

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

## IS OLDEST ARMY OFFICER



Brigadier-General Daniel H. Rucker, retired, is not only the oldest officer of the United States army now living, but also the oldest man that has ever been in the military service of this country.

The lapse of time since his birth is most vividly realized when it is considered that General Rucker has lived in every presidential administration since the government began, save only three—those of Washington, Adams and Jefferson. He was born only 13 years after the death of the first president and among his friends and acquaintances have been a good many people who knew George Washington.

But anybody who saw the general to-day would never imagine that these things could be true.

He is quite as spry and youthful in his ways as many a man of 65. In Washington, where he lives, he walks downtown nearly every morning and is often seen on the streetcars. Only the other day he was noticed standing on the running board of an open car, having got up and stepped out to allow some ladies to pass.

General Rucker was 97 years of age on April 28 last. But it does not seem to him that this fact gave any excuse for the remarkable zealotism of a certain life insurance company which, a few weeks ago, sent a man to his house on Jefferson place to make a money settlement for his death. Greatly irritated by this summary notice of his own demise, he walked downtown the next morning and dropped in at the office of the company.

The company was very apologetic. Yes, it was obliged to admit the general had the appearance of being alive. His presence in the office was evidence in favor of such a supposition. But in a technical sense he was dead. From a life insurance viewpoint he had passed over to the beyond. There had been nothing to do, therefore, but to pay up the policy—though the company was sorry if the general had been inconvenienced in the matter.

The general felt very greatly inconvenienced—in fact, he went away in a rage. The money which the company declared to be due he refused to accept. He is still so angry about the matter that his friends do not dare to mention it to him even in joke.

## GOES TO THE SUPREME COURT



President Taft has selected Judge Horace Harmon Lurton to fill the vacancy in the United States supreme court caused by the death of Associate Justice Rufus W. Peckham.

Judge Lurton has been a judge of the sixth judicial circuit of the United States circuit court of appeals, the district including Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan.

Judge Lurton, a prominent Tennessee Democrat, even though he has never held elective office, is an ex-commodore and in Michigan is known as the man who once decided a street car case against the late Governor Pingree.

Mr. Taft's service on the circuit bench with Judge Lurton convinced him of the integrity and rectitude of that jurist. His later contact with him has demonstrated to his satisfaction that Tennessee is progressive in thought and will interpret the laws in accordance with the modern spirit.

The judge was born in Campbell county, Ky., February 26, 1844, his father, at that time a physician, later becoming an Episcopalian minister.

His education at the University of Chicago cut short by the civil war, young Lurton hurried south and enlisted as sergeant-major in the Thirty-fifth Tennessee. In February, 1862, he was discharged for sickness. He returned to the front, however, in time to take part in the battle of Fort Donelson, where he was taken prisoner and confined in Camp Chase. He managed to escape and enlisted in the Third Kentucky cavalry and was taken prisoner again in Ohio while on "Morgan's raid." This time he was so carefully guarded that he did not escape until the war was over.

After the war he formed a partnership with Gustavus A. Henry and came rapidly to the front as a lawyer. In 1886 he was made justice of the Tennessee supreme court, in 1893 chief justice, and two months later was appointed to the United States court by the late ex-President Cleveland.

## CANADA FOR INDEPENDENCE



Some optimistic persons in Canada believe the day is not far distant when the Dominion will become a republic independent of England. In such an event, they believe, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would become the head of the new nation.

When the imperial council of defense sent out from London recommendations that included the construction, manning and operation of a Canadian navy protests arose from all parts of the Dominion. The actual government measure presented by Sir Wilfrid to the house of commons has caused another outburst, which indicates clearly that many Canadians look forward to ultimate independence.

The defense council suggested that Canada build one Dreadnaught, three cruisers, six destroyers and three submarines, beginning with the dreadnaught. The Laurier bill calls for three cruisers and four destroyers, which will cost \$8,000,000 to build and \$1,500,000 a year to maintain.

Sir Wilfrid stated on the floor of the house that the Canadian fleet would not be under orders from London and would not even participate in naval warfare as a British ally, unless specifically ordered to do so by the Canadian parliament.

"If we have no voice in making peace or war," says the Montreal Herald, "how can we with safety abandon the right to follow what course we please? Unquestionably, being who we are, our fleet will almost under any conceivable circumstances co-operate with the British navy when war ensues. But the power of violation in a matter of such moment must be retained."

