

PERSONAL MENTION

Professor F. W. Taylors has gone to Chicago.

Mrs. C. G. Dawes has returned from the east.

Mr. W. J. Kinsley left for Chicago Wednesday.

Dr. C. E. Spahr has returned from his trip east.

Mr. Frank C. Zehrung spent Sunday in Columbus.

Mr. N. C. Abbott left Monday on a Southern trip.

Colonel Richard O'Neil has returned from Chicago.

Mrs. Alfred Shilling has returned from Chicago.

Mr. Ned Brown, of Grant, was in the city this week.

Mr. L. S. Edwards returned this week from Hastings.

Mrs. Lucy Davis has returned from a visit to Milford.

Mrs. S. R. Nisbet left Tuesday for Evansville, Ind.

Dr. Simmons has returned from a visit to the world's fair.

Mrs. Emma Broadman left Monday for Pullman, Wash.

Miss Minnie Miller left Monday for Blue Earth City, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Plank left Monday for a visit to Colorado.

Mrs. A. Greenlee has returned from a visit to the White City.

Captain Billingsly has returned from a visit to the world's fair.

Mr. W. S. Fullerton, of Pawnee City, spent Sunday in Lincoln.

Dr. Ruth M. Wood is enjoying a vacation in Yellow Stone Park.

Miss Olive Latta entertained a few friends Wednesday evening.

Miss Maud Remick, of California, is the guest of Miss Bertie Clark.

Mr. Aron Buckstaff has returned from a visit to the world's fair.

The Misses Cowdery and Miss Cushing spent Sunday in Columbus.

Representative R. F. Kloeke, of West Point, was in this city Thursday.

Mr. Cautman, of Rochester, N. Y., is the guest of Mr. Frank Graham.

Miss Charlotte Clark has returned from an extended visit in the east.

Mr. Charles Hammond and family are enjoying the beauties of the White City.

Dr. Walker, of Denver, was in Lincoln this week, the guest of Dr. W. L. Dayton.

Mr. John Beachley and Miss Belle Beachley departed for Chicago, Wednesday.

Miss Evelyn M. Riley departed Monday for a visit with friends in La Moore, Cal.

Mrs. Murpley has returned from a visit with relatives in Illinois and Missouri.

Miss Etta Woolsey, of Messina, Cal., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. H. P. Marble.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Thompson and Miss Mary Miller spent Monday in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Loughridge departed Monday for the Columbian exposition.

Mrs. J. R. Haggard and daughter left Tuesday for a visit to the Columbian exposition.

Mr. J. M. McVicker and family returned Saturday from a month's visit in Chicago.

Miss Nellie Baum, of Omaha, is the guest of Mrs. D. E. Thompson and Miss Mary Miller.

Mrs. Alexander Wilson and daughter, Miss Jeannette Wilson, have gone to Minneapolis.

Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Shepherd have returned from a very enjoyable visit to the world's fair.

Mr. Harry Hall entertained his Sunday school class at Lincoln park Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. H. R. Nisley departed this week for a visit with relatives at her old home in Waukegan, Minn.

Mrs. Paul Holm left during the week for the Columbian exposition and her old home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Lee, of Adel, Ia., are in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Garoutte.

During the absence of Dr. Curtis, Rev. E. S. Stine will preach in the First Presbyterian church.

Mrs. G. W. Craig, who has been visiting the family of Judge W. E. Stewart, left Saturday for Chicago.

Miss Grace Dyer, a charming and accomplished young pianist of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. D. Newman.

Miss Mabel Hume, of Omaha, is the guest of Mrs. Root of East Lincoln.

Congressman Bryan attended the organization of the bi-metallic league at Topeka, Kan., Wednesday evening.

Mr. J. M. McCormick, who has been visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. G. W. Riggs, returned to St. Louis Tuesday.

Miss Minnie D. Clark of Cambridge, O., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. C. Young, 156 South Thirty third street.

Mrs. E. Hallett and son, Scott, left Sunday for Red Cloud, Neb., where they

are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Bell.

Mr. Bryan expects to leave for Washington in a few days. The congressman will be joined by his family the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald, of Oxford, Neb., visited during the week with their grand children, Mr. and Mrs. Waugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Noel, of Beatrice, were in Lincoln over Sunday, guests at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Garoutte.

Mr. G. A. McDonald left Monday to spend a month with relatives in Illinois. He will also visit the White City before his return.

