

LOVE IN THE PARLOR

No Longer Will the Youth of This Town Be Allowed to Court the Girl of His Choice Out Alone in the Wicked World, but Will Have His Affinity Picked Out for Him and Do His Courting Under the Watchful Eyes of Experts.

"Who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe, And all life melted into a happy sigh, And all the world was given in one warm kiss?"

Sang the bard of old. Also the bard of the present can sing likewise, but henceforth and forevermore it will be different.

No more can the youth of this town gather into his arms his affinity and looking into those soulful eyes taste of the nectar of the lips.

No more can he hang around the church door on a Sunday night waiting for his enamored one to come forth that he may walk slowly home with her, whispering sweet nothings into her dainty ear.

No more can he spend his last dollar for a horse and buggy and go for a drive out in the country, where no one can see her driving and him with his arm around her, telling her that old, old story which is ever new.

No more will Venus send her son, Cupid, to shoot his arrows into the hearts of the youth of this fair town.

No more will Anteros rule as the symbol of slighted love, for there will be no such thing as slighted love any more.

The millennium has come, or, rather, has dawned.

All the traditions of the past, of love, have been laid away in moth balls, never to be brought forth again except to show future generations how vulgar was love before the year 1909.

No more will the love sick swain go around looking as though the winter of discontent were here while wondering if his fair innamorata really loves him or is only stringing him along for the sake of the good times she can get while he is blind.

Ah, no more.

But rejoice! rejoice!!

The best of all ages is yet to come. There are a number of married ladies in this fair city of ours that are talking of organizing a club to be known as the Chaperone club, which will have for its main object the organizing into a club all the eligible, nice young men of the town, to be known as the Cavaliers.

The Chaperone club will provide their houses and themselves to the Cavaliers to meet nice, eligible young ladies, and under the eyes of the chaperones the young men will woo and win and, presumably, wed the young ladies.

Beautiful scheme, isn't it?

In these days of misfit marriages and divorces caused by the young men not having a chance to meet their affinities it is refreshing to think that there are some women so noble, so kind, so generous that they will give up their time, their homes and themselves to the cause of bettering mankind and with one fell swoop utterly abolishing that greatest of all curses, the divorce.

All the world loves a lover is a proverb that is as true today as it was when it was written in the dim and dusty ages past, but how much more the world will love those who bring the lovers together.

Just think how ideal the courtship of the future will be. Why, in my mind's eye I can see the courtship of then.

The telephone rings and Algernon slowly arises from the comfortable Morris chair in which he has been sitting, dreaming of the days when he will no longer be alone, and goes over to answer it.

"Yes, this is Algy."

"Oh, I'm so delighted. Of course I'll be there."

The scene changes to the home of one of the Chaperones. A large parlor with a dozen of elderly women with beaming countenances are sitting around talking to a bevy of sweet young things and noble young men when in walks Algernon.

There is a hush and the hostess proceeds to introduce him to the assembled guests, the feminine part of which is all affluter for maybe he is the one that is picked out for them.

As Algernon glances into the eyes of fair, golden-haired Miss Blank he is conscious of a thrill and in his mind decides she is the one girl for him. But, no, the Chaperones have carefully gone over the situation and have decided on the girl best suited to him. They know, so he accepts the inevitable and Miss Something-or-Other, although casting glances at the one that sent his heart a-going pitapat.

The assembled Chaperones proceed to entertain their guests, but the old-time games of postoffice and callerout and other kissing games are tabooed for do not germs lurk in the kiss?

CLOCK WAKES BABY ON CAR

It Was Papa's Child, Too, and Papa Was the Conductor in This Case.

Few noticed the young mother when she entered the car. She was just one of the crowd that whirled back to Florence at dusk. The babe on her arm was sleeping. Its tiny face was covered to ward off the blinding light. The young woman found a seat near the front of the car and sat down, holding her dear treasure close to her breast. It was a pretty picture—mother and daughter—but it attracted no immediate attention.

The car sped on to Florence. It was evening. The crowd had finished another day's work and it was tired and sulky and "ornery." The babe slept through it all—the noise of the wheels and the clang of the motor-man's gong. Otherwise all was quiet.

"Grrrrrr. Bing. Tin-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling. Bzzzzzz."

It was a strange noise to come from the precious little bundle of life. Every eye was focused on the young mother and her babe. The woman was frantically trying to separate a small alarm clock from the mass of dry goods and baby. The child was awake. And how it screamed, as a child can. Was the young mother perturbed? She was not. She blushed some, but she laughed more. She knew what to do.

The little musical comedy ended with the infant settling down to its supper with a contented expression on its tiny face. The way it went after that bottle was a sight that didn't keep the smiles from the passengers either.

"Guess that young girl is there with the goods," said the conductor to one of his regular patrons.

"Your daddy is up to one of his old tricks, darling," cooed the mother to her little one.

"Goo," replied the baby.

They do. Instead they slyly hint of their happiness and their joy in the bonds of wedlock and advise the young people to go and do likewise. The men are supposed to act as Cavaliers of the present, not of the old, for those in the olden days grabbed the maiden he thought best and carried her off to do his housework and other chores and defied the world to take her away. The Cavalier of the present, however, must be a gentleman always. He must never say those sweet nothings that mean so much to those lovers of the present day. Oh, no. He must talk in an impersonal, cultured way of the happiness that can come to two souls joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. Of how it is cheaper for two to live than it is for one to live. When the proper time comes the Chaperones will arrange the proposal for him, selecting the words to use, the time to do so and the place to do it, and will keep an extremely sharp eye out to see that it is done properly—done just as they have rehearsed him to do it. They will make all the arrangements for the wedding, so it will be unnecessary for the young man to call at the house of his fiancée to arrange all those little details which take so much time and which calls the young man out to the young lady's house every night in the week and until the last car leaves.

All this will be attended to for him and all he need do is to be present at the appointed time and place and answer the questions and then his wife can join the Chaperone club that will organize another Cavalier's club that will perform the same gracious task for the other youth and so on ad infinitum.

No more will the millionaire's daughter marry the chauffeur. No more will marriage end in the divorce court, for man and women will be truly mated.

All hail the Chaperone club! May it have abundant success.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mr. and Mrs. Mancini entertained Wednesday evening in honor of Nick Rocco of New York City. A delightful evening was spent with music, after which a typical Italian luncheon was served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reynolds, J. B. Brisbin, Harry Brisbin, D. J. Creedon, Dan Kelly, E. L. Platz, Dan Tomasso, Nick Rocco and Mr. and Mrs. Mancini.

Peter Kare has bought one of Paul Nelson's farms and will move on to it at once.

Mrs. G. J. Hunt, who has been spending the past month with her daughter, Mrs. T. B. Still, left Saturday for an extended eastern trip among relatives and friends.

MORE HISTORY OF CHURCH

Miss Prudence Tracy Continues Her Interesting Narrative of the History of the Florence Presbyterian Church, Bringing it Down to Date of the Celebration of the Fourteenth Anniversary—Latter Day History is As Interesting As That of Beginning.

We were not privileged to retain Rev. Graham Long, however, as he was soon sought by a larger field, and there followed him various pastoral supplies, all theological students, whom I bring to your remembrance: First, Rev. Arthur Hubbard; second, Rev. F. C. Phelps (during Mr. Phelps' supply the assistance of an evangelist, Rev. Charles A. Taylor, in special services, resulted in Mrs. Mary Anderson, Mrs. Meta Nelson, Sophia Rathman, Mrs. Maggie Anderson, Nettie J. Cartwright, Mrs. Harrie Cluck, Trued Swanson, Phillip Purcell, Arthur and Walter Carlson being added to the church on March 31, 1901, and on April 14 Mrs. Margaret R. King, Martin Herskind, L. A. Taylor, wife and daughters, Carrie, Blanche and Amy. Ill health compelled Mr. Phelps to give up the work during his second year with us, and, third, Rev. Kenneth McInness completed it for him. Many pleasant memories cluster around the time Mr. and Mrs. McInness were with us, so cheery were they; fourth, Rev. M. A. Camp followed him and on July 27, 1902, received into membership Mrs. Carrie Deyo and daughters, Carrie and Belle. Mrs. Deyo was one of the chief supporters and faithful workers in the Ponca mission until she was ere long called home. Mr. Camp found the work too arduous with his seminary course, and, fifth, Rev. James A. Clark came to take his place. Rev. Clark has the distinction of having received a regular call from the church after ordination March 19, 1905, although the call was declined. The sixth pastoral supply was Rev. K. J. Cardy, during whose ministry Meta Fouke, Elsie Reams, Ethel Breneman, Cora Simpson, Zelma Purcell, Clara Pilant and mother, Mary A. Pilant, united with the church, April 26, 1903, and on August 30 Edith Towbin, Mrs. Charles Ide, Mrs. E. D. Bergstrasser, Mrs. Ellen Purcell, Mr. Charles Wallace, wife and two sons, March 27, 1904, a congregational meeting was held and a call extended to Rev. D. B. McLaughlin, an ordained minister, who while with us sought the assistance of Evangelist Redding in a series of special meetings and as a result March 19, 1905, the following members of the Sunday school were brought into the church: Ethel Ayres, Christine, Mildred and Bertha Anderson, Ethel Herskind, Leona Crume, Dora Purcell, Gladys Warler, Herbert, Ernest and Carrie Johnson, Agnes and Hallie Shipley. On profession of faith: Mrs. Arthur L. and Mrs. D. V. Shipley, Mrs. George T. Bird, Mrs. Emma Chase, Mrs. N. M. Crume, Mrs. John N. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Ayres, Paul Bird, Roy C. Brown, Carl and Ezra Larsen, John, Roy and G. Oliver Chase. By letter: Mrs. Mary E. Coleman and Mrs. T. E. Price, Sr., the latter one of the most faithful and dearly loved members the church has ever known, ever ready to do whatever was asked of her or her hands found to do, a messenger of peace whenever trouble would arise. The church will doubtless feel no keener sorrow than when they realized that she would meet with them no more in this world. Rev. James A. Slack was called to become the seventh pastoral supply of the church on July 30, 1905, and remained until April 1, 1907. During his pastorate there were four additions to the church, John Carlson on profession of faith, Mrs. Adam Kundert, Mrs. W. A. Anderson and John A. Wagie by letter. Mr. Slack was the first pastor to bring a bride into the church.

During the month of April, 1907, the church was fortunate in securing James Rayburn, a student in the theological seminary, Omaha, to engage in a series of evangelistic services with most gratifying results. At their close on May 12 a special afternoon meeting was held and thirty were added to the church, Edward L. Thompson by letter, Mrs. W. H. Thompson on renewal of covenant, and the following by profession of faith: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Grimm, Lucien O. William E., Frances and Grace Thompson, Ruth D. Anderson, Elmer, Pauline, Anna and Mrs. Hylda Norien, Bertha Taylor, Raymond, Daisy and Mrs. Emma Powell, Herbert Leaming, Vera Kindred, Maggie Claycomb, Maude Jones, Laura Johnson, Esther Larsen, Hazel Nelson, Mrs. Stella Dial, Mrs. Caroline Pierson, Thomas L. Shipley, Harry Swanson, Mildred and Irving Allison, Jr. Rev. A. S. C. Clarke, D. D. of Lowe Avenue church, Omaha, was present to assist in this service and baptized Marie Powell, Gladys and Lucile Grimm. At the close of

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

How the School Children Enjoyed Themselves on Monday Evening at Their Show at Pascale's Hall.

If there is anything more infectious than the laughter of the children I don't know what it is, and Monday night there was enough of it at Pascale's hall to put into good humor even a councilman who thinks he isn't getting his share of publicity in the Tribune.

The children were there in full force and why not? Was it not their entertainment and did they not sell the tickets and was not the proceeds to go to them to buy pictures of little Dutch and other foreign scenes to hang in their rooms because some people thought that the foreign pictures were prettier than native pictures? They did.

The entertainment was given by Archie Leon French and lasted for an hour and a half and was thoroughly enjoyed by the school children present.

There was a large crowd of the children present and here and there through the audience were to be seen some who were not exactly children, but they all had the excuse that they came with the children and it is a toss up which they enjoyed the more, the antics of the performer or the antics of the children. It made many a heart warm to see the happy faces and hear the exclamations of delight and listen to the hearty laughter of the children as yet unmodified by the conventions of modern society and its silted phrases.

The money raised will go to purchase pictures for the rooms of the smaller children and a sum in the neighborhood of \$20 was raised.

This service an unanimous call was extended Mr. Rayburn to become its eighth pastoral supply. The call was accepted and continued until the close of his seminary course in April of the present year, 1909, endearing himself in the hearts of its members. On May 27 Mrs. W. J. Holmes, Mrs. Frank Brown, Edith Gabrielsen and Wiley A. King were also added to the church, making a total of thirty-four during his first year with us, and on July 26, 1908, our pastor-at-large, Dr. Braden, assisted in receiving the following splendid accessions: By letter, Mr. Irving Allison, Sr. and wife, from Westminster Presbyterian church, Omaha; Mr. Robert Olmsted, wife and daughter, Miss Florence, from Westminster Presbyterian church, Omaha; Mr. W. A. Yoder, from Methodist Episcopal church, Alexandria, Neb.; Mrs. Kathryn Yoder, Methodist Episcopal church, Hooper, Neb.; Miss Mattie Sider, Methodist Episcopal church, Hooper, Neb., and on profession of faith, Evangeline Johansen, Miss Louise Kennedy and Mrs. Ida Kindred.

The year 1908 we considered the most fruitful in the church's history; not only had the membership become the strongest and all departments in a most encouraging condition, but the finances had doubled any previous year and made a commendable record in benevolences among the churches of our denomination throughout the United States. Numerous repairs were also added during this year, such as a furnace, pews, new carpet, organ, etc., greatly appreciated by all and especially by the little band of us who worshipped formerly in the dingy old city hall in the days gone by. The departure of Rev. Rayburn and his charming little wife for Marshalltown, Iowa, where he received a call from the First Presbyterian church, and the coming into our midst of Rev. Amos and family is yet too vivid to need commenting upon and thus I leave the record to be continued in the future. I trust, by an abler pen than mine, reminding those present that "we pass this way but once, all travelers to that land from whence no traveler returns," and when the great record of our lives is revealed we would that it might be said of each one of this membership: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou has been faithful over a few things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

PRUDENCE TRACY.

.. BRIGGS NEWS ..

Mr. Korminck and son Joseph are putting in a new fence.

Miss Hattie Stull and Jessie Dudley were callers on Stulls Sunday.

Mr. Richard, daughter and grandsons were visiting his daughter, Mrs. M. Metzinger, Friday.

Miss Mary Korminck is working in town now.

We hear that Mr. J. H. Stull is a motorman on the Ames avenue cars.

Mr. Custard lost a fine calf Sunday.

COUNCIL MEETING

Story of Monday's Council Meeting Written in the Vernacular of the Members of That August Body Which Holds Its Sessions Every Two Weeks or Oftener to Provide a Story for This Paper and Secure Publicity for Themselves. "A Little Fun, Now and Then," etc.

Oh, say, Cull, did you pipe the meetin' at the City Hall last Monday evening? It was a pippin, I'm tellin' ye.

Dat guy, Kelly, from de sout ward started the ball rovin' down de alley, when he calls for de report of de feller who acts as Hizzoner for dis burg. He spiels a song about how he had ast de bloke to send it in and how he had promised but had given a nort pole silence insted. Den de guy wot acts as de clerk spiels his piece like a trained parrot sayin' that Hizzoner would send it on the first of de mont wit other bills.

Dat seemed to warm 'em up a bit for de nex ting dey took up was the old question of how to build a sidewalk and dey don't know no more now than dey did when dey first started.

Kelly starts his spiel with tellin' how de whole bloomin bunch except dose who couldn't be present had met him and looked over dat airship sidewalk dat dey built down in the sout ward while Kelly was dreaming of de time when he would be mayor.

He said dat de walk had cost \$5 simoleons and dat it would cost 90 bones to have a bloke take up de walk, kick out de dirt and put de walk down in four inches of sand. He said it looked like de city was miked and dat the cheapest way would be to lay a new walk.

Den de guy Craig from de nort ward made his spiel about Finkenkeller havin' a bloke dat would do de work for \$5 plunks and dat it looked good to him. Up pops Kelly and blurts out: If Finkenkeller will give a written agreement to pay de tax if de city has dat guy put in, why he is willin'.

Den de guy from de nort ward wot keeps a hardware emporium tells of a bloke wot come in and spouted about de walk and said it would cost four and a half birds to do the job and he tho't it would be cheaper to have it done as a new walk for \$5.

