

OFFICE BOY WRITES AGAIN

Bright Young Boy Who is Learning the Way of the World in the Tribune Office Again Shows the Editor that He is Not the Only Pebble on the Beach in Finding Out Good Stories About Local People and Events.

The office boy has again been improving his time for the other day I found the following on my desk written by him:

Say, boss, whatcher doing these days? sleepin' or hitin' the dope so hard you can't dream? You aint wise to a whole lot of good hot stuff going on around here.

Why the other Sunday two men were out walking when they happened to pass the house of a friend.

Now this friend is a hale fellow, well met, and when he asked the other guys to come in and help him pick the apples left on the trees they did so.

Up in the trees they climbed and gathered the beautiful red apples and storing them away.

For some reason or another they stayed an unnecessary long time in the cellar each time they went down and the lady of the house determined to find out the why of their dilly dallying there and to that end called the little boy in and asked him if he knew the reason of the delay in the cellar each trip.

"Well," said the boy, "I don't know what they are doing but each time they go down they drink something out of a bottle but as my papa does not drink beer it must be castor oil."

There is a man in this town who is very proud of his place and whose one desire and ambition is to keep a most perfect lawn about his place. All summer he has carefully tended it, watering it each night and keeping it well trimmed.

In some spots, however, it was a thin stand and this bothered him so much that he determined to correct it this fall.

He went down to South Omaha and secured some pulverized bone and bone meal to put on it as he had been told that would make the grass grow a great deal better.

Coming home one Saturday evening he proceeded to scatter the bone over the lawn where it was most needed.

Now, his house faces south and the wind was in the north when he did the job and he retired to the house conscious of a job well done.

Pretty soon he noticed that the people who passed the house acted in a very peculiar manner and always turned their heads in the opposite direction. At loss to account for their actions he walked around the block and came up in front of his house.

One whiff of the fertilizer was enough and he understood the reason of the averted heads. The smell was worse than the South Omaha packing houses and stayed with him for several days.

In the meantime the neighbors threatened to have him arrested for maintaining a nuisance but the stench finally died away and the grass can grow thin all it wants to before the men will again try the bone as a means of restoring it.

There is another man in this beautiful city that one night stayed out very late and when he returned home in the wee small hours of the morning felt the need of satisfying the inner man.

Being a married man he thought he knew all about the pantry and where the edibles were kept and would have no need of awakening the household to supply his needs.

Carefully he groped his way to the pantry and let his fingers steal along the shelves in search of the food. Finding a large bottle he stuck his hand down in it and drew forth a peach and with one motion transferred it to his mouth and bit a large bite out of it.

Wow! spit, splutter and gasp and the peach landed on the floor. It was the hottest peach he had ever eaten. However it satisfied his longing for food and he started for bed.

"What in the world are you spitting and spluttering around in that fashion for?" said his wife.

"Nothing, only I guess that my taster is out of order for I took and ate one of those peaches you were putting up this afternoon and it burned my mouth. My but they are hot."

"Peaches! Peaches!" said his wife. "Where did you get any peaches?"

RATES FOR SO-CALLED PUFFS

What We Will Charge in the Future for the "Puffs" Given to Some People in Our Paper.

We have just put into effect the following rates for "free puffs":

For telling the public that a man is a successful citizen when everybody knows he is as lazy as a mule, \$2.75.

Referring to a deceased citizen as one who is mourned by the entire community, when he knows he will only be missed by the poker circles, \$1.08.

Referring to some gallivanting woman as an estimable lady whom it is a pleasure to meet, \$3.10.

Calling an ordinary pulp-ponder an eminent divine, 60 cents.

Sending a tough sinner to heaven with poetry, \$5.00.

Calling an ordinary bar-room loafer one of the leading politicians, \$6.78.

Praising a woman's cooking when she never sent us a sample, 99 cents.

These rates are now in effect but the business manager says they are strictly cash in advance.

WHY YOU MISS YOUR PAPER.

Several of our subscribers have complained they do not get their paper. Last week we had occasion to look up a kick of this kind and we found that one of the children had got the paper from the postoffice and carried it to school where it was left.

In some places they have an iron-clad rule that no mail shall be given to school children while going to and from school. There were two reasons for this. One is that the younger children often lose the mail while on their way home or lay it down somewhere and forget it, and the other is that it is an intolerable nuisance to those in the office to have two or three hundred children trooping into the postoffice lobby from two to a half dozen times a day to ask for mail.

Parents would do well to forbid their children going to the office on their way to or from school.

CHURCH NOTICE.

At the Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer church, service is held regularly every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. at the little beautiful church. Sunday school 9:45 a. m. or before the regular service.

We wish to invite all of our country-men who live in and around Florence to come to our services. We have both a congregation and a church. The church is in a very good condition and free of debt, too.

Come and bring your friends with you. Bring your children along, too. We wish to have all the Swedish children come and join our Sunday school now before Christmas, so that they can take part in the coming children's festival, that will be held during the holidays.

We use as text leaves for smaller children: "The Sun Ray" and "The Sun Beam," two very beautifully illustrated text leaves. For more advanced children we use: "Catechism" and "Bible History."

Besides Christianity they will have a chance to learn some Swedish, that will certainly help them very much in the future.

Pieces for this Christmas program will soon be distributed to our Sunday school children.

Dear Parents, come and bring your children with you already next Sunday forenoon at 10:30.

F. J. ELLMAN,
Pastor.

Now this man knows the chicken game from A to Z and then back. The other day he hit upon a scheme to keep the bowels of those chicken in proper trim all the time, realizing that as long as he could do that he would be able to get all the eggs he wanted, so what does he do but oil the pump in his well with castor oil so the oil will slightly flavor the water and the chickens act as their own nurse and take a dose every time they take a drink.

Not to change the subject any I wonder what the city officials are going to do about the holes that have appeared under the concrete for the new paving in the places where they dug those ditches for the sewer pipe. There is a large hole in front of the Bank of Florence and another one down by Weber's house and if something is not done about them in the near future they will be so big and deep that the paving will fall in them and then the job will be a dandy.

Then there is the case where the new cement sidewalk put in on Main street has been broken in two by reason the bricks being piled up on them. I wonder what is going to be done about repairing the walk. Will the paving contractor have to put the walk back in good shape or will the street and alley committee get busy and order the walk repaired and charged to the whole city?

Now about that electric light on State and Elk streets.—Well, I will tell you of that later.

SWEET OLD MEMORIES

A Newspaper Clipping Recalls Some Old Memories to the Editor Who Imparts to His Reader the Beautiful Story of the Man Who Saw the World and Afterward Made Peace with His God and is Now in Cloisters Dim.—The Man Who is Ever a Boy.

There was no council meeting this week.

There was no meeting of any kind. There was no more church history to print.

There was a paper to be issued the same as every other week.

What, oh what is there to write about tonight to interest and amuse the readers of this paper?

Not much. So the editor is going to have a quiet little talk with his readers this week on a subject that is of a personal nature and we hope the readers will be as entertained as with our other matter.

The other day there appeared in the daily press the following news item:

"Charles Curtz Hahn, poet and contributor to magazines, for some years on the staff of the World-Herald, later the first editor of the True Voice, has left St. Michael's monastery, Sewanee, Tenn., for the home monastery in New York. It is the severest order in point of discipline of any, save the Trappist, with its work, study and prayer and rule of silence extending over fourteen hours of the day.

Mr. Hahn has been at Sewanee since last November and has been duly accepted as a candidate for the novitiate. He has written old friends from time to time that he has found the greatest happiness in the monastic life and the boys' school taught at Sewanee and that he hopes to complete the novitiate, take the vows and become a member of the order. His friends do not think that after ten months of life in the monastery among the Tennessee mountains he will change his mind; instead they believe he will hold steadfast to his purpose of living apart from the world.

To some who know him intimately, Mr. Hahn's leaving the world seems a realization of his dream of more than eleven years ago, when he published his poems, "In Cloisters Dim," for they find this in the last verse of "After Many Years":

"The peace of God has come to me at last;

Within these convent walls of rough-hewn stone

I'll live. No thought of earth or what I've left

Shall thrill my soul, I walk with God alone."

What Memories that Brings Back. Some twelve years ago both Mr. Hahn and the editor of the Tribune were employed on the Omaha Excelsior and became very good friends. An incident that cemented their friendship occurred one day after Mr. Hahn had looked upon the wine when it was red and had collapsed in a chair on the day the paper was to go to press and matter was mighty scarce and time as short. The editor got a large chunk of ice and put it down his back to revive him. It did and there immediately was a rough house but finally Mr. Hahn calmed down and wrote one of his beautiful religious poems and all was well.

From that time on they were close friends and the editor could not help noticing the deeply religious nature of the man. Some years later he published a book of poems, "In Cloisters Dim" and the first copy of the press was inscribed "To my old friend, E. L. Platz in memory of old friendship which I hope will ever be new.—C. C. Hahn."

And now he is in cloisters dim and the peace of God has come to him at last. Little we know when our desires will be fulfilled and nothing of what the future has in store for us.

Years ago, a new story-teller began to talk in the world, and the facts which he told us were more strange and incredible than the fables of Scheherazade or Grimm. When he was a boy of sixteen, his father, a French planter in Louisiana, sent him as supercargo on one of his ships, which was to bring back skins and ivory from the African coast. Some of the vessels that sailed in their company carried on a blacker trade. Under their battened hatches went on mysteries of torture and murder which the boy soon understood. He loathed the business. His hands and soul were clean of it, be sure, of that.

He always had a curious liking and fellowship for the negro, the red man—for all wild races. The woods called to him—the mysterious unknown secret quarters of the earth. He plunged into them with a boy's

FLORENCE SEES GOOD FOOTBALL

The Dietz Eleven Defeats the Continentals at the Ball Park Sunday, by a score of 5 to 0.

The Dietz club eleven added another victory to their long list Sunday afternoon at the Florence park, when they defeated the Continentals by a score of 5 to 0. The Continentals never had a look-in as far as scoring was concerned, as they only gained three yards twice during the contest and Wiggins made the distance on these two occasions on end runs. The Continentals had to punt out of danger several times, while the Dietzes were only forced to punt once during the contest.

In the first half Quigley kicked off to Singleton, who advanced about five yards. The Continentals were forced to punt. The kick went over the back field men and O'Connor recovered the ball on the five-yard line. Then the Dietzes started a series of line smashes, coupled with a couple of end runs, advancing the ball eighty yards before being held for downs. The Continentals were again forced to punt and then the Dietzes went right straight up the field on line smashes for a touch-down. Sutter making it. Goal was missed. Edwards kicked off to Quigley, who advanced about thirty yards. After a few more plays time was called.

In the second half Edwards kicked off to Wahl, who advanced five yards. Quigley went around the end for twenty-five yards. Then the Dietzes steadily advanced the ball to the five-yard line, but lost on a fumble. Wiggins went around the end for thirty yards and the Continentals were forced to punt. During this half Quigley made several long end runs and the Dietzes had the ball in the Continentals territory, but were unable to score.

For the Dietzes O'Connor, Carlson, wards and Overman were the stars.

For the Continentals Wiggins, Ed-Sutter, Nagi and Quigley were always in action, but the whole team worked together and if longer halves were played a larger score could have been made. Quigley was crippled by being kicked on the knee, but played the game out. He will probably be out of the game for the rest of the season.

Touchdown: Sutter. Referee: Crohan. Empire: Ball. Head linesman: Maxwell. Time of halves: Fifteen minutes.

OLD MAN AND THE HIRED GIRL.

Farmer North of Town gets into a Barrel of Trouble with His Hired Girl and Wife.

There is a farmer living north of town who is willing to do anything to keep peace in his family these days.

His wife is very suspicious of him. The hired girl is very mad, and all because of a mistake on his part.

The man wanted his son to get up early and go to work. The boy had a habit of answering "yessir" and going to sleep again.

On this occasion last week the father, to make no mistake, called the boy, got the "yessir," and then slid upstairs, turned down the covers and gave the person a good spanking.

It happened that on that night the hired girl had been given the boy's room.

When the tumult was over the old man sat down behind the barn and drafted a written apology to the hired girl.

However, the farmer is willing to do anything to bring about peace in the family.

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Ponca school house Friday evening, December 5, at 8:00 o'clock. Everybody is welcome and invited to come. J. F. WUERTH, Secretary.

delight and utter ignorance of technical Anthropology.

In the old maps of Africa of that day you will find a vast tract of blank yellow filling the whole centre, and marked Unexplored Region. Into this Mystery went Paul du Chailu with his beads and his gun, a chubby, cheerful boy with a friendly hand outstretched to every savage. It is a short story. He crossed unhurt from sea to sea, leaving wondering black friends behind him. He discovered the tribes of pygmies and the gorilla. Coming back to civilization, he told his strange story. We all read it as a fairy tale; Royal Geographical Societies brutally rejected it as a lie.

Years afterward, when the truth of his story was proved, they recanted, but they never did him justice.

That was a half a century ago, but in all of that time Friend Paul, as those who knew him loved to call him, remained the same clean-minded, affectionate, eager boy, always finding depths of goodness or power in his friends which nobody else suspected. Now and then, in every generation

(Continued on Page Four.)

FIREMEN'S BIG DANCE

They Give Their Big Annual Review and Dance at Pascale's hall on Thanksgiving Evening, and the Editor Attends so All the Readers of this Paper Can Know What it was Like by Reading of it and Thereby Saving the Fifty Cents Which They Charged to Get in the Hall.

Thanksgiving. That is the day everybody is thankful for something or other.

Particularly appropriate to the day is the annual ball and review of the Volunteer Fire Department of Florence.

Why? Because on that day they can all wear their red shirts and uniform.

From the proud way they wore those uniforms and the admiring glances cast on them by the beautiful maidens it made the editor feel as though he would like to be a fireman and watch the firemen dance.

Was the editor there? Of course he was.

Slowly sauntering down the street admiring the new pavement that is being laid on main street and full of turkey he was at peace with the whole world.

A man broke into his reverie and suggested that they go to the Firemen's dance. It was the business manager and, of course, he would see that the editor got into the hall and gazed upon the fair ones of Florence as well as the brave and noble men who would be there.

He did. Walking up to the doorkeeper he handed him a ticket and walked in. The editor started to do the same thing.

There's many a slip between the cup and the lip, also there is many a slip between the outside of the hall and the inside, and he was stopped with the word "Tickets?"

"I just want to see what is going on," he said.

"Oh, that is what they all say," said Mr. Hollingsworth. And as Mr. Hollingsworth is bigger than the editor, the editor did not stop to argue the matter, especially when Parks chipped in and said, "Soak it to him."

Like all the great editors he was broke.

"Get a subscription," said the business manager.

He did. Walking down the stairs he met a man and a young lady.

Now this man is engaged to be married to this lady and the editor was aware of the fact so he stepped up to him and said, "pardon me, kind sir, but as you expect to be married soon and, of course, will want your wedding written up in the Tribune why don't you give me a dollar for a subscription?"

He did. What else could he do with his affianced there with him. He didn't want her to think him a cheap skate.

Then he proudly went back and threw down the dollar and got a ticket and his change. They didn't try to mike him out of his change and everything was lovely.

He marched in with the hater of a king, expecting all the feminine eyes would be instantly focused on his beautiful physiognomy and his Apollo-like form. Sad to relate they did not, for the girls were too busy watching the red shirts of the firemen.

There was such a big crowd there that he couldn't even get a seat to watch the festivities of the evening. Ah, he would wait until they danced and then there would be plenty of vacant seats.

There wasn't, though. It didn't seem to make much difference in the seating capacity when the floor was full and the dance was on. Everybody in Florence must have been there and brought the entire family, even to the dog. At least it was the doggondest crowd that I ever saw in that building.

There was a grand march in which all the firemen participated with their ladies and there were 54 couples in that march led by Mr. Elmer Taylor and Miss Inman.

Oh, but that was a sight. Everybody seemed to be trying to have as good a time as possible and everybody was succeeding.

The editor is not much of a society man, so he can't tell exactly the sequence of things but he knew that he had to write it up, for he had 1,000,000 readers, more or less, who were anxiously awaiting the paper to see what they had done at the dance.

Of course the first thing to do was to write up the firemen, but as they had monopolized the attention of all the girls he would get even with them by simply saying that they looked stunning in their red shirts,

(Continued on Page Eight.)