Mr. Ralph E. Johnson has returned from an eastern trip of several weeks during which he visited Chicago and Indianapolis.

Mrs. Paren England, who formerly resided in Lincoln, but now of Colorado, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. N. T. Jones, 1206 K street.

Mr. W. E. Hardy left Monday for Chicago, where he will remain until August. He was joined later in the week by his sister, Mrs. Cora Hardy.

Misses Kittie and Alice Cowdery, Nannie Lillibridge and Gertrude Marquette left Thursday for Custer City. They will be gone a week or ten days.

Mrs. E. W. King of Ottumwa, N. Y., and Miss Eva King, of Syracuse, N. Y., mother and sister of Mr. E. S. King of this city are guests at his residence, 1020 Poplar street.

Miss Ada Haller, accompanied by Miss Virginia S. Richmond, of Raymond, Neb., left Monday evening for Litchfield, Ill., to visit friends, after which they will visit the world's fair.

Dr. Hullhorst has returned from a vacation of two months spent at different points in Illinois and at the Columbian exposition, where he left his family to remain a month longer.

Rev. Joseph B. Johnson, pastor of the First Christian church at Detroit, and formerly pastor of the Christian church in this city, is the guest of his niece, Mrs. Charles H. Foxworthy.

Chaplain and Mrs. J. E. Irish, U. S. A., and now stationed at Ft. Mead, S. D., are the guests of their niece, Mrs. C. W. Starling, 1305 E street. They are on their way home from the world's fair.

Mr. Clinton R. Lee, general manager of the Lee Broom and Duster Co., left Wednesday for a visit of three or four weeks in Salt Lake City, Spokane, Tacoma and other cities in the northwest.

Mrs. F. A. Fiske left Wednesday afternoon for Chicago where she was joined by her son, Sebring who is in the employment of the Standard Oil company at Toledo, O., and they are seeing the fair together.

Lieutenant Governor T. J. Majors, Mr. J. H. Ager, Mr. John H. Ames and party left Tuesday for Sheridan, Wyo., from which point they will seek a favorable locality for a couple of weeks hunting and fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Carpenter, two of Lincoln's oldest residents, left Lincoln Tuesday for Kansas City, Kansas, which will be their home in the future. They will be greatly missed by their many friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Garoutte and children left Monday to spend two weeks in Chicago, where Mr. Garoutte goes as a delegate from Lincoln council No. 7, C. P. of A., to the international meeting of travelling men. They will be at the Waukegan hotel.

Mr. F. Bartholomew, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Garoutte returned Sunday from Sioux City, where they participated in the institution of the largest council of Commercial Pilgrims of America, nine-tenths of whom are active Sioux City commercial travellers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Royce, formerly of this city, have returned to Lincoln. Mr. Royce, who is a most capable newspaper man, gave up his position as Lincoln correspondent for the Omaha Bee some months ago to do special work at the home office of Mr. Rosewater's newspaper. He now returns to his former work.

The following party left Thursday for an outing near Sheridan, Wyoming: Mrs. John R. Clark, Miss Lulu Clark, Miss Bertie Clark, Maud Remick, of California; Miss Sarah Harris, Miss Wing; Messrs D. G. Wing, C. G. Dawes and W. Morton Smith. They will be joined in Wyoming by Miss Catherine Weston and Mr. Bert Weston.

The friends of Mr. Bert Howey will be gratified to learn that he has received an appointment as national bank examiner. Mr. Howey was connected with the State National bank for several years and since its consolidation has been with the American Exchange, and is well and favorably known in this city. He left Thursday to take charge of the First National bank of Canon City, Col.

A lady, whose hair came out with every combing, was induced to give Ayer's Hair Vigor a faithful trial. She did so, and not only was the loss of hair checked, but a new and vigorous growth soon succeeded that which had gone.

Eye and Ear Surgeon.
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A TRUE INCIDENT.

The lesson hour was nearly past
When a asked of my scholars seven,
"Now, tell me each one, please, in turn,
What sort of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers and lovely trees!"
Cried poor little North street Kitty,
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,
Was sure 'twas "a great, big city."

Bessy, it seemed had never thought
Of the home beyond the river,
She simply took each perfect gift
And led the Easter anthem choir.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair
Her voice was clear and ringing
And led the Easter anthem choir,
"In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs,
"Twas a place for "outdoor playing,"
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close—
For "warmth and food" she was praying.