The Ottawa Citizen states its case thus: "Should the day come when the country that was the cradle of liberty proves recreant to its traditions, then Canada will disown that country and change its flag instantly."

## HE'LL BE THE CAFE KING



Henri Pruger, for the last seven years general manager of the Hotel Savoy, London, has been engaged as general manager of the new Cafe de l'Opera in New York City at a salary of \$50,000. This, it is believed, is the largest salary paid to any restaurant manager in the world. Mr. Pruger is president of the company that will operate the restaurant, which has just been opened. It occupies an entire building on the west side of Broadway, between Forty-second and Forty-first streets.

In London Mr. Pruger has become known to thousands of Americans. Before going to the Savoy he conducted the Grand Hotel Nationale, Leizone, and a chain of hotels in southern Europe, including the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo and the Grand Hotel at Rome.

"I realize keenly," said Mr. Pruger, "that my work in New York will be enough to keep any man thoroughly alive. American hotels and restaurants are in many respects the finest in the world. There are hotels and restaurants in this city which have no superiors anywhere. In the new Cafe de l'Opera it is our desire to add still another brilliant establishment to the list of those of which New York is so proud. Two of the best chefs in Europe have been brought to New York to see that the culinary part of the restaurant begins operations as it should.

"In furnishings and decorations we have a restaurant unique. I feel that my wife's work lies in New York, and although I was sorry to leave my old friends in London I welcome the opportunity of working in America in a restaurant so beautiful as the Cafe de l'Opera."

### New Points of View.

He—My dear, the authorities are down on this rat business, and I intend to rid the house of all that are in it.

She—I am very glad to hear you say so. I need new ones badly.

### Natural Deduction.

Nagsby—Griggs told me to-day that his wife had never spoken a cross word to him during their ten years of married life.

Mrs. Nagsby—Poor woman! Has she been a deaf mute all her life?

### Not Her Heart.

"Does your heart ever reach out for the unattainable?"

"No, but my hands do when my husband is not at home; there are three buttons in the back of my gowns that I just cannot reach."

### Its Kind.

"What will be the fruit of the discovery of the north pole?"

"I guess its fruit will be bananas."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, aren't its discoverers coming along in bunches?"

# CHRISTMAS A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

**C**H RISTMAS a hundred years from now will be the same old Christmas, no doubt, but it will be celebrated under such vastly different conditions that if you should go to sleep now and wake up a century later you would think you were in a different world.

The Christmas spirit will be the same. But whether it is a hundred years from now or a thousand we may be sure that when the Christmas season comes the world will be full of the Christmas spirit. Little children and grown men and women still will be made happy by giving and receiving, grudges and grouches will be forgotten, enemies forgiven and good will prevail. Nothing can kill that. The golden motto: "Peace on earth, good will

to men," will be just as sacred and as new to the hearts of men as it was nineteen hundred years ago. Everybody will give everybody else a present—but the presents will be different.

Little Johnny will not covet a railroad train. Real cars on a real track, pulled by a real locomotive that makes smoke will not seem a wonderful thing to him, as it does to the little Johnny of to-day.

The lad of the next century will want a model of the latest airship in his Christmas stocking. He will expect a working model, too—one that will sail through the flat like a live bird, and perhaps carry his own weight.

Within the last hundred years steam and electricity have been developed and it is entirely reasonable to imagine that within the coming century men will travel through the air as commonly as they now travel over the land. The automobile, the trolley car, the railroad train, and the horse as a draft animal—all will be gone. Men will use the earth, as the birds do, for a resting place for their homes and the principal source of food supply; but when they want to move from one place to another, they will mount into the ether, even as the birds do, and fly swiftly and safely to their destination.

It is probable that there will not be a wheeled vehicle of any kind on the streets of a great city on Christmas day, in the year 2009. Our tunnel system will have developed until the vast subterranean network of bores, chutes and pneumatic tubes will carry on the heavy traffic of the city without noise or confusion. The streets will be given up to pedestrians—to those who walk for pleasure or wish to travel short distances. The sidewalk as it is now will be no more, but the entire width of the street will be given up to foot passengers. There will be neither car tracks nor moving vehicles to annoy.

The suburbanite who does not fly to work in 2009 will be shot through a pneumatic tube, traveling the five, ten, or fifty miles of distance in a space of time that may be only a few seconds, and certainly cannot be more than a few minutes. It may be that few people will walk anywhere in the year 2009. When man learns to fly he will scorn walking as too slow a means of progress. Perhaps our great-grandchildren, who no doubt will live in immense apartment buildings towering a half mile from the ground, may go for weeks at a time without setting foot to the earth.