10 COMMANDMENTS UP-TO-DATE

A Modern Version for the Benefit of the Residents of Villages and Country.

I. Thou shalt not go away from home to do thy shopping, nor thy wife, nor thy sons, nor thy daughters.

II. Thou shalt patronize thine own merchants, and they shall not be driven from their home to find food for their children.

III. Thou shalt patronize thine own merchant, also the newspaper, and they shall patronize thee.

IV. Thou shalt pay thy bills promptly, that their credit may be good in the land where thou dwellest, and thy neighbors greet thee gladly; then deposit thy surplus in home banks.

V. Thou shalt not knock the props from under thine own town in order to be revenged upon thine enemy, lest thou perish with him.

VI. Thou shalt not incline thine ear to the voice of pride, nor permit vanity to overcome thy heart.

VII. Thou shalt spend thine earnings at home, that they may return whence they came and give nourishment to such as come after thee.

VIII. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy town wherein thou dwellest, but speak well of it in the ears of all men.

IX. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's seed wheat, nor his meat hog, nor the cow, nor the corn which is in the crib, but whatsoever thou desirest thou shalt pay of him, and thou shalt pay the price thereof in the coin of the realm.

X. Thou shalt keep these commandments and teach them to thy children unto the third and fourth generations, that they may be made to flourish and wax rich while thou are laid to rest with thy fathers.—San Diego, Cal., News.

YOU ARE RIGHT, BROTHER.

Mr. Platz, Florence, Nebraska. Dear Sir:—I found this little piece of poetry and wondered if it did not express your views.

The Editor's Song. How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber.

Who pays in advance, without skipping a year; Who lays down his dollar and offers it gladly.

And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

Who never says: "Stop it, I cannot afford it!"

Or: "Getting more papers each day than I read;"

But always says: "Send it, the whole outfit likes it—"

In fact, we regard it a business need."

How welcome is he when he steps in the sanctum

How he makes "our heart" throb, how he makes "our eye" dance

We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him—

The steady subscriber who pays in advance!

Yours truly,
"A SUBSCRIBER."

Charter No. 1056. Report of the condition of THE FARMERS STATE BANK, of Florence, Nebraska.

Incorporated in the State of Nebraska at the close of business November 16, 1909.

RESOURCES. Loans and Discounts.....\$18,516.47

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured..... 136.11

Banking house, furniture and fixtures..... 500.00

Current expenses and taxes paid..... 65.00

Due from nat'l. state and private banks..... 5,869.64

Currency..... 1,739.60

Gold coin..... 110.00

Silver, nickels and cents..... 256.67 2,096.67

Total..... 27,183.89

LIABILITIES. Capital stock paid in.....\$10,000.00

Surplus fund..... 233.61

Individual deposits subject to check.....\$8,041.78

Time certificates of deposit..... 5,830.00

Cashier's checks outstanding..... 2,978.50 16,850.28

Total.....\$27,183.89

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas:—ss.

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

W. R. WALL, President.

ATTEST.

F. T. PARKER, Director.

R. H. OLMSTED, Director.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of November, 1909.

[SEAL] J. P. BROWN, Notary Public.

Malice Prepense.

Knicker—Who does the baby look like?

Bocker—They are going to blame it on the richest relative.

THE DIVA'S RUBY

By F. MARION CRAWFORD
AUTHOR OF "SARACINESCA," "ARETHUSA," ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL
COPYRIGHT 1907 BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

SYNOPSIS.

Barak, 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. Barak'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-pouring Saad carried, dug his way out of the tunnel, and departed, deserting the girl and carrying a bag of rubies. Barak gathered all the gems she could carry, and started in pursuit of Margaret Bone (Margaria de Corsova), 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. Barak approached Logotheti at Versailles with rubies to sell. He presented a ruby to

her face away, and when her hand felt his upon it, she let him draw it slowly to him; and half unconsciously she followed her hand, bending towards him sideways, from her seat, nearer and nearer, and very near.

And as she put up her lips to his, he would that she might drink his soul from him at one deep draught—even as one of his people's poets wished, in the world's spring time, long ago.

It had been a strange love-making. They had been engaged during more than two months, they were young, vital, passionate; yet they had never kissed before that evening hour under the elm tree at Versailles. Perhaps it was for this that Konstantin had played, or at least, for the certainty it meant to him, if he had doubted that she was sincere.

CHAPTER IV.

Without offending Mr. Van Torp, Lady Maud managed not to see him again for some time, and when he understood, as he soon did, that this was her wish, he made no attempt to force himself upon her. She was probably thinking over what he had said, and in the end she would exert her influence as he had begged her to do. He was thoroughly persuaded that there was nothing unfair in his proposal and that, when she was convinced that he was right, she would help him.

But when he had taken the first step towards accomplishing his purpose, he was very much at a loss as to the next, and he saw that he had

for sale because the owner had died of heart disease the week after she was quite ready to take him to the Mediterranean. The vessel was at least as big as one of the ocean liners of 50 years ago, and had done 22 1-16 knots on her trial. Mr. Van Torp took her over as she was, with her officers, crew, cook and stores, and rechristened her. She had been launched as the *Always*; he called her the *Lancashire Lass*—a bit of sentiment on his part, for that was the name of a mare belonging to Lady Maud's father, which he had once ridden bareback when he was in an amazing hurry.

He had one interview with the captain.

"See here, captain," he said, "I may not want to take a trip this season. I'm that sort of a man. I may or I may not. But if I do want you, I'll want you quick. See?"

With the last word, he looked up suddenly, and the captain "saw," for he met a pair of eyes that astonished him.

"Yes, I see," he answered mechanically.

"And if you're in one place with your boat, and I wire that I want you in another, I'd like you to get there right away," said Mr. Van Torp.

"Yes, sir."

"They say she'll do 22 1-10," continued the owner, "but when I wire I want you I'd like her to do as much more as she can without bursting a lung. If you don't think you've got the kind of engineer who'll keep her red-hot, tell me right off and we'll get another. And don't you fuss about burning coal, captain. And see that the crew get all they can eat and not a drop of drink but tea and coffee, and if you let 'em go on shore once in a while, see that they come home right side up with care, captain, and make each of 'em say 'truly rural' and 'British Constitution' before he goes to bed, and if he can't, you just unship him, or whatever you call it on a boat. Understand, captain?"

The captain understood and kept his countenance.

"Now, I want to know one thing," continued the new owner. "What's the nearest sea port to Bayreuth, Bavaria?"

"Venice," answered the captain without the least hesitation, and so quickly that Mr. Van Torp was immediately suspicious.

"If that's so, you're pretty smart," he observed.

"You can telephone to Cook's office, sir, and ask them," said the captain quietly.

The instrument was on the table at Mr. Van Torp's elbow. He looked sharply at the captain, as he unhooked the receiver and set it to his ear. In a few seconds communication was given.

"Cook's office? Yes. Yes. This is Mr. Van Torp, Rufus Van Torp of New York. Yes. I want to know what's the nearest sea port to Bayreuth, Bavaria. Yes. Yes. That's just what I want to know. Yes. I'll hold the wire while you look it up."

He was not kept waiting long.

"Venice, you say? You're sure you're right, I suppose? Yes. Yes. I was only asking. No thank you. If I want a ticket I'll look in myself. Much obliged. Good-by."

He hung the receiver in its place again, and turned to his captain with a different expression, in which admiration and satisfaction were quite apparent.

"Well," he said, "you're right. It's Venice. I must say that, for an Englishman, you're quite smart."

The captain smiled quietly, but did not think it worth while to explain that the last owner with whom he had sailed had been Wagner-mad and had gone to Bayreuth regularly. Moreover, he had judged his man already.

"Am I to proceed to Venice at once, sir?" he asked.

"As quick as you can, captain."

The Englishman looked at his watch deliberately, and made a short mental calculation before he said anything. It was 11 in the morning.

"I can get to sea by five o'clock this afternoon, sir. Will that do?"

Mr. Van Torp was careful not to betray the least surprise.

"Yes," he said, as if he were not more than fairly satisfied, "that'll do nicely."

"Very well, sir, then I'll be off. It's about 3,000 miles, and she's supposed to do that at 18 knots with her own coal. Say eight days. But as this is her maiden trip we must make allowance for having to stop the engines once or twice. Good-morning, sir."

"Good-day, captain. Get in some coal and provisions as soon as you arrive in Venice. I may want to go to Timbuctoo, or to Andaman islands or something. I'm that sort of a man. I'm not sure where I'll go. Good-by."

The captain stopped at the first telegraph office on his way to the Waterloo station and telegraphed both to his chief engineer, Mr. McCosh, and his chief mate, Mr. Johnson, for he thought it barely possible that one or the other might be ashore.

"Must have steam by 4 p. m. to-day to sail at once long voyage. Coming next train. Owner in hurry. Send ashore for my wash, Brown, Captain."

When the clocks struck five on shore that afternoon, and the man at the wheel struck two bells from the wheelhouse, and the lookout forward repeated them on the ship's bell, all according to the most approved modern fashion on large steamers, the beautiful *Lancashire Lass* was steam-

ing out upon Southampton water.

Out of the merest curiosity Mr. Van Torp telegraphed to Cowes to be informed of the exact moment at which his yacht was under way, and before six o'clock he had a message.

"Yacht sailed at 4:30."

The new owner was so much pleased that he actually smiled, for Capt. Brown had been 21 minutes better than his word.

"I guess he'll do," thought Mr. Van Torp. "I only hope I may need him."

He was not at all sure that he should need the *Lancashire Lass* and Capt. Brown; but it has often been noticed that in the lives of born financiers even their caprices often turn out to their advantage, and that their least logical impulses in business matters are worth more than the sober judgment of ordinary men.

As for Capt. Brown, he was a quiet little person with a rather pink face and sparkling blue eyes, and he knew his business. In fact he had passed as extra master. He knew that he was in the service of one of the richest men in the world, and that he commanded a vessel likely to turn out one of the finest yachts afloat, and he did not mean to lose such a berth either by piling up his ship, or by being slow to do whatever his owner wished done, within the boundaries of the possible; but it had not occurred to him that his owner might order him to exceed the limits of anything but mere possibility, such, for instance, as those of the law, civil, criminal, national, or international.

Mr. Van Torp had solid nerves, but when he had sent his yacht to the only place where he thought he might possibly make use of it, he realized that he was wasting valuable time while Logotheti was making all the running, and his uncommon natural energy, finding nothing to work upon as yet, made him furiously impatient. It seemed to hum and sing in his head, like the steam in an express engine when it is waiting to start.

He had come over to England on an impulse, as soon as he had heard of Cordova's engagement. Until then he had not believed that she would ever accept the Greek, and when he learned from Lady Maud's letter that the fact was announced, he "saw red," and his resolution to prevent the marriage was made then and there. He had no idea how he should carry it out, but he knew that he must either succeed or come to grief in the attempt, for as long as he had any money left, or any strength, he would spend both lavishly for that one purpose.

Yet he did not know how to begin, and his lack of imagination exasperated him beyond measure. He was sleepless and lost his appetite, which had never happened to him before; he stayed on in London instead of going down to his place in Derbyshire, because he was always sure that he meant to start for the continent in a few hours, with an infallible plan for success; but he did not go.

He was meditating on the future one morning, over an almost untouched breakfast, between nine and ten o'clock, when his man Stemp brought a visiting card.

It was a rather large card, bearing in the middle two or three odd-looking signs which meant nothing to him, but underneath them he read in plain characters the single word "Barak."

"Barak!" grumbled the American.

"Oh, the writing's on the back, I see. Now, that's very curious. I must say," he said, after reading the words. "That's very curious," he repeated, laying strong and equal emphasis on the last two words. "Ask him to walk in, Stemp."

"Very good, sir."

As the valet went out Mr. Van Torp turned his chair half round without getting up, so that he sat facing the door. A moment later Stemp had ushered in the visitor, and was gone.

A slim youth came forward without boldness, but without the least timidity, as if he were approaching an equal. He had an oval face, no mustache, a complexion like cream, short and thick black hair and very clear dark eyes that met the American's fearlessly. He was under the average height, and he wore rather thin, loose gray clothes that had been made by a good tailor. His hands and feet were smaller than a European's.

"So you're Mr. Barak," Mr. Van Torp, said, nodding pleasantly.

The young face smiled, and the parted lips showed quite perfect teeth.

"Barak," answered the young man, giving the name the right sound.

"Yes, I understand, but I can't pronounce it like you. Take a chair, Mr. Barak, and draw up to the table."

The young man understood the gesture that explained the speech and sat down.

"So you're a friend of Mr. Logotheti's, and he advised you to come to me? Understand? Logotheti of Paris?"

Barak smiled again, and nodded quickly as he recognized the name. The American watched his face attentively.

"All right," he continued. "You can trot out your things now, right on the tablecloth here."

He had seen enough of Indians and Mexicans in his youth to learn the simple art of using signs, and he easily made his meaning clear to his visitor. Barak produced a little leather bag, not much bigger than an ordinary purse, fastened with thin thongs, which he slowly untied. Mr. Van Torp watched the movements of the delicate fingers with great interest, for he was an observant man.



"With those hands," he silently reflected, "it's either a lady or a thief, or both."

Barak took several little twists of tissue paper from the bag, laid them in a row on the tablecloth and then began to open them one by one. Each tiny parcel contained a ruby, and when the young man counted them there were five in all, and they were fine stones if they were genuine; but Mr. Van Torp was neither credulous nor easily surprised. When Barak looked to see what impression he had produced on such a desirable buyer, he was disappointed.

"Nice," said the American carelessly; "nice rubies, but I've seen better. I wonder if they're real, anyway. They've found out how to make them by chemistry now, you know."

But Barak understood nothing, of course, beyond the fact that Mr. Van Torp seemed indifferent, which was a common trick of wily customers; but there was something about this one's manner that was not assumed. Barak took the finest of the stones with the tips of his slender young fingers, laid it in the palm of his other hand, and held it under Mr. Van Torp's eyes, looking at him with an inquiring expression. But the American shook his head.

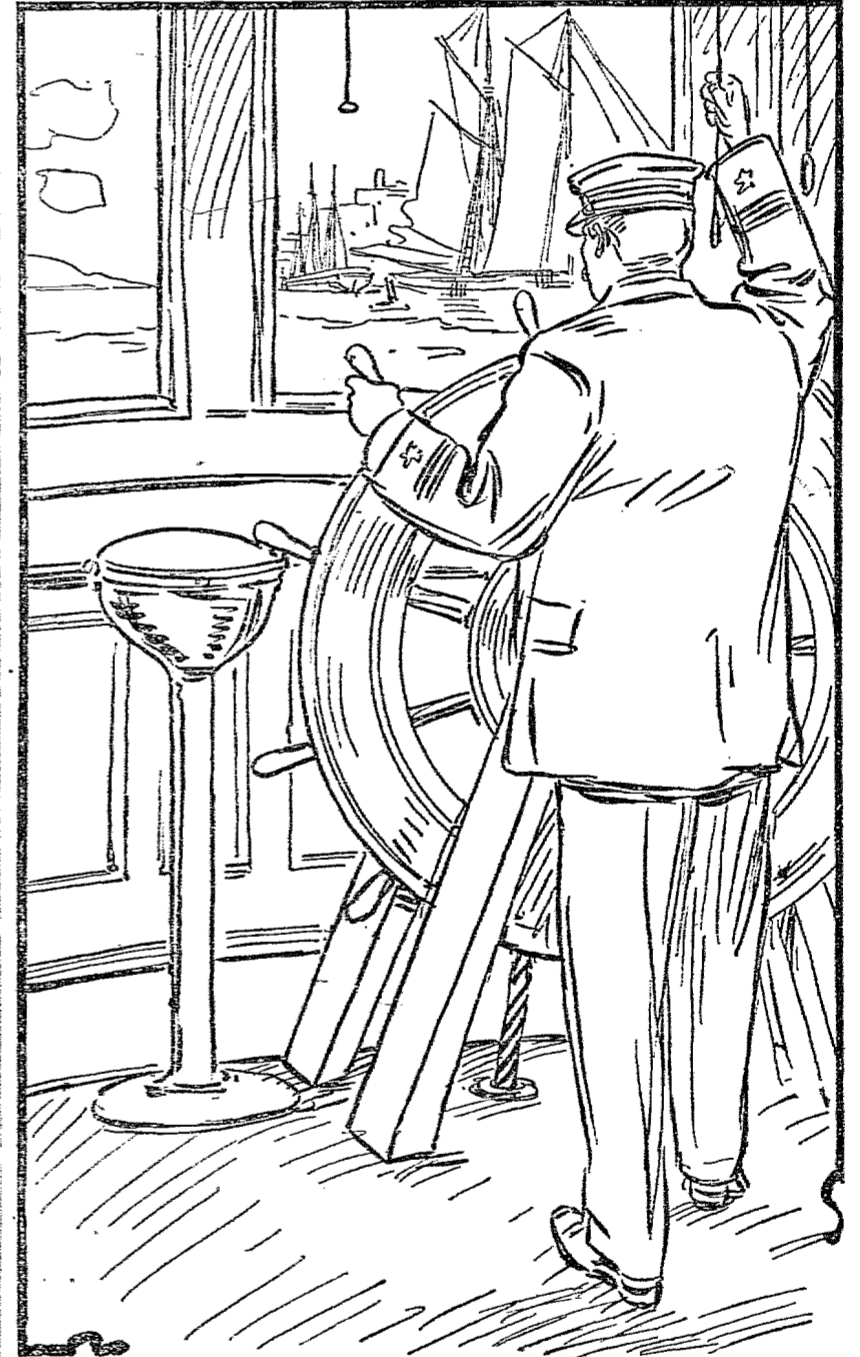
"No rubies to-day, thank you," he said.