The dosh bell rang. But one child left—
My sober, thoughtful Florry,
"Why, heaven just seems to me a place—
A place where you're never sorry."
W. B. Allen in Sunday School Times.

A BURGLARY.

I once knew two industrious mechanics named Pierre and Baptiste. They dwelt in a ramshackle tenement at Sault aux Belouil, where each had a dozen children to support besides their wives, who, it is grievous to relate, were drones. They were only nominally acquainted with that goodly art commonly associated with charwomen.

Pierre and Baptiste were hard workers. They worked far into the night and occasionally the thin mists of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labors would cease. No one could truthfully say that theirs was not a hard earned pillow. Sometimes they did not toil in vain. It depended largely upon the police.

It was early one November that this horny handed pair planned the burglary of a certain safe located in a wholesale establishment in St. Mark street. On the particular evening that Pierre and Baptiste hit upon for the deed the head bookkeeper had been having a wrangle with his accounts.

"I can't make head or tail of this!" he declared to his employer, the senior member of the firm, "yet I am convinced everything must be right. An error of several hundred dollars has been carried over from each daily footing, but where the error begins or ends I'm blessed if I can find out."

The fact was that the monthly sales had been unusually heavy, and a page of the balance had been mislaid. The head bookkeeper spent upward of an hour in casting up both the entries of himself and his subordinates after the establishment had closed its doors for the day.

Then he went home to supper determined to return and locate the deficit if he didn't get a wink of sleep until morning.

Bookkeepers, it must be borne in mind, have highly sensitive organisms, which are susceptible to the smallest atom reflecting upon their probity or skill. At 8:30 the bookkeeper returned and commenced anew his critical calculations. He worked precisely three hours and a half, at the end of which period he suddenly clasped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed:

"Idiot! Why haven't you looked in the safe for a missing sheet? Ten chances to one they have been improperly numbered!"

He turned over the pages of the balance on his desk, and, sure enough, the usual numerical mark or designation in the upper left hand corner which should follow 11 was missing. Page 12 in all likelihood had slipped into some remote corner of the safe.

The safe was a large one, partially recessed into the wall and containing all the papers, documents and several day receipts in cash and drafts of the firm.

The head bookkeeper in his efforts at unearthing the lost page of the cash balance was obliged to intrude his entire person into the safe. Fearful lest the candle he held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did against the black recesses of the safe, upon entering it he drew the door slightly ajar.

As he stepped in the tail of his coat caught on an angle of the huge riveted lock, the massive gate swung to as if it weighed no more than a pound, and the bookkeeper was a prisoner.

He heard the resonant click—that was all. His candle went out.

The bookkeeper at the outset lost his presence of mind. He fought like a caged animal. He first exerted almost superhuman strength against the four sides of the iron tomb. Then his body collapsed, and not for an instant losing consciousness he found himself sitting in a partially upright position unable to so much as stir a muscle.

It was almost at the same moment, although hours seemed to have passed, that the drum of his ear, now abnormally sensitive, was almost split into fragments. A frightful, monotonous clangor rent the interior of the safe.

The bookkeeper used to observe afterward that a single second's deviation of characteristic thought and he would have gone mad. Stronger minds in a parallel situation would have indeed collapsed. But a weaker man can never confront the inevitable, but clings more stubbornly to hope. They are only weak individuals who in the act of drowning catch at straws.

As the bookkeeper felt himself gradually growing faint for want of air to breathe his revived hope led him to deliberately crash his fist into the woodwork with which the interior of the safe was fitted, in secret fashion, one drawer being built above another. This gave him a few additional cubic feet of air.

As may have been conjectured, the noise which smote the bookkeeper's ear was that of a drill. Although acutely discerned within, the sound was practically smothered on the outside of the vault.

As one end of the drill was a cavity, rapidly growing larger, in one of the steel panels. At its other end was a heavy, warty fist, part of the anatomy of Baptiste, the industrious mechanic.

Baptiste held the drill while his comrade, Pierre, pounded it in.

Soon the two burglars became aware that some sort of animal commotion was going on within the safe. It nearly drove them into convulsions of astonishment. Baptiste was so startled that he dropped the drill.

"It is a ghost," he said.

