

THE COURIER

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Father Claims His Child

A pretty little six-year-old girl sat tearfully in her grandmother's lap in Judge Frost's courtroom the other day. Near by sat her father. On opposite sides of the long table were the two attorneys and about the room were scattered a number of interested spectators.

The object of it all was to find out which was entitled to the possession, care and custody of the little one. The father, George Weeks, a railroad man of Chicago, told the court that he was able, willing and anxious to have the child; that there awaited her in the city by the lake a comfortable home and a kind stepmother. The grandmother was loth to give up the child. She said it had been given her by her dying daughter, its mother, and she had promised to care for it as long as she lived.

It was a difficult problem, but the court finally concluded that it was for the best interests of the little one that she be given to her father. The grandmother, however, was given the right to keep the child a few weeks and to visit it at reasonable hours when she desired.

Tonight she leaves, with her grandmother for her Chicago home. As the portrait shows, the little girl is of uncommon prettiness. Her winsome ways, while her grandmother resided at the Grand hotel last winter, won for her the affection of W. H. Reed, a wealthy and childless widower of this city, who, it was said, was desirous of adopting her. This her relatives would not consent to do, but out of compliment to him and partly because the grandmother desired to keep her whereabouts from the father, the child was known at the Bryant kindergarten, where she was a pupil, as Gladys Reed.

It was only after a chase extending over thousands of miles that the father finally secured possession of his child, and then only through recourse to the writ of habeas corpus. Through Illida, he pursued the fleeing grandmother, da, he pursued the fleeing grandmother. Then he lost the trail, only to pick it up, months later, in Lincoln.

A Woman's Excuse

When a woman takes a drink of whisky it takes her from fifteen to twenty minutes to explain why she took it. It was because she felt cold and wanted to warm up, or she felt sick and thought it might make her feel better, or she was tired and nervous, and took it to "quiet her nerves," etc. She always closes her remarks by saying that she hates the "vile stuff."—Atchison Globe.

- STORIES -

Story of a Will

"When I was a young lawyer," said the judge, "there was a stationery store a few doors from the courthouse, kept by an ambitious chap by the name of Bragg. Bragg used to say that since he had that name he might as well live up to it. He was a wideawake, hustling fellow and a great believer in advertising. Bragg did a big business with lawyers and he took a great pride in keeping the legal part of his stock complete and up-to-date. If he heard of some legal blank that he didn't have in stock, he'd send for a supply even though he didn't get a call for it once in three years.

"It got to be a sort of joke with the lawyers, and they made a point of going in and asking for extraordinary legal blank that wouldn't be used in the state once in a lifetime. Bragg took the joke all right. Once in a while they'd catch him, and every time they did he'd ask them across the street and buy them something to relieve their disappointment. But if he happened to have what they wanted they'd pay for it, and pay well.

"Then one day on both of his show windows, in big gold letters, he had the legend inscribed: 'If it's a legal document, we've got it.'" The phrase was so catchy that before long the lawyers' clerks and typewriters and courthouse attendants were using it in their conversation anywhere from six to fifty times a day, and to express any idea. When Bragg saw how things were going he sent to Washington and had the legend registered and used it as a trade mark.

"Just across the hall from my office a young fellow by the name of Roger Armstrong was working as a draughtsman for a civil engineer. Armstrong's father was a retired sugar refiner, who lived on a big place about twenty miles out of town. I believe the boy had been pretty wild while he was in college and just after he got out, and he wound up with some adventure with a chorus girl, who had three or four husbands at the time and should have known better.

"The old man had been pretty sore on the boy off and on ever since he had become a freshman, but I doubt if anything serious would have come of it if there hadn't been a stepmother in the case. The stepmother had three children when she married the elder Armstrong, and it probably seemed hard to her that two-thirds of her husband's millions should go to Roger. She was a clever woman and she excused Roger's misdoings to his father with such skill that when the chorus girl episode was at its height old Armstrong tore up his will and cut Roger off with a ten-dollar bill, at the same time sending him word of what he had done.

"The shock had a good effect on Roger. He settled down and began to show what was in him, and it was pretty good stuff.

"When the old millionaire began to feel that his grip on earth was weakening he began to get lonely and somehow neither the stepmother nor her beautiful children could fill the void. Finally he began to call for Roger. His wife said he was wandering, but the old butler had a fast horse put into a buggy and he didn't draw rein until the son was sitting on the side of his father's bed. And there, two days before Armstrong died, he signed another will that gave Roger what belonged to him.