By dis time de guy wot acts as de hot air steerer of de bunch said all de hot air was inflatin' him and makin' him tired, so he referred de matter to de street and alley committee wit power to act.

Everybody wot was dere den began to look at de cellin' to see where all de airships were, cos dere was so much gas being put up about holes in de ground, lakes in de square and de need of pipes to carry de aqua off de streets an' some people taut dere wot to be annexation. When dey mentioned de pipes everybody taut dey had been hittin' 'em again, but at de mention of ditches it was a lead pipe cinch on de graveyard looks of de bunch.

Kelly spied somethin' about where de funds were to come from he didn't know, when de other guy from de sout ward said dere was plenty of de cush an' he was backed up by de main squeeze with a pipe about when your kid broke his pipistem you didn't wonder where the cush was comin' from but hiked off to a saw-bones and had it fixed and advised de rest of de guys to let dose wot come after to look out for de payin'.

Den Kelly, Allen, Tucker and Price all took a hammer to the city engine because he knew more dan dey did and wasn't present to show dem were dey got off at.

Den dey took up a awful dirty subject and de way dey talked about it was a caution. It seemed dere was to be some dirt taken from here and dumped dere and dey couldn't tell how much or wot de cost would be until Price popped up from his seat and said he would move dat de dirt be moved by Frank Leach, 500 in de sout ward and \$60 in de nort ward, and dat it be done in de two weeks and at his bid of 16 and 20 cents for a yard and dat it be measured after it had been dumped and dat de city have de dirt placed where it wanted it and—Tucker wanted to know if there was anythin' more he wanted to put in dat little motion and if so to hurry up as de Imogen club might be comin' along at any time and den "would be time to take a sneak. Leach will do the work if no more extras are tacked on.

Den wot do you tink happened? Nothin', only Pri' said somethin' about de nort ward needin' some more crosswalks and you ought to have seen de glad smile cross de phizes of de rest of de guys. Den he explained how cinders would answer for this winter and up pops Kelly and says: Why dat is all right if dey will put some in de sout ward, too, especially in front of his place where the airship

COME ACROSS WITH THE COIN

Don't be a Piker and Read This Paper Without Offering to Pay For It.

There are some people on our subscription list who have not paid for their paper. While we do not care whether they do or not, on the first of the year we propose to cut off the list all those who have not paid for the paper. We are not publishing this paper for the amusement and profit of those who do not care enough about the town to subscribe and pay for the only paper published here.

We are publishing this paper for the good of the town and country surrounding it and while we do not depend on it for a living, we feel that those who read it will pay for it and we are sure they will or else they will borrow a paper from some one who does pay for it.

While we believe in charity, we are not running a charitable institution and will cut out all those not paid up. If anyone is unable to pay for the paper we will donate it to them, but as far as sending the paper to a lot of deadheads each week, that practice will cease the first of January.

Now listen to the chorus of knockers from those who think the paper worth reading, but not paying for.

walk is. Price wanten to know how it come dat Kelly missed dat one when he got all de rest. Then Tine Shipley butted into de game and tout he would draw cards for a walk at Bluffs and Davenport streets but somehow Tucker said he didn't know where Davenport street was and den Allen chipped in with his little me, too, where is it.

Wyt dje tink o' dat. City officials not knowin' where de streets of the burg are? But as Tine spoke feelin' about de poor little kiddies gettin' dere feet all muddy and how he has to get out and carry 'em across de council thout it was too bad to have him waste his manly strength dis way so he will get his walk when de cows come home to water. Dat man Allen is a mighty good promiser and a mighty bad actor, and if he don't keep his word I'll give you a spiel about him dat will put a crimp in his walk for a time.

Here's a list of de simoleons:

F. M. Marks	7.50
F. D. Leach	24.50
J. E. Marr	19.00
Oscar Mills	7.50
F. Smock	14.25
W. H. McCormick	1.35
Larry Fay	52.50
E. M. Robinson	56.00
M. E. Clements	10.00

Total \$196.60

Den dey took to spiellin' as to how it was a shame de way dat Main st. was all blocked up so de people had to walk a mile to catch de public automobile and what rotten service dere was and how it was impossible to cross Main street and how dey couldn't do nothin' wit de pavin boss and dey shed real tears over de gear peepul and den dey adjourned to I don't know where, as I had to see you at de kiddies entertainment and, anyhow, times are gettin' hard.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Rev. D. N. Good of Chillicothe, Mo., was the guest of Miss Prudence Tracy Tuesday.

Miss Maude Yost of Omaha was the guest of Maude Keirle last Sunday.

Miss Bertie Wilson is down from her ranch near Long Pine, Neb., visiting the home folks.

The Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church met at the residence of Mrs. Harold Reynolds Wednesday.

Mrs. Prunder of Norfolk is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ray Rusk.

Rev. F. R. Wedge of Monroe, Neb., was the guest of friends here Monday, en route to his old home in Wisconsin for several weeks' evangelistic work.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thomas have returned from Canada, where they have been visiting for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas entertained Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thomas. Those present were: Harry Smith, Miss Francis Eaton and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas.

George Fitzgerald who has been living on a farm near Calhoun, will hold a sale of his household goods and animals November 30. He is going to remove to Florence to live and has rented Mrs. Franklin's house.

THE DIVA'S RUBY

By F. MARION CRAWFORD
AUTHOR OF "SARACINESCA," "ARETHUSA" ETC., ETC.
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SYNOPSIS.

Baraka, a Tartar girl, became enamored of a golden bearded stranger who was prospecting and studying herbs in the vicinity of her home in central Asia, and revealed to him the location of a mine of rubies hoping that the stranger would love her in return for her disclosure. They were followed to the cave by the girl's relatives, who blocked up the entrance, and drew off the water supply, leaving the couple to die. Baraka's cousin Saad, her betrothed, attempted to climb down a cliff overlooking the mine; but the traveler shot him. The stranger was revived from a water gourd Saad carried, dug his way out of the tunnel, and departed, deserting the girl and carrying a bag of rubies. Baraka gathered all the gems she could carry, and started in pursuit. Margaret Donne (Margarita da Cordova), a famous prima donna, became engaged in London to Konstantin Logotheti, a wealthy Greek financier. Her intimate friend was Countess Leven, known as Lady Maud, whose husband had been killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg; and Lady Maud's most intimate friend was Rufus Van Torp, an American, who had been a cowboy in early life, but had become one of the richest men in the world. Van Torp was in love with Margaret, and rushed to London as soon as he heard of her betrothal. He offered Lady Maud \$5,000,000 for her pet charity if she would aid him in winning the singer from Logotheti.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"I said I was a wicked woman," Margaret answered, rising; "and what's more, I believe I am. But I quite forgot you were there, Potts, or I probably should not have said it aloud."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Potts meekly, and she went back to her unpacking.

Margaret had two maids, who were oddly suited to her two natures. She had inherited Alphonsine from her friend the famous retired soprano, Mme. Bonanni, and the cadaverous, clever, ill-tempered, garrulous dresser was as necessary to Cordova's theatrical existence as paint, limelight, wigs and an orchestra. The English Potts, the meek, silent, busy and intensely respectable maid, continually made it clear that her mistress was Miss Donne, an English lady, and that Mme. Cordova, the celebrated singer, was what Mr. Van Torp would have called "only a side-show."

The letter that had been torn up before it was finished was to have gone to Lady Maud, but Margaret herself had been almost sure that she would not send it, even while she was writing.

She had written that she had done very wrong in engaging herself to Logotheti; that was the "wickedness" she accused herself of, repeating the self-accusation to her astonished maid, because it was a sort of relief to say the words to somebody. She had written that she did not really care for him in that way; that when he was near she could not resist a sort of natural attraction he had for her, but that as soon as he was gone she felt it no longer and she wished he would not come back; that her ideal of a husband was so and so, and this and that—and here fiction had begun, and she had put a stop to it by destroying the whole letter instead of crossing out a few lines—which was a pity; for if Lady Maud had received it, she would have told Mr. Van Torp that she needed no help from her since Margaret herself asked no better than to be freed from the engagement.

Logotheti did not come out to Versailles that afternoon, because he was plentifully endowed with tact where women were concerned, and he applied all the knowledge and skill he had to the single purpose of pleasing Margaret. But before dinner he telephoned and asked to speak with her, and this she could not possibly refuse. Besides, the day had seemed long, and though she did not wish for his presence she wanted something—that indescribable, mysterious something which disturbed her and made her feel uncomfortable when she felt it, but which she missed when she did not see him for a day or two.

"How are you?" asked his voice, and he ran on without waiting for an answer. "I hope you are not very tired after crossing yesterday. I came by Boulogne—decent of me, wasn't it? You must be sick of seeing me all the time, so I shall give you a rest for a day or two. Telephone whenever you think you can bear the sight of me again, and I'll be with you in 35 minutes. I shall not stir from home in this baking weather. If you think I'm in mischief you're quite mistaken, dear lady, for I'm up to my chin in work!"

"I envy you," Margaret said, when he paused at last. "I've nothing on earth to do, and the piano here is out of tune. But you're quite right, I don't want to see you a little bit, and I'm not jealous, nor suspicious, nor anything disagreeable. So there!"

"How nice of you!"

"I'm very nice," Margaret answered with laughing emphasis. "I know it. What sort of work are you doing? It's only idle curiosity, so don't tell me if you would rather not! Have you got a new railway in Brazil, or an overland route to the other side of beyond?"

"Nothing so easy! I'm brushing up my Tartar."

"Brushing up what? I didn't hear."

"Tartar—the Tartar language—Tartar—he began to spell the word.

use of knowing it? You must be awfully hard up for something to do!"

"You can be understood from Constantinople to the Pacific ocean if you can speak Tartar," Logotheti answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"I daresay! But you're not going to travel from Constantinople to the Pacific ocean—"

"I might. One never can tell what one may like to do."

"Oh, if it's because Tartar is useful against the bites of sharks," answered Margaret, quoting Alice, "learn it by all means!"

"Besides, there are all sorts of people in Paris. I'm sure there must be some Tartars. I might meet one, and it would be amusing to be able to talk to him."

"Nonsense! Why should you ever meet a Tartar? How absurd you are!"

"There's one with me now—close beside me, at my elbow."

"Don't be silly, or I'll ring off."

"If you don't believe me, listen!"

He said something in a language Margaret did not understand, and another voice answered him at once in the same tongue. Margaret started slightly and bent her brows with a puzzled and displeased look.

"Is that your teacher?" she asked with more interest in her tone than she had yet betrayed.

"Yes."

"I begin to understand. Do you mind telling me how old she is?"

"It's not she, it's a young man. I don't know how old he is. I'll ask him if you like."

Again she heard him speak a few incomprehensible words, which were answered very briefly in the same tongue.

"He tells me he is 20," Logotheti said. "He's a good-looking young fellow. How is Mrs. Rushmore? I forgot to ask."

"She's quite well, thank you. But I should like to know—"

"Will you be so very kind as to remember me to her, and to say that I hope to find her at home the day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly. Come to-morrow if you like. But please tell me how you happened to pick up that young Tartar. It sounds so interesting! He has such a sweet voice."

There was no reply to this question, and Margaret could not get another word from Logotheti. The communication was apparently cut off. She rang up the central office and asked for his number again, but the young woman soon said that she could get no answer to the call, and that something was probably wrong with the instrument of number one-hundred-and-sixty-three.

Margaret was not pleased, and she was silent and absent-minded at dinner and in the evening.

"It's the reaction after London," she said with a smile, when Mrs. Rushmore asked if anything was the matter. "I find I am more tired than I knew, now that it's all over."

Mrs. Rushmore was quite of the same opinion, and it was still early when she declared that she herself was sleepy and that Margaret had much better go to bed and get a good night's rest.

But when the prima donna was sitting before the glass and her maid was brushing out her soft brown hair, she was not at all drowsy, and though her eyes looked steadily at their own reflection in the mirror, she was not aware that she saw anything.

"Potts," she said suddenly, and stopped.

"Yes, ma'am?" answered the maid with meek interrogation, and without checking the regular movement of the big brush.

"Potts," she began again, "you are not very imaginative, are you?"

"No, ma'am," the maid answered, because it seemed to be expected of her, though she had never thought of the matter.

"Do you think you could possibly be mistaken about a voice, if you didn't see the person who was speaking?"

"In what way, ma'am?"

"I mean, do you think you could take a man's voice for a woman's at a distance?"

"Oh, I see!" Potts exclaimed. "As it might be, at the telephone?"

"Well—at the telephone, if you like, or anywhere else. Do you think you might?"

"It would depend on the voice, ma'am," observed Potts, with caution.

"Of course it would," assented Margaret rather impatiently.

"Well, ma'am, I'll say this, since you ask me. When I was last at home I was mistaken in that way about my own brother, for I heard him calling to me from downstairs, and I took him for my sister Milly."

"Oh! That's interesting!" Margaret smiled. "What sort of voice has your brother? How old is he?"

"He's eight-and-twenty, ma'am; and as for his voice, he has a sweet counter-tenor, and sings nicely. He's a song-man at the cathedral, ma'am."

"Really! How nice! Have you a voice, too? Do you sing at all?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" answered Potts in a deprecating tone. "One in the family is quite enough!"

Margaret vaguely wondered why, but did not inquire.



"Potts," She Said Suddenly, and Then Stopped.

"You are quite sure that it was your brother who was speaking, I suppose," she said.

"Oh, yes, ma'am! I looked down over the banisters, and there he was!"

Margaret had the solid health of a great singer, and it would have been a serious trouble indeed that could have interfered with her unbroken and dreamless sleep during at least eight hours; but when she closed her eyes that night she was quite sure that she could not have slept at all but for Potts' comforting little story about the brother with the "counter-tenor" voice. Yet even so, at the moment before waking in the morning, she dreamt that she was at the telephone again, and that words in a strange language came to her along the wire in a soft and caressing tone that could only be a woman's, and that for the first time in all her life she knew what it was to be jealous.

The sensation was not an agreeable one.

The dream-voice was silent as soon as she opened her eyes, but she had not been awake long without realizing that she wished very much to see Logotheti at once, and was profoundly thankful that she had torn up her letter to Lady Maud. She was not prepared to admit, even now, that Konstantin was the ideal she should have chosen for a husband, and whom she had been describing from imagination when she had suddenly stopped writing. But, on the other hand, the mere thought that he had perhaps been amusing himself in the society of another woman all yesterday afternoon made her so angry that she took refuge in trying to believe that he had spoken the truth and that she had really been mistaken about the voice.

It was all very well to talk about learning Tartar! How could she be sure that it was not modern Greek, or Turkish? She could not have known the difference. Was it so very unlikely that some charming compatriot of his should have come from Constantinople to spend a few weeks in Paris? She remembered the mysterious house in the Boulevard Pereire where he lived, the beautiful upper hall where the statue of Aphrodite stood, the doors that would not open like other doors, the strangely-disturbing encaustic painting of Cleopatra in the drawing-room—many things which she distrusted.

Besides, supposing that the language was really Tartar—were there not Russians who spoke it? She thought there must be, because she had a vague idea that all Russians were more or less Tartars. There was a proverb about it. Moreover, to the English as well as to the French, Russians represent romance and wickedness.

She would not go to the telephone herself, but she sent a message to Logotheti, and he came out in the cool time of the afternoon. She thought he had never looked so handsome and so little exotic since she had known him.

He was received by Mrs. Rushmore and Margaret together, and he took noticeable pains to make himself agreeable to the mistress of the house. At first Margaret was pleased at this; but when she saw that he was doing his best to keep Mrs. Rushmore from



He Became Very Gloomy and Thoughtful.

leaving the room, as she probably would have done, Margaret did not like it. She was trying to ask him questions about his lessons in Tartar, and especially about his teacher, and she probably meant to cast her inquiries in such a form as would make it preferable to examine him alone rather than before Mrs. Rushmore; but he talked on and on, only pausing an instant for the good lady's expressions of interest or approval.

He was telling her what a prime minister had told an ambassador about the pope, when Margaret rose rather abruptly.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said to Mrs. Rushmore, by way of apology, "but I really must have a little air. I've not been out of the house all day."

Mrs. Rushmore understood, and was not hurt, though she was sorry not to hear more. The "dear child" should go out, by all means. Would Mrs. Logotheti stay to dinner? No? She was sorry. She had forgotten that she had a letter to write in time for the afternoon post. So she went off and left the two together.

