

ST. AGNES' ACADEMY



ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA

1908

This new institution, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Francis, is located at Alliance, a very healthy and pleasant resort of the west. Parents and guardians will find it a homelike institution, where every faculty is offered to educate effectively the heart and mind of young girls, to impart true refinement together with practical knowledge, which will enable them to fill their future positions in life creditably.

The course of study adopted by the institution is systematic and thorough, embracing Primary, Intermediate, Preparatory and Academic Departments.

The Academic Department embraces Christian Doctrine, Church History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Advanced English Grammar, Bookkeeping, Geometry, Latin, Rhetoric, Civics, General History, Botany.

ART COURSE.

A special course of Instrumental Music and Painting may be pursued.

In this, as well as in all the other departments, the leading principle of the institution is thoroughness, hence pupils are trained and led to correct knowledge and appreciation of these branches.

As no young lady is fitted for the practical duties of life without a thorough acquaintance with the use of the needle. This branch, in all its details, from the plainest to the most ornamental and fancy needlework, receives particular attention.

TERMS PER SESSION.

Board, Tuition, Bed, Washing, Plain Sewing and Fancy Work \$80 00
Children under twelve years 75 00

ELECTIVE STUDIES.

Music—Piano per session of five months \$15 00
Organ 15 00
Violin, Guitar, Mandolin 14 00
Painting—In Oil, per month 3 00
In Water Colors 3 00

Each pupil must provide her own Guitar, Violin or Mandolin. Use of piano or Organ, per session, \$2.50.

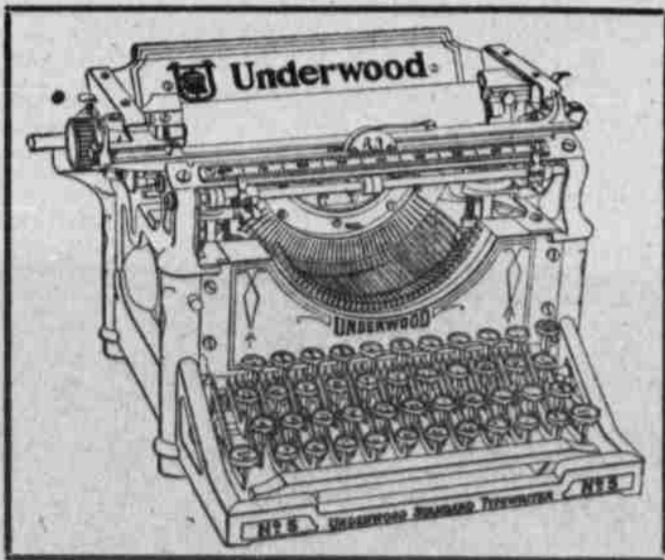
REGULATION OF WARDROBE.

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| 3 complete changes of underclothes | 1 toilet set, consisting of brushes, combs, soap, soapdish and toothbrush. |
| 6 pairs of hose | 1 needlework box furnished. |
| 12 pocket handkerchiefs | Stationery and stamps. |
| 4 towels | 6 napkins. |
| 2 black aprons | 1 tablespoon. |
| 2 pairs of shoes | 1 teaspoon. |
| 1 pair of rubbers | 1 silver knife and fork. |
| 1 blanket (single bed) | 1 napkin ring. |
| 1 white bed spread | Black Uniforms, College cap. |
| 1 small rug for alcove | |

School was opened September 14th and is now in full session. There are accommodations for eighty boarders and the Sisters request all those who are interested in education and who wish to place their children in an institution, where they will receive solid education, to place their children in the Academy as soon as possible. Any one wishing to have further information should write to or call on the Mother Superior, who will be pleased to answer all inquiries. Accommodations will be provided for boys.

SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS

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Gold Bricks In Chicago's Air.

Iowa Farmer a Near Buyer of a Zeppelin Boat—Foreign Yokel Purchases a Park Lion—An Old Fashioned Love Story—Spunky Teacher.

(From Our Chicago Correspondent.)

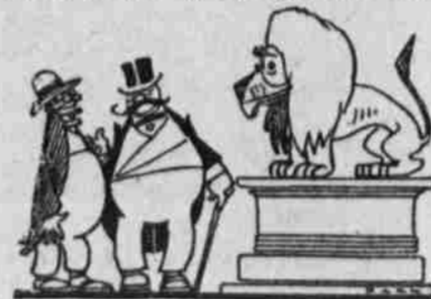


WHY the confidence man and the rural Reuben have been in conjunction more frequently in Chicago than in any other city is a curious fact that ought to be taken up by some club or society that is hungry for a topic. Gold brick data is uncertain, but research would probably show that the first trick in that line was pulled off some where in this vicinity.

