Its Strategy.

In the history of the Civil war Gen. Alfred H. Terry is known as the hero of Fort Fisher, since he was the man who, in January of 1865, led the successful assault upon the last remaining important stronghold of the Confederacy upon the Atlantic seaboard. Eleven years later, as a brigadier general in the regular army, he again came prominently before the country as the commander of the main column which drove Sitting Bull and his followers into Canada after the Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn.

One of the leading New Haven, Conn., men of other days who never tired of talking of General Terry was the late Judge E. K. Foster, who was for many years prosecuting attorney of New Haven county, and who presided over the New Haven mass meeting which Lincoln addressed a few days after he had delivered his Cooper Union speech.

"I knew 'Alf' Terry as a boy here

in New Haven and as a student at Yale," said the judge to me when I called upon him in the summer of 1872, "and I was one of the men who helped to get him appointed clerk of the superior court of the state back in 1854, while he was still two or three years under thirty. You see, he had graduated from the Yale law school some years before, but, somehow, he didn't seem to be able to make the law go, and so we got him the clerkship, where we knew his legal training would come in handy.

"That was the year the Crimean war broke out, and it hadn't been long before those of us who knew him well discovered that 'Alf' Terry was taking a sudden and intense interest in the progress of the campaign being conducted against Russia by the allies. Why, he became so deeply immersed in the subject that he actually neglected his duties as clerk of the court a bit, and not being content to get the latest news of the war at the breakfast table, like the rest of us, he got into the habit of going to a newspaper office and sitting there by the hour in the evenings, awaiting such news as might come in about the siege of Sebastopol and other events. He became especially excited about the war on the days that he knew a European mail was due—we had no cables then—and not infrequently on mail days he remained at the newspaper office awaiting war news until the paper went to press.

"He carried his war enthusiasm still further. He got together as good a collection of maps of the war zone as he could possibly lay his hands on. As news from the front drifted across the Atlantic he traced upon his maps, so far as he was able, the movements of the troops. I remember seeing him one evening bending over his maps and tracing with a pencil certain lines which indicated to him the movement of the troops. That same evening he detailed to me what he believed would be the inevitable strategy of the campaign. As he did so his face became flushed with excitement, his eyes took on the gleam of the enthusiast, and I could not help saying to myself: 'What is 'Alf' Terry doing in the clerk's office of a court?'

"The Crimean war ended, I daresay that 'Alf' Terry had a better knowledge of the strategy employed by both sides than any other man in the state, or in several states, for that matter. He wrote and talked incessantly about it, yet for the diplomacy connected with the war, or the politics that caused it, he knew practically nothing and cared less. And when the brief campaign of the French against the Austrians was on in 1859, he spent all his spare time studying the reports reaching this country of the battles of Solferino and Magenta.

"Two years later, President Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers, and 'Alf' Terry, who in the meantime had gained the rank of colonel in the state militia through devotion to his hobby, went to Bull Run at the head of the Seventh Connecticut infantry, and his was one of the few regiments that retired from that field in good order and helped to check the stampede.

"The rest of his career the world knows," concluded Judge Foster. "But I sometimes think that, if 'Alf' Terry had not suddenly been seized with the idea to study the Crimean war seven years before our great war broke, he probably would have remained unknown to fame and would have rusted out behind the desk of the clerk of our superior court." (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards.)

In Old Kentucky.

The colonel had just fainted in the hotel lobby.

"Shall I throw water in his face?" asked the bellboy.

"Heavens, no!" cried the clerk. "If you did that he'd have a fit."

Dark Suspicion.

"So the editor declined your poem?"

"He did, but I suspect he made a letter-press copy before sending it back. The ink looks blurred."

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

The wonder of baking powders—Calumet. Wonderful in its raising powers—its uniformity, its never failing results, its purity.