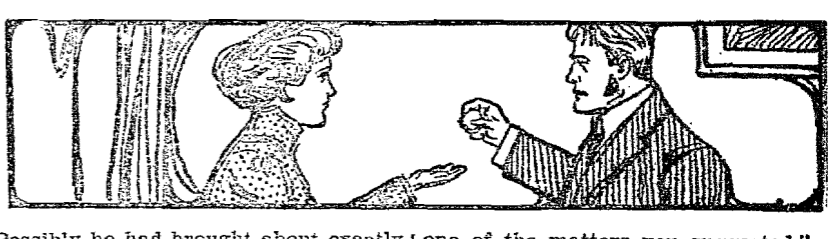
Margaret led the way out upon the lawn, and they sat down on garden chairs under a big elm tree. She said nothing while she settled herself very deliberately, avoiding her companion's eyes till she was quite ready, and then she suddenly looked at him with a sort of blank stare that would have disconcerted any one less superlatively self-possessed than he was. It was most distinctly Mme. de Cordova, the offended prima donna, that spoke at last, and not Miss Margaret Donne, the "nice English girl."

"What in the world has got into you?" she inquired in a chilly tone.

He opened his almond-shaped eyes a little wider with an excellent affectation of astonishment at her words and manner.

"Have I done anything you don't like?" he asked in a tone of anxiety and concern. "Was I rude to Mrs. Rushmore?"

Margaret looked at him a moment longer, and then turned her head away in silence, as if scornful to answer such a silly question. The look of surprise disappeared from his face, and he became very gloomy and thoughtful but said nothing more.



Possibly he had brought about exactly what he wished, and was satisfied to await the inevitable result. It came before long.

"I don't understand you at all," Margaret said less icily, but with the sad little air of a woman who believes herself misunderstood. "It was very odd yesterday, at the telephone, you know—very odd indeed. I suppose you didn't realize it. And now, this afternoon, you have evidently been doing your best to keep Mrs. Rushmore from leaving us together. You would still be telling her stories about people if I hadn't obliged you to come out!"

"Yes," Logotheti asserted with exasperating calm and meekness, "we should still be there."

"You did not want to be alone with me, I suppose. There's no other explanation, and it's not a very flattering one, is it?"

"I never flatter you, dear lady," said Logotheti gravely.

"But you do! How can you deny it? You often tell me that I make you think of the Victory in the Louvre—"

"It's quite true. If the statue had a head it would be a portrait of you."

"Nonsense! And in your moments of enthusiasm you say that I sing better than Mme. Bonanni in her best days—"

"Yes. You know quite as much as she ever did, you are a much better musician, and you began with a better voice. Therefore you sing better. I maintain it."

"You often maintain things you don't believe," Margaret retorted, though her manner momentarily relaxed a little.

"Only in matters of business," answered the Greek with imperturbable calm.

"Pray, is 'learning Tartar' a matter of business?" Her eyes sparkled angrily as she asked the question.

Logotheti smiled; she had reached the point to which he knew she must come before long.

"Oh, yes!" he replied with alacrity. "Of course it is."

"That accounts for everything, since you are admitting that I need not even try to believe it was a man whom I heard speaking."

"To tell the truth, I have some suspicions about that myself," answered Logotheti.

"I have a great many," Margaret laughed rather harshly. "And you behave as if you wanted me to have more. Who is this eastern woman? Come, be frank. She is some one from Constantinople, isn't she? A Fanariote like yourself, I dare say—an old friend who is in Paris for a few days, and would not pass through without seeing you. Say so, for heaven's sake, and don't make such a mystery about it!"

"How very ingenious women are!" observed the Greek. "If I had thought of it I might have told you what story through the telephone yesterday. But I didn't."

Margaret was rapidly becoming exasperated, her eyes flashed, her firm young cheeks reddened handsomely, and her generous lips made scornful curves.

"Are you trying to quarrel with me?"

The words had a fierce ring; he glanced at her quickly and saw how well her look agreed with her tone. She was very angry.

"If I were not afraid of boring you," he said with quiet gravity, "I would tell you the whole story, but—" he pretended to hesitate.

He heard her harsh little laugh at once.

"Your worst enemy could not accuse you of being a bore!" she retorted. "Oh, no! It's something quite different from boredom that I feel, I assure you!"

"I wish I thought that you cared for me enough to be jealous," Logotheti said earnestly.

"Jealous!"

No one can describe the tone of indignant contempt in which a thoroughly jealous woman disclaims the least thought of jealousy with a single word; a man must have heard it to remember what it is like, and most men have. Logotheti knew it well, and at the sound he put on an expression of meek innocence which would have done credit to a cat that had just eaten a canary.

"I'm so sorry," he cried in a voice like a child's. "I didn't mean to make you angry, I was only wishing aloud. Please forgive me!"

"If your idea of caring for a woman is to make her jealous—"

This was such an obvious misinterpretation of his words that she stopped short and bit her lip. He sighed audibly, as if he were very sorry that he could do nothing to appease her, but this only made her feel more injured. She made an effort to speak coldly.

"You seem to forget that so long as we are supposed to be engaged I have some little claim to know how you spend your time!"

"I make no secret of what I do. That is why you were angry just now. Nothing could have been easier than for me to say that I was busy with

one of the matters you suggested."

"Oh, of course! Nothing could be easier than to tell me an untruth!"

This certainly looked like the feminine retort-triumphant, and Margaret delivered it in a cutting tone.

"That is precisely what you seem to imply that I did," Logotheti objected. "But if what I told you was untrue your argument goes to pieces. There was no Tartar lesson, there was no Tartar teacher, and it was all a fabrication of my own!"

"Just what I think!" returned Margaret. "It was not Tartar you spoke, and there was no teacher!"

"You have me there," answered the Greek mildly, "unless you would like me to produce my young friend and talk to him before you in the presence of witnesses who know his language."

"I wish you would! I would like to see 'him'! I should like to see the color of 'his' eyes and hair!"

"Black as ink," said Logotheti.

"And you'll tell me that 'his' complexion is black, too, no doubt!"

"Not at all; a sort of creamy complexion, I think, though I did not pay much attention to his skin. He is a smallish chap, good-looking, with hands and feet like a woman's. I noticed that. As I told you, a doubt occurred to me at once, and I will not positively swear that it is not a girl after all. He, or she, is really a Tartar from central Asia, and I know enough of the language to say what was necessary."

"Necessary!"

"Yes. He—or she—came on a matter of business. What I said about a teacher was mere nonsense. Now you know the whole thing."

"Excepting what the business was," Margaret said incredulously.

"The business was an uncut stone," answered Logotheti with indifference. He had one to sell, and I bought it. He recommended to me by a man in Constantinople. He came to Marseilles on a French steamer with two Greek merchants who were coming to Paris, and they brought him to my door. That is the whole story. And here is the ruby. I bought it for you, because you like those things. Will you take it?"

He held out that looked like a little ball of white tissue paper, but Margaret turned her face from him.

"You treat me like a child!" she said.

To her own great surprise and indignation, her voice was unsteady and she felt something burning in her eyes. She was almost frightened at the thought that she might be going to cry, out of sheer mortification.

Logotheti said nothing for a moment. He began to unroll the paper from the precious stone, but changed his mind, wrapped it up again, and put it back into his watch-pocket before he spoke.

"I did not mean it as you think," he said softly.

She turned her eyes without moving her head, till she could just see that he was leaning forward, resting his wrists on his knees, bending his head and apparently looking down at his loosely hanging hands. His attitude expressed dejection and disappointment. She was glad of it. He had no right to think that he could make her as angry as she still was, angry even to tears, and then bribe her to smile again when he was tired of teasing her. Her eyes turned away again, and she did not answer him.

"I make mistakes sometimes," he said, speaking still lower, "I know I do. When I am with you I cannot be always thinking of what I say. It's too much to ask, when a man is as far gone as I am!"

"I should like to believe that," Margaret said, without looking at him.

"Is it hard to believe?" he asked so gently that she only just heard the words.

"You don't make it easy, you know," said she with a little defiance, for she felt that she was going to yield before long.

"I don't know how to. You're not in the least capricious—and yet—"

"You're mistaken," Margaret answered, turning to him suddenly. "I'm the most capricious woman in the world! Yesterday I wrote a long letter to a friend, and then I suddenly tore it up—there were ever so many pages! I daresay that if I had written just the same letter this morning I should have sent it. If that is not caprice, what is it?"

"It may have been wisdom to tear it up," Logotheti suggested.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Decline of Ancient English Fair.

After being held annually for 800 years Stow Green pleasure fair has practically ceased to exist.

Established by charter of Henry III, it ranked as one of the largest fairs in England for merchandise and lasted three weeks. All the large traveling shows in the country used to attend and they covered nearly four acres of ground. The fair is now limited to two days and when it commenced it only consisted of a few catchpenny devices.

This year the magistrates curtailed the hours for drinking and it is expected the fair will soon collapse altogether.—London Standard.

THE OLD and NEW THANKSGIVING

BY ADRIAN PARBLE

In olden days, when the land was young,
At least to its modern generations,
And before the country by patriots sung
Had become the chief among the nations,
Thanksgiving Day, which had its birth
'Mong the Pilgrim folk so staid and sturdy,
Was a "week-day Sabbath," free from mirth,
And ne'er profaned by burdy-gurdy.

'Twas celebrated in those days,
With one thought, and with one thought only,
To give to God his meed of praise
For watching o'er his people lonely.
That he had given to them his grace,
And caused the earth to yield its dower,
That they might live, and keep in pace
With him in godliness and power.

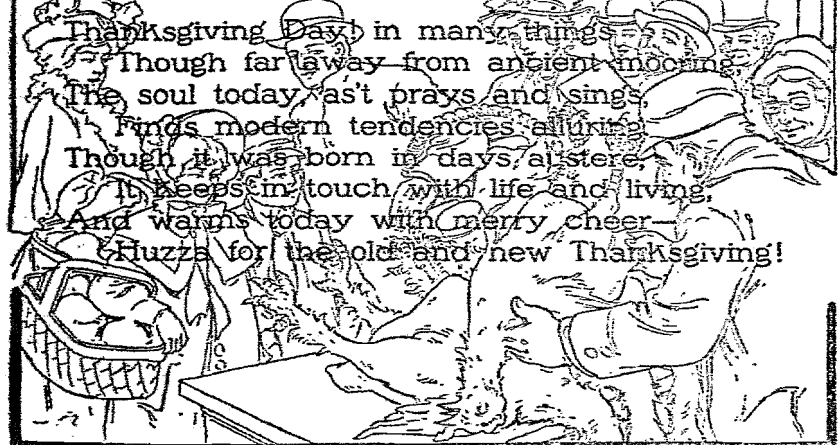
What though sometimes the winter day
Creak on, they met an empty table,
Did they forget to sing and pray?
They only sang and prayed the harder,
God sent on ravens' wings of old
Food when the skies were dark and murky,
And to New-England's chosen fold
He sent the plump Thanksgiving turkey.

The turkeys flew through skies of gray,
And on crisp boughs of oak-trees rested,
Or sought among leaves where acorns lay,
The food which Nature had invested,
And doughty Standish, Alden true,
E'en Elder Brewster, quoth Dame Rumor,
Bagged turkeys in the frost or dew,
As hunger found them in the humor.

As the years rolled on, Thanksgiving Day,
In the Plymouth Colony dense wooded,
Became the typical holiday
'Mong the Pilgrims helmeted and hooded,
And from those dear Old Colony times
The seed thus sown in many places
Has spread till thanks in many climes
Is given in hearty songs and praises.

Thanksgiving Day when hearts and homes
Give thanks for all earth's varied blessings,
And the wanderer where'er he roams,
Returns for olden days' caressings,
And knows, as he hears the old farm-house,
And hears the turkeys "glou" and "gobble,"
That joy is his, though clothed in blouse,
And to the door he scarce can hobble.

Thanksgiving Day! the day of days,
When all who have New-England training
Know that amid November grays
The Christian spirit e'er is reigning,
And hearts to its old-time content
From worldly sorrows e'er are turning,
While sinful souls, to earth-life lent,
Fain for the heavenly rest are yearning.



Thanksgiving Day in many things,
Though far away from ancient moorings,
The soul today 'ast prays and sings,
Finds modern tendencies alluring,
Though it was born in days of yore,
It keeps in touch with life and living,
And warms today with merry cheer
'Tuzza for the old and new Thanksgiving!

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

Not long ago a little girl was asked by another little girl what she usually did on Thanksgiving day. "I eat all I can hold of good things," was her quick reply. "That's a pity," remarked her questioner, "for it doubtless makes you ill, and does nobody good. Now, I enjoy a good dinner, too, but I eat in moderation. And I carry a basket of nice things to some poor sick person who otherwise might not get any Thanksgiving dinner."

If every child who has a good home and plenty to eat on Thanksgiving day would remember the words of the thoughtful and kind-hearted little girl quoted above there would be cause for much rejoicing and thankfulness on the day that we all look forward to with so much anticipation. But it is a fact, sad to relate, that too many persons—not merely children, but grown-ups as well—think of Thanksgiving merely as a day of feasting—I might say of gorging. Parents make the mistake of not reminding their children of the needy poor whose tables are without the good things to eat on that day of all days when plenty is supposed to be in ev-

ery home. If the children of every well-to-do family would take it upon themselves to ask their mother for a basket of well-prepared and wholesome food to carry to some poor family—where otherwise there might be no Thanksgiving cheer—the day would indeed be one deserving of the name given to it. And on the same day they might carry to some poor sick person a bouquet of flowers and a nice warm garment or a pair of slippers. Any little deed of kindness to the unfortunate will enrich your own pleasures for the day and make you feel more deserving of the plenty that has fallen to your lot.

Remember the poor, the unhappy the sick, is a good motto for every child to pin over his dresser mirror a few days before Thanksgiving. And when the day arrives he'll find such joy in the knowledge that he is making some one soul the happier by his kindness. Just try it, boys and girls.

Peleg's Idea as to Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING is goin' to be the banguppiest affair at our house that'll be known from the way Mary has been makin' me trot around in Squashville town, judgin' for supplies.

"Mary Ann is one of them restless critters that can't wait a minute once she has set her mind on a thing.

"Peleg," she says to me, a week come next Wednesday, 'Peleg, you better get started on 'Thanksgivin' or it'll be here and we will be in a fix like Mis' Jenkins was the time she had us all over for dinner six years ago. I shall never forget that dinner to my dyin' day,' she says, 'and it'll be a warning for me, I hope. Mis' Jenkins was ashamed to show her face to the ladies' aid, and she one of the leaders. You got me to agree to have half the town over here, and it'll worry me, Peleg, until the turkey's bein' carved. I'm afraid yet the pie crust'll be tough as all git out.'

"When Mary Ann talks that way, knowin' her the way I do, bein' married a good 20 year, I give in. And I don't dawdle around doin' it, either.

"Jay Home says to me one day, 'Peleg,' he says, 'you're plain hen-pecked, that's what you be.'

"Thursday mornin', when I got through with the chores, and seen that the woodbox was filled and the water pail brimmin' over, them bein' things that gets on a woman's nerves, I gits loaded up with jugs and things and was down to Jay Home's store before he had the floor sprinkled.

"Jay," I says, 'if you have got anything in this shanty that's needed for a bang-up 'Thanksgivin' dinner, trot 'er out, and don't stop to figger it up till the whole caboodle is wrapped up. Expense is nothin' to me,' I says, 'if it costs a load of my best meadow hay.'

Jay set down his sprinkler and went out to the back shed for the broom.

"Don't you git riled up, Peleg," he says, 'or excited. Comin' in on me at this time of the mornin', he says, 'when my mind's set on gettin' the prune pits and other cabree of the evenin' debauch of some of these Squashville sports, as the feller says,' he says, 'cleaned up. I ain't fit to figger up a 'Thanksgivin' dinner. But if you'll set down and hold your horses,' he says, 'we'll git to it, we'll git to it.'

"Long and short of it was, Jay didn't have half the things Mary Ann had set down. We figgered out pretty well, from what he had. But dang if he had any cider or even cider vinegar.

"Jay," I says, 'I'm a believer in truth, and I trusted you. But when I read,' I sars, 'in the Squashville Bugle, as I did yes'day, them items which says 'Jay Home has the fullest, most complete and general stock of groceries in the northwest, prices right and good treatment.' and I come here, as I hev, and find no cider, or even cider vinegar, I find that I have been misled. After this I will read the Squashville paper with some caution, let alone orderin' you as postmaster to quit deliverin' it to box 123.'

"Peleg," says Jay, 'you're about the dangedst fool that ever set foot inside my store. I had that cider, as advertised, and I had that good treatment, and no one ever said my prices wasn't fair. But because a lot of others has been trottin' in here for supplies, let alone them that buys it by the glass, you git on your high horse. I like your trade, Peleg,' he says, 'but dang if I ain't a notion to tell you to find another place.'

"Jay," I says, 'seein' I was harsh, 'we bein' members of the Modern Woodmen ain't goin' to hev no words. But I am thinkin' of Mary Ann. She's set her heart on real cider for them mince pies, and you know Mary Ann.'

