

### GAVE HER DADDY AWAY.

Little One's Innocent Remark That Left the Deacon Gasping.

Every Sunday some one threw a button into the contribution box of the little church. The annoyed pastor confided to his wife that he suspected the button thrower to be stingy old Deacon G., who had so strongly opposed his "call" to the pastorate, but that he dare not accuse him of it for lack of evidence.

At a church "sociable" that week some one suggested the playing of games. Deacon G. had just partaken of oyster soup at some one else's expense and felt warmed and expansive. "Why not play 'Button, button—who's got the button?' he inquired of waiting children.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed his youngest daughter with enthusiasm. "And you lend us the button, papa!" Then she drew back, timidly. "Unless you want to save it for next Sunday's contribution," she added, considerably.

LIVE AND LEARN.



Farmer Meddergrass—Waal, by clover! I knew them Chinese lived on 'other side o' th' air but hang me if I knew they had a through route!

Sheer white goods. In fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

### Was a Lucky Day for England.

Admiral Nelson was the recipient of favoritism in the matter of his appointment to the British naval service. Nelson's father could not have afforded to send his son to Osborne. But if he had been Nelson would have been rejected as physically unfit," says a writer. "Nelson was shoved into the navy under a bit of jobbery and pushed on by backdoor influence."

### Noted Woman Press Agent.

Mrs. Charles Neave is the latest English woman of birth and education to go into business. She has become a press agent, and it is said by her friends that some of the best singers at Covent Garden, London, are largely indebted to her for their success this season. Mrs. Neave is the daughter of a man of title and the widow of an army officer.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

### Up to Him.

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of \$12 a week, darling?" he asked, after she had said yes. "I'll try, Jack," replied she. "But what will you do?"—Universalist Leader.

### Omaha Directory

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The Best in the West OMAHA, NEB.

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1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.  
Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

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By mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue.  
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You cannot afford to experiment with untried goods sold by commission agents. Catalogues free.

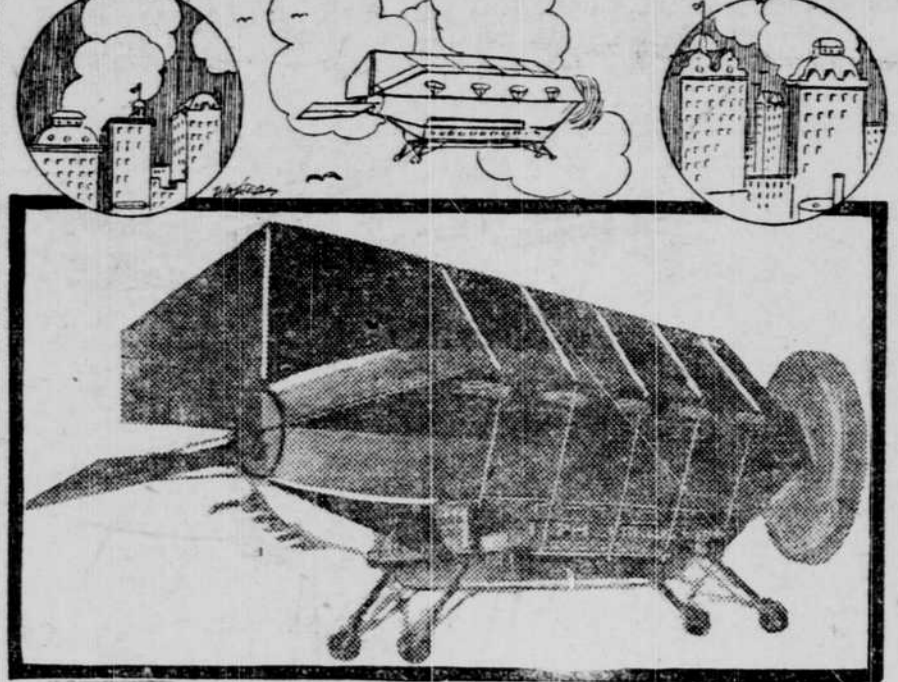
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IN A FEW DAYS



I have a treatment for the cure of Rupture which is safe and is convenient to take, as no time is lost. I am the inventor of this system and the only physician who holds United States Patent trade-mark for a Rupture cure which has restored thousands to health in the past 12 years. All others are imitations. I have nothing formal, as my specialty is the curing of Rupture, and if a person has doubts, just put the money in a bank and say when satisfied. No other doctor will do this. When taking my treatment patients must come to my office. References: C. S. Natt's Basic, Omaha. Write or call, FRANTZ H. WRAY, M. D., 306 Bee Building, OMAHA

