

GOVERNOR SWORN IN

NEW CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF NEBRASKA TAKES OFFICE.

THE OUTGOING AND INCOMING

Recommendations of Old and New Governors Read Before Two Houses in Joint Convention.

In the presence of members of both branches of the legislature and a crowd which packed the house gallery and lobby, Governor John H. Morehead and the minor executive officers of the state for the next two years were sworn into office on the 9th. As has been customary in the state the ceremony was simple and informal.

Retiring Governor Aldrich and the new executive read their recommendations to the legislature, the oath was administered to the incoming officers and the joint session adjourned as the crowd dispersed.

The inauguration took place in representative hall. Shortly after 2 o'clock members of the senate arrived and took seats reserved for them. The joint session was called to order by Speaker Kelley and Lieutenant Governor McKelvie presiding. Committees were appointed to notify the retiring and incoming governors that the legislature was ready to receive them. Each was given generous applause as he appeared with his committee escort.

The messages of both governors were longer than usual, covering a wide range of proposed legislation and going into considerable detail as to some of it.

The oath was administered to the new set of state officers by Chief Justice Manoah B. Reese. Following are the men inducted into office.

John H. Morehead, governor.
S. R. McBride, lieutenant governor.
Addison Wait, secretary of state.
William B. Howard, state auditor.
Walter A. George, treasurer.
James E. Delzell, state superintendent.
H. G. Taylor, railway commissioner.
Governor Morehead, in his inaugural address, differs materially in his stand on a number of matters of great interest to the state from that of Governor Chester Aldrich. Among these are the board of control, development of water power and university removal.

Governor Aldrich comes out strongly against public ownership of water power development, urges caution in the enactment of laws so that they will not be so drastic as to frighten away capital, and thinks it might come under the same system of regulation as the railroads.

Governor Morehead recommends an appropriation for the investigation of the water power resources, before any legislation is enacted, and asserts that the rights to the same should be reserved to the people, and relinquished only under proper leases from the state, whereby the rates and uses of the same are fully controlled.

Governor Aldrich goes so far in his board of control recommendations as to advocate that any member or officer of the board or institution under its control, who either directly or indirectly tries to influence another member or appointee, or attempts to get him to adopt his political views, or to favor any particular candidate for office, should be removed from office.

Governor Morehead says he will endeavor to name honest, intelligent men to this board, and hopes that by buying supplies for the state through the purchasing agent, and adopting better business methods, they can bring a much more efficient and economical administration.

BRIEFS FROM THE GOVERNOR.

Some of the Things in His Message to Legislature.

Opposes the removal of the state university from the present campus.
Opposes the building of a new capitol at this time.
Favors the construction of a building to house the state library, the supreme court and the State Historical society, if the historical society will cede its land to the state.
Supreme court should be divided into sections.
Favors a liberal financial policy toward educational institutions.
Favors a blue sky law such as is in force in Kansas.
Opposed to any appropriation for an exhibit at the San Francisco exposition.
State normal schools should be placed under the board of regents or the board of control.
Independent voting should be encouraged and the party circle abolished.
Governor should be limited to single terms.
Declares against "log-rolling."
Appropriation bills should be made a special order early in the session.
Board of control members must give whole time to state.
Unnecessary employees at state institutions should be dropped.
Would purchase a Sarpy county farm for Mrs. Roy Blunt during her life.
Recommends a state reformatory for short-term prisoners.
Opposes contract prison labor.
Would make illicit traffic in drugs at penal institutions a felony.
Water power rights should be reserved to the people and let out on lease.
Recommends an agricultural course at the Kearney Industrial school.
Favors intensive farming and recommends county agricultural experts.

Three Fascinating Frocks Designed for the Really Smart Dresser



1. The new tunic in blue Liberty satin with panels of brocade, skirt edged with black fox. 2. A harmony in black velvet and white tulle, edged here and there with white fox. 3. A graceful frock in biscuit cloth with collar, sleeve revers and sash in ermine. A small red tie supplies the inevitable bright touch.

JEWEL CASE AND PINCUSHION

Double Convenience for the Woman Who is Required to Do Considerable Travelling.

One of the most convenient little accessories to the toilet for the woman who travels about a great deal is a small jewel case and pincushion combined. It is made of a piece of fancy ribbon or plain satin twelve inches long and six inches wide. The material is sewed together lengthwise, then divided into three parts, four inches in each, either by stitching it on the machine or with very close cross-stitch or featherstitching.