"And I was right. Mary Ann put her foot down when I come into the kitchen and she see I didn't hev the cider.

"I can't help it, Peleg," she says, 'I must hev it. You'll hev to go to Podunk for it, and to-day's as good a time as I know. I won't sleep now till I git that cider. I remember poor Mis' Jenkins, and it's a warnin'.'

"And dang if I didn't hev to walk over to Podunk, me that ain't been there since I got beat for constable. And Mary Ann set down some other little things she thought of, bein' as I was goin' to make the trip. When I got home I set down the jug a little hard on the kitchen table.

"Mary Ann," I says, 'this idea of hev'in' the whole dum town a-trumpin' in here on 'Thanksgivin' may be all right. I ain't sayin' nothin' against it. You'll hev your way. But they's not to be reform in this town. Jay home'll keep cider and every other 'rticle,' I says, 'for 'Thanksgivin' or 'Podunk'll git my trade.'

"S'bet up, Peleg," she says, 'and git some water in this pail. You never filled it, and I hev been skimpin' ever since you started for Podunk.'

"They ain't never been no trouble on our family for 20 years, as I was a-yein', but if they is, it'll come from one of these 'Thanksgivin' dinners longed if it won't."—R. B. Pixley, in Milwaukee Free Press.

With Thankful Hearts

Father, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee
With gratitude, for all Thy bounty free;
For love and friends, for home, for faith's pure light,
For health, for harvest store, for rest at night—

For every blessing showered from above—
Bestowed on us unstinted, by Thy love
And thoughtful care; O hear us, as we pray,
Father in heaven, this Thanksgiving day.

Watch over us, be Thou our Stay and Guide,
Thro day and night; guard us from sinful pride,
For we are human, weak and prone to wrong,
And by Thy grace alone are we made strong.

Give us our daily bread, our wants supply,
And touch our hearts that we may not deny
The widow and the orphan of their share
Of what we have—relieve their want and care.

O grant that we may keep Thy law and live
A Christian life; our enemies forgive;
That we may love our neighbor, work for peace,
That so Thy glory may on earth increase.
—Henry Coyle, in the Pilot.

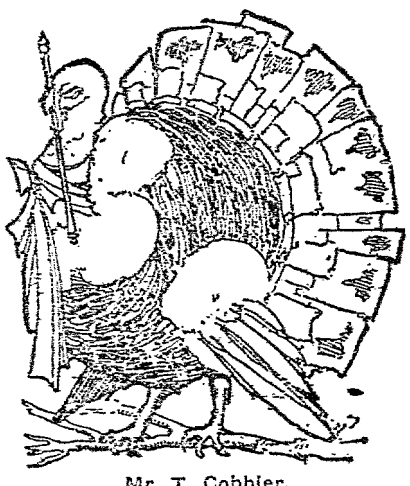
Barnyard Tragedy with a Moral

WHEN Mr. T. Gobbler married the pretty Miss Hen-Turkey—she always spelled her name with a hyphen—the entire barnyard community gathered at the festive occasion with their congratulations, for really Mr. G. was the catch of the season, and many a feminine heart was sore, though the lips were smiling that wreathed themselves into words which made the happy bride still happier. Female that she was, she knew how it hurt some of them to say the pleasant things they did, and she was glad.

But marriage is not all glamour, and notwithstanding Mr. Gobbler was the handsomest bird in the barnyard, and Mrs. Gobbler was the envy of all her set, there was a spider in her pie. Like a worm in the bud, it fed upon her damask cheek and she gazed with fearsome longing at her splendid spouse, and sighed and sighed again. Once more the husband was not the romantic hero of the courtship days. True, he did not smoke or drink or gamble, or even belong to a club, but, ah! he was so inconstant. And she was all devotion. How often thus with marriage bells—their echoes jangle out of tune!

September, October, and still the dead, dull pain at her heart, and still no remedy.

November's dismal days followed drearily, and there were those, know-



Mr. T. Cobbler.

ing how weak is hope worn out, who whispered that Mrs. Gobbler was passing away and that that wretch, Gobbler, would be flirting on his way to the funeral. But they were mistaken, for suddenly and unexpectedly Mrs. Gobbler began to recover her wonted spirits and the old-time blush came again to her erstwhile faded cheeks. She even smiled, and many wondered. But none asked questions, for her sorrows had been so sore they could not bear the touch of even the gentlest hand.

One day Gobbler saw her poring over a rain-stained bit of newspaper which had been blown by some balmy breeze into the barnyard.

"Ah, my dear," he said to her, for he was kind enough of speech, "what readest? An installment of a love story?"

She attempted to hide the paper under her wing, and did not answer.

"Oho!" he laughed, coarsely, snatching at it. "Something I should not see, perhaps? Give it to me."

Resistance was quite useless, and he let him take it, smiling radiant on him about to read.

He looked at the fatal page, and its wrinkles wilted and turned pale, his an tail folded up and the iridescent luster of his swelling bosom became usterless.

It was the president's Thanksgiving proclamation, and Gobbler knew what was coming to him.

So did Mrs. Gobbler.

A Day of Prayer and of Thanksgiving to God

For morning sun and evening dew,
For every bud that April knew,
For storm and silence, gloom and light,
And for the solemn stars at night;
For fallow field and burdened byre,
For roof-tree and the hearth-side fire;
For everything that shines and sings,
For dear, familiar daily things—
The friendly trees, and in the sky
The white cloud-squadrons sailing by;
For Hope that waits, for Faith that dares,
For patience that still smiles and bears,
For Love that fails not, nor withstands;
For healing touch of children's hands,
For happy labor, high intent,
For all life's blessed sacrament,
O Comrade of our nights and days,
Thou givest all things, take our praise!
—Arthur Ketchum.



The Story of the Turkey

IN 1620 the Puritans discovered New England, and the next year, when they were going to have their first Thanksgiving dinner, they discovered the turkey," wrote a small boy in his Thanksgiving composition. Thus he settled, to his own satisfaction at least, a long-disputed question—when and where the first turkey was found.

A century ago wiser heads than his did not find the question easy to dispose of, and their discussion was important enough to attract the attention of the learned Prof. Beckmann. Some claimed it was first found in Africa, whence it was brought in early days for the banquets of the Romans. Others believe that, because of its name, it must have come from Turkey—a term then applied vaguely to Tartary and even to Asia in general. Its German name, kalekuter, led to the assertion that the first specimens had been shipped from Calcutta; but those inclining to this opinion were laughed at by others, who said that kalekuter was simply the German attempt to express the bird's cry. A few believe that the bird was an importation from the new world. And while learned heads wagged over the problem the turkey went straight on gobbling its way into European barnyards.

It was introduced into England as early, some say, as 1524, and at a banquet given by Queen Mary in 1555 young turkeys are mentioned as the

greatest delicacy on the table. In a curious old book called "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," by Tusser, are to be found the lines:
Beefe, mutton and pork, shired pies of the best;
Fig, veal, goose and capon and turtle well drest;
Cheese, apples and nuts, jollie carols to heare,
As then in the cuntry is counted goode cheere.

Here is proof that the modern upstart of a turkey was already rivaling in favor the classic capon with the British farmer.

The Jesuits long were credited with having introduced the turkey into France from Spain. This may account for the lifelong animosity to the Jesuits of the great critic Boileau of Louis XIV's time. For Boileau, as a child, fell one day in his father's barnyard, and before he could pick himself up was so severely bitten by two old turkey cocks that he suffered from the effects for many years afterward. What more natural than that he should hate the Jesuits?

The first official mention of our national bird in Italy is in 1557, when the magistrates of Venice, in an ordinance to suppress luxury, forbade its presence at any tables but those of the clergy, the nobility and their own. In 1570 Bartolommeo Scappi, chief cook to Pope Pius V., gave in his cookery book several recipes for roasting turkeys and dressing them with chestnuts and garlic which have not been improved upon to this day—in Italy, at least.

J. F. D. Smythe, who wrote in 1784 a "Tour of the United States of America," declared that in the unsettled country back of Virginia he saw wild turkey flocks of more than 5,000; while in the woods of Pennsylvania they were so numerous that their eggs were easily found by the farmers' children and carried off to be placed under setting hens. No doubt turkeys were abundant enough within gunshot of the Plymouth settlement, and for this very reason would have formed, even had they been less delicious in flavor, the piece de resistance of that first Thanksgiving feast with which ever since they have been inseparably connected.

The Wishbone—A Thanksgiving Hint



Are you sad, or are you jolly,
Do you blame yourself for folly,
When there's nothing but the wishbone left?
Are you full, or can you eat
(After gobbling turkey meat)
If the satisfying things that make
Thanksgiving day complete,
When there's nothing but the wishbone left?

Better spare the juicier turkey;
Then you'll still be looking perky
When there's nothing but the wishbone left.
For the goodies, in a flock,
Like to jump around and mock
Little folks who've gobbled gobble meat
Till they can hardly talk,
And there's nothing but the wishbone left.

The Florence Tribune

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FLORENCE.

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braska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....Charles Cottrell
City Treasurer.....W. H. Thomas
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....Harold Reynolds
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Councillmen.
Robert Craig
J. H. Price
Charles Allen
Dan F. Kelly
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1 FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Andrew Anderson, President; W. R. A. Wil-
son, Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; Geo.
Gamble, Chief.

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

TRADE UNION COUNCIL
FLORENCE, NEB.
Florence, Neb., Friday, Nov. 19, 1909.

How do you like the snow?
Did the cold snap bring cheer to
your heart?

If you think this is cold just read
again about Cook at the north pole.

What do you think of a man that
will promise to do a thing and then
not do it?

The oldest inhabitant says he can't
remember another one as bad as the
one way back that he remembers of.

Wouldn't it be nice if the weather
would freeze up now and stay so un-
til spring?

Those who saw the Japanese com-
missioners at lunch at the pump
house Saturday are wise as to why
Japanese call their congress the Diet.

Everyone should help out the fire-
men in their effort to raise a little
money by giving a dance at Pascale's
hall Thanksgiving day.

Crossings seem to be a sore topic
with some of the council men, and the
only explanation possible seems to be
that someone was smooth enough to
get the most of them.

Councilman Allen says there is plenty
of money in the funds to do things.
If that is so why don't they get busy
and dig up the mud on crosswalks
which are now some two feet under
the surface.

It is not too early to do your Christ-
mas shopping and the merchants who
advertise in the Tribune want your
trade and are in a position to serve
you well. It is only those who don't
advertise who care nothing about your
trade and if a man won't ask for your
trade through an advertisement he
won't do anything to keep your trade
when he gets it. Patronize the adver-
tisers of this paper and you will
patronize men who are anxious for your
trade and willing and ready to do any-
thing to keep it.

HARD ON THE HOGS.
The following story is one that Mr.
C. A. Griggs takes great delight in,
and he says that it appeared in the
Hillsboro News.

As Mr. Grigg is somewhat of a
humorist and always getting off jokes
on other people we are going to give
this story to our readers so he will
have to get up a new one and when
he does we will tell that one and so
on until either Mr. Grigg runs out or
the readers of the Tribune desire
them first hand.

"We noticed a new invention at the
state fair this year, which was cer-
tainly the limit for dum fool ideas.
Some patent-right man has invented a
new kind of hog feed grinder, which
looks like a big barrel, with feed cups
along the bottom rim. These feed
cups are just big enough for a hog's
snout and when the hog jams its nose
in a cup in search of feed, he causes
the barrel to turn on an axis and this
operates the feed grinder inside the
barrel. As the barrel revolves the
feed is ground, it falls into the cup
alongside the barrel, so that the faster
the hogs turn the barrel, the faster
the corn is ground. This new
wrinkle would keep a hog so busy all
the time grinding its own feed that it
wouldn't have time to sleep and would
fatten all night as well as during the
day.

"Following along the same line of
invention, we are going to patent a
machine some of these days which
will be operated by a tread mill, the
hogs being forced to run the machine
before it will 'give down,' and this
tread mill will operate the family
churn, washing machine and pump
water for the cattle, saw the wood and
shred the corn.

"We are a-raid the man with the
barrel has us 'skinned,' however, for
he can put on a few cross beams
with seats on the end, and operate a
farm merry-go-round which ought to
produce enough dividends to buy the
corn for the hogs, as well as furnish
entertainment for all the neighbor-
hood."

CROSSWALKS AND MUD.

If there is one thing in this city
that needs looking after before the
cold weather sets in it is the need of
providing means for the people of this
town to get the benefit of all those
new sidewalks that have been put in,
by cleaning off the crossings so a
man won't have to sink up to his ears
in mud every time he comes to a
street. It is mighty poor policy to
make the property owners pay out \$75
to \$85 for new cement walks and then
be compelled to wade in mud across
each alley and street, because the
council won't put in the necessary
crosswalks.

There ought to be some way of
compelling the city to put in connect-
ing crossings wherever they compel a
property owner to put in a new walk.
Of course a makeshift crossing of
cinders is better than no crossing at
all, but if cinders are good enough for
a crossing why are they not good
enough for a walk?

THAT TELEPHONE SERVICE.

The farmers north of town who are
complaining of the rotten telephone
service they are getting will not
relish the answer of the telephone
company they can't do anything for
them. They say that it is impossible
to change the rate but if the farmers
want four or two party lines they can
get them, but they will have to pay
more for them and if the present
service is not satisfactory they can
take their telephones out.

Maybe some day there will be a
remedy for this and the telephone
people will not be so independent as
they are at the present time. At any
rate we hope so.

EDITOR GETS HIS HAIR CUT.

The editor got a hair cut last week.
Calling to his assistance John Lu-
bold, Will Thomas, Charles Thomson
and several others he proceeded to
the best barber in town, J. C. Reninger,
whose tonsorial parlors are on the
east side of Main street.

The party entered the shop, and Re-
ninger thought at first it was a hold
up, but when the editor climbed into
the chair and asked for a hair cut he
nearly fainted.

"Where will I find the hair?" he
asked.

"That's what we are here for," spoke
up each man in the group. "We all
have large magnifying glasses and we
will find the hair and then you can
cut it."

"All right," says Reninger, "I can
do the cutting, if you will find the
hair."

Then that whole blooming bunch of
jays searched the bald pate of the
editor for a hair.

After prolonged search they found
five and the exclamations of delight as
each hair was found were loud and
hearty and Reninger, with the aid of
a microscope carefully cut them.

At last accounts the editor was do-
ing as nicely as could be expected
under the circumstances.

A DISGRACE TO THE CITY.

The abominable street car service
that has been shoved on the people of
this city by the street car company
is an insult that they would offer to
no other community.

There was absolutely no need of
their tearing up the track south of
the bank before the other track was
in, and that they were permitted to do
so is a reflection on the city officials.

They have had plenty of time to
construct their new track and their
dilatory tactics in getting the work
done is but an evidence of their hos-
tility to Florence and its people.

It is to be hoped the city officials
will bear down on them to an extent
that they will send the cars clear
through at an early date as the people
are entitled to some consideration.

DO YOU LIKEWISE, BROTHER.

Morrill, Neb., Nov 13, 1909.
Lubold & Platz.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find check
for my subscription. You are getting
out a good paper now. Everything is
lovely out west. Big snow on now.

Yours truly,
E. TRAVIS.

Picture Unlike Reality.

The owner of a newly built home of
stately dimensions complains bitterly
of the different way it looks as it is,
as against its appearance in the archi-
tect's drawings. The proportions of
the house are superb, but it requires
immense forest trees to give it dig-
nity. Without them it has the bald,
hard look of a huge institution, a sug-
gestion which is intensified by the red
brick of which it is built and the
rows of shutterless windows. The
drawings include drooping elms and
spreading oaks, which would take a
century to grow, and the land at
present provides only sparsely some
straggling white beeches and dog-
wood. The owner will have to wait
for years before his place will re-
semble the glorious picture as drawn
by the generous minded architect.

Transcontinental Railroad.

Forty years ago the first trans-
continental railroad was completed.
A few weeks ago, near Missoula,
Mont., the gap on the links of the
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul was
filled in, and the sixth of the roads
which span the continent in the
United States was finished. Canada
has one road—the Canadian Pacific—
which reaches from one ocean to the
other. The completion of the Grand
Trunk Pacific, which is booked for
1911, will give the Dominion a second
continent-spanning line; while the
Canadian Northern, which is expected
to be finished in 1912 or 1913, will
give it a third.

Favors High-Neck Gowns.

The duchess of Fife, better known
as the princess royal, who is a daugh-
ter of King Edward, has started an
earnest campaign for high-neck even-
ing dresses. The duchess has been ap-
pearing in court and at the opera in
gowns unusually high, and her exam-
ple is being followed by many wom-
en in London, including Americans.