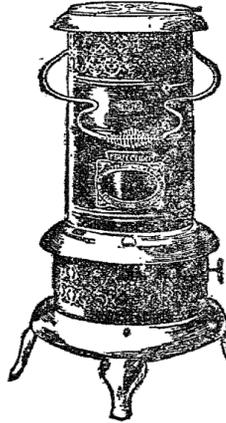
Wonderful in its economy. It costs less than the high-price trust brands, but it is worth as much. It costs a trifle more than the cheap and big can kinds—it is worth more. But proves its real economy in the baking.

Use CALUMET—the Modera Baking Powder.

At all Grocers.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition

You Can Work Near a Window



in winter when you have a Perfection Oil Heater. It is a portable radiator which can be moved to any part of a room, or to any room in a house. When you have a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless at all times.

you do not have to work close to the stove, which is usually far from the window. You can work where you wish, and be warm. You can work on dull winter days in the full light near the window, without being chilled to the bone.

The Perfection Oil Heater quickly gives heat, and with one filling of the font burns steadily for nine hours, without smoke or smell. An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. The filter-cap, put in like a cork in a bottle, is attached by a chain. This heater has a cool handle and a damper top.

The Perfection Oil Heater has an automatic-locking flame spreader, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or galler cannot become wedged and can be unscrewed in an instant, reworking. The Perfection Oil Heater is finished in japanned nickel, is strong, durable, well-made, built for service, an light and ornamental.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

EUREKA HARNESS OIL Will Keep Your Harness soft as a glove tough as a wire black as a coal

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

MANUFACTURED BY Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

FOR SALE BY STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.

Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better and wear longer than any other \$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.

None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, 245 Spring Street, Brockton, Mass.

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 cannot break. Does not gum or become rancid.

MANUFACTURED BY Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

FOR SALE BY STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

ROOSEVELT'S "AFRICAN GAME TRAILS" GREAT BOOK

An ideal Christmas gift, must be bought by some one in every locality to his neighbors. The man who applies quickly will have more fun and a high commission. Write for prospectus to THOMAS SCRIBNER'S SONS 112 (N. Y.) FIVE AVENUE, New York City

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE (TRADE MARK) **PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES**

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MEN ET CETERA AT DRUGGISTS TRIAL BOX BY MAIL 50c PLANTEN, 25 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Yaws, Erysipelas, and other Ulcers, Mercantile Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Loe, Fever Sores, Cold Sores, Pustules, etc. By mail 10c. J. E. Allen, Dept. A, 150 East 10th St., N.Y.

Suicide—Slow death and awful suffering follows neglect of bowels. Constipation kills more people than consumption. It needs a cure and there is one medicine in all the world that cures it—CASCARETS.

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

Prominent men everywhere use the **Gillette** KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

As afflicted with: T. 1son's Eye Water W. N. U. NO

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.

WANTED—Everyone in Florence and vicinity to read the opening chapters of the new serial by Robert W. Chambers in the November number of Cosmopolitan Magazine. It is the greatest novel of the year and is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

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

LOST—Medium weight lap-robe. \$1.00 reward for return to Dr. W. L. Ross.

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

WANTED TO BUY—20 Suckledown brood sows. Dr. W. L. Ross.

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

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

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VERDA H. LYTTON—Teacher of piano. Studio Cole's Hall, Wednesday, Saturday. (26-29)

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

FOR SALE—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.

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)

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

FOR RENT—A 5-room modern house, one block to car line. Phone Florence 140. (25)

GRAND VIEW MATERNITY HOME. Address Florence, Neb., Box 117, Tel. Florence 392.

WANTED—Milch cow and horse to keep for the winter. Good pasture and stable—best of care. Tel. Web. 2915.

His First Case

By Donald Allen

(Copyright, 1916, by Associated Literary Press.)

Mr. Paul Franklin has passed his examination and become a member of the bar. Not that he intended to hang out a shingle and become a practicing lawyer, but more to oblige the good old aunt who had brought him up and sent him through college and had often said:

"You will have the estate to manage during my life, and when I am gone you will have to manage it for yourself. One should be a lawyer to do these things."