"The first will the old man had made was locked up in a safe deposit vault in town, and when he had taken to his bed his wife had taken charge of all his keys for safe-keeping. The second will was turned over to Roger. What did Roger do the second day after his father's funeral but get mixed up in a ferryboat collision while he was on his way to town with the will in his pocket, jump overboard to save an old woman, and discover when they pulled

him back on deck that the papers he carried in his pocket were gone!

"Roger and I were pretty good friends and he came to me at once. The butler and the family lawyer had witnessed the will, but they were notoriously opposed to the stepmother and with the old will in existence and the new one missing, she was bound to put up an ugly fight.

"We didn't lose any time. We went over those two colliding ferryboats with a fine tooth comb and put the crews through the third degree. We got a launch and explored the river foot by foot and the bay outside for half a dozen miles up and down the coast. Then we offered a reward of \$5,000 and had an innumerable mosquito fleet busy for a week or more trying to earn the money.

"About three weeks after the will had been lost Roger and I were on the way to talk over a proposition the other side had made him. They had offered Roger \$25,000 cash to relinquish all claims to his father's estate and he was half inclined to take it and go to China or South America.

"We passed by Bragg's store and I asked Roger to stop with me while I bought a box of pens. While I bought the pens Roger looked about him. It seemed as if that sign, 'If it's a legal document, we've got it,' stared down at you from every spot on that store's walls. Roger looked around at them for a minute or two, then turned to Bragg.

"'You confounded old humbug,' he said. 'What do you mean by plastering your shop up with that lying old chestnut?'"

"Bragg paused in the act of tying up the box of pens.

"'What do you mean?' he asked with dignity.

"Roger was in that state of reckless hopelessness in which a man will joke with a guillotine.

"'If it's a legal document we've got it,' he quoted. 'Well, I'll take the last will of Amasa Armstrong, please.'

"'I don't give my personal attention to small orders,' said Bragg, 'but a clerk will wait on you. Jim,' he called back, 'the last will and testament of Amasa Armstrong for this gentleman.'

"Roger and I stared at Bragg, not knowing exactly whether he had understood correctly or had gone suddenly crazy.

"'Yes, sir,' the clerk replied and in another moment he came forward and handed Roger a crumpled, water-stained document.

"Roger turned ashen when he laid his eyes upon it. Then he opened it and fainted. Two weeks later he crumpled his stepmother's case and came into his own.

"The day he got his verdict he went in and fell on Bragg's neck.

"'Now look here,' he said, 'I want to know where you found that will.'

"Bragg never moved a muscle. 'If it's a legal document,' he said, 'we've got it.' And that's the most that anybody ever got out of him on the subject.

"But Roger spoiled that boast later. For, in the twenty years that he doubled and tripled his millions in rail-roading, Bragg was his right-hand man."—New York Sun.

The Old Town

For the Courier, Flora Bullock.
 I wish the editor of the Courier had expressed her observations on autumn

Ganoung's Pharmacy 1400 O Street . . . Open all Night
Lowney's and Allegretti's Chocolates
 HOT SODAS IN SEASON

RUDGE & GUENZEL CO. . . . 1118-1126 N Street

This Year's Presents

Will give as much pleasure next year and the year after, if you choose them with taste and care. Why buy a gift that is thrown aside in two or three weeks?
 If in doubt, visit our store. Our many floors are filled with novel and artistic house-furnishings.

Sale of Oriental Rugs this Week

Read our Page Advertisement in Sunday's Journal

Highly polished golden oak Library Table, carved claw feet, blind drawer, and the heavy double top is finest of figured oak. **\$13.50**
 Top 26x32.
 Same table as above, but without claw feet, top 26x32, . . . \$12.50
 Top 40x20 inches, 15.00
 Top 44x28 inches, 18.50
 Top 48x30 in., wax or polish, 19.00

Oriental Rug Sale
 A display of Oriental and other Rugs that has no equal in the West.

LOT 1. Carabaugh, Aratolian, and Shirvan Rugs, about 3x5 feet, prayer rugs, in bright or dull effects, worth \$12.50, **\$7.90**
 Other Lots, \$13.50, 18.75, 33.00, and upward. See Sunday's Journal or Tuesday's News.

Morris Chairs

Our special is a large weathered or waxed finish golden oak Morris Chair, carved claw feet and front post, spring under the hair filled cushion, brass rod and adjustment, tapestry, velour or corduroy cushions, as desired, **\$11.50**
 Others, \$8.50, 9.50, 15.00, 18.00, 27.00.

Gunn Elastic Bookcase

No metal side strips, no protruding shelves, door works on roller bearings, no curtain rollers or spring device to give trouble.
 Finished golden oak, mahogany finish, weathered oak, fleish oak, wax finish golden oak, \$2.75 to \$3.50 per section.

Lincoln's Big Store **Rudge & Guenzel Co.** Three Acres Floor Space