A Soft Answer.

The Little Man (wrathfully)—I
ain't afraid of yer; I ain't afraid of
yer.

The Big Man (reassuringly)—That's
all right. Why I wouldn't hurt a
owrm.—Weekly Telegraph.

Strenuous Hint to Go.

Reggy—I was reading an—aw—ac-
count of a woman being hooked to
death by a beastly cow, doncher know.
Weally, I can't imagine a more how-
ible affair, can you?

Peggy—No, Reggy, unless it is be-
ing bored to death by a calf.

Philanthropist.

Boys—Hey, Fat, ain't yer goin' ter
give us any o' that candy?
Fatty—Nope, fellers, can't do it. If
I vage yer some you'd get fat an' be
made fun of jest like me.

Couldn't Bunco Him.

The e-ent—My little man, speaking
from experience, I would like to see
you throw that cigar away.

The Kid—Aw, fergit dat line of talk;
I ain't goin' to trow dis big two-fer
and let you pick it up. But say, fol-
low me up and I'll save de but fer
youse.

On the Mend.

Bessie—Do you find that golf is of
any real benefit to you?
Bob—Sure thing. I'm getting excel-
lent control of my temper. Many of
the strokes that I make with the ut-
most calmness now would have caused
me to swear like a trooper six months
ago.

Natural.

"Does this city look natural to you?"
asked the prominent citizen. "Notice
any sign of growth?"
"Oh, yes, there are a good many
sky-scrapers that were not here when
I left. Still, it looks natural enough.
The streets are all torn up, exactly as
they were when I went away 17 years
ago."

Good Imitation.

Lizzie Lady-Bug—I hear you were
on a regular toot last night.

Louie Love-Bug—Yes, I was. I
slept in a garage on an automobile
horn.

No Kick.

Young Guest—It seems to me that
you don't object to the mosquitoes
singing in your room.

Old Guest—You bet I don't. Why,
when the mosquitoes are singing I
can't hear the glee club practicing on
the piazza.

For the Boarders.

Goose—What makes you look so
sad, Curlytail?

Curlytail—Well, you see a big batch
of hungry-looking summer boarders
just arrived yesterday and as pork is
the cheapest meat just now and I'm
the smallest and poorest pig in the
pen, my chances for a long life look
awful slim.

Had One Good Point.

Mrs. Meek—Do you approve of my
new bathing suit, Edgar?

Mr. Meek—Sure, it doesn't button up
the back.

Dry Remark.

Visitor—Why don't you save some
money for a rainy day?

Farmer—Stranger, don't talk fool-
ish. The only thing we are afraid of
out this way is a drought.

Cured by One Dose.

"How did you break your husband
of the habit of coming home late at
night?"

"Once when he came home late at
night I wasn't there."

Careless.

Bystander—Hey, there. Take his
number.

Victim—Sure, I wud; but I haven't
no screw-driver.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.**
Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.
Mid-Week Service.
Wednesday—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to
attend these services.
William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

**Church Services Swedish Lutheran
Ebenezer Church.**
Services next Sunday.
Sermon—3:00 p. m.
Sunday school—4:30 p. m.
Our services are conducted in the
Swedish language. All Scandinavians
are most cordially welcome.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.
Hayes Lowery..... Noble Grand
C. G. Carlson..... Vice-Grand
W. E. Rogers..... Secretary
Meets every Friday at Wall's hall.
Visitors welcome.

**Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.**
Past Worthy President... Hugh Suttie
Worthy President... James Stribling
Worthy Vice-President... Paul Haskell
Worthy Secretary... M. B. Thompson
Worthy Treasurer... F. H. Reynolds
Worthy Chaplain... E. L. Platz
Inside Guard... Neis Bondesson
Outside Guard... Wm. Storms, Jr.
Physician... Dr. W. A. Akers
Conductor... L. R. Griffith
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Dan Kelly,
John Lubold.
Meets every Wednesday in Wall's
hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.
Venerable Consul... J. A. Fox
W. A. C. J. Larsen
Banker... F. D. Leach
Clerk... W. R. Wall
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday
of each month in Wall's Hall.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

Past Oracle... Emma Powell
Oracle... Carrie Taylor
Vice Oracle... Alice E. Platz
Chancellor... Mary Nelson
Inside Sentinel... Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel... Elizabeth Hollett
Receiver... Mrs. Newell Burton
Recorder... Susan Nichols
Physician... Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James
Johnson.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at Wall's
Hall.

COURT OF HONOR.

Past Chancellor... Elizabeth Hollett
Chancellor... John Langenback
Vice Chancellor... Mrs. Emnis
Recorder... Mrs. Gus Nelson
Chaplain... Mrs. Harriet Taylor
Guide... Clyde Miller

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there will
be a special meeting of the Mayor and
Council of the City of Florence, Nebr-
ska, on Monday, November 22, 1909, at 8
o'clock in the evening, for the purpose
of equalizing the cost of constructing
artificial stone sidewalks in the City of
Florence, under contract with Emil Han-
sen, including the cost of extra grading
for the construction of said sidewalks.
That the following is the proposed plan
of assessment and the description of the
lots in the City of Florence, Nebraska, to
be assessed and the amount proposed to
be taxed against each lot respectively for
the construction of said sidewalks, in-
cluding cost of grading, inspection and
advertising:

Lot	Block	Proposed Tax.
1	3 in right of way of C. St. E. M. & O. Ry.	\$47.15
2	5	81.72
3	5	61.83
4	5	77.83
5	112	93.12
6	112	29.25
7	112	29.25
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94	112	29.25
95	112	29.25
96	112	29.25
97	112	29.25
98	112	29.25
99	112	29.25
100	112	29.25

Cold Weather

Makes you think of shoes
and warm clothing. We
have a complete line of cold
weather goods at prices
that defy competition.

TWO PHONES

McClure's

We Sell Everything

THE NEW POOL HALL

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

Some people do not care to open an
account with a bank because they
have not a large amount to deposit.
For this reason you need not hesitate
or delay starting an account with us.
All accounts—large or small—are wel-
come.

We do a general banking business—
sell you drafts good anywhere—Fire
Insurance.

DIRECTORS—Thos. E. Price, J. B.
Brisbin, C. J. Keirle, Irving Allison,
H. T. Brisbin.

BANK OF FLORENCE

PHONE 310 - - FLORENCE, NEB.

Florence Drug Store

GEORGE SIERT, Prop.
WINDOW GLASS.
School Supplies of all kinds.
A fine line of Fresh Candies.

Telephone Florence 1121.

C. A. BAUER

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING
Repairing Promptly Attended to.
2522 Cuming St. Omaha, Neb.
Tel. Douglas 3034.

MINNE-LUSA CEMENT BLOCK CO.

CEMENT BLOCKS

Tel. Florence 140
Plant on Main St. and R. R. Tracks

W. H. HOLLETT

Bakery, Restaurant, Candies
Cigars, Fresh Roasted
Peanuts
We Make a Specialty of Fine Cakes

MEALS

The best in the city for
the price.
Cooper's Over Henry Anderson's
GIVE US A CALL

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED:

THE KNABE PIANO

ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

F. P. Kirkendall has bought Pries lake from Thor. Jorgenson and some of the land surrounding from George West and will build a summer home. Next year Mr. Kirkendall expects to live at the lake in a bungalow which he will build and latter will build a much more commodious home.

Mrs. B. F. Reynolds and Mrs. Harold Reynolds gave an informal bridge party Tuesday afternoon at their home in Florence in honor of Mrs. Charles K. Urquhart of St. Louis, formerly of Omaha. There was no attempt at decoration and the guests included: Mrs. Urquhart, Mrs. H. F. Porterfield, Mrs. F. S. Porter, Mrs. W. E. Palmatier, Mrs. Ed P. Smith, Mrs. Love Kelly, Mrs. David Low, Mrs. Frank Tierney, Mrs. H. T. Streight, Mrs. W. J. Bradbury, Mrs. John Batin, of Omaha, and Mrs. William Ross, Mrs. John Brisbin, Mrs. Harry Brisbin, Mrs. Irving Allison of Florence.

The only complete line of hardware in Florence. Full line of guns and shells. J. H. Price, tel. 3221.

The volunteer firemen will give their annual review and dance at Pascale's hall Thanksgiving night. The veterans will be their guests that night and all the firemen will appear in full uniform.

The next meeting of the Imogen club will be held at the residence of Mrs. R. H. Olmsted the first Thursday in December.

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

A. E. Parmalee, J. H. Faris and A. Sorenson are doing jury duty this week.

Alexander Wood, who lived in Florence from 1860 until 1871, died at his son's home in Council Bluffs Monday.

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

Mrs. Clifton Richardson entertained the Tuesday Luncheon club Tuesday at her home on Jefferson street. Mrs. Alfred Riemer was the guest of the club. Those present were: Mesdames Robert Trimble, Herbert Woodland, Edward Wellman, James Sherwood, C. C. Crawford, Clifton Richardson, Alfred Riemer; Miss Mae Mackenzie.

Anderson & Hollingsworth are making a specialty of the sale of Forbes coffees and as these coffees have a reputation of being the best for the money on the market they are making a lot of satisfied customers.

George Cornish, who has been living with his stepfather, John Woodruff, was killed by a fall from the flies of Krug theater Tuesday. His funeral was held yesterday.

R. H. Olmsted returned yesterday from a business trip to New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of their marriage Thursday.

Mayor F. S. Tucker visited Omaha in an official capacity Wednesday.

Theo. W. McClure says he is making special preparations for the Thanksgiving dinner and will have all the season's good things.

J. H. Maus was a Florence visitor Tuesday.

Five-room cottage, all modern but heat; for rent after December 1. Inquire F. M. King.

Dr. Adams is making extensive improvements in Pascale's hall which he recently purchased.

It is said two Omaha men are contemplating the opening of a moving picture show in the vacant store room on the west side of Main street.

To trade for hay or oats, one Riverside steel range, six griddles, all in good condition, or will sell cheap for cash. Telephone Florence 462.

Miss Wilbeth Ellis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, died Monday morning after suffering ten days with pylicio mylitis, at the age of 2 years, 3 months and 13 days. The interment was Tuesday at Mount Hope cemetery, Rev. Amos officiating.

Charles Frost was the guest of L. R. Griffith at Mandy Lee Poultry farm Sunday.

The Royal Neighbors of America gave a dance at Pascale's hall Wednesday evening.

For Sale. 3 horses for all work. 3 milch cows, fresh in January and February. 1 good bull, 3 years old. Various farm implements. Inquire at Bank of Florence.

Charles H. Withnell, building inspector for Omaha visited Florence Tuesday to look over some buildings.

Mrs. and Mrs. Babbitt who have recently bought three lots on Bluff street will build in the springs.

For Sale—A fresh milk cow and calf. Address J 2, care Tribune.

The school board held a special meeting at the school house Tuesday evening to open bids for some new sidewalks around the school. As the time was short bids were asked for by posting a notice, the board saying they did not have time to advertise in the Tribune. Only two bids were received, one from G. Maucini and one from John Lubold, both at 12 cents. The board decided to defer the letting of the contract until later.

A practically new range for sale. Telephone Florence 340.

Mrs. A. B. Hunt visited with Omaha friends Wednesday.

The Carnation club gave a dance at Pascale's hall Tuesday evening.

Monday morning Mayor Tucker notified J. J. Cole that he could not use his hall for dances or other gathering until the state building inspector had passed on its safety. The mayor telephoned to Mr. Maupin, the inspector, and was assured he would come from Lincoln and inspect the building. The Carnation club had the hall leased for its dance Tuesday evening but were compelled to change to Pascale's hall, as the mayor acting under Building Inspector Whitnell's orders, refused to let them open the hall for the dance.

Do you need a stove. I have them all kinds. Prices right. J. H. Price, tel. 3221.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grigg were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Haskell Sunday evening.

Dave Dickenson, a recent buyer of Florence property, is making preparations to build in the spring as is also Mrs. Dickenson's mother.

For Sale. Horse and buggy. Wagon (small). 2 sets harness. K. Foellmer, 115 Sheffield street.

Notice. The box social and entertainment at Fairview school that was to have been held last Saturday night, was postponed until tomorrow night. All are welcome.

FORT CALHOON NEWS

Searching parties scoured the hills and canyons around Calhoun two days in hopes of finding some trace of William Blackwood, an old soldier who disappeared Friday night. It is be-

lieved he lost his way in the darkness and has perished from the cold. In spite of a close search of the surrounding country no evidence has been found that will throw any light on his fate. Blackwood is a bachelor who lived with a bachelor brother. Friday night he left Calhoun to go home after drinking freely. The night was very dark and it is supposed Blackwood lost his way and wandered about until he fell exhausted. He did not reach home nor has anyone been found who saw him after he left here. His friends believe his body will be found in some out-of-the-way glen.

Mr. Henigen of Omaha and Mr. and Mrs. Baker of South Omaha were visitors at Helmsinger's.

Grant Allen is hauling lumber for a barn 24x32, with hay room above, out on the farm.

The alfalfa mill is still getting machinery in place and has begun to store alfalfa.

The Pecks are having the tenant cottage at Hillcroft moved to higher ground.

Thomas Wilson, one of the oldest territorial pioneers of De Sota, is dead at Vacoma, this country.

The 760 acres of the Markell lower ranch at De Sota was recently bought by a Wisconsin man for \$40,000.

Charles Stallenburg has traded his recent purchase for the Kruger orchard.

Fort Calhoun has now a mutual improvement club in the brick basement, where Indian clubs, dumbbells, etc., are to take the place of brick, saw, ax and other blistering apparatus.

A man at De Sota is offering a reward for the return of his bird dog, dead or alive.

The Rev. Mr. Arnold, assistant pastor of a Presbyterian church of 1,000 members, came back and took his wife and two babies home after they had spent a couple of months with his wife's father, H. H. Couchman.

"Grandma" Kumpt of Omaha was visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Frahm and other friends here.

L. L. Wagers was elected justice of the peace and "Granddad" Woods, constable. Both declined the honor.

Prof. Parsons, former superintendent of Fort Calhoun and Blair High schools, is now professor of philosophy and education at Durant, Okla., where 1,380 pupils were enrolled the first month.

One traveling man has visited Blair and Fort Calhoun regularly for forty-one years. He used to come with a horse and buggy when Blair was mostly on paper.

Mrs. Ambler of Halfway, Ore., was here after looking over her land interests and visiting friends in Douglas county and Iowa, and will go to Chadron and then to Wisconsin before returning home.

Retired farmer and pioneer, Henry Frahm had his town house full of guests from Blair and other points on the occasion of his 82d birthday anniversary. Fifty-two years ago the Holstein Fresian soldier came to his farm here from Germany as a farmer and stockman who had never used carpenter tools. But with his own hands he built a story and a half frame house of three rooms, including the plastering and chimney work making laths and shingles himself. Most of the building still remains as the big farm mansion. The total cash expended was only \$13.50. Among others present who have been here over half a century were Aunt Beales and wife, Peter Klindt and wife and Nicholas Rix. The rain kept several old timers away.

Master Byron Resor of Tekamah, a grandson of W. H. Woods, was operated on at the Omaha Immanuel hospital for a large ulcer near the brain.