Within a week after Paul had been granted a legal right to add "Attorney at Law" after his name, the old lawyer of the estate, in turning the papers over to the young man, said:

"There is one matter I wish to call your particular attention to. The estate owns Lake Placid. I stocked it with choice fish several years ago and put up many signs of 'No Trespass.'" Those signs have been generally respected, but last summer one particular person, having a camp a short distance away, persisted in fishing in spite of all protests. I have just received word that the same person is back there for the summer and is fishing again. Our man there thinks an example ought to be made. He says that when he made protest this person told him to go to grass."

"A very nifty person," remarked the young lawyer.

"Truly so. I think you should write to the agent there to take out a warrant, make an arrest and bring the case to trial. You can go up there and appear for yourself and

out for the trial, as well as all the idlers of the village. His honor was on his dignity. The defendant had retained a lawyer. There was to be a mighty legal battle."

"We ought to apply for three or four warrants," said the watchdog, as Paul arrived. "The same person was out fishing again this morning, and when I yelled at her she ran her tongue out at me!"

Paul did not catch the "her" and "she." It was the black-bearded ruffian he was thinking of. Under summons, and yet fishing for more carp! There must be no letup until the doors of the county jail closed behind him. It was for Paul to state his case to court and spectators. He had a feeling of trepidation as he arose, but it passed as soon as he heard his own voice. He didn't see the black-bearded ruffian among the crowd, but of course he was there.

There were men, the lawyer told the court, who respected the law, and there were others who deemed themselves superior to it. This was a case where a man, coming from a city notorious for its graft and "pulls," was deliberately and defiantly trampling the law under foot. He would bring forward witnesses to prove that the man had not only seen the signs of "No trespass," but had deliberately and defiantly—

Here there was some tittering and giggling in the room, and his honor rapped for order.

"Yes, this man—this ruffian, who had been accustomed to trample on the law—"

More giggling and applause. "You should keep to the case," kindly advised the court.

"Thanks. There were the signs of 'no trespass,' and yet this man—"

"What man!" asked the opposing counsel, while many spectators laughed.

"The guilty party, sir," replied Paul with all proper austerity.

"But let me explain that there is no man under summons," said his honor. "Can you be thinking of another case?"

There was more laughter, and poor Paul realized that something had happened to the machinery to stop the boat.

"It's a woman!" whispered a man behind him.

"It's a girl," whispered another. "It's that staving-looking girl in front of you," whispered a third.

"Your honor, I was led to believe that a ruffian had been trampling on the law," said Paul, as he looked around in a helpless way.

"No. The summons was for Miss Katherine Lacy, and she's here in court. I haven't heard anything of a ruffian."

"But—but—" persisted Paul, as he saw the defendant at last and noted the fact that she was one of the best looking girls he had ever seen.

"My client pleads not guilty," said the opposing counsel. "She will admit being on the lake in a boat at various times, and of fishing for fish, but she denies catching any. She also denies that she is a ruffian. If my learned brother on the other side wishes to go ahead with the case—"

"But how can I?" asked Paul in a helpless way. "I prepared to prosecute a black-bearded ruffian who was trampling the law under foot, but here I find—"

"A young lady who hasn't been trampling," finished his honor. "I think it would be well for the complainant and defendant to walk over to that window together and see if some amicable understanding cannot be arrived at."

Miss Lacy rose up with mischief in her eyes and walked, and the blushing young attorney could do no less than follow her. There wasn't much conversation after reaching the window. He said:

"My dear Miss Lacy I beg your pardon a thousand times over."

"Don't mention it."