With the passing of the Christmas sleigh there will be no longer any need for reindeers for Santa Claus. He, too, will travel by airship, and while the old Santa Claus will be a myth, the new Santa Claus will be as real as the bewhiskered and bearded boys who now entertain the children in the department stores.

It is not hard to imagine that the big stores will develop the Santa Claus idea to the point that Christmas purchases will be delivered on Christmas eve by an airship driver made up to imper-

sonate Santa Claus. A hundred years from now, if you want to avoid the rush and do your Christmas shopping in your own apartments, the scientists probably will have provided for you a combination of telescope and moving picture machine by means of which you can connect your room with the toy department and see the display by wire—or perhaps by wireless—and at the same time you get prices and leave your order with the clerk by telephone.

But perhaps the woman of 2009 will enjoy the mad rush of the shops as much as she does to-day during the holiday season, and then she will go to the big store and order her toys and presents. The store could deliver them through the pneumatic tube tubes which will go to all parts of the city, but it will be more poetic to have them delivered by Santa Claus.

Christmas eve a score or a hundred Santa Clauses will set out from the various shops with their airships laden with Christmas gifts to be delivered at the various addresses. It will no longer be necessary to "deliver all goods in the rear" of the big apartment building, but whether you live on the twentieth or two hundred and twentieth story of the big house you will have your own private airship landing, and while the family is gathered at the door to receive Santa Claus the airship will settle on the landing and the cheerful "Merry Christmas" of the aeronaut will greet you as he hands in the packages.

The Christmas tree of a hundred years from now will be an electrical marvel. Festoons and wreaths of rainbow colored lights and "chasers" will scintillate from its green branches. But the presents that hang on it will be even more wonderful.

There will be dolls as large as the little girls who will receive them. There will be dolls that can walk and with the improved phonographic arrangements of another century there will be dolls that can talk and others that can sing beautiful songs. Some of them, no doubt, will be able to dance gracefully and to do tricks that would seem miraculous if performed by an automaton to-day.

The mechanical toys of 2009 will be marvels of perfection. The most imaginative man cannot possibly conceive of the new things that will be invented in the way of machinery, but it is safe to assume that the wireless transmission of power will be perfected. Wheels will spin without any visible motive power. Power may be taken from the sun's rays or wireless power stations may be operated by the waves, the waterfalls, or even the winds. Before the coal supply is exhausted the need for coal, either for warmth or power, will have passed away.

And whatever triumphs men make in the industrial world they impart to their games and

recreation. So it is certain that the Teddy bear and the toy dog of the coming century will be mechanical marvels. The "Rover" dog that the little boy gets will be life size. He will prance about on his four furry legs and lie down and roll over at the bidding of his master.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of all in our Christmas in 2009 will be the changed methods in our daily life. The housekeeping arrangements of that time would seem incomprehensible to the woman of to-day if she could picture them in her mind. The lack of com-

forts and the inconvenience of life in a cottage, it is possible, will drive most of the city dwellers into the apartment buildings, which will grow bigger and taller as the years pass until they will be literally "skyscrapers" within a century.

In one of these big buildings, while the machinery will be out of sight, domestic affairs will be so mechanical, even automatic, that you can get almost anything the family needs simply by turning on a switch or pressing a button.

The flat dweller of that distant day will not be bothered with servants and the servant problem. By pressing a button the Christmas dinner will come up noiselessly from the kitchen on the mechanical waiter or perhaps in a pneumatic tube.

After your Christmas dinner is over the dishes will disappear as silently and swiftly as you could wish. Some sort of mechanical dish washer in the kitchen will take care of them—or, what is more likely, they will be made of a cheap composition and will be destroyed by burning after they are used once. The antiseptic precautions of the modern surgeon will be common to the kitchens of the next century and hygiene will be a real science.

When you have eaten your Christmas dinner, if you want to go out for the evening you can press a button and an aerocab will come to the landing at your door. Or, if you prefer it, you may drop down the pneumatic elevator to some point 50 or 100 feet below the surface of the earth and be whirled through the pneumatic subway at a dizzy rate of speed to your destination. Only the speed will not make you dizzy. You will not be able to feel it. You may sit in your cushioned car, well lighted and warmed and ventilated by some process yet to be discovered, and before you realize it the miles will speed away and you step out to the opera or the play.