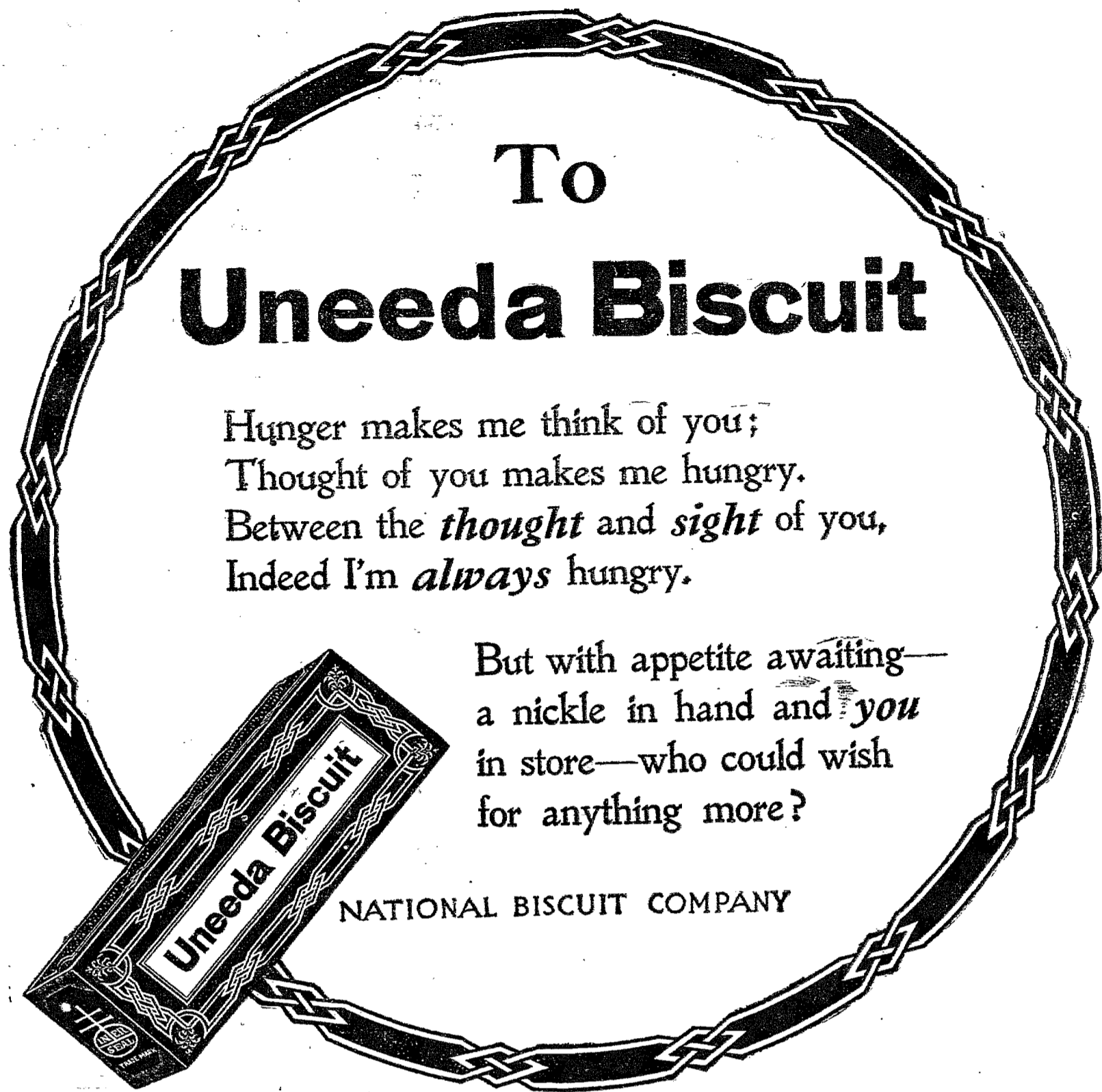
November, 1909, has broken the record. The average rainfall for sixteen years was .85 of an inch, the greatest 2.65 inches in 1905. The rainfall for the first fifteen days this month has been 3.38 inches.

"Grandma" Ketchmark celebrated her 77th birthday anniversary yesterday and among others were John Johnst and wife and Mrs. Mary Crouse of Omaha. Mrs. Crouse has been spending several months in the west, two of them with her sister at the Seattle exposition. Among pictures brought back is one of the large passenger steamers, H. B. Kennedy, owned by a former Omaha man, and christened by Minnie Benbeneke, a niece of Mrs. Crouse and granddaughter of Mrs. Ketchmark.

Albert Benbeneke, formerly of this place, is now a real estate agent at Wemerton, and Fred Stankey, one time farm owner at Garryowen and later a lumber merchant in Fort Calhoun, is now with his wife in the Washington state soldiers' home.

"Grandma" Wolf has been very ill and her daughter, Mrs. Gruhdeman of Omaha, has been with her for several days. Mr. Gruhdeman and three children came up the other day.

The Christmas committees were selected in the Sunday schools.



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Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

YVONNE to Her MOTHER

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CAEN. Dearest Mamma: We are still there, and I'm so happy. Uncle is in bed, and at first he thought he was paralyzed, but now he says he's only refusing to take chances. It's so nice having him in bed, because Lee is here, and uncle makes it all right without knowing anything about it. It was yesterday that he thought he was paralyzed; he sent for me before I was awake to tell me. I was so dreadfully stiff and lame that I thought at first that I could not get up; but of course I did, and went to him as soon as I could. He told me that he was paralyzed, really paralyzed; but I wasn't frightened, because, when he explained his feelings, I knew every one of them, and of course I knew that I wasn't paralyzed. Only when he rolled around upon his pillows and said he certainly would end his days right here in Caen, I couldn't help wishing that he had left me to enjoy my pillows, also.

But he wanted to talk, so I listened for ever so long; and then he wanted to sleep, so I came away to write you, and there was a note from Lee in my room. He was down-stairs waiting, and I went right down, and my, but it was good to see him!

While we were talking, Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley came in. I didn't know that she was in Europe, and Lee was dreadfully put out, for she sat right down and asked all about Lee ex-

plaining that he was here with a yacht and that I was here with uncle; but she didn't seem to believe us, and shook her head. Lee was awfully rude and kept yawning, and I know she didn't like it by the way she looked at him. It was awfully trying to have her just then, because, of course, there's no telling how long uncle will stay paralyzed. We really thought she would stay until lunch-time, but Lee yawned so that she went at last.



"Lee Was Awfully Rude and Kept Yawning, and I Know She Didn't Like It by the Way She Looked at Him."

plained that he was here with a yacht and that I was here with uncle; but she didn't seem to believe us, and shook her head. Lee was awfully rude and kept yawning, and I know she didn't like it by the way she looked at him. It was awfully trying to have her just then, because, of course, there's no telling how long uncle will stay paralyzed. We really thought she would stay until lunch-time, but Lee yawned so that she went at last.

Lee said that we ought to join them in the touring-cars and do Brittany that way, but he didn't like to tackle uncle.

I ran up, and uncle was still asleep, so I had lunch with Lee at the table d'hote. Mr. Chigley and Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley sat opposite, and she does look so funny with her wedding-rings and engagement-rings alternating on the same finger. After luncheon I ran up again, and uncle was still asleep, so we went out to walk. We had a lovely walk, and never looked at a sight, and when we came back I ran up again, and uncle was still asleep; so Lee and I sat down in the parlor, and we were just going to be so happy when Pinkie and Bunnie Clemens came in. They wanted me to go to the theater with them, but of course I couldn't, for I couldn't be sure about uncle's staying paralyzed.

He slept till eight o'clock last night, and then he had dinner and went right to sleep again. So I could have gone to the theater after all; but how could I know to dare to risk it?

Lee and the men from the yacht are at another hotel, so he didn't come very early this morning, and it was fortunate, because uncle sent for me about nine to explain Mr. Chigley's card, which they poked under the door last night. Uncle was so curious to know what it was that he got out of bed and found he could walk. He said he had never felt sure that it was paralysis, only he wanted to be on the safe side, and he is in bed still, only he is so lively that I am half crazy over Lee. I know he isn't going to like it at all.

Lee says if there was time he'd go to Paris and get a nurse and an electric-battery and have uncle kept just comfortably paralyzed for a few more days, but there isn't time, and I am so worried. If one loses any more patience with Lee, he won't have any patience left at all, and I'll have to go all of the rest of the trip that way. We took a walk this afternoon to consult, and we saw Elfrida and her sister. They have cut off their hair, because it bothered them so, coming down in their eyes, and Elfrida says she feels all the freedom of a man

thrilling through her—you know how funny she always talks. They have seven caulked places on the inside of each hand from the handle-bars, and Elfrida says she's sure their insteps will arch forever after. They were coming out of St. Stephen's church, and the only way to get rid of them was to say that we were just going in; so we said it, and went in.

It was really very interesting, and the tomb of William the Conqueror is there. He built St. Stephen's, and Mathilde built La Teinite at the other end of the town, partly as a thank-offering for conquering England and partly as a penance for being cousins. There was a monastery with St. Stephen's and a convent with La Teinite until the revolution changed everything. William's tomb is just a flat slab in front of the altar, but he really isn't there any more, for they have dug him up and scattered him over and over again. The church is tremendously big and plain, and every word you even whisper echoes so much that Lee and I thought we'd better come out where we could talk alone.

When we came back to the hotel, I ran up, and the mail had come from Paris; so uncle said if I'd fill his fountain-pen, he'd just spend the afternoon letting a few people in America know what Europe was really like. I'm a little bit troubled, for I'm all over be-

ing stiff and sore from that climbing, and yet he seems to feel almost as mean as ever. He has his meals in his room, for, although we're on the first floor, he says he cannot even think calmly of a stair-case yet. He says that Talbot's Tower seems to have settled in his calves, and heaven knows when he'll get over it.

Lee and I went to walk this afternoon, and we visited the old, old church of St. Nicholas. It said in the book that the apse still had its original stone roof, and Lee said it would be a good chance to learn what an apse was; so we set out to go there, but we forgot all about where we set out for, and it was five o'clock before we finally got back to where it was. It stands in an old cemetery, and it says in the book that it has been secularized; so we climbed up on gravestones till we could see in the win-



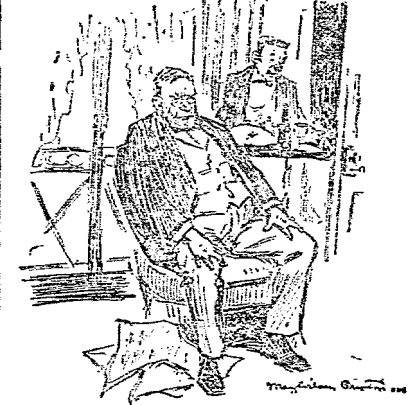
Caen.

dows and learn what that meant, also. The gravestones were all covered with lichen and so slippery that in the end Lee gave up and just helped me to look. We didn't learn much, though, for it was only full of hay.

When we got back to the hotel, I ran up, and uncle was gone! I never was so frightened in my life, and when I ran back and told Lee, he whistled, so I saw that he was upset, too. He said I'd better go to my room and wait, and he'd dine at his hotel to-night; so I went to my room, and uncle was there, hunting all through my things for the address-book. I was so glad and relieved that I didn't mind a bit the way he had churned everything up, although you ought to see my trunk, and I kissed him and told him it was just splendid to see him beginning to go about again. He looked pleased, but he says the backs of

his legs are still beyond the power of description, and so I proposed having dinner with him in his room, which we did very comfortably, and he told me that he should remember this trip till the day he died, without any regard for the grease I spilt on his hat. After dinner he was very fidgety, and I can see that the confinement is wearing on him; but I don't know what to do.

Lee sent me a note by a messenger about 11 o'clock, with instructions in French on the outside about their delivering it to me when I was not with uncle. They delivered it all right, and I read it. He just said that the automobiles had come, and that he was going to cast his die clean over the Rubicon to-morrow morning at 11. That means that he is going, of course, and that I am to be left here all alone. I do feel very badly over it, for uncle will be almost sure to find out about Lee whenever he can get downstairs again, and then I'm sure I don't know



"He Has His Meals in His Room, for He Says He Cannot Even Think Calmly of a Stair-Case Yet."

what will happen. Of course, I've not done anything that I shouldn't have done; but, dear me! doing right doesn't help if uncle chooses to decide that it is wrong. And if he can't walk, to let us go on traveling, he's going to keep getting more and more difficult to get along with. Maybe uncle will be better in a few days, so that we can visit Bayeux. He's crazy to go to Bayeux and see the tapestry, and it isn't so very far. But what shall we do if we come to any town again where there are no cabs! It would be awful.

Now, good-night, it's so very late. Don't ever feel troubled over me, for I'm having a splendid time, and it was so kind of uncle to bring us. Your own loving,

YVONNE.

WHY ARCHITECTS LACK FAME

"Art Personality" in Their Labor Is Not Like That of the Sculptor or Painter.

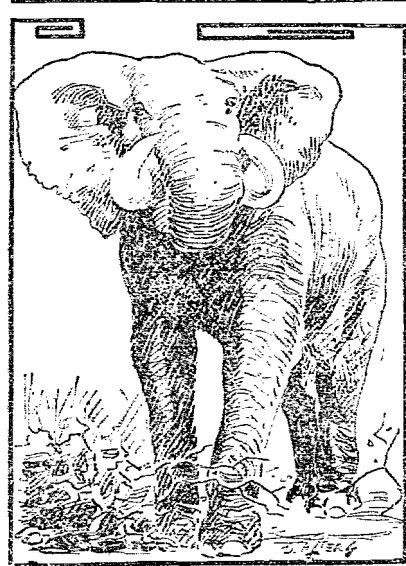
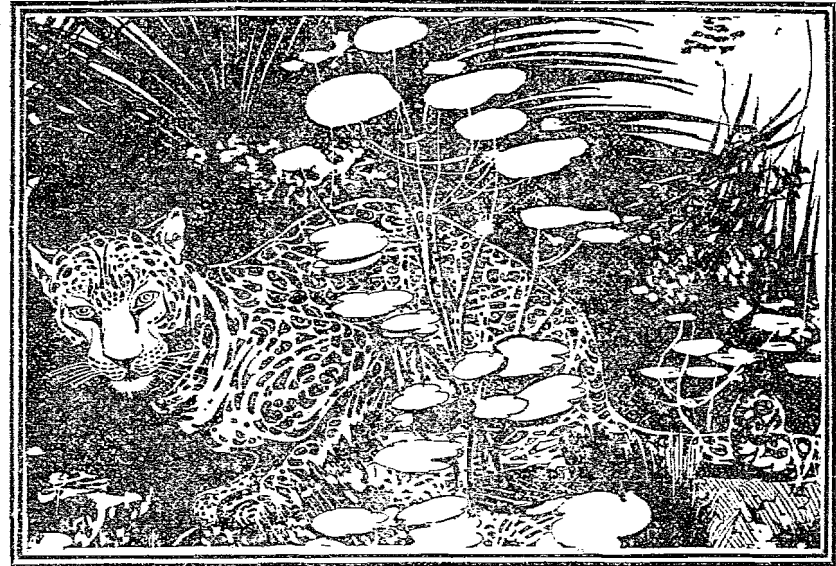
One of our neighbors complains that architects, compared with painters and sculptors, are ignored and unhonored by the public; that while many people know who made the Sherman statue at the Plaza, few know who designed the Madison Square garden, the Pennsylvania Railroad station or the Columbia University library. This is true and the reason is obvious. The sculptor or painter works in one sense, much more freely than the architect, and can therefore make his work more obviously personal; it calls attention to the maker because it expresses more strikingly his personal temperament. In it he can give expression to his individual insight and plastic ideas more absolutely than can the architect, who is relatively controlled by the practical considerations of his work. He has a very detailed building problem before him. His structure must have so many rooms, of a certain size and character; it must observe city regulations, must cost a certain amount, must fit in with surrounding buildings; a great part of his work has nothing to do with his artistic "temperament." The conditions are largely laid down for him. The result is that his "art personality" enters relatively little into his work. Though he receives less attention than the sculptor or the painter, his material reward is greater—and for the same reason that his fame is less. His work is more necessary; has greater practical value. We must have buildings, but could get along without statues or paintings.—New York Post.

Marvelous.

The world moves rapidly in these times, and within a few days has passed quite a series of records and caught up with a number of novelties. Orville Wright made the highest aeroplane flight, 765 feet; a White Star liner, steaming 16 knots an hour, stopped, backed and rescued in 20 minutes a seaman who had fallen overboard in mid-ocean; on a bare plot of ground in St. Louis a \$1,300 cottage was "completed" in eight and a half hours, 61 mechanics being employed; "the first aerial Masonic lodge" was formed in a Massachusetts balloon floating at an elevation of some 7,000 feet; a New York coroner's physician performed an autopsy upon an armless man whose kidneys had been practically non-existent from birth and whose heart had for 15 years been eaten by a cancer, yet who died of old age; New Jersey farmers experienced a chicken thief who travels in an automobile and sends a collie dog to rob the roosts and fetch out the poultry without killing it; also in New Jersey, four trees yielded eight bushels of plums. Does the reader protest that these occurrences have no natural sequence or normal relation? Let him remember that "it takes all kinds of people"—and events—"to make a world."

The self-possessed burglar takes things quietly.

WILD ANIMAL CLEARING HOUSE



WANT an aoudad? Want a ring-neck Swinhoe or a dogface baboon or anything else in the animal line? You can get them if you've the money—and you will not have to do much more than use the telephone and sign the check. For, let it be known, that in Kansas City you can buy anything in the animal line from a green-eyed mole to a pronghorn antelope, and if you've a lot of animals that you're tired of you can trade 'em off for new ones. For in Kansas City are the offices of one of the world's four clearing houses for animals—the Horne Zoological arena.

Over one ordinary desk in the office at 318 Keith and Perry building animals to the value of thousands of dollars pass every week—figuratively speaking, of course. From that desk they're sent all over the world, traded, bought, sold and rented. It's the desk of I. S. Horne, one of the owners of the arena.