Do this stitching four inches from one side first, then fill the center with wool to form the cushion in which to stick the pins, then stitch it across four inches from the other end.

There you have a solid center with hollow end, and these ends are turned in to form a hem one inch wide. In these a small casing is run, with narrow ribbon placed through that so as to pull it up like a little bag on each end.

This makes a flat cushion in the center, having baglike ends in which the jewelry is kept, brooches, bracelets, rings, chains and the watch, when it is not in use. The cushion can be decorated with some pretty design done in cross-stitch or an embroidered initial or a small spray of flowers.

Such a case can be made of any material you may choose. Brocade satin is always pretty; plain satin covered with lace or coarse linen that can be laundered will be found a satisfactory substitute for other more expensive fabrics.

One side of the cushion may be used for jewelry and the other for sewing materials—cotton, scissors, needles, etc.—or for a soft ball of darning cotton, that is always handy to have when traveling.

This combination cushion and case will make a splendid gift for the young girl who is attending boarding school or for one away from home.

FEATHER-TRIMMED CHAPEAU.



This hat is composed of violet velvet, the brim being deeper over the back of the neck, and is trimmed with a plume of ostrich feathers drooping over the left side.

Art in Making Bows.

A woman who craves a bow well possesses an inborn talent not to be easily acquired. Bow makers in some dress centers have a calling of their own. We want bows for sashes, millinery, and so many purposes. The new Japanese sash bow has four short loops and two ends of uneven length. For lingerie there is the shower rosette of narrow ribbon with knotted ends, and the pin wheel with six short loops all the same length and two ends knotted into a circle. The pin wheel rosette is figure in children's millinery, especially in gauze ribbon. Very pretty for ball or evening head-dress is a twisted band of gold and silver ribbon with roses and buds made of satin ribbon. Ribbon flowers are greatly worn, so are all kinds of daisy centers and large roses are easily constructed of soft satin.

Tomatoes and Mushrooms.

Cut some large tomatoes into halves, scoop out some of the pulp, mix it with 10 or 12 chopped button mushrooms, two ounces of bread crumbs, pepper and salt to taste and an ounce of butter. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, bake in a moderate oven.

LOYAL FRIEND BOB

Scheme to Separate Lovers Defeated by a Wild Flight in an Airship.

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

A young man, well dressed and clever faced, coming rapidly down the principal street of Fairview, suddenly paused and stared ahead in a startled way. He had apparently observed someone he did not wish to meet, and he turned down a side lane at a brisk, excited walk.

"It's the constable, sure enough," he said under his breath, "and I feel pretty sure he must be looking for me." The speaker glanced apprehensively back the way he had come, and then broke into a run.

It was a singular position, that in which Cecil Morse found himself. Briefly stated, he was bent upon running away to get married. Others, including his legal guardian, Lawyer Grabbe, and his old maid daughter, Portia, and their hired emissary, the town constable, were set on nipping the golden progress of love's young dream in the bud.

Cecil was heir to a liberal fortune. He lived with the Grabbe family. The lawyer was intent on keeping a hold on his ward and his fortune as long as he could. Incidentally he plotted to enmesh the young man in the snares of the somewhat faded beauty of the classic Portia.

Now, Cecil had loved and won Claire Wyndham, who lived over in the next county. Her father was a tyrannical old fellow who had heard of the mutual attachment, thundered out that the lovers were too young to think of wedding bells, and had set his foot down—hard.

The result was a plot on the part of the lovers. The Wyndhams were following to take Claire to Europe the following week. In the meantime she had gained permission to visit a schoolgirl chum at Brookville. There Cecil had been the day previous. There, too, all the arrangements had been made for an elopement the next



Sent His Machine Through Some Hair-Raising Gyration.

evening. Just now, Cecil had gone to a garage to secure the automobile he had engaged for the trip.

The auto man was his friend. He told Cecil that the constable had been there looking for him. The lawyer had got wind of Cecil's plan to leave town, and was bound to circumvent it.

"I'm your friend, Cecil," said the garage keeper, "so I warn you. They have the west turnpike guarded. The constable is looking for you with a warrant."

"But I have committed no crime!" exploded the indignant young man.