If you prefer to remain at your apartments the telescope attached to your telephone may be connected to any theater you desire, and you can sit in your easy chair and smoke while you see the play projected on the wall like the most perfect moving picture. All the stage settings will be there to make the play seem real, and the improved telephone will bring every shade and subtle inflection of the actor's voice to your ear.

It seems certain that this telescope arrangement—the exact word to describe it will be coined after the process is discovered—will be one of the triumphs of the coming century. It will enable you to see the person you are talking to over a telephone.

The flight of the coming airship probably will be so rapid that the business man and even the salaried worker, if he loves the country, can have a villa or a cottage at a great distance from the city and go to work in his own airship at slight cost.

On Christmas day in the good century to come this flight in the air will be the means of many family reunions that are impossible now. A few hours will take one to the most distant part of the country, and the practical cessation of business during the holiday week will leave all free to foregather with the loved ones and pay deferred visits.

es, aches and sprains. One dollar the bottle. Good for man and beast."

Aunt Chloe looked at the dollar bottle and then dubiously at her flat purse. "Ain't yo' got some fob six cents?" she ventured. "Some fob six on'y beasts. Ah want it fob me' man."—Lippincott's.

Real Assistance. The only sound and healthy description of assisting is that which teaches independence and self-exertion.—Gladstone.

Plenty Good Enough. Aunt Chloe was burdened with the support of a worthless husband, who beat her when he was sober, and whom she dutifully nursed and tended when he came home bruised and battered from a fighting spree.

One Monday morning she appeared at the drug store and asked the clerk for "a right pow'ful liniment fob achin' in de bones."

"You might try some of this St. Peter's Prescription, aunty; it's an old and popular remedy, cures cuts, bruises,

## Utilizing His Spare Moments

Congenial Occupation for Hubby Just Before the Opera.

Hubband (who is going to the opera with his wife)—There! I took time by the forelock, to-night. Here I am, an hour beforehand, with my evening clothes all on and everything ready. Now I'll go down stairs and have a quiet smoke while you get ready.

Wife—Oh! darling, can you ever forgive me?

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, the cook tells me the furnace fire went out this afternoon, as the furnace man failed to come. The baby has a cold, you know. Would you mind going down in the cellar and making it over? You've just got time, love."

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## Nebraska Directory

### A Lady Says of UNCLE SAM Breakfast Food

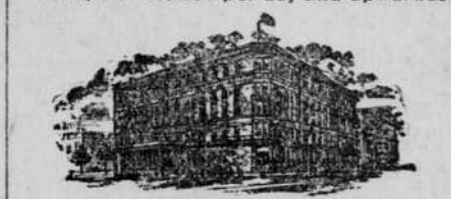
AS A CURE FOR CONSTIPATION

"Your food is a splendid thing and does all it claims to do . . . and am anxious to have it right along.

Mrs. D. H. BOWER.

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## Stated in Cold Figures.

It costs on an average about \$250 to cure an incipient consumptive or to care for an advanced case of tuberculosis until death. If he is left in destitute circumstances without proper attention he will surely infect with his disease at least two other persons, and possibly more. Considering that the average life is worth to society in dollars and cents about \$1,500, the net loss which would accrue to a community by not treating its poor consumptives in proper institutions would be, for each case, including those who are unnecessarily infected, at the very lowest figure, \$4,250. On this basis, if the poor consumptives in the United States who are now sick were segregated in institutions until they died, or else cured of their disease, the saving to the country would be the enormous sum of \$1,275,000,000.

The idea! The wife of a western man of extremely humble origin, whose fortune had been accumulated within the last few years, recently confided to a friend her intention to enlist the services of a new family physician.

The friend expressed surprise in view of the fact that the physician then attending the family was generally reputed to be the best in the city.

"Oh, I know all that!" exclaimed the first mentioned woman. "But the idea of his prescribing flaxseed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are!"

Taking the Tip. "Why did Dolly say his hotel?" "He wasn't making money fast enough."

"What is he doing now?" "He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."

Method in Their Madness. "Why do so many otherwise clever women write silly letters to men?" "They're probably making a collection of the answers they get."

HABIT'S CHAIN Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic, suffering terribly at times with my stomach."

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health, indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard."

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast, although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing for coffee."

"I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble me so when I drank coffee."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.