## AIR LINE ROUTE BETWEEN ST. LOUIS AND NEW YORK CITY



THE PENNINGTON AIRSHIP

A. Taylor, a banker; John Chisman and Clarence H. Bennett, capitalists of New York; T. R. White, a real estate owner and builder; George Kennedy, a Boston capitalist; Arthur Scofield of New York; Frank Dammron, president of the Bridgeport Realty and Trust Company, of Bridgeport, Ala.; George Howard of Washington, D. C.; J. H. Underwood, a civil engineer of Buenos Aires, and J. Lamair, president of the Lemair Construction Company.

Thurlow Weed Barnes of New York is credited with the getting together of this galaxy of moneyed men who are willing to take a substantial risk in furtherance of commercializing air travel. The plans of the new vessel have been worked out through a number of experimental years by Edward J. Pennington. As much as 15 years ago Pennington attracted a great deal of attention by his airship inventions.

This new airship that Mr. Nixon has undertaken to build is the result of 17 years' study on the part of Mr. Pennington, the inventor. He is generous in acknowledging his indebtedness to Count Zeppelin, whose exploits with his dirigible balloons last year were one of the spectacular developments of aerial navigation in a wonder-working year. Pennington believes, however, that his own idea of discarding silken bags in favor of what he calls a "buoyancy chamber" made of steel will, with his other improvements, render his craft immune from the dangers which are sure to beset the present day dirigible balloons.

"The great advantage of our ship," says Mr. Pennington, "is that we shall never need to bring her to the ground to renew her gas. Pure hydrogen gas as a lifting force will be used in the buoyancy chamber, and this gas, properly confined, will last for years without deteriorating, or need of renewal. That is the real solution of the whole problem, and once our ship is in the air she will float there, out of harm's way, until the wear on her machinery renders her useless."

The plans for this wonderful air liner contemplate a steel vessel 1,000 feet long over all. The cigar-shaped buoyancy chamber will measure 700 feet from tip to tip and eight feet at its greatest diameter. The principle upon which the levitation of the air is operated is that upon which all the later dirigibles, including Count Zeppelin's, are constructed. This is the principle of the annihilation of gravity.

In other words, the ship is given a buoyancy just sufficient to counteract its weight. That is to say, Mr. Pennington's airship, with its buoyancy chamber filled with hydrogen, will, for all its 1,000 feet of steel, weigh almost nothing. A child could lift it with one finger or toss it aloft like a rubber ball. The ship will be equipped with 11 propellers, five on each side and a larger one, as shown in the picture, in front. The side propellers revolve on a horizontal plane when it is desired to raise or lower the craft, acting, in the parlance of aeronautics, as "helicopters."

When, however, the ship has reached a proper altitude and it is desired to drive her ahead, the "helicopters," which work on swivel joints, are adjusted to the vertical plane and propel the ship on her chosen course. Or, similarly, they may be reversed to drive her astern. Two or more or all of these propellers may be used at any time. Eight propellers will drive the ship at an average speed of 30 miles an hour; 11 propellers will send her through the air at a 40 mile clip.

It is not necessary to use all the propellers at the same time when going with the wind, and the big craft can partly "coast" in these circumstances, just as an automobile or railway locomotive does when descending a grade.

The buoyancy chamber, as before stated, is to be constructed of steel, and will have many compartments to insure safety in case of puncture.

## With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

### His Billiken

By Judd Mortimer Lewis.

"I have got to get me a Billiken," said Jinx, as he stooped to kiss his wife good-by before starting for his office last Monday morning.

So far as Jinx' remark went it landed properly, but as Mrs. Jinx at the moment of the aiming of the kiss took a sudden notion to turn and ascertain if it was possible to see herself in the mantel mirror across the hall, the kiss drew a moist line across her earboard cheek, dodged beneath her ear, and exploded innocently in her back hair.

"And what in the world is a Billiken?" queried she, turning in a lightning effort to catch the already unpuckered pucker of Jinx' lips.