Barak nodded quietly, and at once began to wrap up the stones, each in its own bit of paper, putting the twists back into the bag one by one. Then he drew the thongs together and tied them in a neat sort of knot which Mr. Van Torp had never seen. The young

balheaded. What's the matter with you, anyway? Your eyes are popping out of your head. Do you feel as if you were going to have a fit? I say! Stemp!"

Barak was indeed violently affected by the sight of the uncut ruby, and his face had changed in a startling way; a great vein like a whipcord suddenly showed itself on his smooth forehead straight up and down; his lids had opened so wide that they uncovered the white of the eye almost all around the iris; he was biting his lower lip so that it was swollen and blood-red against the little white teeth; and a moment before Mr. Van Torp had called out to his servant, the young man had reeled visibly, and would have collapsed if the American had not caught the slender waist and supported the small head against his shoulder with his other hand.

Stemp was not within hearing, therefore Mr. Van Torp called to him in vain, and meanwhile stood where he was with his arm round Barak, and Barak's head on his shoulder; but as no one came at his call, he lifted the slim figure gently and carried it towards the sofa, and while he was crossing the large room with his burden the palpable truth was forced upon him that his visitor's slowness was more apparent than real, and an affair of shape rather than of pounds. Before he had quite reached the lounge, however, Barak stirred, wriggled in his arms, and sprang to the floor and stood upright, blinking a little, like a person waking from a dream, but quite steady, and trying to smile in an apologetic sort of way,



The Man at the Wheel Struck Two Bells.

man then rose to go, but the millionaire stopped him.

"Say, don't go just yet. I'll show you a ruby that'll make you sit up."

He rose as he spoke, and Barak understood his smile and question, and waited. Mr. Van Torp went into the next room, and came back almost immediately, bringing a small black morocco case, which he set on the table and unlocked with a little key that hung on his watchchain. He was not fond of wearing jewelry, and the box held all his possessions of that sort, and was not full. There were three or four sets of plain studs and links; there were half a dozen very big gold collar studs; there was a bit of an old gold chain, apparently cut off at each end, and having one cheap little diamond set in each link; and there was a thin old wedding ring that must have been a woman's; besides a few other valueless trinkets, all lying loose and in confusion. Mr. Van Torp shook the box a little, poked the contents about with one large finger, and soon found an uncut red stone about the size of a hazelnut, which he took out and placed on the white cloth before the visitor.

"Now that's what I call a ruby," he said, with a smile of satisfaction. "Got any like that, young man? Because if you have I'll talk to you, maybe. Yes," he continued, watching the oriental's face. "I told you I'd make you sit up. But I didn't mean to scare you

though evidently still deeply disturbed. Mr. Van Torp smiled, too, as if to offer his congratulations on the quick recovery.

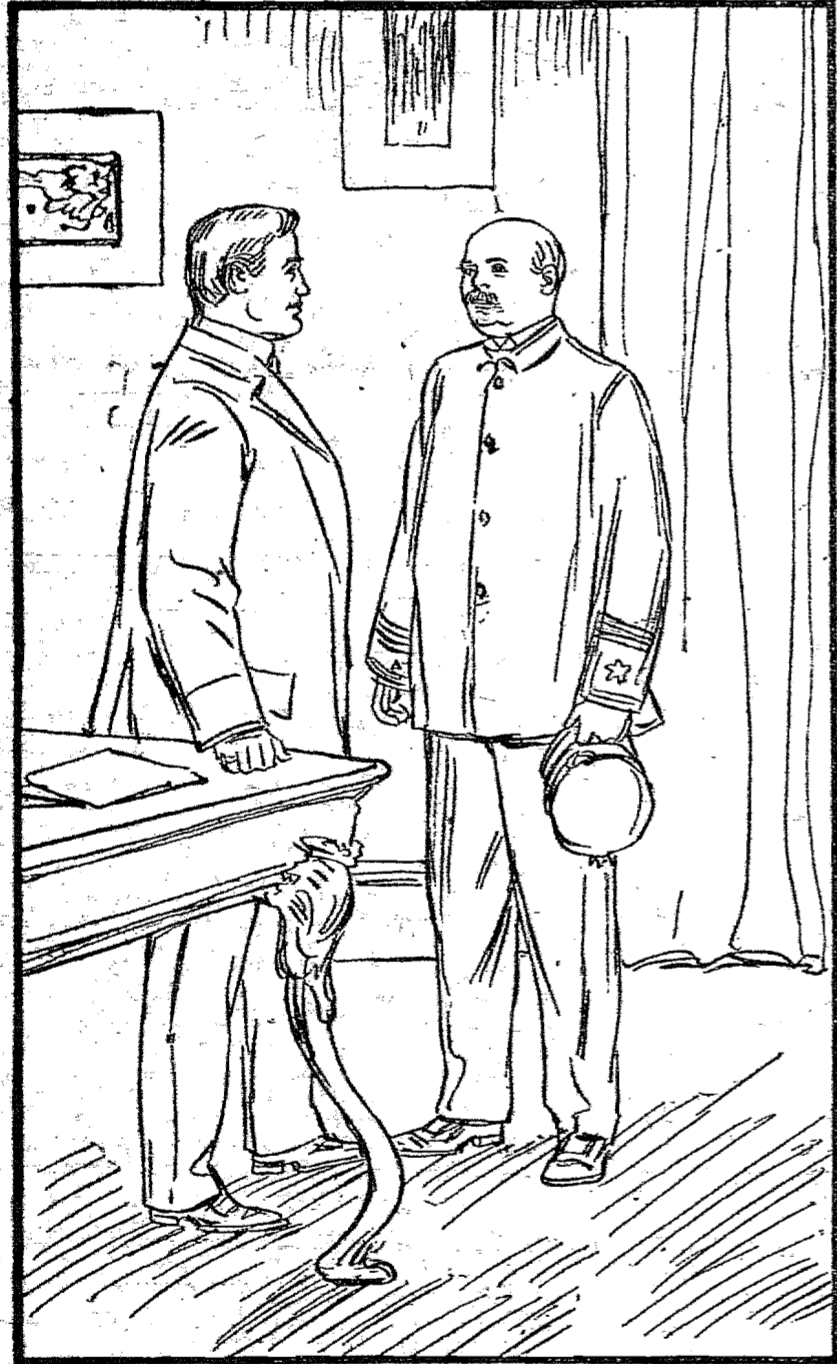
"Feel better now?" he inquired in a kindly tone, and nodded. "I wonder what on earth you're up to, young lady?" he soliloquised, watching Barak's movements.

He was much too cautious and wise to like being left alone for many minutes with a girl, and a good-looking one, who went about London dressed in men's clothes and passed herself for a ruby merchant. Mr. Van Torp was well aware that he was not a safe judge of precious stones, that the rubies he had seen might very well be imitation, and that the girl's emotion at the sight of the rough stone might be only a piece of clever acting, the whole scene having been planned by a gang of thieves for the purpose of robbing him of that very ruby, which was worth a large sum, even in his estimation; for it was nearly the counterpart of the one he had given Lady Maud, though still uncut.

Therefore he returned to the table and slipped the gem into his pocket before going to the door to see whether Stemp was within hail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beginning at Home.
Latin proverb: Self is the first object of charity.



"Don't You Fuss About Burning Coal."

thing to-day. You've been quite the most disagreeable person this afternoon that I ever met in my life."

"I know I have," Logotheti answered with admirable composure. "I'll wait a day or two before I ask anything; perhaps you will have forgiven me by that time."

"I'm not sure. What was the thing you were going to ask?"

He was silent now that she wished to know his thought.

"Have you forgotten it already?" she inquired with a little laugh that was encouraging rather than contemptuous, for her curiosity was roused.

They looked at each other at last, and all at once she felt the deeply disturbing sense of his near presence which she had missed for three days, though she was secretly a little afraid and ashamed of it; and to-day it had not come while her anger had lasted. But now it was stronger than ever before, perhaps because it came so unexpectedly, and it drew her to him.

Their eyes met and they looked long at one another in the shade of the elm tree on the lawn, as the sun was going down. Only a few minutes had passed since Margaret had been very angry, and had almost believed that she was going to quarrel finally, and break her engagement, and be free, and now she could not even turn

never undertaken anything so difficult since he had reorganized the Nickel Trust, trebled the stock, cleared a profit of thirty millions and ruined nobody but the small-fry, who, of course, deserved it on the principle that people who cannot keep money ought not to have any. Some unkind newspaper man had then nicknamed it the Brass Trust, and had called him Brassy Van Torp; but it is of no use to throw mud at the Golden Calif, for the dirt soon dries to dust and falls off, leaving the animal as beautifully shiny as ever.

Mr. Van Torp did not quite see how he could immediately apply the force of money to further his plans with effect. He knew his adversary's financial position in Europe much too well to think of trying to attack him on that ground; and besides, in his rough code it would not be fair play to do that. It was "all right" to ruin a hostile millionaire in order to get his money. That was "business." But to ruin him for the sake of a woman was "low down." It would be much more "all right" to shoot him, after fair and due warning, and to carry off the lady. That was impossible in a civilized country, of course; but as it occurred to him, while he was thinking, that he might find it convenient to go somewhere in a hurry by sea, he bought a perfectly new yacht that was

Money Kings Made in a Night BUMPER CROP OF NEW MILLIONAIRES



THIS year's big and record yield of wheat, corn and other staples has been heralded far and wide. But there is another harvest that has been growing and ripening all unnoticed by government statisticians and by everybody else, and that is the bumper crop of new millionaires and multi-millionaires. Never before were there so many in New York as there are to-day. Millionaires were made in a night by the great wave of consolidation and the merging of hundreds of industrial enterprises that was the feature of the opening years of the twentieth century, just after the close of the Spanish-American war. There were steel kings, steamship kings, pump kings, kings of car springs and of air brakes and of all sorts of things. They blossomed forth between the sunset of one day and the dawn of the next. The select circle of plutocracy widened so swiftly that it broke all barriers and created a new aristocracy of wealth in America. New York was invaded by a horde of westerners whose manners in some cases shocked even the imperturbable servants at the expensive hotels where they monopolized the royal suites. Pittsburg, from being simply a great mill town, a city of grimy workmen, jumped into world-wide prominence because it was discovered suddenly that it had more millionaires to the square inch than any other spot on earth. In New York all sorts of people achieved fortunes, paper or actual, almost before they were aware; jockeys, waiters, bartenders and other humble folk glanced with amazement at the balances with their brokers and began making plans for yachts and country houses. The history of this period was one of the wonders of America.

Then, two years ago, the panic came and put a damper on the financial hopes and aspirations of those who had survived the various ills that followed in the wake of industrial over-expansion. But since the panic clouds have cleared away there has come another and even more wonderful appreciation in values, the most remarkable advance in the prices of all commodities and securities that this country has ever known. Probably more millionaires have been made in the last 12 months by the steadily rising tide of tremendous prosperity than history ever has recorded in a similar period of time. The number of those who have grown rich quickly is greater, probably than it was in the time of merger and consolidation, nearly a decade ago. Before the panic of 1907 there were, perhaps, 3,000 millionaires in New York. Now there are anywhere between 5,000 and 10,000.

The advances in the value of securities in the last two years have been almost incredible. There probably are more than 100,000 persons who are stockholders of United States Steel. In October, 1907, Steel Common was 21 3/4; in February, 1909, it was 41 3/4; this October it has been well above 90. The shares of the Pennsylvania railroad are more widely distributed than any other transportation line, more than 60,000 people being listed on its books of shareholders. Two years ago it was 193; lately it has been above 150. Union Pacific is next to Pennsylvania in the length of its stockholders' list. It is not only one of the most popular investment securities, but also one that is speculated in most largely. Union Pacific common was 100 in 1907; this year it has been above 119, an increase of more than 100 per cent. New York Central, Southern Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio, Atlantic Coast Line, Illinois Central, Great Northern, Standard Oil—practically all the stocks in the long list of railroads and industrials have advanced from 50 to 100 or more per cent. in value since October, 1907.

Thousands of people who are not speculators and who are intolerant of speculation have profited enormously by this wonderful rise in prices. They are the ones who bought for investment when the prices were low and who are now reaping the harvest. During the panic enormous blocks of gilt-edged shares were thrown on the markets when great speculators like Heinze and Morse, and some others who were not so spectacular or daring, had to sacrifice anything and everything for ready money. Their holdings now are scattered throughout the country and have been tucked away in tens of thousands of safes and strong boxes.

While some of the new millionaires come from the ranks of those who were bargain hunters in the days of panic, most of the new plutocrats are from the army of speculators.

There are so many of these new millionaires that it would be impossible to list them all indi-



ONE TENTH OF THE TOTAL BUSINESS DONE ON THE EXCHANGE COMES FROM SMALL BUYERS

vidually with any degree of accuracy. Comparatively few of the old band of millionaires have failed to add materially to their fortunes since the panic. There are some, it is true, who were more or less disabled in those days, and the period that preceded them who have not succeeded in winning back their lost money and prestige; some who were in the ill-fated trust companies, others of the insurance crowd, and so on. But those who held on and were able to weather the storms have been lifted up and now are richer than ever. Not only that, but a large number of new groups of great financial strength have been developed. There is the Hawley group, for instance, which has made millions and millions in the rise in values of railway shares. Edwin Hawley, the head of this coterie, was not a big Wall street figure until within the last year or so, but of late he has added immeasurably to his wealth and to his power as a transportation king.

Among those of his friends who have climbed into the chariot of the plutocrats is Frank A. Vanderlip, the president of the National City bank. He is reputed to have made more than a million out of Chesapeake & Ohio and Union Pacific. When he was assistant secretary of the treasury a few years ago Vanderlip was a man of very moderate means and lived in a modest little flat in Washington. After he came to New York his wealth increased somewhat, but only since the first of this year has he entered the millionaire class.

Another of the Hawley group who is one of the new crop of multi-millionaires is a banker named Scott, who piled up a small fortune, dollar by dollar, in Richmond, Va., and who has increased it many fold of late in Wall street. Still another of the same group is Robert Fleming. He was not a poor man when the rise in stocks began, but he is said to be a very rich one now. Then there is a new crop of Union Pacific millionaires, Southern Pacific millionaires, Wabash, Rock Island and many other groups of new millionaires who have become wealthy by the tremendous upturn of the shares they were interested in. Some of these men were millionaires before the beginning of this year; these have now moved up to the multi-millionaire class.

There are quite as many who have won fortunes in the field of industrial stocks, especially in United States Steel common. One of these—more than a millionaire when he began buying Steel— is Frank A. Munsey, the publisher. He is said to have started his Steel purchases two years ago, when the stock was around 22, and to have accumulated a total of 100,000 shares at very low prices. His winnings are estimated at more than \$5,000,000.