With all of his propensity for butting in on the three shell game or any other chance layout, you would never expect the "farmer" to bite at an airship bait. Yet that has come to pass. The farmer blew in from Iowa. When anybody comes to Chicago he "blows in." He never arrives. The farmer in question was here to see the live stock show. Somewhere near the Masonic temple, which is the flatiron of the town, the Iowa farmer met a stranger in the usual way. The stranger had a new-fangled airship that would make Zeppelin or the Wright brothers get out of the air. It was all done, ready to ascend but for one thing—namely, \$1,000. The man who produced first and on the spot would get the first raffle on dividend day. The Iowa man was so fearful that he would be hooded off that he unbuttoned his wallet on the street and was actually counting out the good equivalent when a detective flushed the game, nabbed the airship architect and made him walk to the police station. The Iowa farmer followed, and the fascinating spell was so lingering that the farmer was reluctant to prosecute. When he turned the toes of his brogans in the direction of his home he was neither wiser nor sadder. He would have put up his roll in a minute for an airless brick if he had been tempted.

The "farmer" is not always an American product. By the way, the word ought to be revised. The average farmer of this country is not easily hoodwinked. Usually he will get the best of any game that is unlimbered. The yokel from over the sea is always easy. Only ten days ago one of this brand direct from Alsace-Lorraine put in here. In his meanderings he saw a bronze lion on the lake front, one of the ornamental figures of that part of town. The accommodating stranger was at hand, as usual, and before any warning could be turned in the yokel had bought the lion and the pedestal, paying therefor \$80. He never knew the bait was loaded until he returned to the spot on the following day with a two horse wagon and a block and tackle to remove his purchase.

There was no fire alarm box on Mount Ararat when the ark anchored after the storm. If there had been, them or one of his brothers would



THE YOKEL BOUGHT THE LION, probably have dropped a letter into the receptacle. Somebody did it first somewhere. And the thing has been repeated in all lands where the box is known until it was thought that the guffaw following the rustic break had penetrated every home in America. Nevertheless a good old man and his wife drove in a few days ago from Evanston, that classic suburb where the very atmosphere is academic, and the old man tied his team to a lamp-post, after which he walked to the nearest fire alarm box and "mailed" his letter. Before he could put on his mitt he and his motherly better half saw the fire engine dash round the corner. The old people were taken to the police station, but the magistrate released them, remarking that as long as the city left its fire boxes exposed these mistakes would happen.

One man in this city has helped 800,000 men and women to marry. He is the license clerk of the municipality. His name is Morris Salmonson. He has just completed his twenty-sixth year of service. Four hundred thousand marriage licenses have been signed by him since his commission was issued. Many citizens who are now classified as "old settlers" went the matrimonial way on the paper signed by Salmonson. And now he is sacking out licenses for the second generation. The day on which he finished his twenty-sixth anniversary it was suggested by a wag of the town that as many clerks who have attended to the handing out of divorce decrees get together and tender Salmonson a ban-

quet. The old license official refused to sit down at such a feast, on the ground, as he said, that few of those who had been wed on his paper had ever been separated by any court but death. The banner year in his business was 1907. In the year 1908 there was a noticeable decrease in the number of licenses, owing to the panic.

In this age, when the practical gets the best front seats and the sentimental has to take to the gallery or cool his heels on the sidewalk, it is delicious to hear a real old time love story. Well, here it is: Ten years ago, after the bells in old Cologne had quit ringing for the close of day, a German girl came out on the stage of a music hall and played her violin to a critical audience. One of those who heard her was a Chicago boy who was visiting that old country with his people. The youth returned home, and in the course of things he established himself in business. Two years ago the girl came here to see this part of the great country. There was a musicale one evening in a little hall, and the German girl played as those who know her say she only can. One of the listeners was the Chicago boy who had heard her in old Cologne. After the concert he renewed the acquaintance and—eh bien—you know the rest. They are on their treacle-moon journey now in the far west, and, as she is still fond of her violin and as her husband is very proud of her musical accomplishments, she is giving concerts as they travel. If you are in a town where Mrs. John C. A. Frick is announced to appear, that is the name of the German girl who played one night in old Cologne and won a Chicago boy's heart.

Almost any type of woman can raise a breeze, but when a schoolteacher—one who is a principal, if you please, and who is an acknowledged beauty and who dresses in a way that meets with the approval of those of her sex who believe in stunning apparel—stands before an assemblage of women who advocate suffrage and tells them that there are degrees in the saloon business and that war on respectable saloons is poor tactics for women the atmosphere becomes agitated, and it does not die down like a summer zephyr.