As to the animals, they're in all parts of the world. Some of them are just commonly tame, others are tame enough to jump through hoops, lay dead, roll over and do 20 other perfectly good and guaranteed acts, while still others are still biting natives and playing hide and go seek with hunters in their native jungles—or plains, as the case may be.

The tame ones are at various parks, circuses and animal shows and are leased, rented or "hired out" for their keep. You can get those any time. The wild ones can be got, but, of course, that takes a little time. As for the prices, they're reasonable. You can take a perfectly docile and guaranteed-to-be-city-and-circus broke hippopotamus home for the reasonable sum of \$3,000, no more than you would pay for a limousine touring car. So why buy motors while hippopotami are so cheap? Elephants rent from \$100 a month on up. Common, ordinary lions cost \$450, while the better grades are worth on up to \$1,000. Bengal tigers come higher, with the market always standing pat at \$1,000 to \$1,200, while a chimpanzee, if he's good, costs the moderate sum of \$450.

The Horne Zoological arena has been in existence in Kansas City for years, but, as most of its dealings are made outside the city, not much is known of it. And the size of the offices are no indication of the business, for every week enough business is done to equal that of a large mercantile establishment. Nothing costs less than \$15 and from there on up to \$1,500, and the greatest business usually is done in the high priced animals.

"Wish I could get my hands on a few more elk right away without having them caught," I. S. Horne was saying the other day when a visitor entered, and said, "he added to his stenographer, 'tell Empty-Tump & Company that I won't trade that bunch of elephants unless he throws in a Sunda tiger, one polar bear and a couple of leopards.'"

By this time the visitor was making his wants known. He had an idea that he would like a little zoo of his own, so he had gone there to find out about it.

"A zoo?" the animal dealer questioned. "Of course you'll want a good one."

"Oh, yes," the visitor answered vaguely; "thought I'd ask you about it. Now, what would you—"

"Advise? Why, let's see, of course you'd want a lion and some leopards and tigers. Pumas are nice and then, oh, yes, you must have a jaguar."

"Oh, yes," again came from the visitor. The animal man was busy. "Now as to bears. You'd want a

pair of polars—they're very popular now since the north pole was discovered—and a black bear and a grizzly and a sloth and a Kadiak. You'll need a hippopotamus and certainly you'd want a rhinoceros. No first-class zoo is complete without an Indian and an African elephant. Now there's the South American tapirs, a giraffe, a buffalo, some elk, a few deer, a couple of pronghorn antelope, an aoudad, or Barbary sheep, a Sing-Sing waterbuck, and then in the monkey class—"

"I couldn't very well keep those in the basement, could I?" the zoo wanter asked.

"Hardly," came dryly from the animal man.

"And the price?"

"Oh, about \$50,000."

"Well, I don't guess I want any zoo," the visitor said slowly. But being there, he just stayed a little while longer and found out some things about the animal business.

"Much to do?" Horne asked. "Why, there's more than we can attend to right now. You see, the parks and zoos all over the United States are buying right now, while the circuses are selling. So it keeps us busy getting them in and shipping them out. Just in the last month we've sold nearly \$33,000 worth of elk, and we've still got orders.

"Everybody's buying elk and polar bears—in fact, we've had the best polar bear market this year we've ever had. Sold nine in a month. Rhinoceroses are moving rather slowly, while hippos are steady. The pheasant market is bearish, while the elephant trade is rather inclined to build a bit now and then. Just a few weeks ago I took a flyer on a bunch of parrots that a circus wanted to get rid of and came out very well on it.

"So, you see, that's the way it goes. Right now it's elk and polar bears. In another month likely, everything may be going to tigers, while a month later no one will want anything except African lions and Indian elephants.

"Trade animals? Why, certainly. And often, we do more trading than selling. For instance, in the spring, when circuses are getting in menagerie stock that is good only for cages, I can take up a lot of untrainable stock from the animal shows and trade it into the circuses. Then leases on animals run out every once in a while and so it's traded in for new stuff upon which leases can be taken. Many of the animals in the shows are owned by us and rented out. For instance, right out in Denver there are three elephants belonging to us from which we get a rental of \$1,000 a month."

What is perhaps the most famous bear in the west to-day, and the one seen by more people probably than any other, is the famous Hearst grizzly of the Golden Gate park, at San Francisco, Cal.

Old Monarch, as he is known, is said to tip the scale at 1,400 pounds. His capture was effected about 16 miles from Santa Paula, Cal., on Pine mountain.

Some two years before the midwinter fair of 1891-2 the bear was taken, but he does not seem to have suffered by his captivity in the least. If anything he has prospered.

During the winter his bearship eats but little—twelve to 14 loaves of bread will do for the three bears in the cage, although in the summer 35 are needed. This is despite the fact that he does not hibernate. Grass and weeds, too, are given him at his hungrier season.

Captivity has not softened his grizzly heart, and he will, moreover, attack his keeper, if given a chance. So the keeper takes good care that the bear never gets him in a corner. In fact he only enters the cage when he absolutely must.

At the same time this full-bred old grizzly, whose age is estimated at about 30 years, plays about with the other bears in the water as gently, it seems, as a lap-dog.

Old Monarch was taken 15 years ago as a result of the attempt to capture another famous grizzly, known as "Old Club Foot," that had been attacking the sheep about Pine mountain. Instead of "Old Club Foot," "Monarch" was caught in the old log trap, and after being roped into a sled was chained down and then drawn out eight miles through the wilds into a cage, within which he was shipped to a summer garden near Frisco. He was later shipped to Golden Gate park.

STARTED AS LUMBERJACK

Edward F. Terry, Builder of Great Bridges, Began Career in the Wisconsin Woods.

New York.—Edward F. Terry, "outside man" of the bridge building firm of Terry & Trench, which did all the steel work on the wonderful Manhattan bridge, New York, using 40,000 tons of metal, and most of the work on the \$20,000,000 Williamsburg bridge, which has the second longest span in the world, was once a lumberjack in Michigan and Wisconsin lumber woods.

Left fatherless at 12, Terry, a native of New Hampshire, with only a boy's strength and a boy's education,



Edward F. Terry.

was compelled to become the main support of a family of six children. He went into the woods, which he knew.

In Wisconsin he happened to become a laborer on one of the first iron bridges built in that state.

From that time his rise was rapid. At 25 he was superintendent of bridge work for the Alden Bridge Company, Rochester, N. Y., and at 30 in business for himself. Since that time he has left bridges from the Missouri to the Hudson to mark his upward trend. He is at present engaged in constructing the New York terminal of the New York Central, the biggest job he has ever tackled.

NEW ASSISTANT TO KNOX

Chandler Hale of the State Department Comes of a Distinguished Family.

Washington.—Chandler Hale, newly appointed third assistant secretary of state, if there is anything in the hereditary proposition, ought in time to become one of the nation's greatest. Both father and grandfather have been senators and men of force. The new secretary's father, Eugene Hale, senator from Maine 1881 to 1911, on December 20, 1871, married Mary Douglas Chandler, daughter of the late Senator Zacharias Chandler of Michigan, the Warwick of President Hayes' administration. The father was appointed postmaster general by President Grant in 1874, but declined, and was tendered the naval portfolio by President Hayes, but declined that also.

So far the youngest of this national group of three at the age of 36 has served his country as secretary of the American embassy at Vienna and a



Chandler Hale.

secretary of the American delegation to the 1907 Hague peace conference.

Like his father, he is a lawyer, but unlike his father, he has confined himself to the subject of international law, which leads toward a position as secretary of state, or as diplomatic representative of his country, rather than as a career as a vote seeker.

A Gentle Rebuke.

It was late in the year for strawberries, but Mrs. Beacon was determined to have some for Sunday dinner. Over the telephone came the news that they were "very fine, ma'am, very fine indeed." Being, however, a cautious housekeeper, she decided to look over the fruit herself, as the grocer was not always to be trusted.

"They don't appear very good," she said, somewhat later, examining carefully a basketful. "They look—here she extracted one and tasted it—"they look a little green. I don't know. Just let me try one." She took another. "I guess I'll take one box, please. You don't put very many in a box, do you?" she inquired.

"There was," said the grocer, respectfully, "but there's been so many ladies looking 'em over that there ain't—"

"You may give me two boxes," said Mrs. Beacon.—Youth's Companion.



Farming The Wild Turkey

Novel Thanksgiving Idea Suggested By The Bird Experts

THE newest idea, appropriate to Thanksgiving, is that wild turkeys should be farmed—that is to say, bred regularly under conditions of semi-domestication. Ornithological experts say that it is entirely feasible, and in the adoption of such a plan lies the hope for the preservation of our greatest game bird from final extinction.

The wild turkey, of course, is a species entirely distinct from the tame bird with the white-meated breast. One reason why its preservation is important is that it is needed to contribute from time to time its hardy blood and much-prized game flavor to the domesticated variety by interbreeding. The comparatively dark meat of the breast of many of the tame turkeys that come to market nowadays at the Thanksgiving season is attributable to such matings, which are eagerly sought by the knowing producer of feathered stock.

The wild turkey is so notoriously shy that most people would be inclined to suppose it incapable of domestication. Such an inference, however, according to the expert, is a mistaken one. As a matter of fact, the bird is not by nature much afraid of man, but rather tame and sociable, so far as human beings are concerned. In Massachusetts during early colonial days there were great numbers of wild turkeys, and frequently they made themselves at home in the close neighborhood of the dwellings of settlers.

To-day the species is entirely extinct in New England, and in other parts of the country the fowl is extremely wild and hard to shoot—not, however, because of a natural shyness of disposition, but simply for the reason that it has been hunted and trapped so persistently. If wild turkeys were bred and reared on farms—a matter of no great difficulty to accomplish, say the experts—they would be docile enough, and, with proper protection, would multiply rapidly.

The fact that wild turkeys have maintained their foothold to some extent in long-settled parts of their old territory—as, for example, in Virginia and Maryland—appears to indicate that it would be entirely practicable to restock portions of their former ranges. But, inasmuch as the country anciently occupied by them is now for the most part populated by human beings, it is necessary, in order to accomplish the object suggested, that their multiplication shall be encouraged under conditions of at least partial domestication—that is to say, by farming the birds for pleasure and profit.

It is believed that, if proper protection were given to such enterprises by the law, sporting club and wealthy individuals owning or leasing large tracts would gladly go into the business of breeding wild turkeys—not for market of course, but for the pleasure derivable from such an enterprise. At the present time not a few such organizations and proprietors of great private estates maintain similar preserves for the quail or "bobwhite," holding field trials in competition, to test the ability of dogs to find and point the birds. These field trials are in reality dog races, and no shooting of the quail is allowed.

Where wild turkeys are concerned, however, there is no reason why such extensive preserves, covering in some instances many thousands of acres, should not afford admirable sport under suitable restrictions. There is no form of outdoor amusement more delightful than turkey hunting. But, if farmers could be persuaded to take up the idea, and to breed the birds, they might sell shooting privileges to sportsmen at a rate which would put much more money into their pockets than they could gain by sending the fowls to market.

If the business were suitably managed farms of 500 to 1,000 acres would yield a larger revenue from wild turkeys than from poultry, sportsmen being usually willing to pay several times more for the fun of shooting birds than the latter would fetch as marketable game. For such purposes, of course, it would be neither necessary nor desirable that the fowls should be too tame. On the other hand, experience has shown that wild turkeys are not disposed to go far away from an accustomed source of food supply.

The wild turkey is prolific, and takes kindly to civilization. Like its tame congener, it is a great consumer of injurious insects, particularly grasshoppers, and as such would be useful to the farmer. The female lays from 15 to 20 eggs for a "clutch," but raises only one brood in a year. Foxes, hawks and owls are deadly enemies, but it would be the business of the farmer to protect the birds from these foes, as he does in the case of his farm-yard poultry. As for human poachers, adequate laws for protection against them would have to be passed; but the sportsmen, if once they became interested in the matter, could be relied upon to exert in this direction a powerful influence, which has never yet failed of success in affairs of the kind.

It seems difficult to realize that less than 100 years ago wild turkeys were so abundant that they often sold for six cents apiece, a very large one, weighing 25 or 30 pounds, occasionally fetching as much as 25 cents. To-day a large specimen, gobbler preferred, is worth \$5. The species has been wiped out, not by sportsmen, but by poachers, who kill the birds on the roosts, trap them in pens, or lie in ambush for them, attracting them within easy shooting distance by imitating the call of the hen or the young "poult."

On Fisher's island, in Long Island sound, a most interesting experiment has already been made in



BACK FROM THE HUNT

the rearing of turkeys under semi-domestication—though in this case the species dealt with is the tame one. On this island, which is the most successful turkey farm in the world, the birds are permitted to run wild, and are not even furnished with any shelter, other than they can find among the trees and scrub. But plenty of corn is thrown about where they can get it.

In this artificial wilderness, as it might be called, which covers an area of about 4,000 acres, the turkeys get as close to nature as possible. Indeed, the whole idea of their management is to let them alone, interfering with them as little as possible. In the winter time their heads often freeze under their wings when they are at roost. But the exposure does them no harm; on the contrary, it renders them exceedingly vigorous, and they attain huge size, the gobblers sometimes weighing as much as 50 pounds when sent to market.

Every spring a few wild gobblers, trapped for the purpose in Virginia or the Carolinas, are introduced into the flocks on Fisher's island, to contribute fresh blood. This is esteemed a matter of the utmost importance. Our tame turkeys are notoriously difficult birds to rear, under ordinary circumstances, being delicate and liable to epidemics—on which account many farmers have given up trying to raise them. The reason why is simply that there has been too much in-breeding, and the stock has lost its hardiness.

A number of varieties of the tame turkey have been developed by breeding, the principal ones being the Bronze, the Buff, the Slate, and the White, the Black and the Narragansett. The White was originally an albino. But all of these are derived from a single species, which is of Mexican origin. There is only one other known species, which is native to Yucatan and Guatemala. It is called the "ocellated turkey," owing to the fact that its tail is ornamented with eyes like that of the peacock. It is one of the most beautiful of birds, its feathers blazing with metallic reflections of gold, green, blue and bronze.

The Thankful Heart

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Ephesians v:20.

The thankful spirit is the true and sure source of a happy life. There are plenty of things to be thankful for, and it is wise to make an effort to find them. They are never far away. They are under our control. We are their masters. God made us that way. We may be in touch with very disagreeable people, but if we do not like disagreeable feelings we need not have them. There are many good things to think of with reference to such people. Be a missionary to them. Think how nice it would be if such a person had a sweet disposition and let your own radiate its virtues.

We can rejoice and be glad no matter where we are. Paul and Silas sang hymns while in jail. Why not? It was bad enough to be in jail. God was good to them. He revealed to them facts of eternal life. These were good things to think about, and why should they not enjoy them? To sing was a reasonable thing to do. God had given them something against the day of trouble and they used it. Why should not we? What is the use of being miserable when we can just as well be happy? God is near us in the joys and comforts of life as well as in our trials and temptations. We have good reasons to be thankful under all conditions of life. The sun always shines no matter about the clouds. Daylight is a good thing, but the best thing is, God created us in his

image and after his likeness. There is a divine element in our nature that enables us to think God's thoughts in the facts of nature as well as in the words of Scriptures.

The natural world is a product of thought developed and governed by a system of divine laws that are always in force. God has planned and made laws by which we live, breathe, walk, see, hear, think, talk and learn the meaning of things. How our Heavenly Father has planned the universe for man's comfort and how thankful and happy man should be!

Mark the difference between the accomplished Christian gentleman and man in his uncivilized state and then be thankful for the Gospel and what the discovery of the laws of nature has done for you. Open your mind to see how God planned the laws of steam and electricity in keeping with man's capacity to utilize these forces and thus bring joy and comfort to human hearts. Go through your house, look and think as you go. You will see things of art and culture everywhere—books, magazines, newspapers, pictures, and conveniences, and works of art bearing the marks of the divine in man, which means you who look. When in the city you may look around and notice the buildings, and works of man, and remember that the people who have done all these wonderful things are members of your family. God is their father and he has given them a task you could not do. They are doing the work and you are getting the benefit of it.

God has given every person a religious nature. It is a source of great comfort and joy. Are you weary? "I will give you rest." "Let not your heart be troubled." "My peace I leave with you." These are God's promises. They should mean much to us. Are you poor and homeless? Turn your thoughts on the Saviour's promises and picture to yourself the golden city; locate your mansion, receive your old friends, tell them to come in, Thankful? How can one help but be thankful? The Christian's spirit is the thankful, happy spirit. Every person should have it. It is the conquering spirit. It never meets defeat. No matter where one is or how sad the conditions of life, the hopes of heaven are always bright. The Christian, happy spirit always has something worth while to do. The wickedness of the world is round us. Throw a dash of Gospel sunlight along the pathway of the sin-suffering friend. A light in the darkness is what he needs. Smile on him. Let him see your gladness when he would expect to see sorrow.