These instances, taken at random, give an indication of the thousands of fortunes that have

sprung up lately through the upward sweep of prices in Wall street. Great corporations, like the fire and the life insurance companies, have also profited stupendously. These tremendous reservoirs of money own huge blocks of shares in scores of railway and industrial companies—lots of from 10,000 shares to almost a controlling interest. The most of these are sober, gilt-edged, dividend-paying stocks that have not been spectacular in their advance in price as compared with some of those that have gone up like skyrocket. Yet even these high-priced shares have been enhanced in value from 20 to 50 per cent. in the last 12 months. They were bought at panic prices, so the published records of these companies show, and these institutions now are said to be selling them off, cautiously and carefully at the fancy figures that have been prevailing of late. Unlike the individual investor, they believe in cashing in their winnings and salting them down until there is another chance to buy cheap.

In the commodities there are new groups of millionaires and multi-millionaires also. Some of these have won their wealth in wheat, others in corn, but most of them in cotton. There are more new cotton kings and princes to-day than ever before. Practically all of these are southerners, who have had an expert knowledge of this staple. Most of them have been cotton planters themselves on a large scale, and all their lives they have been studying cotton, its growth and its ever-widening markets.

Almost every day there have been rumors flying about as to what Patten was doing in cotton. But curiously enough there has been never a word said about the real bull leader in the cotton market, the man who has been the biggest speculator in this staple, and who recently has jumped into the multi-millionaire class, Eugene G. Scales of Dallas, Tex. Scales is the most towering bull, probably, that the cotton market ever has known. Patten is a piker beside him. Even the celebrated Mr. Sully in his palmiest days never operated on such a huge basis as Scales has been in the last eight months.

This new and mighty multi-millionaire in the cotton market has steadfastly kept himself in the background. He is no amateur speculator, however, for five years ago he was in one of the Sully campaigns and retired from the fight with several large dents in his financial armor. But now he has won back all his losses and a lot more.

Some among the many others who "know cotton" and have won big fortunes through its rise in price are Fergus Reid of Norfolk, Va.; Morris H. Rothschild of Woodville, Miss.; William P. Brown of New Orleans and Louis S. Berg of Mississippi. Berg had charge of the Chalmette terminals at New Orleans not long ago and was a hard-working railroad man. A little later he pieced together a lot of small Mississippi railroads and combined them into an effective and profitable system. Then, with a modest fortune, he came to New York, and since then has been making money out of cotton.

And so the list runs on. Hardly a name among the thousands of new millionaires is familiar to New Yorkers. They are practically unknown outside of the small communities they came from in the west and south. They live in the costliest suites in the most expensive New York hotels. Next summer, if they have no setback they will begin leasing or buying palaces at Newport, Bar Harbor or other places where the socially elect are supposed to live. Then they will begin trying to break through the imaginary inclosure with which "society" surrounds itself. There are so many of these new millionaires that perhaps like the incursion of a new race they will overwhelm and conquer the relatively small group of people who have been priding themselves on having their wealth for a decade or more. At any rate, the names of most of these new millionaires probably will be read for the first time in print in the next year's books of social registry, which form the nearest approach to the directory of the peerage that the plutocracy of America knows.

CONCRETE HOUSE FOR SHELTERING AND FEEDING

One of the Most Useful Applications of Cement Is Seen in the Erection of Farm Buildings—By H. S. Chamberlain.

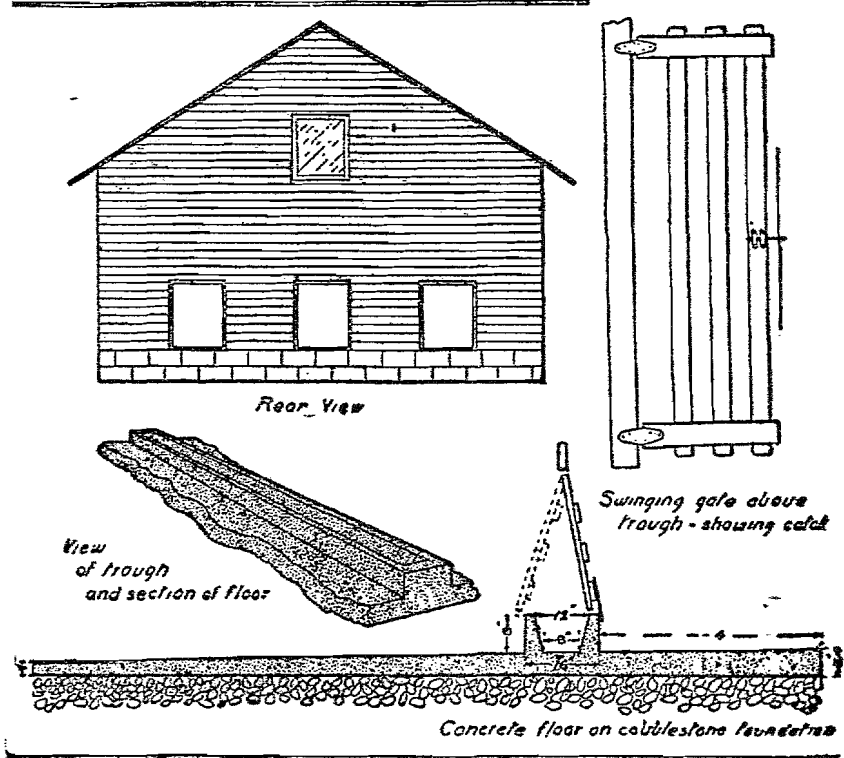
One of the most useful applications of Portland cement in farm economy is seen in the construction of buildings for the sheltering and feeding of swine. It was the good fortune of the writer several summers ago to aid in the planning and construction of such a structure on the farm of U. F. Stoner in Stark county, O. As concrete played an important part in the erection of this building, it may possibly be of interest to know how this particular hog house was built.

The ground plan dimensions are 16 x 20 feet. The foundations are made of two layers or tiers of heavy building tile set on top of finely crushed stones, filling a trench about 2.5 feet deep. This depth of foundation practically prevents any upheaval from frost in the winter, writes H. S. Chamberlain in Farmer's Review. The space between these foundation walls was filled up, even with the top of the first tier of the wall tiles, with cobble stones picked up in the fields.

convenient feature of the concrete portion of this hog building is the concrete feeding trough which is an integral part of the floor. Four feet from the front wall is this concrete trough. A temporary mold was constructed from inch boards. Only the outside form was used in making the trough; the interior was shaped by means of trowel and finishing tools without the aid of retaining walls. The inside and outside of the trough is coated with a 1 and 1 mixture of cement and sand to render it impervious to water and thus bar leakage of fluids poured into it.

At the middle portion of this trough is a partition, built in during the process of construction, for the purpose of making two receptacles in one.

The frame work of this building for swine is made of 6x6 inch sills with 4x4 inch corner uprights 10 feet high. The rest of the framework is filled in with 2x4 inch studding and rafters of the same size timber. The material used in the frame is oak and maple.



A Convenient Hog House.

These stones were tamped into place, by means of a heavy block of wood, in preparation for the application of the first layer of concrete. The concrete mixture comprised one part of cement, two parts sand and three parts gravel well incorporated by first mixing in the dry state and afterwards thoroughly remixing with the right amount of water to make it spread well in laying the floor. In order to insure proper drainage to the floor, the concrete was laid six inches deep at the front to a depth of four inches at the rear, thus making a slope of two inches to the floor in a distance of 16 feet. On the top of this first layer of concrete was placed a half inch surfacing of a 1 and 1 mixing of cement and coarse sand. This gave a harder and firmer surface than if the first deposit of concrete had been left exposed to use as a floor surface.

However, the most interesting and

The siding is pine laid on in ship lap. In the interior are two wooden partitions dividing the floor space into three parts for convenience in feeding and rearing pigs of different ages.

At the front portion of the interior is a four-foot wide gangway from which the animals are fed. Just above the trough are suspended two gates from the joists overhead. These are arranged so as to swing forward and back over the trough to facilitate feeding. When the pigs are to be fed the gates are freed by means of a latch and are swung inward, thus placing the trough in the entry so that it may be cleaned out and the food placed in it without loss of temper and patience on the part of the farmer. When the feed is put into the retainer, the gate is swung back towards the entry room and the hungry animals then have a chance to get in place by a vertically acting slide bolt.

WHERE OX TEAM STILL COMMON



The use of oxen in logging operations in the great forests of pine and hardwoods in Arkansas and other parts of the south is almost as common to-day as in the earlier period of the lumber industry before the introduction of tram roads and modern machinery for skidding and loading the cut timber.

Some of the larger lumber manufacturing concerns in Arkansas have three or four hundred head of oxen constantly employed in handling the logs from the interior of the forests to the loading places. It is found that these patient animals are much more serviceable than mules or horses for this particular purpose. What they lack in quickness of movement they more than make up in other respects. Another advantage in using oxen in logging operations is that in the forest regions of the south the natives are used to handling them and prefer them to horses or mules. The animals require little care and attention. They will stand an enormous amount of hard work, and, by doubling teams, great loads of logs may be hauled up in a wagon.

The ox drivers in the Arkansas forests are typical natives who possess

many interesting characteristics. In most cases they are young men. It is said that a good ox driver has the making of a good logging man. It is the first step in an industry that requires the exercise of much skill and courage.

Fertility of Swamp Lands.
Swamp lands have often proved unfavorable for agriculture, even when well drained and fertilized. From the investigations into the subject in the extensive swamps of the United States A. Dachnowski concludes that the loss of fertility is due, at least in part, to the presence in bog water of substances poisonous to plants. They seem to be produced by imperfect oxidation and decomposition of proteins and related bodies and it is possible that in respiration bog plants may differ from others. After the land has been exposed to the air for a time the fertility is restored by oxidation of the harmful products.

Keeping Apples in Winter.
Apples have been found to keep better if well colored and ripened, though not overripe. Picking should not be delayed till the fruit commences to fall.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at

BANK OF FLORENCE

Director's Telephone: Florence 215.

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor, Tel. 315

JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Tel. 165

Published every Friday afternoon at Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

Entered as second-class matter June 4, 1909 at the postoffice at Florence, Nebraska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY. Mayor: F. S. Tucker

HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DEPARTMENT. Meets in the City Hall

SCHOOL BOARD. Meets the first Tuesday evening in the month at the school building.

Florence, Neb., Friday, Nov. 26, 1909.

You can bottle up the truth for a time, but it eventually pops the cork.

The man who spouted about beautiful snow never had to clean off the walks after a storm.

That street car service is still mighty rotten although better than last week.

Talking of crosswalks, it will cost more than 1 cent a foot to clean the mud off of them.

The banks of Florence certainly make a very creditable showing in their latest statements.

Wonder why the mayor didn't issue a Thanksgiving proclamation? Hasn't he enough to be thankful for?

The editor went hunting for rabbits Sunday and got—a lecture for not getting home in time for dinner.

"The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading upon each others' heels; woe to him who stops to tie his shoe."—Carlyle.

Almost every citizen in Florence will be glad when the paving is done and the city is again free from negroes.

The kind of a man that helps pull down a town is the man who does all his buying in another town. As a rule, also, he is against everything for the betterment of the city.

Just think! With this issue we are six months old. Don't you think we are real cute for our age? We will soon be cutting our teeth and then we can bite a few chunks out of the anatomy of some of the trusts of this city.

The city council for some easily explained reason dilly dallied so long on the airship sidewalk that the weather interfered with its lowering and Monday evening the taxes have to be levied and the cost of the walk will be thrown upon the whole city.

HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SELL? Farmers have as many wants as town people and, living farther apart, can by advertising buy and sell to advantage just as easily.

To encourage this class, as an experiment for the next thirty days we will advertise for our subscribers in the Tribune news columns three lines three times, 45 cents. If you want to buy or sell a farm, some sheep, hogs, horses, cattle, calves, poultry, grain, grass seed, vehicles, implements or anything at all, write it briefly and mail it to the Tribune, Florence, and we will publish it three times or as many times as you desire for 5 cents a line.

Write plainly for the printer and on one side of the paper only. Give your name and address on what road and rural mail route you live, to enable customers to find you easily.

MORE ON LOVE. Florence, November 22, 1909. Editor Tribune:

Dear Sir:—I read with much pleasure your story of "Love in the Parlor" and as it seems to fit in so well as a complement of Edgar Saltus "Love and Lore," I wish you would publish this extract from that essay.

Yours truly, F. S. M.

In years when the world went slower, civilization had a mother—Mary, and an offspring—Love. Beneath the angel there was man, in the cherubim was Cupid. The crusades, falling in Islam, had made men conquerors of themselves. In the place of the barbarian was the paladin, where the boor had been had come the knight. Worship was a tender dialogue, and manners were gentle and refined. In according individuality to woman, the church had dowered her with a conscience; in giving her duties it gave her rights. And woman, hitherto

unversed in the subtler science, found means in her new equipment to take the brute from passion and make it the divine. She made her own tribunal too, her statutes, her pantheons, and her role. In losing her bonds she gained a scepter. Where she had been servant, now she reigned. When the prison opened there emerged a judge. In Provence, in the middle ages, her code was law. Of the provence of that code a word may not be amiss. It was Arthurian and, as such, prettily spangled and fringed with myth. According to Nostradamus, a vavasour—guidam miles—youthful, courteous and fair to see, in short the prince of the fairy tale, adventured once upon a time among the flowers and the ferns of the forest of Brocelande, where, as every one knows, the palace of the Blameless King reared its enchanted turrets to the sky. And in that forest he encountered a maid of surpassing charm—formosa puella—mounted on a milk-white steed. "I know your quest," she lisped. "The lady of your choice exacts that you bring her the falcon that dreams in Arthur's court. Take this palfrey, none other can lead you there." The cavalier took the palfrey, a kiss as well, and journeyed on. After days and nights of escapades, each more marvellous than the other, at last the magic domain was reached, the falcon bearing in its claw the holy writ, the cavalier returned to the lady of his choice, who, after rewarding his valiance plenius suo remuneravit amore—convoked a parliament of lords and dames, to whom, with the volubility peculiar to her sex, she communicated the canons of the sacred code, and behold, a critique of pure courtesy was given to the world. The code so neatly filched from Arthur was promulgated through the length and breadth of meridional France. Its articles, thirty-one in number, met with instant approval. Of them the following may be cited: Whoso is indiscreet is unworthy of being loved. No one can be constrained to love two people. Love should constantly increase or constantly diminish. Without exceeding good reason no one should be forbidden to love. In the absence of an irresistible impulsion, there can be no sincerity. Love never lingers in the neighborhood of greed. It is not seemingly to make love to one whom it would be unseemingly to marry. A lover should have heart for nothing which might displease his dame. True affection is heightened by the memory of the beloved. Marriage is not an obstacle to pleasure. These articles, however joyant they seem today were pertinent to the moment. Love was beginning to be. It was not so much that previously it had been in bondage; it was that it had not existed at all. Whoso reviews the parade of antiquity will not meet a heroine in it. Helen, whose name runs off the point of the pen, was the personification of passive beauty. Her eyes set the world on fire, her lips were ice. In Dido, Vergil put some forerunner of the sentiment of latter ages, but history descends to Heloise before it can point to a woman who could have answered Cherebin's question. After the Renaissance love was superseded by gallantry. Today, if we are to believe the critics, it has become purely platonic. But during the middle ages it reached the altitude of a science—exact at that. The doctors of its jurisprudence were perreesses of France. In ordinary cases of tort the lord of the fief, surrounded by his chief vassals, dispensed justice from his own halls. In the same manner, over the more delicate controversies of private life, the wives of magnates, assisted by the foremost ladies of the country, and armed with the Arthurian Code, erected tribunals of their own. Their strength was in their weakness. Culprits unsummoned sought a sentence at their knees. The laudations of the troubadours had given them authority, their sex coerced respect. They were not venerable, perhaps, but they were adorable and adored.

COLE'S NEW HALL IS INSPECTED. Building Inspector Whitnell of Omaha inspects the Building and Passes On Its Safety for Gatherings.

J. J. Cole had Building Inspector Whitnell of Omaha come out and inspect his new hall to insure of its being absolutely safe. The following is Mr. Whitnell's letter:

Office of Building Inspector. Omaha, Neb., Nov. 22, 1909.

Dear Sir:—After a careful examination of the premises known as Eagle Hall situated at Florence I find that the plans and specifications for certain changes and alterations which were submitted to you by me to be made to this building, have been faithfully carried out and I now consider the same as constructed to be perfectly safe to be used for assemblies, dances or other like purposes.

Very Respectfully, C. H. WHITNELL.

Thanksgiving night there was a crowd of over 300 dancing in this building and they all praised the hall highly.