MISS GRACE REED, head of an exclusive high school in a fashionable neighborhood in Chicago, is the woman who precipitated the agitation. She told her hearers that she did not favor fanaticism and had no patience with hysterical appeals to prejudice, whether in favor of or against the saloon. Her audience hissed her, and she retired. After the storm was over in the room where it was brewed her hearers got together and resolved that Miss Reed had to be treated in the same way as the Chinese on the Pacific coast. They went in a body to the president of the board of education, by resolution, and demanded that Miss Reed be dismissed. The president said he guessed not. He even went so far as to say that Miss Reed was right and that she knew what she was talking about. The man or woman who would undertake to forecast the next move would command big pay from a political campaign committee. Miss Reed was still at her post at last accounts.

Now is the winter of the Chicago debutante, and all the modish gowns are swallowed up by gorgeous bouquets. To drag out a decadent expression, older than the styles our grandmothers wore, bouquets are all the rage. Was there ever a time when a girl wouldn't forego a bougainvillea for a nosegay? But this year or at this particular time of the year there is a distinct trend to the bouquet. The girl who can carry the most original bunch



AS LARGE AS THE PURSE OF FATHER WILL PERMIT.

is "it." At the coming out of one debutante the fair one had just such a nosegay as her great-grandmother might have carried. According to the fashion writer, the bouquet was a small posy of pink roses with the lace paper frill of colonial times. The news traveled, and now there is a crush at the florists' places to have posy bouquets like grandma's made up. They can be made as large as the purse of father will permit. You go to a reception now, and when you leave the question asked is not "What did she wear?" but "What sort of bouquet did she have in her hand?" BEVERLY BRUX.

The Head of Taft's Cabinet.

Philander Chase Knox, Who Will Succeed Root as Secretary of State, His Home and Family.

IN the choice of Philander Chase Knox as the head of his cabinet President Elect William H. Taft has conferred an honor upon one of his rivals for the Republican presidential nomination. It is understood that Judge Taft is especially desirous of surrounding himself with men who are recognized to be of signal ability in their several fields so that his administration may have the counsel of men who individually and collectively can be of the greatest possible assistance to him in the satisfactory solution of the problems to be met. The office of secretary of state has come to be regarded as one of high honor, second only in many respects to that of the presidency. It has been held often by men of presidential size, among them Sherman, Blaine, Hay, Olney, Root and Seward, Lincoln's secretary of foreign affairs, not to mention Thomas Jefferson, who occupied the post under Washington.

Judge Taft gave unusual thought to the selection of an incumbent of the post of secretary of state not only because he wanted in it a good foreign affairs secretary, but also because he desired that the head of his cabinet should be a man capable of advising him on matters outside of that department calling for serious consideration.

As attorney general in the cabinets of President McKinley and President Roosevelt, Mr. Knox became famous as a public man several years ago. As the occupant of that position he initiated some of President Roosevelt's



SENATOR PHILANDER CHASE KNOX.

most noteworthy suits against the trusts. He began his cabinet career under President McKinley shortly before the latter was assassinated, having been appointed to fill the place of John William Griggs of New Jersey, resigned. With the accession of President Roosevelt to the White House he was chosen to continue in the cabinet. He resigned the attorney generalship June 30, 1904, to accept his Pennsylvania senatorship appointment, which was tendered by Governor Pennypacker. He took his seat in the senate Dec. 6, 1904, and is at present serving a term which expires in 1911.

Senator Knox was born at Brownsville, Pa., May 6, 1853. He graduated from Mount Union college, Ohio, in 1872 and subsequently took the degree of LL. D. at the University of Pennsylvania in 1905 and at Yale in 1907. His career at the bar began in 1875. He became assistant United States district attorney for the western district of Pennsylvania in 1876 and held the post for a year. He then entered the practice of law.

Senator Knox acquired a fortune through his law practice. He owns a beautiful home in Washington and has a fine summer place at Valley Forge, Pa. On his farm there he breeds trotting horses and gets a great deal of pleasure out of speeding them himself over his half mile track. He is also an automobile enthusiast and owns several large and powerful cars. There is an especial bond of sympathy between him and Mr. Taft in their mutual fondness for golf.

The wife of the future secretary of state is a daughter of one of the pioneer iron manufacturers of Pittsburg, Andrew G. Smith. She is a very ac-



MRS. KNOX AND A VIEW OF THE KNOX COUNTRY HOME AT VALLEY FORGE.

complished woman and has retained in an unusual degree her youthfulness and comeliness. Three sons and a daughter have been born to the distinguished couple, and there is now a little grandson in the household.

Money Laid Out On Groceries



in our store is always well spent. You get your full money's worth, besides the satisfaction that you are consuming only pure goods. Even all the Canned goods that are so much consumed during the summer season are bought by us from the most reputable packing houses, with their guarantee that we can warrant the purity of each article to our customers. Our Pickles, Soup, Sardines and Fruits are the best manufactured today.

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- Table cloths, large, 10 cents.

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