Baptiste was for throwing up the job uncompromisingly on the spot, but this proposal met with obstacles. His fellow workman, who was of stiffer courage, rejected it with scorn, as savoring too much of the superstitious. Pierre had a large family to support, he argued. He spoke frankly. They could not afford to throw away the opportunities of providence. To his friend and collaborer the burden of his remarks was:

"Lache! Go on! You make me tired with yer ghosts an' tings. Let's not have no beast foolin'—see? Do job is commenced. Allons!"

The upshot of this was that Pierre and Baptiste went back to work. At the third crack of the drill Pierre crossed himself and said:

"Baptiste, dere's a man in dat safe!"

Both men grew pale as death at the very suggestion. Baptiste, for instance, was so frightened he couldn't utter a syllable. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. However, Pierre, as usual, was the first to recover. He applied his ear first to the lock and then to the drill hole.

"Hey, in dere!" he cried, yet not so loud as to be heard on the sidewalk. To this there came a faint response—a very faint shout indeed. It sounded as if it were a mile away:

"For God's sake, give me air! I am locked in here. Try and burst open the safe!"

The two burglars did not stop to talk, but went at once to work as if their own lives depended on the result instead of the life of the mysterious occupant of the vault. In less than four minutes they had a hole somewhat smaller than the business end of a collar button knocked into the panel of the vault.

Then Pierre and Baptiste paused to wipe the sweat from their brows. The man inside breathed.

It was now that the pair began to muse on the denouement. Could this be a member of the firm or an employee? This hypothesis jeopardized the success of the night's adventure unless when they had permitted the prisoner to emerge they bound and gagged him into silence.

On the other hand, this course would have an ugly look. If he resisted, it might mean murder in the end; whereas, if they did not let him out at all, they would stand no chance of profiting by the pecuniary contents of the safe. Besides, as the man could scarcely live thus till morning, they would be responsible for his taking off. Thus reasoned Pierre and Baptiste. These were not comforting reflections, but there was still another and a better in reserve. What if, after all, the man were himself a felon? Might he not be a companion cribcracker? In that case they would merely have to divide the spoils.

"Hey, in dere," cried Pierre, suddenly struck with an idea. "What is de combination hot de safe?"

"Fifteen—three—seventy-three!" came back in sepulchral tones.

It was evidently growing harder and harder to draw breath through the tiny aperture.

Thus it transpired that at the expiration of 15 seconds the lock of the vault gave back the same resonant click it had rendered eight minutes previously. Thanks to the timely advent of Pierre and Baptiste, it opened as lightly, as airily and as decisively as it had closed 480 seconds before on the unhappy accountant.

The head bookkeeper gasped once or twice, but without any assistance stepped out into the free air. He was very pale, and his dress was much rent and disordered when his feet touched the floor. But this pallor quickly made way for a red flush at perceiving the two burglars with the implements of their profession strewed around them.

Meanwhile Pierre and Baptiste themselves stood transfixed by the sheer novelty of the situation.

Without any kind of speech or warning or without making any attempt at bravado, the bookkeeper walked deliberately to his desk and rang an electric call for the police. Simultaneously, it seemed, for so rapid and quiet was the action, he opened a drawer, took out a small revolver and covered both burglars with a fatal precision. As he did so he uttered these remarkable words:

"Gentlemen, I would indeed be the basest of men if I did not feel profoundly grateful for the service you have just rendered me. I shall always regard you as any right minded man should regard those who have saved his life with imminent peril to themselves or, which is just the same, to their liberty. Any demand in reason you make of me I shall make an effort to perform. But my duty to my employers I regard as paramount. I have accumulated a little money, and with it I propose to engage the best counsel in your defense, which is certainly marked by mitigating circumstances. If, on the other hand, you are convicted"—

Here the officers of justice entered, having broken open the door with a crash.—Strand Magazine.

The Action of Fruit on the Teeth.

There is no surer way to destroy the teeth than by the want of brushing or rinsing after eating fruit. In California, where fruit of all kinds is so cheap for 10 months in the year as to be within the reach of almost the poorest, beautiful teeth are rarely found, while it is a very common thing to see even young women with false teeth. Excess in the use of fruit sometimes produces undue acidity of the stomach, which also reacts on the teeth.—Philadelphia Times.

A New Wire For Telephoning.

A new kind of wire for telephone use, having an aluminum bronze core with a copper bronze envelope, is being experimented with in Germany. It is said to have a low resistance and great tensile strength.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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