SWEET OLD MEMORIES (Continued From Page One.)

and country, there starts up a man with the qualities of the original Boy. He thrusts custom and precedent aside. He gets to the heart of things. His tears are wet, his laugh rings true and hearty. He stirs up wholesome longings and ambitions in every man and woman whom he meets. The dullest, most perfunctory slave of

fashion grows human with him. When he laughs you laugh; when he is in trouble there is an angry ache at your heart that will not down. He may be learned in books and gray with experience, but at heart he is forever the boy who trusts and is trusted by all who are of his kind in the earth.

Why is it that the world invariably loves this kind of man but does not take him seriously?

He does not, it is true, accept its rules nor its scale of values. He does not care to make money; he never has asked whether he has a right to join the Sons of the Revolution or whether his wife is in the exclusive set in the town or not.

But his work has sometimes been of the highest. Walter Scott was of this class of men, and Clay, and Robert Emmet, and Francis of Assisi, and the Apostle John. The supercilious world accepts the work but regards the impulsive worker with a pity almost contemptuous.

The cat, we remember, said to the ugly duck, "Can you purr like me?" And the hen asked, "Can you lay eggs like me?"

"No? Then," they cried, "of what earthly use are you in the world!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MCCOY & OLMSTED, Attorneys, 652 Brandeis Bldg. NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT. To Walter Jones, Non-Resident Defendant: You are hereby notified that the undersigned plaintiff has filed in the district court of Douglas county, Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and purpose of which is to secure a divorce from you on the ground that you have wilfully abandoned the plaintiff for more than two years last past, and praying for a decree granting to the undersigned plaintiff the custody of our child, Carol Jones.

You are required to appear in said court and answer or otherwise plead to said petition on or before the 3rd day of January, 1910, or said petition will be taken as true and a decree of divorce and for the custody of said child rendered in my favor.

MABEL JONES, Plaintiff. N 26 D 3-10-17

NOTICE. Notices is heretofore given that there will be a special meeting of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, 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 Hansen, 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, including cost of grading, inspection and advertising:

Table with 3 columns: Lot, Block, Proposed Tax. Rows include lots 1-14 with various block numbers and tax amounts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 welcome.

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. 2552 Cuming St. Omaha, Neb. Tel. Douglas 3024.

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

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED THE KNABE PIANO ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR. Includes portraits of Eugen Albert, Mark Hambourg, C. Saint-Saens, Emil Sauer, Teresa Carreno, Alfred Brunnfeld, J. P. Schickel, J. K. Schwaner, J. R. Hans von Blonow, and J. Scharwenka.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

The Pastime Pleasure club of Omaha gave a large dance in Cole's new hall as the opening of the hall. Over 200 couples were present and enjoyed the hospitality of the club. The committee in charge consisted of Gus Hofman, David H. Ehrenreich, Will Hofman, Lowell Soper and George Walker. They have leased the hall for every Thursday night for the rest of the winter and will give invitation dances only. Most of the members of the club reside in Omaha.

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

There was born to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Brothers, Bluffs street, Tuesday night, a baby boy. In anticipation of the event a number of Mrs. Brothers' lady friends surprised her at her home Friday, November 18, with an infant shower. Numerous and dainty were the little gifts that was showered upon the surprised hostess. After congratulations a dainty three-course lunch was served. Those present were Mesdames Geo. Keebler, G. H. Finney, Joe Thornton, Thos Dugher, Lepold Zilch, W. R. Wall, J. K. Long, Katie M. Lewis, Ian Ryan, Sarah Foeter and Miss Thompson.

For Sale or Trade—A typewriter in good shape to use. Apply G. 4 Tribune.

The Altar society of St. Philip Neris church met at the home of Mrs. W. R. Wall Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 23. Regular business was quickly dispensed with, and the afternoon spent socially. The refreshments served served were in keeping with the season, doughnuts, pumpkin, pie and coffee.

Mrs. Johanna Frankling of Omaha visited with her sister, Mrs. Ryan, Wednesday p. m. and attended the Altar society meeting at Mrs. W. R. Wall's.

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

John Foster, who is in business in Omaha temporarily and living at Florence, visited his family at Hoskins, Neb., a couple of days the first of the week.

W. R. Wall worked at the depot Sunday, while the regular agent, Marr, was visiting in Iowa.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brisbin and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brisbin were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Akin in Omaha Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas left Thursday for Maquoketa, Iowa, to be gone until Sunday.

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

Wilbur Nichols who is working for the Union Pacific at Gothenburg, spent Thanksgiving with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eyer of Omaha were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ross for dinner Thanksgiving.

A boy has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marks.

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

Dan Tomasso is again with the Grove-Wharton Construction Co., having gone to work for them Friday.

The Pastime Pleasure club of Omaha held a dance in Cole's new hall Thursday evening.

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

Mrs. Hollitt as chairman of the Progressive Entertainment committee of the Court of Honor is making quite a record. At the masquerade ball last Saturday evening they cleared up over \$25. Particularly noticeable were the costumes worn that evening, many being very elaborate.

Miss Prudence Tracy was the guest of Mrs. Anna Harman for dinner Thursday.

Mr. Lucien Thompson spent Thanksgiving with his brother W. H. Thompson. He will return to Lincoln Monday.

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

Mrs. B. C. Fowler and children left Sunday evening for Hoosac Falls, New York, to be gone about six weeks.

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

A practically new range for sale. Telephone Florence 340.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stout in Omaha for dinner Thursday.

Florence is making preparations to entertain the annual convention of the Latter Day Saints in August. This convention will come just before the annual encampment of Douglas County Veteran's association, also booked for Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Crume of Paola, Kansas, are visiting their sister Mrs. Zach Turpin and family.

"Dame Rumor" has it that the time is not far hence when women are eligible to attend council meetings. If this be so, then will some of these councilmen need to sit up and get busy. "Twill also behoove the clerk of said council to be fleet of hand as well as foot; for is it not true that

one woman can say as much in half the time as three men. We are looking forward to the time when the people of our little city will see what an advantage it will be to have council women instead of councilmen and one of the quiter sex will fill the Mayor's chair. Then the streets will be paved in dry weather. The sidewalks will be laid straight or otherwise we will have a public playground, a swimming pool and all the good things of life, and the time is coming when the editor will lose his job—for man, mere man, will soon be a thing of the past."—Pretty Maid.

The Ladies Guild of St. Mark's church will give a six o'clock dinner Wednesday, December first, at Anderson's new building on Main street. The dinner at 25 cents per plate will consist of the following: Chicken pie or roast beef, French peas or corn, cranberries, pickles, mashed potatoes, white and Boston brown bread, plum pudding, coffee.

The Philathea society and the Baraca society of the Presbyterian church will be the guests of Miss Grace Thompson next Friday evening.

Mrs. M. Nelson was robbed of her pocket-book while shopping in the 10-cent store in Omaha Tuesday.

D. Deyo is suing J. P. Finley for damages caused by Finley tearing down a fence and allowing his cows to graze on the crops of Mr. Deyo.

Last Saturday evening the school board let the contract to G. Mancinni for the new cement sidewalks around the school house.

Mrs. W. H. Thomas attended a Kensington at the home of Mrs. J. W. Maynard of Omaha last Saturday afternoon, and in the evening was one of a party who visited Vesta Chapter Order of the Eastern Star.

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reynolds entertained at dinner some of the students from Creighton Medical college. On the way out the party created considerable amusement for the passengers on the street car by making one of their number a freshman, do all sorts of stunts, such as ushering the ladies to vacant seats, helping them off and on cars and singing in the car; preparatory to his initiation into one of the Greek letter societies of the school. Those present were Messrs. Thomas Moore, Henry Fletcher, Henry Strand, Harry Longsdorf, Willis Barker and Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Davison and family of Des Moines have removed from Florence and have taken the Thomas house on Main and Washington streets for the winter. They will build on the east end of T. D. Crane's place, in the spring. Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Crane are sisters.

It is rumored that Miss Nettie King is engaged to Mr. Emory O'Connor of Athol, S. E., and the wedding will take place in the near future.

Johnathon Lodge of Odd Fellows will hold their annual election of officers Friday evening at Wall's hall. All Odd Fellows are requested to be present.

The Royal Neighbors will entertain the Promotion committee of the campus at Bennington, Irvington, Omaha, Bellevue and South Omaha. Refreshments will be served after the meeting.

The Philathea Society of the Florence Presbyterian church was organized Friday evening, November 19th, at the home of Mrs. W. A. Yoder. The chief business of the evening was the election of officers with the following result: President, Miss Grace Thompson; Vice-president, Miss Julia Feldhusen; Secretary and Reporter, Miss Hazel Nelson; Treasurer, Miss Carrie Parks. The next meeting will be held in union with the Baraca Society on December 3, at the home of Miss Grace Thompson.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a sale and chicken pie dinner in Henry Anderson's new store building, Thursday, December 9th.

Charles Wachtler will hold a public sale at the farm of Mrs. Otto Barsch, two miles north of Florence, Wednesday morning. G. E. Bross is the auctioneer and J. B. Brisbin, clerk.

Florence now has its full complement of officials for the administration of justice. Saturday the county commissioners appointed Louis Grebe justice of the peace to fill the unexpired term. He was elected justice at the recent fall election, and by filling out the old term he will be trained into form for grappling with his judicial duties when he begins serving his elective term. "The justice thing surely looks good to me," said Judge Grebe Monday after a prospective bridegroom had engaged him to officiate at a marriage the latter part of the week.

Stephen I. Brown, an early resident of Florence, was awarded \$2,725 by a jury in district court which heard his suit against Swift & Co. Brown was a workman in the South Omaha plant and had his hand crushed by a truck December 3, 1904. The jury went out at noon Monday and returned a sealed verdict at 10 p. m. McCoy & Olmsted were his attorneys. Mr. Brown now lives near Sterling, Colorado.

Charter No. 812.
Report of the condition of
THE BANK OF FLORENCE
of Florence, Nebraska.
Incorporated in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business November 16, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$80,296.93
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	741.96
Bonds, securities, judgments, claims, etc.	650.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	500.00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,003.03
Due from nat'l. state and private banks	15.75
Currency	1,444.00
Gold coin	3,095.00
Silver, nickels and cents	565.93 5,859.68
Total	\$89,057.60

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$5,000.00
Surplus fund	1,000.00
Undivided profits	3,298.01
Individual deposits subject to check	57,301.60
Demand certificates of deposit	5,763.16
Time certificates of deposit	18,594.83 79,659.59
Total	\$89,057.60

Total State of Nebraska, County of Douglas:—ss.

I, J. B. Brisbin, President of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Banking Board.
J. B. BRISBIN, President.
ATTEST,
THO. E. PRICE, Director.
H. T. BRISBIN, Director.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of November, 1909.
[SEAL] LOUIS GREBE,
Notary Public.



has actually been changed and cultivated by Uneeda Biscuit.

No longer are people satisfied with crackers taken from the grocer's box or barrel—exposed to dust, moisture, handling.

They have learned that the only crackers that are crisp, tender, always fresh and really good are those protected by a moisture proof package. These are the kind they get—as if just from the oven—when they ask for

Uneeda Biscuit
5c

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

KIERLE ICE CO.
Reservoir Ice
TEL. FLORENCE 208 and 347

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

Henry Anderson
THE SCHLITZ PLACE

Finest Wines and Liquors and Cigars. Sole agent for celebrated Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Florence and vicinity.

Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

BLACKSMITH SHOP
JOHN MCGREGOR, Prop.
Repair Work Done With Dispatch
Horseshoeing a Specialty.
Main Street, Florence, Neb.

Rockmount Poultry Farm
BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

John Lubold
Real Estate
Fire and Tornado Insurance,
Loans

The Largest List of Florence and Suburban Property on the Best Terms.
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 165.

The Florence Tailor
Is now open for business, and all kinds of cleaning and repairing will receive prompt attention.
The latest style in men's and ladies' clothing at prices you can afford to pay.
1518 MAIN STREET
Florence

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor
Benson Well Boring Co.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
Phone Benson 287 BENSON, NEB.

ORRIS S. HULSE C. H. RIEPEN
Res. D. 3876 Res. Red 4497

Telephones:
Douglas—Bell 1226. Ind. A-2286.

HULSE & RIEPEN

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

Successor to HARRY B. DAVIS

709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

ASK FOR
METZ

FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER
At Henry Anderson's Florence

THE HOME OF
LUXUS
HANS PETERSON
Krug's Famous Beer, Wines Liquors
and Cigars
Opposite Postoffice. Tel 243.

Subscriptions for Any Magazine or Paper Taken.

FLORENCE NEWS CO.

CHAS. COTTRELL, Prop.
Magazines, Papers, Stationery, Candy
and Cigars.
1515 MAIN STREET,
POSTOFFICE BLDG.

ABSTRACTS

The Guarantee Abstract Co.

INCORPORATED—BONDED

Room 7, Patterson Block, Omaha,
Nebraska.

D. H. SEAVER, Sec.
Red 2947.

Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

YVONNE to Her MOTHER

Copyright, by the Century Co.

Dear Mamma: The morning after I last wrote, uncle had me waked up at seven and wrote on a scrap of paper, "We leave for Bayeux at 8:30." I was just about sick, for I knew he wasn't able to, and then, besides, if we left so early, I surely shouldn't see Lee again. But I got up and dressed, of course, and I was beside myself to find some way of sending Lee a scrap of a good-by before we took a cab for the gare. Uncle was in high spirits over getting out again, and all went well until it came the minute to get him on to the train. Well, I do believe he was scared himself. Getting on to a French train is almost like going up a ladder that slopes the wrong way, I always think, and it took two commissionaires to hoist uncle into the coupe. He was awfully wor-

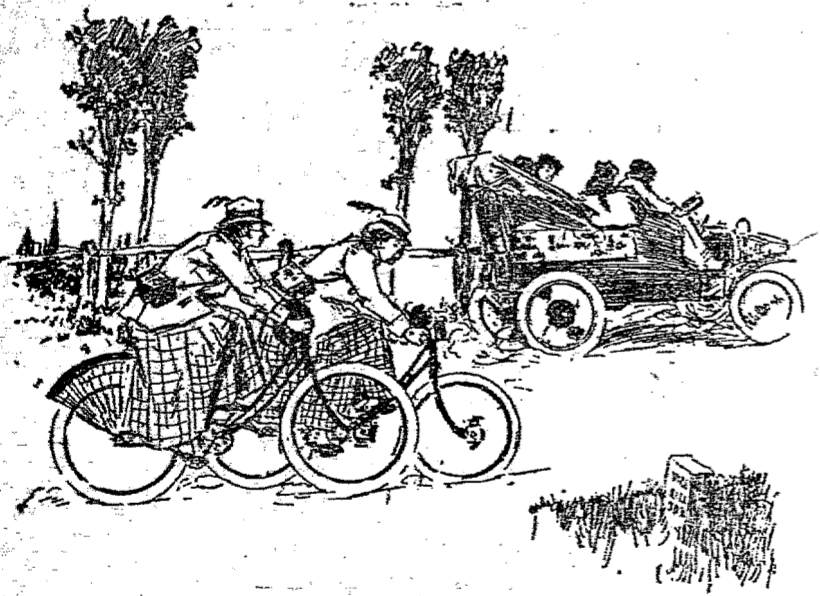
ried over it, I could see, for he talked about what an outrageous idiot Mr. Chopstone was all the way to Bayeux. We had to get out there, of course, and I was beside myself to know how to manage. In the end uncle came down so suddenly that he nearly crushed me and a meek, good-hearted little Frenchman who had kindly offered to assist. The gare at Bayeux is quite a walk from the part of the town where the sights are and there wasn't a cab or a thing on wheels. I didn't dare look at uncle, for there is no train back till four in the afternoon. He seemed a bit staggered at first, and then he said well, it was level, and we'd go leisurely along and enjoy the fresh, pure, sweet air of the country. So we walked along, but I could see he wasn't enjoying it a bit, and it took us a half-hour to get to where we were going. We went to the cathedral first, and



"And It Was Lee."

to him; and then he shook his watch and held it to his ear and said "Hum!" too, one right after the other. I was almost beside myself to know what to do or what to suggest, and just then something came puffing up behind us and stopped right at our side. It was a big automobile, with three men in it, and one jerked off his mask and jumped out over the wheel and grabbed uncle by the hand. And it was Lee!