"No, but the lawyer has secured the warrant on some flimsy charge. The judge is his friend. They will lock you up without bail for a week, and by that time—"

"Claire will be on her way to Europe—never!" declared Cecil to himself, and left the garage—to take flight at his first sight of the constable, who was now in actual pursuit of him.

Cecil was a crack sprinter. His one thought was to get out of town. He would trust to luck for guidance, once clear of his pursuer. Turning into an open stretch he discovered half a mile away a high board fence.

"The very thing!" he cried exulting. "If my friend Bob Archer, is only on hand."

There had been an aeroplane meet at Fairview for several days. Inside the enclosure was Archer, who was an airship enthusiast. He and Cecil had become fast friends. The runner shot a rapid glance behind him. Less than a quarter of a mile away the constable was hot on his trail.

Cecil followed the roundings fence until he came to a narrow open doorway. It was a private entrance to the grounds. The guard sat on a stool midway in the aperture, his back towards him. Cecil could not afford to lose time in an endeavor to persuade this sentinelle to allow him ingress. He simply ran up against the man, tipped him flat off the stool, and sped on, followed by the execrations of his astounded victim.

"There is the flyer," cheered Cecil, promptly making for a hangar beyond which a three-passenger biplane was getting ready for a flight. He recognized the machine belonging to Bob, and its owner near by. All out of breath, Cecil ran up to his friend.

"Bob!" he panted. "I'm in trouble! Got to get away from Fairview!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Archer. "Where to, may I ask?"

"Brookville, and quick." The constable is after me. Bob, it's about what I hinted to you—the girl I love. They are trying to separate us."

"Jump in—the left seat back of the pilot pot," directed the young airman. "Strap yourself in. Give her a run, boys," he directed to his assistants.

Chug—chug!—the aerial beauty sped over the grass for thirty feet. Bob shot on the power.

"Hold on, there! Stop that machine! In the name of the law!"

"The mischief!" gasped Cecil. "They were leaving the ground, but

not alone. Through his official authority to enter the grounds the constable had fairly overtaken his prey. He had jumped at the machine and skimmed one of the wings. To prevent damage and save him from a fall, Bob was forced to grab the bulky official and drag him into the vacant seat.

"Stop this machine!" flared the constable. "I've got a warrant."

"Can't stop—got to finish this curve first. Here, Cecil, strap him in if he doesn't want a tip!"

"Ugh! ah!" spluttered the official turning pale as the biplane shot skywards like an arrow.

"Slip on that helmet," continued Bob, with a wink at Cecil. "Now then, the buffers, and the non-conscious head piece."

"See here—I don't—I won't!" puffed out the constable, as, securely strapped in his seat, the steel and leather head pieces were forced upon him till he was well nigh suffocated and looked like a diver.

"Murder! let me out!" suddenly yelled the involuntary passenger, but he squirmed in vain. He had forgotten all official dignity by this time. Half frightened to death, as the mischievous Bob sent the flyer on a circling sweep that fairly took the breath away, his uncomfatable victim nearly fainted.

"Oh, let me out—let me out!" pleaded the shivering official.

Bob did not exactly engage in any "shoot-the-chutes" maneuvers, but he did send his machine through some decidedly hair-raising gyrations. Meantime, Cecil enjoyed it all. He trusted to Bob, and this loyal friend and expert aviator certainly took him through.

Once, in the spectacular flight, he leaned towards Cecil and received detailed instructions. There he volunteered, made a circuit, and the flyer landed in an open field near Brookville, easy and graceful as a bird sinking to its nest.

Cecil quickly removed his safety belt and sprang to the ground.

"Hold on, there!" shouted the constable. "I've got a warrant for that young man."

"No good in this district, officer," smiled Bob. "We've landed just over the county line."

Cecil Morse disappeared. He was to reappear at the Wyndham home two days later. The happy wedded pair had sent a honeymoon wire to Papa Wyndham, pathetically telling him how sorry, but still how happy they were. The reply telegram had conveyed to them the time-honored sentiment: "Come home, and all will be forgiven!"

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AS TO TRAIN FLIRTATIONS

Drummer Gave Fatherly Advice to a Talkative Young Woman, and Was Rewarded.

"Fifteen years on the road and not a flirtation yet, is my record," said the needle and thread drummer. "The only time a beauty ever spoke to me on the train was down in West Virginia on the way to Wheeling."