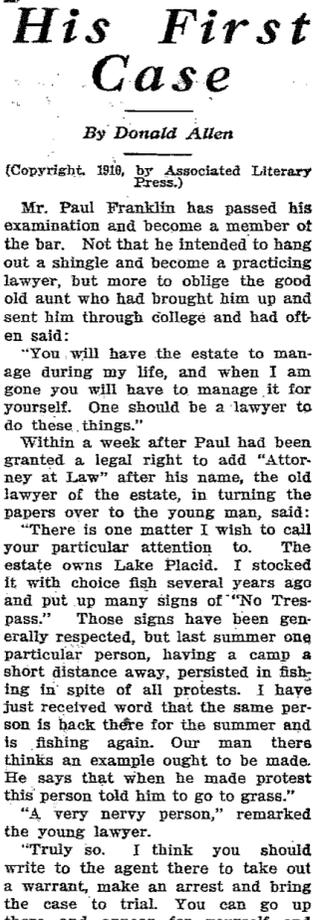
"If I had known—"

"But you didn't."

"But you may catch every fish in the lake."

"Thanks."

All that was left was to withdraw the case and take the rallery in good part. Of course, the young limb of the law found his way over to the camp, and of course he was hospitably received and before the camping season was over—well, the "ruffian" and the lawyer were engaged to be married.



"If I Had Known—"

make it your first case. The justice is bound to find a verdict for you and impose a smart fine, and that will deter other campers from trespassing."

"I don't want to get the reputation of being arbitrary and mean," said Paul.

"But people must respect the law," put in the aunt as she came into the discussion. "If the laws can't be enforced what will become of us? People have no more right to catch my fish than to catch my chickens. It is my desire, Paul, that you take up this case. Those people who come out from the city to camp for the summer are a very reckless lot. They don't pay the slightest attention to signs. What they need is a good scare."

Lake Placid was three miles from the manor house, on another piece of land. It was a favorite place for summer camping, and there were no restrictions except as to the fishing. It had been stocked with carp as a fad of the aunt. Word was dispatched to the man who acted as watchdog, and in two or three days subsequently he reported that a summons had been issued for the guilty and defiant party, and he named the date when the trial was to come off before the justice of the peace in the village.

Mr. Attorney Franklin drew a mental picture of a bearded ruffian with a political pull who was setting country law at defiance and denuding Lake Placid of its carp in spite of all signs and protests, and he at once looked up the law on trespass and made himself familiar with it. When he had learned all about it, he invented a plea to the jury.

Of course, the defendant would call for one. He went out to the orchard and repeated his plea over and over again. It was strong. It was logical. It was convincing. It wound up by saying that if beetle-browed and black-bearded ruffians could steal an old lady's carp and not suffer the consequences, they could also break their way into her house at midnight and out her throat and still go free.

The jury must not look at the value of the carp, but at the principle of the thing, and he would leave the case in their hands, feeling that justice would prevail in the land. The aunt heard the plea when it had been trimmed down and got into shape, and she fervently exclaimed:

"Paul, that will be one of the greatest pleas of the decade! The jury must convict the ruffian without leaving the box. You must save a copy for your children to read."

Mr. Paul Franklin drove over to the village at the hour named in the papers. All the campers had turned

out for the trial, as well as all the idlers of the village. His honor was on his dignity. The defendant had retained a lawyer. There was to be a mighty legal battle."

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Seen and Heard on Long Island. A teacher tells me that at a Brooklyn school, not long since, the class in geography was asked; "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?" The pupils tried to think, and after a while a boy raised his hand. "I know," said he. "Well, what are they?" asked the teacher. "Why," said the boy, with a triumphant look, "on the south side you can see the sea, and on the north side you hear the sound."—Spare Moments.

The Place for Them. "He looked all around the brilliantly lighted hall, where music was sounding and men and women were gayly tripping in the dance.

"I see nothing but false faces about me in this apparent scene of gaiety," he said.

"Well, what other kind do you want at a masquerade?" asked his friend.

Against the Rules. "He lived next door to a man for 10 years without even learning his neighbor's name."

"Can you imagine anybody being so unobservable!"

"Oh, yes. You see, the warden wouldn't let them talk."

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Omaha, Nebraska (613)

An Old Store With a New Name

The changing of my system took place ten days ago and the enormous business we have done in these ten days plainly shows that people appreciate this change and are willing to pay cash.

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which lasts the week out, but the bargains will last right along. We are going to improve our stock and service fifty per cent.

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