You never saw anything like uncle's face! He seemed paralyzed for a few seconds, and Lee kept shaking his hand and telling him how glad he was to see him, and how he must get right into the automobile and go on with them to Caen. My heart just about stopped beating, I was so anxious, but Lee never stopped shaking, and the other men took off their masks and got out, too, and told uncle he really must do them the honor and give



"We Passed Elfrida and Her Sister To-day, Pedaling Along for Dear Life."

uncle sat right down and said he wanted time enough to enjoy the ground-work of the vaulting and that I could just leave him and go around alone. It was my first chance to look at anything as slow as I liked, and I really did enjoy myself very much.

It's a really wonderful old cathedral, and I found a nice old sacristan behind the altar, and he took me underneath into the crypt, and the crypt is the original church where Harold took the oath. It was slowly buried by the dirt of centuries, and when they started to put a furnace in a few years ago, they found it and dug it out again. It isn't very large, and the walls are of stone several feet thick, with little bits of arched windows set up too high to see from.

When I came back we went to see the tapestry in the museum, and it isn't really tapestry at all; it's a long, long strip of linen about a foot wide, with scenes embroidered on it in Kensington, and over and over. It's really very well done, and it isn't a bit badly worn-out—only a few little holes here and there. The scenes are very interesting, and some of them are awfully funny. The way they hauled the horses over the sides of the boats when they landed in England, for example. The Saxons have beards, and the Normans are shaven. I couldn't

help thinking how funny it was that the Normans, who were regarded as barbarians by the French, were looked upon as tremendously effete by the English. Uncle took a deal of pleasure studying the whole thing, and we were there till it was time for lunch. We had a nice lunch at a clean little place, and then came the rub. There was nothing to do till train-time, and that terrible walk to the gare. I had brought a book along, so I could read aloud, but uncle said only a woman would come to Bayeux and read a novel, and that I reminded him of Aunt Jane. You know how terrible it is when any one reminds him of Aunt Jane; so I closed the book at once, and said I'd do anything he liked. He said that that was more like Aunt Jane than ever, to just sit back and throw the whole burden on

them the pleasure, and in the end we got him in, and Lee won out. Oh, it was such fun! We had the most glorious trip back to Caen. They had an extra mask along, and uncle wore it and sat on the front seat, and Mr. Peters, the man who owns the automobile, was really lovely to him. Uncle said it was a very smooth-riding automobile, and Mr. Peters said it did him good all through to meet some one who recognized the good points of a good machine at once; he said not one man in a thousand had brains enough to know a good machine when he was in it, and that he was overjoyed to have accidentally met the one man who did discriminate. And uncle said he should judge that automobile was a very easy way of getting over the ground when one was traveling in Europe, and Mr. Peters said it was perfectly bewildering how the breadth and scope of uncle's mind could instantaneously seize and weigh every side of an intricate proposition and as instantaneously solve it completely. By the time we reached Caen uncle was so saturated with Mr. Peters that he even smiled on Lee as we got out and asked them all three to dine with us at eight. They accepted, and went to their hotel to dress, and uncle went to his room without one word of any kind to me.

They came, and we had a very nice dinner in a little separate room, and the way Mr. Peters talked to uncle was worth listening to surely. And when uncle was talking, he leaned forward and paid attention as if his life depended on every word. By ten o'clock uncle was happier than I have almost ever seen him, and Mr. Peters said it was no use, we just simply must join their party and go on in the automobile. Lee began to laugh when he said that, and said: "Now, Peters, you'll learn the sensation of getting turned down cold." It was an awful second for me, because I just felt un-



Bayeux.

cle's terrible battle between not wanting to go on with Lee and wanting to contradict him; but in the end the wanting to contradict overpowered everything else, and he said: "Young man, when you are as old as I am you'll be less ready to speak for other people than you seem disposed to do now."

And then he accepted Mr. Peters' invitation! So will you only please to think of it—we are touring with Lee, and to-day we came up through the lovely valley of the Vire to this little town of the same name. It is all too nice for words; uncle sits on the front seat all the time, and when he gives Mr. Peters advice, Mr. Peters always thanks him and says that he never met any one before with sense enough to have figured that out.

We passed Elfrida and her sister to-day, pedaling along for dear life. They didn't know us, and they are getting to look so awful that I thought it was just as well. Uncle says he thinks they are seeing Europe for 39 cents a day now.

It is raining, and I must go to bed.
Your very happy,
YVONNE.

MONEY WAS NO TEMPTATION

Traveler Finds One Spot in the World Where "Filly Lucre" Is Not King.

"I had to travel to the wilds of New Guinea to obtain a new point of view toward the fundamentals of our industrial system," said a wanderer in many climes recently.

"A small party of us, in charge of a missionary and two soldiers, visited a cannibal settlement some miles inland in that savage and practically unknown country. We met a group of the natives, huge, muscular fellows, with monstrous heads of kinky hair and bones run through their noses and little else in the way of clothing. I took a fancy to a carved spear which one of them held and sought to purchase it, offering a bright silver German mark.

"The big cannibal looked at the money curiously and, taking it from me, showed it to his fellows. It amused them immensely. At this point the missionary, who knew something of their language, explained that I desired the spear in exchange for the silver. He told the chap that if he crossed the bay to the steamship landing they would give him a plug of tobacco for the coin at the little store.

"The owner of the spear studied this proposal for some minutes, absorbing his first lesson in the value of money. Then he shook his head and returned the coin to me, uttering a few words in his strange language. His remark was translated by the missionary. In substance it was this: "I don't want the thing. If I take it he will take my spear. Then I will never have my spear again. It is my spear."

"I confess I could think of no answer. Can you?"

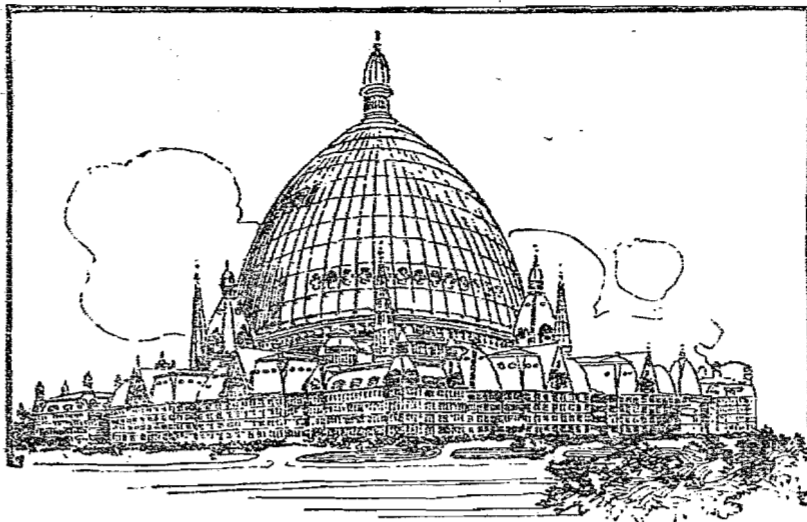
English Sarcasm.

Ladies who cross the Atlantic will be well advised to put out their cigarettes and hand over their unsmoked supply to some male acquaintance when the immigration officials come on board. We read in the Daily Mail how an Englishwoman of 60, described by unprejudiced fellow-passengers as "a woman of refinement and culture, much interested in antiquarian research," is now detained on Ellis island as "probably insane," because she was seen smoking a cigarette. National views of morals and manners differ, no doubt; but it is rather strange to find a great country which will admit Mrs. Pankhurst drawing the line at a woman who smokes. Apparently, "the madness" consists not in smoking, but in doing it in public—which comes to this, that it is mad to offend against one country's views of etiquette. At this rate it would be well for the American authorities to supply a printed list, for use on board liners, of things which are quite commonly done in Europe, but considered insane in America. For all we know, it may be ruled mad next not to drink hot water, or to speak with an English accent.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Marvels of the Earth

Curious, Odd and Interesting Objects and Places

Skyscraper Dream of 1875



Those who rather think we of the twentieth century have it in everybody of bygone days in fertility of imagination needn't be too hasty. Those who think the New York skyscrapers, topping 600 feet, could not have been imagined at any earlier period had better think again, says the New York World.

Plans for a building even more gigantic than any of to-day were drawn as long ago as 1875, a generation ago. It was to have been a mighty skyscraper, taking up 12 blocks in New York city, to stand for all time as a perpetual world's fair. No flighty enthusiasts stood for the idea. The prominent men of the day were behind "The Industrial Exhibition Company." Gov. John A. Dix was president and Gen. Dixen and D. D. T. Moore were vice-presidents. They got a special charter from the state, and intended to establish their great exhibition on a permanent basis.

To quote the founders, they proposed "the establishment of a perpetual world's fair, public museum of arts, industries, sciences and philosophy, public world's library, grand saloon for popular entertainments, botanical garden; in fine, a magnificent commercial, intellectual and social center, rendering it one of the most important public enterprises of the day; and the names connected with it guarantee that it destined to develop and embody the highest characteristics of our national life." Their great skyscraper they called

"The Palace of Industry." It was to be erected on grounds extending from Ninety-eighth street to One Hundred and Second street and Madison to Third avenue, New York—12 city blocks. Then this part of the city was chiefly vacant lots; to-day it is covered with private residences and apartment houses. J. C. Murkham of New York designed the building, and it was announced that he, "boldly abandoning the beaten tracks of imitation, has adopted a style giving prominence to scientific construction, yet expressing with oriental splendor the sublimity of modern civilization."

Roughly speaking, this giant of giants—bigger than anything to-day—took the form of a great dome rising above a huge building covering a larger area than any building in the world now or then. Here is how the skyscraper that never was had been intended to appear:

"Covering a square of more than 900,000 square feet, this grand architectural composition rises above the surrounding city, a vast mass of domes, minarets and spires, harmoniously grouped around one enormous dome of iron and glass, rising in the midst to the unparalleled height of more than 600 feet. This colossal dome, 450 feet in diameter, is supported upon a double colonnade of monumental columns, each column or pillar presenting a surface equal to the space required for 24 life-sized statues in full relief. Here states, cities and public institutions will find

an appropriate shrine for their sculptured histories. Above these, and encircling the immense amphitheater, are elegant galleries 40 feet in width, one above the other to the height of 150 feet, where is also an exterior gallery encircling the grand dome.

"It is the desire to incorporate in this monumental temple so much of the glory of our life and history and to give to it such magnificent sublimity that it shall be for all time a just source of pride to all Americans. Surrounding this central edifice are botanical gardens and encircling the whole are apartments 125 feet in depth, opening upon balconies into the gardens and fronting externally upon the surrounding streets.

"Commencing upon a level with the interior court or gardens there are five stories, including the mansard, or roof; each is supported on columns, exposing the whole to view, each occupant inclosing his department as he may choose, without obstructing the general view or light. The fifth or top floor is lighted from the top and sides, so arranged that the light can be adjusted as required for each special department, of art galleries, studios, museums, libraries, lecture rooms, etc., the whole thus constituting not only the most complete commercial emporium, but a vast repository of art, science and literature, binding us together by something stronger than the narrow bonds of material interests, and giving to us a grand magnetic center of the highest culture and the noblest civilization."

Only the building was never begun and the colossal dome never reared its mighty head!

TWO TREES FROM ONE ROOT



Of freak trees there appears to be no end, but one of the oddest of nature's notions in this line may be seen growing along the roadside near Po-juaque, N. M., 25 miles northwest of Santa Fe, near what is known as the Boquet ranch. It is a parasitic Lombardy poplar, growing in the forks of a giant cottonwood—both the poplar and the cottonwood being in healthy and vigorous condition. About fifteen feet from the ground the cottonwood forks, and here the thrifty Lombardy poplar has taken root and grown to a height of at least 95 feet. How it ever happened to take root in so unusual a location is a question that no one has ever been able to answer, although this unique freak of nature has been a landmark in that neighborhood for more than a quarter of a century.

HOW FISH CHANGE COLOR

In a recent lecture in London, Dr. Francis Ward said that the power of certain fish to change their color in harmony with their environment resided in their optic nerves. He placed a pike in such a position that its head was in a dark chamber while the rest of its body lay in bright sunshine. The pike remained black in color. But when he reversed its position and caused its head to be in the sunlight its color changed to a very much lighter hue within the space of a few minutes. The light acted upon the optic nerve, thus causing the pigment cells all over the skin to contract or relax.

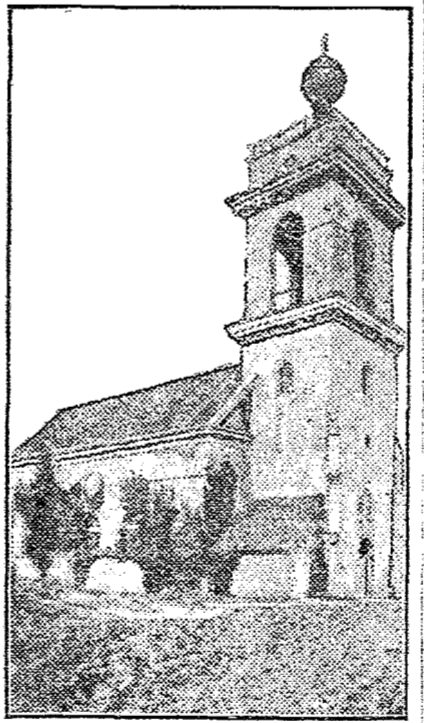
FELL DEAD IN THE PULPIT

A tragic scene was witnessed in St. Alphge church, Greenwich, England, recently, when Canon Reith, vicar of St. Andrew's, Watford, died in the pulpit during a special service. The canon had been preaching for a few minutes, and had just uttered the words, "The Spirit of God," when he collapsed into the well of the pulpit. A hush fell on the whole congregation, who realized that something was wrong, and rose to their feet. A doctor was summoned, and it was found that the canon was dead.

AGED MAN'S SIGHT RESTORED

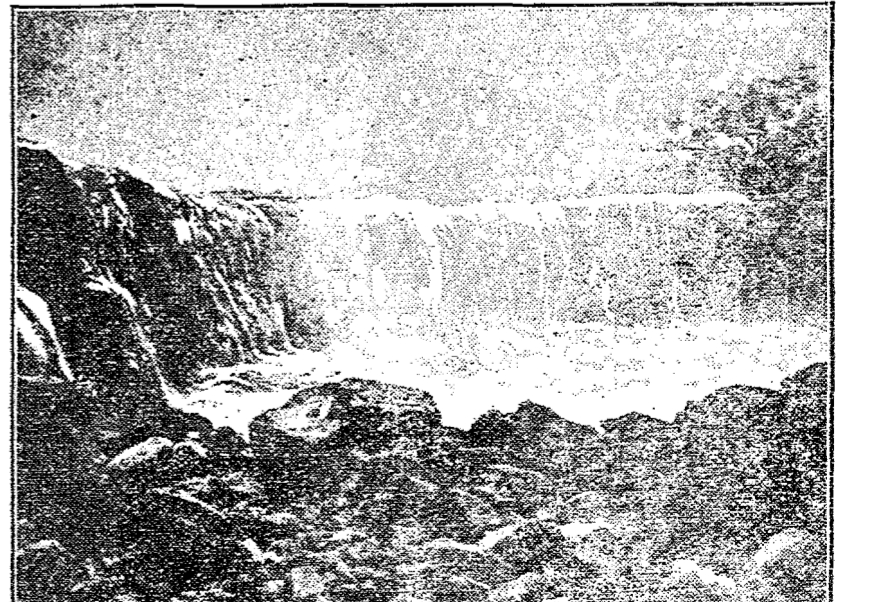
The sight of William Holloway of Sioux City, Ia., was suddenly restored to him recently following a brief spell of weeping. When Thomas Holloway's son, who had not been home in a long time, returned, the father buried his face on the son's shoulder and wept. Wiping away the tears, Mr. Holloway suddenly exclaimed: "I can see you, Tom." The light had returned to his eyes.