"Do you know what time we get there?" she inquired.

"Six-thirty," I told her.

"You know," she continued, "I was never on a train before. It seems so strange to me!"

"To make a long story short, she was the kind you read about in books, but seldom meet in real life—the real innocent flower. When we got to Wheeling I put her on the car for Pittsburgh, her destination, and gave her some fatherly advice about speaking to strangers."

"About three months later I was unpacking the sample trunk after the long trip when the stock boy said there was some one down stairs to see me. There stood the girl and her father, who was a judge down in his own state.

"I wish to thank you, sir, for your kindness to my daughter while traveling," he said warmly.

"I assured him it was nothing unusual, but he thought otherwise and insisted on my taking dinner with him that evening."

"And since then you have wondered who she was?" put in the button man.

"No," said the needle and thread drummer. "She's my wife now."

SPIRIT IN TUBERCULOSIS WAR

Nineteen Million Dollars Expended Last Year in Fight Against the Dread White Plague.

Nearly \$19,000,000 was spent in the anti-tuberculosis campaign in the United States during the year 1912, according to the fourth annual statistical statement of expenditures in this movement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The expenditures during the year for sanatorium and hospital construction and treatment make the largest single item in the total, amounting to nearly \$16,800,000. This is an increase of nearly \$5,000,000 over the same group of expenditures for the year 1911. The anti-tuberculosis associations and committees spent over \$765,000, while dispensaries and tuberculosis clinics spent over \$500,000. Over \$415,000 was spent for the maintenance and establishment of open-air school and fresh air classes, which is more than double the amount spent for this purpose in 1911. Official, state and municipal expenditures outside of the maintenance of institutions, which are included in the other totals, amounted to \$280,000. In addition to these figures, about \$500,000 was spent by hospitals for insane and penal institutions in caring for their tuberculosis inmates.

Army Officer Musn't Umpire.

It is found in the army that it will not do to let officers act as umpires in ball games and orders have been issued to forbid it. It seems that the players take advantage of the great American baseball player's right to abuse the umpire, and it is found that it destroys the army discipline, when the umpire is an officer, to have privates call him such names as "mutt," "bone-head," etc.

Short of Breath.

Patience—What sort of a dog is that?
Patience—A knickerbocker poodle?
Patience—Yes, don't you notice his short pants?

Following Orders.

Doctor (to Mr. J., whose husband is very ill)—Has he had any lucid intervals?
Mrs. J.—E's had notthink except what you ordered, doctor.—Lippincott's.

The Infant Terrible.

"Mr. Lilsbeau, is it true that you haven't got sense enough to come in out of the rain?"
"Yes, Miss Kitty, you must always believe what papa tells you."

A bird in the hand fails to catch the early worm.

And a baby would rather go to sleep than listen to a lullaby.

DREADED TO EAT.

A Quaker Couple's Experience.

How many persons dread to eat their meals, although actually hungry nearly all the time!

Nature never intended this should be so, for we are satisfied with Postum that should guide us as to what the system needs at any time and can digest.

But we get in a hurry, swallow our food very much as we shovel coal into the furnace, and our sense of appetite becomes unnatural and perverted. Then we eat the wrong kind of food or eat too much, and there you are—indigestion and its accompanying miseries.

A Phila. lady said:
"My husband and I have been sick and nervous for 15 or 20 years from drinking coffee—feverish, indigestion, totally unfit, a good part of the time, for work or pleasure. We actually dreaded to eat our meals. (Tea is just as injurious, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"We tried doctors and patent medicines that counted up into hundreds of dollars, with little if any benefit."

"Accidentally, a small package of Postum came into my hands. I made some according to directions, with surprising results. We both liked it and have not used any coffee since."

"The dull feeling after meals has left us and we feel better every way. We are now well satisfied with Postum that we recommend it to our friends who have been made sick and nervous and miserable by coffee." Name given upon request. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50-cup tin \$3.00, 100-cup tin \$6.00.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Adv.

A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headaches, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, droopy or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

A Montana Case

Mrs. E. S. Andrews, 351 Eighth Avenue, Great Falls, Mont. writes: "My hands and feet were so swollen I couldn't stand. I was in agony with the pain. My doctor said my kidneys were just hanging on me, and I had given up. I bought Doan's Kidney Pills and used them completely, and over a year has elapsed without the slightest return of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

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