"You don't mean to say that you don't know what a Billiken is? A Billiken is a sort of a good luck idol carved out of ivory or cellitoid or soap or something—I never examined one closely—and it perches on your desk and grins perpetually with so contagious a grin that everyone near its perch grins in sympathy. It is an insurance against a fool woman turning her head just as her husband is about to kiss her. If a Billiken had been perched on my desk yesterday when we went to visit our folks in the country I would not have been butted into the hog lot by the goat, chased beneath the barn by the old boar, nor would I have played a hole in the ground for a cotton-tail and drawn a polecat; and you would not have purchased another merry widow last week when you already had a pillbox and a sun-kissed that you had scarcely worn. I certainly need a Billiken if any man ever did! Clemens has one and his mother-in-law is as tame and gentle as a sucking dove; Tips

has one and he always guesses the market right and fills any kind of a poker hand he draws to."

"Gracious! Why don't you buy you a Billiken?"

"If I were to buy one it would spoil the charm. The person who wants a Billiken rents it for 100 years at the rate of one cent a year, payable in

classes flew from his nose and he made a desperate grab for them, slipped on the dewy grass of the lawn and pushed his face viciously into the soft loam of the flower bed. As he marched into the house to remake his toilet Mrs. Jinx was tactful enough to refrain from all remarks.

"I must get a Billiken or take out some accident insurance!" grumbled he when once more on his way. "With a Billiken on my desk this morning would have been an altogether different affair."

As Jinx slipped into his office coat and approached his chair he stopped at the sight of an impish little figure perched by the side of the letter tray.

"Mister Dingbustit, where your wife trades, sent it to you with his compliments Saturday after you went home," explained the office boy.

"And it has been on my desk since Saturday?"

"Yes, sir."

Carefully Jinx lifted the Billiken between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, tipped to the window and dropped it on a momentum gathering flight of 14 stories to the sidewalk below; then turning to retrieve his steps he fell over the wastepaper basket, knocked a hundred-dollar typewriter from its spider-legged desk to the floor.

As the wreckage was being restored to order the elevator boy left his cage long enough to run across the hall and inform Jinx that a concealed assassin had hurled a Billiken at his Jinx', partner as he was about to enter the building, and had hurt him so badly that he would probably be laid up for a week.

Jinx looked at the gazelle-eyed stenographer for a moment, considered the youth and purity of the office boy, clinched and unclenched his hands, and said: "Oh, fudge!"

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### A Medium-Sized Journey

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

Once in Athens, Greece, whence come the hero stories and the men who sell dusty candy on the street corners, lived George F. Socrates, the champion heavy-weight philosopher of Parthenon county. When he came into the grocery of the Militades Bros. and reached into the cracker-box, all the other hands were hastily withdrawn.

One evening when Soc returned home from his daily toil at the store and began to pare his stone-bruises on the front stoop, he said to his wife, Xanthippe:

"Xan!"

"Hush up, you old loafer."

"I've been looking into the future and figuring out how things are going whom they are to select as his successor in office; I see robust constitutions following the flag into cannibal islands, even as red liquor and millinery follow the missionary into darkest Africa and other places on the rural free delivery routes; I see childless women who are proud of it, carrying poodles and Teddy-bears with goggles on in strange vehicles that leave a wake of smell; I see people with enough money to feed the people of a whole state for ten years, struggling and deceiving and crushing others to get more money, though they do not intend to feed more people with it; I see men of literary aspiration telling other folks how to acquire wealth and merit and wisdom, while some of those same writer men are themselves half-fatted, erratic and personally worthless; I

### Some Pumpkins

By Norman H. Crowell.

The drummer placed his hand on his bald spot and caressed it reminiscently.

"Florida and California may be all right for raising vegetables in a hurry, but if you want to see crops get right up and hump themselves go to Kansas. Trains runnin' through Kansas have big signs up in the cars warnin' passengers not to throw anything off the car. Why? Because they've found it ain't safe. Cows on a diner throw off a hunk of bologna one hot day last June and next day the train went through a pack of a hundred and fifty-two mongrel dogs at the identical spot."

"I was traveling through there last July and was standin' on the rear platform with an old fellow from Pawnee Junction, Tennessee. When he thought nobody was looking the old fellow peeled off a big squash seed poultice from his shoulder blade and tossed it overboard. Just then the conductor came out and saw it."

"Hi, there, what was that?" says the conductor.

"Nothing but a squash seed poultice," says the old gen.