The thankful spirit brings gladness in all conditions of life. There are beautiful characters among the needy as well as in elegant homes on the boulevards. If the rich can afford to adorn their homes and beautify them and pay the price I will enjoy their beauty and render thanks. There is a difference in men's natural attainments. They are God-made and are needed for the improvement and comfort of mankind. Without them there could be no schools, no true progress, and what would we do without the conveniences made possible through the labor of others. They are necessary to the comforts of our homes and in every department of the work of life. God help you to look and see reasons to be thankful every day of your life.—Rev. J. B. MacGuffin.

For the Thanksgiving Dinner

The delicate flavor of the pumpkin is developed only by a long and gentle application of heat, so when preparing it for pies always stew it for three or four hours, then mix it with the other ingredients.

To each cupful of pulp add two well beaten eggs, half a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of cornstarch, dissolved in a cupful of cream, half a teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon and a teaspoonful of lemon extract; add a large tablespoonful of melted butter and fill the paste full with this mixture. Bake brown in a moderate oven.

Although the observance of Thanksgiving is particularly a northern custom, the following recipe for Virginia pudding is given in the Housekeeper as appropriate to the occasion.

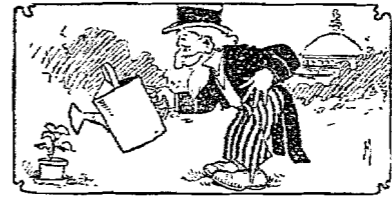
Turn one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of dried currants, one-fourth of a pound of citron sliced thin into a large mixing bowl and dredge well with flour. Add half a pound of fresh suet chopped small, then mix the whole thoroughly. In another bowl cream one-half pound of butter with an equal weight of sugar; add to this mixture the yolks of six eggs beaten smooth and one pint of rich, sweet milk.

Whip the whites of the eggs very stiff, then add them alternately with one and a quarter pounds of sifted flour to the mixture. Then stir into it the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one-half teaspoonful of mace, one grated nutmeg and one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little cold water. Lastly, add the fruit, stirring and beating vigorously until the whole is thoroughly mixed.

Pour into a well floured pudding bag, allowing plenty of room for swelling, drop into a roasty pot of boiling water and boil continuously for five hours. Serve hot with a sauce made as follows: Cream together one cupful of white sugar and a lump of butter the size of an egg. When smooth and white, beat in the grated rind of a lemon and the whipped white of an egg.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Uncle Sam Develops New Easter Lily



WASHINGTON.—The plant experts of the department of agriculture are turning their attention to things of beauty as well as usefulness, and several new flowers have been evolved by them. Next season in all probability some novel varieties of lilies which were originated in the department's greenhouses in Washington will be placed upon the market by growers, as well as a new summer-blooming dahlia.

"The growing of lilies in the United States," said Prof. B. T. Galloway, in charge of the bureau of plant industry, "is rapidly becoming an important industry. Large quantities of bulbs have in years past been imported from Bermuda, Japan and other countries, and the demand for the flowering plants seems to be on the increase.

"Various lines of work have been undertaken and carried out by our expert, Mr. Oliver, chiefly for the purpose of securing new types of lilies by hybridizing and crossing and to demonstrate the practicability of grow-

ing lilies in this country directly from seed."

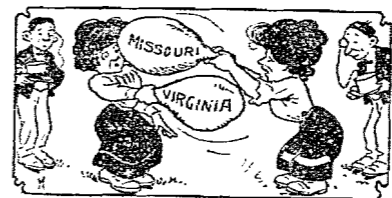
One of the most promising of the hybrids has resulted from crossing the Philippine lily and the Bermuda lily. The Philippine lily takes two months to come into bloom from the period of planting the bulb, while the Bermuda and its various relatives require in the neighborhood of five months. It was thought that there would be a great saving if the time taken to force a good Easter lily could be reduced by a month or two.

With a view of bringing this about the hybridization of the Philippine and the Bermuda lily has been effected. The result of the cross is a flower larger than the familiar Easter lily, but not quite so broad as and a little shorter than the Philippine lily.

Up to this time Americans have had to rely for a very sparse supply of Philippine lilies upon the Philippine islands, and they arrive early in the spring, when they cannot be used for forcing; but by growing them in California they can be obtained in the fall in good time for forcing into flower during the winter. The plants so far grown in California, says Mr. Oliver, do not show signs of the lily disease.

A second line of work in connection with the production of lilies has been under way in the department for the last four years.

Question of Ham Raised in Washington



MRS CHAMP CLARK of Missouri has entered a controversy which is in progress in Washington among society leaders, epicures and chefs as to the best way to cook a Virginia ham, by contending that a Missouri ham is the best, anyhow. The wife of the Democratic leader in the house of representatives takes direct issue with Gov. "Joe" Blackburn, Col. John A. Joyce, Mrs. F. Berger Moran and others who have declared in favor of hickory smoke with which to cure the ham, the light of the full moon in which to kill it, and that it must come from the "Mother of Presidents," for only there does the real aristocratic porker have its being. The controversy has become so hot that President Taft may be called upon to decide it.

"The Missouri ham is so far ahead of anything in the pig line introduced by Virginia or elsewhere," said Mrs. Clark. "That I can't understand how people can be so deceived. Isn't everything better in Missouri than elsewhere? Why, of course it is. Then, why shouldn't hams be superior? With us raising, curing, cooking and serving

this dainty morsel, is not only an art, but borders on the sacred things of our lives.

"Our pigs are raised with infinite care; they are not allowed to associate with those of the lower strata in life; iron-clad rules are observed in feeding and grooming them, and when at last they are doomed to die, we are almost as sorry as they can possibly be.

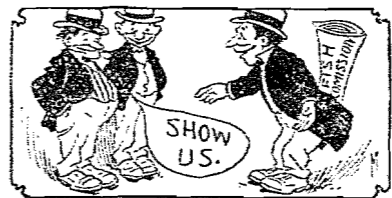
"But our qualms of conscience are assuaged when, after months of smoking in the dear old smokehouse, the hams are tenderly taken from their hooks and treated to a period of simmering (for you never boil a ham) and basting and browning and garnishing, then served and eaten with pure joy and gusto.

"They don't know what a really good piece of hog meat is in Virginia. I will admit, however, that I learned all I know about cooking ham from my friend Mrs. Burke of Alexandria. Mrs. Burke is a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and she was telling me how the art of simmering the dainty came to be known in America.

"She said that when Mr. Jefferson was rambling about Europe in search of knowledge, he happened to stay in Paris at a fashionable hotel. The ham was so good that Mr. Jefferson called for the 'Prince of the Kitchen' and asked him how he managed to keep the meat so tender.

"Ze ham must be simmered, monsieur le American," he was told by the obliging chef.

Upheld Mississippi Catfish's Honor



AMONG the employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, in Washington, where all the paper money that circulates in this country is printed, are some men so benighted as not to believe that Mississippi river catfish ever tip the scales at 100 pounds or more. William C. Deane, a prominent member of the Missouri society of the District of Columbia some time ago undertook to convince the doubting Thomases that catfish attain gigantic proportions in the Father of Waters.

He declared that he had recently seen catfish caught that weighed upwards of 100 pounds. His associates in the bureau laughed him to scorn—made him real mad.

Snakes in a Bag, Not Robbers' Loot



THEY get off some awful stories on the "old Sleuths," but this one is straight goods: R. F. Le Mat, a well-known Washington athlete, spent the summer "near to nature's heart" up in the wilds of Idaho. He started back attired in wild and woolly fashion, a pair of corduroy trousers, a big sombrero, and his face adorned with a huge goatee, all of which may at times be worn by confidence men, but were not in this case.

Besides that he had along with him when he got on the pullman in Chicago a "gunny" sack, which he handed carefully. Chicago sleuths spotted him at once. Yes indeed, they were in that "gunny" sack the bag of

a train robbery that recently occurred in the middle west.

The fact that Le Mat seemed to be very careful of the sack and its contents was sure enough proof of "something," you see, and when he turned it over to a pullman porter paid him some money, and he immediately got the bag hidden out of sight, was just proof positive—well, not quite positive enough for arrest, but mighty good proof.

So two of the Chicago sleuths boarded the pullman, and they shadowed Le Mat to Washington, having telegraphed ahead for detectives to meet them at the Union station. The first man to greet Le Mat on his arrival was a Union station detective, who is a personal friend. Then Le Mat made his get-away, and the detectives from Chicago had a trip to Washington for no cost to themselves.

The gunnysack contained the big rattlesnakes, which now adorn the Washington zoo. And that is the story of one lot of sleuths.

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Amateur Photography

"I have the pictures at last," announced the amateur photographer, jubilantly. "They are first-class. Sit down, all of you, and I'll pass them around. This is the group I got on the terrace of Isabel's yard."

"It's good of everybody but me!" exclaimed Isabel. "Did you ever see such a fright as I am! Why, I look like a peanut! You see, I was trying not to laugh."

"Let me see it," said her sister, seizing the print. "Merciful goodness! Look at my hair! Isn't it perfectly terrible! It's good of you, Louise."

"Oh, no!" cried Louise. "I never took a worse one. But isn't it sweet of Isabel. What made you put your hands out in front like that, George?" They look as big as a house."

"I always have so much on my hands they have to be large," explained George, cheerfully. "Will you look at the frown I've got on? Why didn't you tell me I was frowning?"

"I couldn't take the picture and look pleasant for all of you at the same time," said the amateur photographer, testily. "I think that's a first-class group."

"Go on, show us another photograph," said George.

"This is a picture of that little brook we found up in the woods," said the amateur photographer, more cheerfully. "I didn't have anything to put the camera on or I could have taken a time exposure."

"I can't see the water," complained Isabel. "What makes it so dark in spots?"

"It isn't dark," said the amateur photographer. "That's just the shade from the trees."

"It looks black to me," said George. "What other pictures are there?"

"Here's a view of Louise's house," said the amateur photographer.

"Oh, let me see!" cried Louise. "What makes it lean backward that way?"

"I had the camera tipped a little, that's all," said the amateur photographer, shortly. "It's an excellent picture."

"When you sort of squint along it the picture looks ever so nice," said Isabel's sister, comfortingly. "Oh, who's the ghost?"

"It isn't a ghost," said the amateur photographer. "That's a picture of Adelaide. You see, it was a dark, rainy day and I tried to take a time exposure holding the camera in my hands. It isn't half a bad picture if you look at it closely."

"It makes me dizzy," said Isabel. "Is that a picture of Santa Claus coming down the chimney?"

"Not exactly," confessed the amateur photographer. "I took a picture of our wood fire and then snapped Maurice without changing the film and of course it looks as if Maurice were coming down the chimney. That was a mistake on my part, of course."

"And this one," asked George. "Are they having a fit? What a hideous face!"

"That's your own face, as it happens," explained the amateur photographer, with evident pleasure. "That is a group that I took by flashlight."

"If you had left the gas lighted the eyes would have been better," suggested Louise. "You see how staring they are?"

"I know that now," said the amateur photographer. "Nobody told me beforehand, though every one seems to have known it well enough."

"It isn't really half bad," said Isabel's sister gently. "That one of me is good."

"That isn't you, I'm sorry to say," said the amateur photographer. "The one on the other side of the table is you. That's Louise."

"This one is splendid," exclaimed Isabel. "I never saw a better picture of a colored woman."

"I took that indoors," said the amateur photographer, patiently. "It's supposed to be a likeness of my mother."

"Here's another group," said Louise. "Mercy! I didn't dream I laughed in that picture. I declare, I'll never be snapped again. What on earth made you snap us at that moment?"

"My hat's all on one side, too!" said Isabel. "Isn't that picture terrible?"

"Nothing but the corner of my hat shows," said Adelaide. "And that completely hides George. Who's this in the corner?"

"That isn't anybody," said the amateur photographer, gathering up his belongings. "My fingers had some developer on them and it left a spot, that's all. I spent hours and a small fortune on these pictures and it's mighty little thanks I get."

"Well, you can't say they're good of me!" said Adelaide. "Though I don't see why the rest of you object to them."

"Some of them are splendid," said Isabel's sister. "That is, I've seen lots worse ones and I think you did better than most people do when they take snapshots."

"Thank you," said the amateur photographer humbly. "I'll take a picture of you all by yourself whenever you want me to."

His Way.

"What is that uncertain knocking that I hear?"

"That," said the medium, "is the spirit of your departed husband."

"I guess it's him, all right; that's just the kind of noise he used to make when he came upstairs late at night."

INSTRUCTION FOR ONE

The dignified man who was not used to girls was imprisoned in a corner with one who had mischief lurking behind the innocence of her eyes. He felt vaguely uncomfortable as he gazed at her, because he could think of nothing to talk about that would interest her. She saved him the plunge.

"Do you know, Mr. Fattershall," she began, "that I've been dying to have a good talk with you for ever so long?"

"Th—that's very kind of you, I'm sure," stammered the dignified man. "What about?"

The pretty girl looked blank for an instant. Then she rallied. "Ever so many things," she said airily. "You'd be surprised to find what a lot of topics of conversation I'm interested in. But you must answer all my questions!"

"Oh, say, now!" protested the man who was not used to girls. He looked alarmed. "I—"

"In the first place," she demanded, "why are you a woman hater?"

The dignified man looked still more alarmed. "Why, you see," he protested, "I'm not! What ever gave you that idea? Really, I have—er—every admiration for women!"

The pretty girl gazed at him in silent wonder. "Now, I never in all this world would have dreamed it!" she said at last. "I thought you simply ran from us just as though we weren't worth wasting time on! Now don't you?"

"Of course not!" said the dignified man. "You have an entirely wrong idea—"

"Anyhow, I never saw you take any girl around and I never heard of your calling on one," said the pretty girl. "Did you ever?"

The man who was not used to girls shifted his feet. He wished she would not keep her eyes fastened on him. It made him feel like an insect being pinned to a card.

"Why," he stammered, "I—that is—you know, I'm so busy I don't have time for society—"

"Girls aren't society," corrected his tormentor. "I knew you hadn't called on a girl since you were a boy! Now, if that doesn't prove you're a woman hater I'd like to know what would!"

"See here," said the man, leaning forward in his earnestness. "Really you're wrong! I don't like to intrude where I'm not wanted and the girls always are busy entertaining other people!"

"What a pity!" commented the pretty girl mockingly. "Don't you know that modesty never wins out? You must plunge in and elbow the others out of the way if you want to be liked. Now, if you'd been engaged two or three times like a normal human being it would be a tremendous help to you. It's such an education to a man, being engaged."

"How do you know I haven't been?" demanded the dignified man with some spirit.

The pretty girl shook her head smilingly. She seemed very much amused. "I can tell!" she murmured.

The man who was not used to girls somehow felt apologetic, as though proved guilty of a serious offense. "Am I so uninteresting?" he asked, a little hurt.

"It isn't that!" said the pretty girl. "Now, were you ever engaged, really?"

"No," confessed the dignified man. "There!" she said. "I was sure of it! Weren't you ever in love?"

The dignified man looked helpless and angry. She waited relentlessly.

"Dozens of times!" he declared brazenly.

"H'm!" said the pretty girl. "If you had been you'd know better than to say that! People don't fall in love by wholesale."

"Don't they?" inquired the dignified man. "I don't know much about it, to tell the truth?" There was a hint of gloom in his tone.

"No, you don't," agreed the pretty girl sagely. "It's time you learned! How old are you?"

"Thirty-four," said the dignified man sadly. "I'm afraid it's too late! I never thought much about it before."

"I knew you hadn't," said the pretty girl in quite a grandmotherly manner. "You must start in at once."

"Where'll I start?" asked the dignified man with interest.

"Oh, there are heaps of girls!" said the pretty girl carelessly, with a comprehensive wave of her hand. "Just pick out one and begin calling on her."

"All right," said the dignified man. "I believe I will! How about beginning with you? Are you going to be home to-morrow evening?"

The pretty girl laughed as though she had won a bet with herself. "I really believe you'll learn fast!" she said. "Yes, I'll be at home."

Hoot Away!

"Ah'm tellin' ye, mon, Macintosh is a bonnier piper than MacSnuffy! MacSnuffy canna even keepit 't the tune."

"Fich, mon, what has the tune to dae wi' it? Look at his eendoor-ance!"—Life.

Oratorical Tactics.

"What does this car mean by pawing me so?"

"She is begging for a tidbit, and is adopting the tactics of orators who make unanswerable arguments."

"What's that?"

"Paws for a reply."

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