HOME OF "HELL-FIRE CLUB"



Long ago, so runs the legend, the people of West Wycombe, England, turned Christian and decided to set up a church in the valley. Here the fairies intervened, and forbade all building, save on a particular hill. Indeed, whenever stones were placed in the valley, that same night the fairies took them to the top of the hill. Then the West Wycombes capitulated, and their church was erected on the site chosen by the fairies. Eventually the building came into the hands of Sir Francis Dashwood, founder of the Hell-Fire club, who "restored" it after his own manner, removing from it every sign of religion. Near the church Sir Francis built a hexagonal mausoleum. In the hill under the church he had a great cave dug and a vault in which the Hell-Fire members practiced their rites. Now the church has been put to its proper use again. The Hell-Fire club was one of those "blasphemous clubs" which, according to Smollett, owed their being to the lemmorization produced by the South Sea Bubble, and its members indulged, it is said, in various profane practices. In 1721, a year in which many speculators were very fortunate, a bill was brought forward for the suppression of blasphemy, and this was directed chiefly against certain scandalous societies which were believed to hold meetings for the purpose of ridiculing religion. These "fraternities of free-loving gentlemen" were known as Hell-Fire clubs.

Cascade of Molten Lava

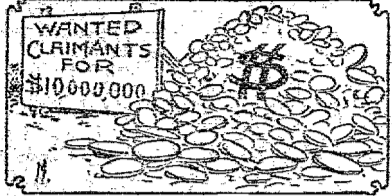


Probably no group of islands in the world can claim more volcanic curiosities than the Hawaiian group in the North Pacific. Mauna Kea (13,953 feet) and Mauna Loa (13,760 feet) are both large craters in Hawaii. The island of Maui boasts the volcano of Halea-Kala (10,215 feet), which has an extensive crater, no less than nineteen miles in circumference. But it is generally agreed that the most remarkable sight in the islands is that shown in the illustration—a great cascade of molten lava falling into a deep natural lake.

Gossip of Washington

What Is Going On at the National Capital.

Lost Money Orders Worth Millions



WASHINGTON.—A Washington woman discovered some days ago that her German nurse was destroying the money orders she purchased to remit to the Fatherland. She had torn up within the last five years more than \$500 of money orders, thinking they were receipts for the money deposited in the office at Washington and that the money had been duly sent to her old mother in Germany.

This incident recalls the fact that there has accumulated in the national treasury millions of dollars, possibly ten millions, since the establishment of the present system in 1864. The government assumes the role of trustee for the safe transfer of money from one individual to another, and the protection is nearly perfect, yet Uncle Sam cannot always remedy the carelessness or ignorance of persons buying money orders.

An official, speaking of the system, said: "This vast accumulation of money is steadily being augmented from year to year, and unless the people become better acquainted with the character of a money order transaction the accumulated sum promises to become almost fabulous. This money has accumulated through no fault of the United States. The

system is perfect and instructions are clear and ample.

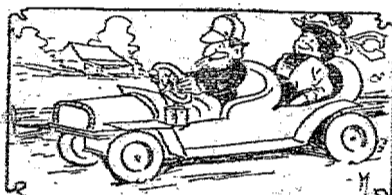
"For one thing it is known that persons purchasing money orders ignorantly destroy them, believing that the order constitutes nothing more than a receipt. Many persons also are in the habit of purchasing money orders before traveling from one place to another, with a view of converting them into cash as needed, and these are lost through carelessness, by fire, etc.

"It also frequently happens that orders are sent to wrong addresses, and after repeated attempts on the part of the postoffice department to find the payee or remitter, are sent to the department, together with advices, as unpaid.

"Notwithstanding this, the government has wisely made provision for the payment of money orders lost or destroyed, by the issuance, upon satisfactory proof of loss or destruction, of a duplicate money order payable to the payee or remitter making application therefor, as the case may be. Provision is also made for the payment of orders which are not presented for payment before the time limit provided by law has expired.

"In one instance a claim for the payment of a lost postal note was allowed 25 years after it became invalid. It will be seen that as trustee for its citizens in the transfer of private funds the United States exercises diligence in an attempt to find the rightful owner. And yet millions are still outstanding for which claimants will never appear. This vast sum is held in suspense by the government."

Farmer Is Real Spender, Says Wilson



"THE average laborer is living better to-day than did Queen Elizabeth in her time," said Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture. He was speaking of the prosperity of the farmers in the west and of the high wages of the workingman in the east.

"Take the meat bills of the laborer in Washington," he said. "You will find that they eat meat three times a day—most of them—and they are not content with any kind, but demand the best cuts. They can afford them. As a consequence the price of meat is high. While the farmers are producing more beef every year, they are not producing enough to meet the increase in pop-

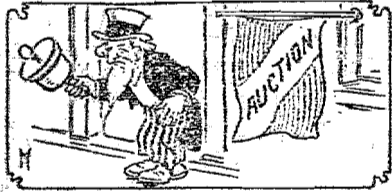
ulation. I do not expect prices to fall soon."

Secretary Wilson was asked if western farmers really were investing large sums of money in automobiles.

"There is too much truth in those reports," he responded. "The farmer is out of debt. He has paid for his farm, his fences and his machinery. He has money in his pockets and big crops continue to come on. He is afraid to invest in eastern securities, lest a year bring trouble there. Therefore he puts his money in luxuries, instead of channels that might give a return. People in the east do not know what luxuries are; they must go west to find that out.

"The farmer is handicapped by lack of labor. Too many have gone from the farm to the sidewalk. I hope that education along agricultural lines will remedy this, but the tide has not yet turned. But by means of improved machinery the farmer to-day can do many times as much as he accomplished ten years ago. He does it with ease, too, for he sits at nearly all his work nowadays."

When Uncle Sam Has an Auction Sale



THE number of going, gone sales which the government conducts ought to qualify Uncle Sam for admission to the guild of auctioneers. These sales are the real thing, too, red flag and all.

The tourist in Washington gets a shock when he is passing the back of the department of agriculture building these days and sees a big red flag with the usual white letters sewed on: "Auction To-day." He wonders if the government is restoring to desperate means of raising the wind.

But your Uncle Sam is not in the auction business from necessity. The agriculture sales are explained in this way. Whenever an invoice of any article of food arrives from abroad a certain number of packages are taken by the government for examination to see whether the article complies with

our food laws.

For instance, olive oil, Maraschino cherries, wine, sardines, mushrooms, French peas, preserves and jams—in fact all imported food articles—come under this regulation. But though the government requires half a dozen packages to be turned over to it for inspection—in order to avoid the chance of a single one being fixed up and slipped off upon them—the analysis rarely goes beyond the contents of one specimen out of the six.

So that of each consignment of six cans of olive oil, six bottle of cherries or of champagne or six cans of sardines, five remain untouched. If graft were really as prevalent as the muckrakers would have us believe the entire six packages would probably be opened and a nip taken from each one, while the rest of the contents would be appropriated as a legitimate perquisite of office (by the heads of the department).

Instead of that, five out of six of the articles received for analysis under the law are sold at these auctions behind the department building. The receipts go into the exchequer of the bureau.

Disaster to Japanese Editor's Chin



LACK of mastery of the English language led to the loss of a carefully cultivated beard which graced the chin of S. Zumoto, editor of the Japan Times of Tokyo and a member of the commercial commission visiting this country. Mr. Zumoto visited the barber shop in the hotel at which he is a guest.

"I would like to be shaved," he said, in halting English. "Not altogether, but conservatively."

He carressed his vandyke as he spoke. The barber, a tactful workman, said nothing, but tucked the towels and aprons and other articles of his trade in and around the Japanese editor's neck. Then he began. Americans in the shop were startled

when they heard a flow of what probably was strong language in Japanese. The barber had encroached on the Japanese imperial, with the result that nearly half of it fell beneath his keen blade before the customer could protest. It was necessary then to cut it all off.

Members of the Japanese party enjoyed the situation. M. Zumoto declined to see it in a humorous light.

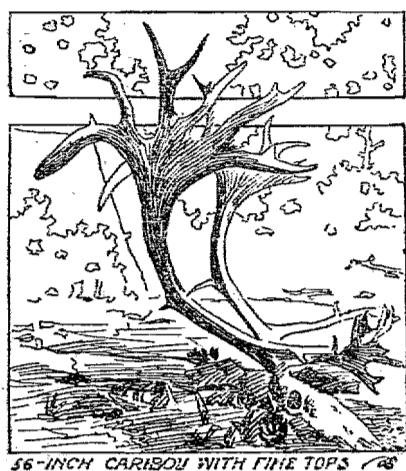
Canadians Crossing Border. Many natives of the province of Ontario, Canada, are moving into the United States, principally into New York state. The population of the city of Kingston has increased only 20 in the last year. The emigrants are mostly young married couples.

Hurt By Moving Picture Shows. Theaters in London and all over England are complaining of small receipts and lay the trouble to the moving picture shows, which are very popular and range from a black-lined tent to the theater in Piccadilly where there are music and tea.

Caribou-Hunting in Cassiar



OUR PACK-HORSES



56-INCH CARIBOU WITH THE TOPS

THE weather seemed set fine and I felt so elated with my previous success with the moose that when my hunter, Albert, proposed a retreat up the trail of five miles to a high sugar-loaf mountain on the Tuya mountains, I consented. I meant to take some chances in a second attempt to get the big caribou. Soon we reached a point opposite the mountain, and then the hard work began. I drove the horses and the Indians went in front cutting down trees, for we had to force our own trail.

Snow was falling when we got into camp, so Albert put up his own little tent and alongside it the small shelter which he always carried for his four dogs. After supper, having fed the dogs, the trapper sat late over the fire smoking his pipe, when, looking over his shoulder, he saw an immense wolf standing at his side. As he moved the wolf gripped him firmly by the shoulder, but did not succeed in throwing him down. It might be thought that the dogs which were lying on the other side of the fire would have growled and at once attacked the wolf, but this was not the case with the dogs of Cassiar. On the contrary, they retreated into their shelter, where they set up a dismal howl of fear.

Albert seems to have kept his head with admirable presence of mind, and being unable to reach the ax or rifle, he grabbed the first weapon that came handiest, namely, a burning brand from the fire. With this he struck the wolf three times lightly on the nose, when it at length let go, and he gave it a stunning crack over the head. The wolf now slunk away.

September 20 is one of the red-letter days of my life, so I must give it in full. At dawn we moved our outfit about four miles to the highest clump of wood. The walking for once was easy and firm, and as we forced our way through the last of the willow scrub, one of the finest landscapes in the world was spread before our wondering eyes. Four thousand feet below was the Tanzilla, lost in great golden splashes of cotton-wood, birch and poplar. Successions of deep green fir woods rolled away to the west as far as the grand canyon of the Stikine, and looking beyond were huge mountains between that river and the Iskut now covered with deep and permanent snow. It was a glorious day for spying, and on every point of commanding eminence we stopped and worked the glass industriously. There were hundreds of likely spots for the great caribou, but not one could we find.

"I guess wolves scare him right out of the country," said Albert, as he closed the glass with an irritable snap.

We had now walked about 12 miles, and I was feeling very tired and had great difficulty in breathing in the rarefied atmosphere.

"We will just look this last valley," said Albert, moving to the left. I searched with the glass and then gave it to Albert, who had hardly placed it to his eye when he dropped it, excitedly exclaiming:

"Caribou! plenty big bulls!" I tore the telescope from his hand and, looking in the direction he pointed, saw a herd of over 50 caribou, including at least 12 bulls. Our first move was to descend into the valley and hide the horse.

The wind was blowing directly in our faces, so that all went well until we reached the last stick of cover. From this point we had a fine view of the caribou, many of which had by this time risen to their feet and were descending the hill. They stopped frequently to feed, and it was fully half an hour before the first stag, accompanied by two or three hinds, stood opposite our hiding place. What

an immense beast he looked, and how keen I should have been to kill him had I not seen something better.

Presently another grand stag came by, but I resisted the temptation to shoot and kept my eyes glued on the big fellow who was still lying down. Finally, he arose, surrounded by five large females. I never supposed for an instant but that he would do aught but follow the others, but to my great disgust he turned and walked the other way. My heart sank to the depths of despair. Even the phlegmatic Albert fidgeted and almost said something. He kept looking intently at the herd on our left, and I could read his thoughts as he mentally planned a fresh stalk at the main herd. But even to look in that direction signified an admission of weakness on my part, so I kept the glass glued on the object of my desires till my eyes ached at watching his slow, measured steps. Again and again he stopped and looked back at his late companions, and then my heart sank as each time he dropped his massive horns and followed in the wake of the ladies, who had now commenced to snatch a few mouthfuls of food. But what is this? He has started and is galloping full speed. Has something frightened him or has some fresh bull appeared to excite his jealousy, for he is a master bull without doubt and the rut is near. He rushes beyond the leading doe and then down goes his head. The show of power drives the frightened does together and then back on the trail. They hesitate a moment and then start off at full gallop towards us. What joy! Our luck has turned. Albert's face is a study. He is incredulous and then excited. "They come now," he says to himself.

It was a recompense for the hardships of the journey to see that little troop advancing. I knew they would follow the line of the others and thus pass within easy shot. Moreover, I felt that I had been right to wait, and that pleases any man's vanity. On and on they came till the stag began to grow in size—500 yards, 400 yards, 300 yards. Now they stop and smell about the old tracks, for caribou like to follow the exact trail of others of their kind. Then an old hind puts out her neck, cocks her ears and trots slowly down the hill towards our hiding place. Albert worms himself into a desirable support behind my right shoulder, and all is in readiness for his majesty. The nearer he comes the bigger his horns look and, although not long, they contain a forest of points such as I had never seen before. A merciful Providence causes the bull to stop just where the others had stood, but he is covered by two hinds and I must wait till they have moved. He pokes one gently out of the way and then himself moves forward a step or two to smell the earth. It is enough; the sight is on his shoulder and I let go. He swings round once, shaking his head, and then rolls over with all four legs in the air. I give a whoop of triumph, for those great antlers are mine, and I rush down the hill for the possible chance of a long shot at one of the stags on the opposite hill. They are 500 yards away at least, and all jammed together in a solid pack as a result of the shot. A little forest of antlers stands out above a darkness of bodies. It is hopeless to fire, as the stags are all at the back, and I must wait till they string out and run. Now they are off, tearing over the hills in a mad race. One stag shows to the right on the skyline and I salute him with two shots. But it is hopeless, as I cannot see the striking point of the bullets. A loud call on the part of Albert now directs my attention to the stag I had shot, and I see him struggling to regain his feet, so I at once place a bullet through the lungs, which produces immediate collapse. The first shot, it seems, had gone a little to high and too far forward, between the neck and shoulder.

I have killed many fine stags in other lands, but I shall always remember that day on the glorious Tuya mountains when a little self-restraint met with a result equal to one's highest hopes.

J. G. MILLAIS.

Improved Tack Hammer. A tack hammer, the head of which folds into a recess in the stick for convenience in carrying, has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

To Bring Countries Closer. Penny postage is proposed between Great Britain and Turkey.

BILLY

By Frank H. Sweet

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"You take dot girl I broke your head," cried the little German, fiercely, as he made a sudden and determined rush forward with the rake he had been using.

But the young man only reached out and caught the rake handle in a firm grasp, at the same time smiling down at his wrathful assailant.

"Let me explain, Hans," he urged. "There ain't no oggplain," stormed the German. "You got off away, quick. My girl ain't for no college man dot won't work, dot play mit golf sticks and wear white clothes und haf no business. She better as dot. Her fader make rich money, und gif her everything to earn und to travel, und to wear. Dot all a mistake. I not going haf no lazy man round mit her."

"But I merely called to pay my respects and—"

"Und make promise to call mit her some more, und talk, und talk, und pretty soon when we not looking there be a run off for marry. B'h! I got no use for college man who haf no strength for work."

The young man stretched out an arm suggestively.

"Pretty good specimen, that," he remarked. "It helped do some record-breaking in the college nine, and went with me into a good many football rushes. Just try the muscle."

Hans's face showed his disgust. "Und maybe it fine to hold a golf stick," he sneered, "und swing a cane. You ought to be 'shamed.'"

The young man laughed.

"Look here, Mr. Strohm," he expostulated, "can't you and I manage to hit it off in some way? Haven't I heard Lena—Miss Strohm—say that you need more laborers in the hay-making?"

"I not need you," grimly. "I hire men who work."

"Well, try me," boldly. "You have some greenhorns who have to learn. I suppose you can rate wages accordingly."

"You want to fix to be mit Lena."

"Does Miss Strohm go out to the hay fields or the laborers visit your



"Shake Hands, Billy," He Said.

parlor? I understand they eat with your farm manager. If I am not at work I shall very likely be loafing about with my golf sticks, and will be sure to meet your niece occasionally."