"Great Scott!" yells the conductor. "A squash seed poultice! Don't you know that is a penitentiary offence? The law says distinctly that any man, woman or child who throws heaves, casts, hurls or otherwise dumps a squash seed poultice upon, into, under or about the right of way of any railroad in this state stands liable to conviction and sentence to five years in the pen. Did you know that, sir?"

The old gen said he hadn't thought to post up on Kansas law of late and couldn't say positive.

"That's the law, sir," said the con; "but we'll say nothing this time—providing you lay low and sneak out of the state inside of three days."

Well, next day I went back over the same route. They had a snowplow on the engine.

"What's that for? Had a blizzard east?" says I.

"Worse!" says the conductor.

### THE TRACKS ARE UNDER A THREE-FOOT LAYER OF SQUASH.

for a fact! I recollect how my wife's first husband came blame high being killed by a pumpkin one afternoon down there. Seems like he'd got in it's way when it started growin' good and it run him a quarter of a mile. He saw it was goin' to land him so he dodged an 'th infernal thing went right through the side of a new barn and killed th' best heifer on the place! Yes—Kansas is no slouch when it comes to growin' crops lively!"

After a brief wait the drummer arose and went outside where he was heard communing with himself severely.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

### MOST DEADLY BACILLUS

In a meeting of physicians in Berlin a practitioner in that city said that all fear of a cholera epidemic in the German metropolis was groundless, adding: "But we have much to fear from another source. A bacillus has recently been located here which protrudes those whom it attacks, increases with alarming rapidity, enters and works havoc despite cleanliness and rational diet, spreads not only by contact, but is communicated through the mail and by public press. No class is exempt and no physician has devised a remedy. I refer to the fear bacillus. It embitters the lives of those whom it attacks, for it marks as poison the things that are most towsome, it banishes cigars and beer from the homes of men to whom smoke and a drink are essential, and it converts the ordinary kitchen into a laboratory. Even medical students have been at-

tacked, and it is a sad spectacle to see these fellows drinking milk while they sing 'Gaudemus igitur.' In its virulent form there is no disease so difficult to conquer."

Poor Papa!

Rachel, who was four years old, was admiring her baby brother, who was three months old before his father returned from a trip abroad. Looking up at her mother, she said: "Mamma, won't papa be sorry he isn't any relation to this baby?"

### A Cure For Colds and Grip.

There is inconvenience, suffering and danger in a cold, and the wonder is that people will take so few precautions against colds. One or two Little's Peppermint Tablets (be sure of the name) taken when the first sniffly feeling appears, will stop the progress of a cold and save a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Druggists and dealers generally sell these tablets, price 25 cents. If you cannot get them send to Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

### The Present Fashions.

Stella—Isn't it all you can do to dance in your new gown?  
Belle—Yes, but it's too tight to sit down in.

Red, Wenk, Wentry, Watery Eyes  
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

It is said that necessity knows no law, but if she is the mother of invention she should acquaint herself with the patent laws.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn  
Get a 25¢ package of Allen's Foot-Ease. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

Faith is obedience, not confidence.  
—Macdonald.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5¢ cigars are good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Life does not make us, we make life.—Kavanagh.

### SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal-Oil Stomach, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, etc.

Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

### THE LAST BEST WEST

The government of Canada now gives to every actual settler 160 acres of wheat-growing land free and an additional 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. The 300,000 contented American settlers making their homes in Western Canada is the best evidence of the superiority of that country. They are becoming rich, growing from 25 to 50 bushels wheat to the acre; 60 to 110 bushels oats and 45 to 60 bushels barley, besides having splendid herds of cattle raised on the prairie grass. Dairying is an important industry. The crop of 1908 still works Western Canada in the lead. The world will soon look to it as its food-producer.

The thing which most impressed us was the magnitude of the country that is available for agricultural purposes.—National Historical Correspondence, 1908.

Low railway rates, good schools and churches, markets convenient, prices the highest, climate perfect.

Lands are for sale by Railway and Land Companies. Descriptive pamphlets and maps sent free. Railway routes shown on all maps. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the south-west Canadian government agent.

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IF you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms or have children, or friends that do so, my New Discovery will cure them, and all you are asked to do is send for a free Bottle of Dr. W.L. Douglas's Epilepsy Cure.

It has cured thousands where everybody else failed. Sent free with directions. Express Prepaid. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory, under the National Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 19071. Write for free trial bottle to address: DR. W. L. DOUGLAS, 548 Pearl Street, New York City.

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