"Yes, dot be so," reflectively. "If you be working you need not see Lena some more, und we make you work so hard dot you think more 'bout sleeping when night come than 'bout going for walk. Ye-es, I think I do him dot way, Mr. Rayner, or whatever your name may be. I take you for my hired man, und I pay you maybe, 50 cents for day—more than you be worth."

"Very well; that will be perfectly satisfactory. You may fix wages according to my services. I shall come on this afternoon. But you needn't use the word 'mister'; just call me Billy."

Hans grunted. "Ain't no need say dot," he answered. "We ain't haf no mister in our bay field. But we haf one Bill now, so we must call you Billy."

The first day Billy did his work awkwardly, though his trained, knotted muscles enabled him to do a larger amount of it than most of the old hands. But before the end of the second day the same faculties which had brought him to the lead in college and other contests set him to taking the lead in the field. Hans looked on with wonder, a little disappointment, but finally with approval. Above all things in his estimation was a good workman.

"If you not dress so well, Billy," he remonstrated one day, "you be more like good workman. Everything you wear seems like-it made right on you."

"Which, in a way, I suppose it was," laughed Billy. "But look here, Hans, I heard you tell Tommy Dodd yesterday that he ought to dress a little better, and there was Pete Duffy right beside him whose clothing wasn't nearly so good. And yet you said nothing to Pete."

"Because Pete not able to buy more and Tommy is. A man mit good wages like Tommy und nobody to look out for ought to dress respectable."

"Yes, I think so. But the other workmen dress better than Tommy, and you dress better than the other workmen. How is that?"

"Mine gracious!" with some little heat; "ain't there difference mit circumstances? Of course I dress better as my workmen."

"Exactly, und perfectly proper," smiled Billy as he threw the teeth of his rake over the swath between the windrows and began to rake back across the field. Hans looked after him with a line gathering between his eyebrows.

"Whatever's the boy hinting at now?" he thought perplexedly. "He's smart as Lena is mit words and dot way he switch me off haf some meaning to it. If I don't drive him from dis farm right away quick, he's going to twist he round mit his finger like he haf Lena und all the men."

The farm was in the midst of a rich agricultural country, but where there was no satisfactory market for the crops. One day a rumor came of an enterprise being started in the nearest village that promised to solve this difficulty, and as the rumor gained stability the farmers became more and more jubilant. Hans could talk of little else. One moon he took dinner with the men at the manager's as was often his custom.

"I tell you this is going to be the greatest thing for farmers around here that ever was," he cried, striking his closed fist upon the table for emphasis. "Dot man, he going to build a packinghouse two hundred feet long und ninety wide, und he going haf offices und a factory to make barrels und boxes und crates und everything. All the farmer haf to do is to carry his crops to dot packinghouse und sell for cash, und let dot man pack up und send wherever the farmer say, und then take his commission. If it be one bushel apples, one pound of butter, or one thousand bushel of wheat, it all right. Everything sell. Ain't you see all dot is being spoil on the farm now going be save?"

"But won't this man try to skin you like the commission houses have been doing?" asked one of them. "No, no, people don't talk dot way. They say he own most all the big railroad dot run through the next valley, und dot he tell our railroad if it don't give him good freight rate he going build a branch over to his own road. He say dot he like for them to make fair profit, but not to make everything. You know how it been mit us. When we go to the railroad und say you charge two, four times too much, the railroad laugh und charge two times more. This man send off by trail road, und he make dot what he say. What he save on rate going make good profit for him und more profit for us. People say he rich man, und while he want some profit he doing this more to develop country und help the farmer. If only the thing don't break through now und give up."

"Oh, it won't do that," declared another workman positively. "I was in town last night and bought a paper, and there are two columns in it about this very matter. The ground is already bought and lumber ordered for the building. I only read part of it last night, I was so sleepy. I meant to have let you see the paper, but for got when we started to work this morning."

He rose and went out to where his coat was hanging on a nail by the door, soon returning with the paper which he passed to his employer; Hans took it eagerly and ran his eyes down the columns. Presently he gave utterance to a low gasp, and his eyes rose from the paper to seek Billy, on the opposite side of the table. Then he looked at the paper again and then at Billy.

"Mine gracious!" he cried, amazedly. "The paper say dot man who own the railroad und is building up dot enterprise is name William Rayner. The men merely stared at him. To them the name meant nothing.

"Ain't you know?" he cried. "Our Billy is name William Rayner. Billy," sternly, "is dot man you?"

"Why, if you mean the railroad in the next valley, I believe I do own some stock in it."

"Und dot enterprise?"

"I'm thinking of starting a sort of forwarding house, yes."

Hans rose and stretched his arm across the table.

"Shake hands, Billy," he said. "I haf try you und you can work, und I find your clothes fit to your station, und you think 'bout other peoples mit your money. Dot is all good. Now you may go und speak mit Lena."

The Fearless Farmer. "I dined with Glenn H. Curtiss at Rhelm's in aviation week," said a member of the Aero club as he waited on a Hoboken pier for his baggage to be passed.

"I complimented Curtiss on his daring. He has always been daring. He did his mile on a motorcycle, you know, in 26 seconds at Ormond."

"Curtiss said that in motorcycling and in flying fear must be put aside. He told me about a Kansas farmhand who'd have made a splendid flyer."

"Curtiss said he once came upon this farmhand at the top of a long, steep, dangerous hill. He had an old-fashioned safety bicycle, and he knelt beside it, taking off the chain."

"What's the matter?" Curtiss asked. "Nothin'," drawled the farmhand, calmly. "I'm jest takin' this here chain off to freewheel down the hill."

Boy's School Shoes

UNCOMMONLY STRONG AND SERVICEABLE LEATHERS
STYLISH, PERFECT-FITTING AND COMFORTABLE SHAPES

Our Kirkendall Calf Shoes with wire quilted soles are especially intended for boys who can't be kept in ordinary shoes any time at all. They are strongly and substantially made from the best materials and will stand almost unlimited hard wear, besides pleasing the boy himself by their perfect fitting and comfortable shapes. They're remarkably stylish and handsome, too, and the prices are only

\$1.50--\$1.75--\$2.00

Fall underwear and all the needful things for children about to start in school.

Anderson & Hollingsworth FLORENCE, NEBRASKA.

TELEPHONE FLORENCE 320

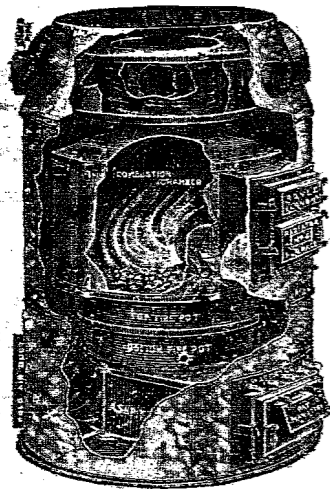
BUY BOVEE'S FURNACE AT FACTORY PRICES

And save from one-third to one-half of the cost of any first-class heating plant, having EQUAL CAPACITY.

SIXTY DOLLARS

We sell a first-class furnace, suitable for a cottage with all pipe and fittings for \$60.00, and larger furnaces at proportionately low prices.

We manufacture 36 different furnaces of the leading styles. We own one of the best equipped furnace plants in the west. We manufacture the very best and sell at the lowest possible manufacturer's price. Our furnaces burn any kind of fuel.



The Bovee furnace is the only furnace having a perfect forced Ventilation System, that insures pure air in every part of the house. The value of this forced ventilation cannot be over-estimated, especially in case of bad lungs or sickness.

We ship everything properly prepared ready to install so that any handy man can properly install our furnaces without any assistance from a tinner.

Send rough plan of building to be heated and get our three-colored catalog and best plans for heating plant. A letter to us will save you about half the cost of your heating plant.

BOVEE FURNACE WORKS

476 8th Street

WATERLOO, IOWA

PATTERN====STYLE====QUALITY

of material, excellence of workmanship, and fit being superior, the impression prevails that custom tailored clothes are very expensive.

CLOTHES WE MAKE

are not only within your reach, but they satisfy completely, and outwear average clothing two to one.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE

the strength of our argument by letting us make your Fall Suit or Overcoat. SUITS \$25.00 AND UP.

DRESHER THE TAILOR 1515 Farnam-
OMAHA, NEB.

Open Evenings. Too Busy Making Clothes to Close.

FORBES QUALITY COFFEE

In one and two-pound cans, 25c and 50c per can.

FORBES MARTHA WASHINGTON COFFEE

In one-pound sealed dirt proof cans at 35c per pound.

The Best Coffee at the Prices
One trial and you will always use.

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

NEW POPULAR SONGS

HAYDEN BROS., Omaha

"Wait for the Summertime," Summer waltz song; "No One Knows," home ballad; "Lou Spalls Trouble to Me," "Just Someone," "Sairs of the East," Sacred song; "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid!" "Sunbonnet Sue," "If You Won't Be Good to Me," child song; "To the End of the World With You," "Love Me and the World is Mine," "Cheer Up! Cherries Will Soon Be Ripe," "Whistle if You Want Me Dear," "Rainbow," "I Wish I Had a Girl."

25c each or 5 for \$1.00. 1c extra per copy by mail.

WE ARE NOW READY

To show you all the Latest Styles, Colors and Patterns for this season. You can get better satisfaction by selecting your PAPERS NOW, as we will be pretty busy in another month, and will not be able to give you the time and attention we can now. We also carry a full line of **Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes and Mouldings.** In fact everything that pertains to the Papering and Painting trades. Our prices are the same as the down town stores. We would be pleased to have you call and get our prices.

Phone—Webster 2138
—Ind. B-1411 **M. L. ENDRES, 2410 Ames Ave.**

FIREMEN'S BIG DANCE

(Continued From Page One.)

with a big figure "I" in the center and the rest of the apparel common to mankind.

But the ladies.

Here was a chance to distinguish himself and to again get their attention riveted upon the tall angular form of the beautiful editor.

Now he had read many accounts of the balls of Ak-Sar-Ben and knew that the most conspicuous part of that event was the costumes of the ladies.

That's just it. He would write up their costumes and forever afterward they would look upon him with smiles.

But he didn't know the difference between our kind of a dress and another. He would ask them and they would tell him.

So he approached a particularly pretty girl and with a Chesterfieldian bow and a smile he asked her what she had on.

"Sir," said she in tones of ice.

"Oh, I suppose you don't know who I am. I am the editor of that great religious and household paper, the Florence Tribune, and I asked you what you had on, thinking you would be pleased to have it appear in the paper that you wore something or other to the firemen's ball."

"Sir," she said, and he noticed that the weather was getting colder.

"Oh, serge," said he. "Was it tailored or made by a dressmaker or did those pretty hands of yours make it?"

She turned on her heel and walked away, and the editor missed getting that costume.

Oh, well, there were plenty more, for he could see at least two hundred ladies in the hall. But to get them all, he would have to hurry, so he then spoke to the first one that he came across.

"Pardon me, madam, but I am the great and only editor of the Tribune and I would like to know what you have on in the way of clothes?"

"Will you put it in the paper?" said she.

"Of course, I will. That is the reason I asked."

"I have nothing on, for publication," said she. "You see, my father, who is a very rich man back in the New England states, refused to come across with the money for a new dress saying that he had bought me a new one every week for a year now and was going to swear off and so just to show him I have nothing fit to wear please leave my name out of the list of women whose dresses you mention and I will send him a marked copy."

"All right," said the editor. "extra copies are 5 cents and if you pay me now I will hold out a paper for you."

That is the reason that he didn't pursue the matter of costumes any further. He had the price of a smoke and the business manager didn't see him get it.

He left the hall at once when the E. M. wasn't looking and straightaway went and blew the whole of that nickel for a cigar.

Anyway there was such a big crowd present that he couldn't do justice to all so it is just as well.

Labor-Saving Devices.

If women took advantage of all the labor-saving machines that are invented for them they would be poor from buying them, but possibly rich in experience. The farmer uses water and machine power in his work in the fields, and the time has come when the same power may be used to lessen the labors of his wife. One of the latest inventions is a home laundry, with stationary tubs, gasoline engine, drying room and a power ironer. The whole cost is less than \$200, and a farmer thinks nothing of paying that much for one machine.

Center of the Stage.

Old Sol—Jealous?
The Man in the Moon—Yes; folks only pay attention to the man in the half moon.

Beer drinking is greatly on the increase in France. In 1840 the hop crop was only 4,000,000 hectolitres; today it is nearly 10,000,000 a year.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

The four cash prizes offered by William Sievers for the best three ears of yellow corn exhibited by farmers were awarded in the presence of John Aye and Herman B. Ross, corn experts of Blair, and a number of farmers. Lee Smith, the Desoia corn king, acted as judge. The first prize of \$5 fell to Roy Slader of Deer Creek; \$3 to Otto Frahm, near the city; \$1 to Lyman Peck of Turkey Creek and \$1 to Jacob Sierle of Long Creek. The corn was then sold at auction. First three ears, W. Sievers, \$1.30; the other nine ears brought 26 cents an ear. John Aye says that Carl Rohwer, near Blair, has seven acres that will yield 600 bushels of corn, and while here Lee Smith and Harry Seltz expressed nine boxes of corn to the Omaha exhibit.

Herman Wolf was here from Ithaca on account of the illness of his mother, who is slowly recovering.

Our former High school superintendent, Prof. Parsons, writes that he is pleased with his position in the position in the state normal school at Durand, Okla., and has more calls to lecture than he can fill.

William Lytle has been back on a visit to his family and expects to take them to Burt county soon.

Mrs. Fritz Heise of Harlan, Ia., was on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Fred Nichols.

Young Goldie Smith caught her arm in a corn sheller and broke her wrist.

Elder Stanley slipped with a bucket of water and had to bring one of his fingers to the doctor.

Two brave Omaha hunters paid \$10 to the auto man and sundry sums for teams, board, etc., a total of \$21, and went back with three ducks and a whole string of hunting yarns.

The second number of the Lyceum course Saturday night brought a paying and enthusiastic audience.

Getting Even.

Mr. Snapp—I'm going to bring Cadley home to dinner Wednesday night.
Mrs. Snapp—What? Don't you know I shall have to cook Wednesday?
Mr. Snapp—Sure I do. And maybe you remember I have an old score to settle with Cadley.

See the Dot!

Is the dot large?
Oh, no! The dot is small as a pin-head, yet you see the dot on this whole page because it is very conspicuous!

Does the dot say anything? Oh, no; it's only a dot.

What a pity to put a senseless dot where a good ad read by everybody would be worth something!

Just so, if your ad was here hundreds would read it as you read the dot. You even will read this the second time!

WHY?

BAZAAR

And Chicken Pie Supper

Given by the Ladies of the

Florence Presbyterian Church

THURSDAY, DEC. 9

Anderson's New Store Building,

TICKETS FOR SUPPER, 25c.

Everybody Welcome—Come and Bring

Your Friends.

PURITAN FLOUR

For Sale by the New Store

Every Sack War-
ranted

THOS. DUGHER

DR SORENSON

Dentist

Office over Anderson & Hollingsworth

Good Work—Reasonable Prices

Telephone Florence 178

Postal Cards

Two for 25c. Finished while you wait.
Four large photos for \$1, at

EMORY
FOTOGRAFER

Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

JOHN C. RENNINGER, BARBER SHOP

First-class work with an up-to-date shop

Main Street Florence, Neb.

We Have the Largest List

of

LOTS
in FLORENCE
\$175 TO \$300

\$5.00 Down and \$5 a Month on the cheaper lots and \$10 Down and \$10 a Month on the higher priced lots. Be sure to see us before you buy. We write

FIRE INSURANCE

Hastings & Heyden
1614 Harney St.

James Nicholson
BLUE RIBBON GARDEN

At the end of the car line.

Storz Celebrated Artesian Well
Water Beer.

COAL

MINNE-LUSA LUMBER CO.

J. A. SCOTT, Mngr.

PHONE—FLORENCE 335

THE GREAT
Alaska-Yukon-Pacific
EXPOSITION

IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FAIR EVER HELD

You'll always be glad you went.

Buy round trip tickets via

UNION PACIFIC

"THE RIGHT ROAD TO TRAVEL"

At low rates and enjoy perfect train service en route. Get full information, booklets, etc. Address

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.

Union Pacific R. R. Co., Omaha, Neb.



FLORENCE LUMBER & COAL CO.

Florence, Nebraska

Robert Golding, Mgr. Phone 102