

tool chest for pie. Without the mouth the politician would be a wanderer on the face of the earth and go down to an unhonored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride and the dentist's hope. It puts some men on the rostrum and others in jail. It is temptation's lunch counter when attached to a maiden and tobacco's friend when attached to a man. It is the home of that unruly member—the tongue. Without it married life would be a summer dream and a dude would lose half his attractions."

Formaldehyde as a weapon of warfare has risen several notches in the estimation of Falls City people. Some young men were scuffling in a store there the other day and one of them was holding a bottle of the drug in his hand. In the course of the maneuvers he tossed a quantity of the liquid into one of Fred Oswald's eyes. It was a fiery dose and he has not yet been free of the pain. The physician hopes to save the eye but the chance is said to be very small and discouraging.

Price of a Bed in the City of Lincoln

At how much do you prize your surroundings in sleep?

What is the difference to you between a soft luxurious bed and a soft, cosy cot?

To the owners and the caretakers in Lincoln it is a matter of \$1.50 or one dime.

This is the gamut of lodging house prices in Lincoln. If you are a nabob you will find sumptuous apartments in one of the big hotels and the cost will be \$1.50 a night, not including board money. If you are a person of embarrassed financial standing you will find the cheapest place to be a basement bedroom with about a dozen cots ranged round the walls. This is at the Lincoln City Mission on South Ninth street. With medium monetary condition you will be able to get a bed at most any figure between the extremes.

Lincoln is not a wretchedly poor community. It is not common to find boxes and barrels shielding wretched vagabonds unable to fish up the price of a bed from some remote corner of their pockets. In the summer season and in the fall before the cold waves begin to bear down on the country many a person takes comfort under the open heavens, in some dark nook in the shadow of bush or shrub on somebody's lawn. This is all right and nice until the rain comes down. Then when the weather turns cold the shiftless and the unfortunate betake themselves to shelter.

There is truly much comfort in a cot. It is not a pretentious place of rest but it is of a yielding character, carries a downy pillow and the sheets and coverlets are wholly satisfactory. On that account the unfortunate man who can still raise a dime and keep it from the magnetic hands of the bar-keeper or other entertainer delights to expend it in this manner. A night of good sleep is a most valuable asset in the next day's stroll and it is good whether the sleeper contemplates another stroll or not. It mends the worn fabric of his being and soothes the troubled vagaries of his brain. It does not matter that he is in the company of many snoring comrades of distress with no partition, door or lock between. None has much money, if more than enough to pay the night's lodging, and hence none fears to wake and find his valuables missing. It does not matter that the room, down in the basement, smells damp and musty; he is accustomed to more unpleasant odors. It does not matter if the rats come forth and hold noisy carnival under his couch. They can be companionable if he is awake but the chances are that he will sleep soundly through any such racket.

One night there wandered down Ninth street, alone and feeble, an old

man. For many days he had been without work and his money was exhausted. He was not really able to work anyway and as he slowly toiled down the street it was with a determination to end his life before morning. He was bound for the railroad tracks or Salt Creek or any place that would favor him in his vague but fixed purpose to kill himself. From the windows of the mission shone the lights within and a man was standing outside. He accosted the tottering, friendless wanderer and they entered into conversation. The man discovered that his need was a friend, more than anything else and he had found one. His purpose to suicide went glimmering. He entered and was given work and after a few months he went away. He is known to be comparatively contented now.

Drunken men frequently find their way to the mission. All kinds of men with a yearning for sleep come in. Seldom is any difficulty encountered in handling men. One time many weeks ago a drunken man entered and made himself very disagreeable. Of course he wanted a bed but he didn't go about it in a very suave way. The end was that he was toted to the shower bath and made to suffer the chills of some very cold water. It served to steady him in good shape and he gave no further trouble. There are men who lodge there as regularly as clockwork. Their garments are not of the best by any means and their countenances tell volumes of trouble and sadness that has overtaken them. Their wages are poor and they find friendship and cheap board and lodging at this place and there they stay. On an upper floor they rent canvas rooms for fifty cents a week. A bed in one of these would be fifteen cents a night for a single night. Ropes are strung across the room and on them canvas is hung. Canvas doors give each snug apartment an entrance, and inside is a cot, a box with a candle on it furnished by the house, and perhaps a chair or a box for the convenience of the guest. It is a most meagre outfit of furnishings, but crude comfort is found therein.

A few small rooms barely a trifle better furnished are reserved for families. They are rented for twenty-five cents a night or \$1 a week. Several times this winter the charity organization has sent destitute families there for safekeeping, paying the charges out of its own funds.

The regular patrons gather in the lobby of this poverty hotel between the hours of seven o'clock and nine and tell hard luck reminiscences and talk of public policies until nature bids them retire. Then they seek their respective cots and dream about them. In some cities, particularly the larger ones, "sit up" houses are maintained for those who cannot afford to spend a dime for a bed. For the privilege of sitting on a bench and reclining the head on the arms, resting on a table, they pay five cents. Previous to their preparation for sleep they are given a bowl of soup on this same nickel. Lincoln has no element so destitute as to have to rely on this fare.

Neither has the place a lodging house where a guest must pay as high as \$30 a night. Many a large town has, but Lincoln has not reached that pitch of elegance. Think of it, only \$1.50! Still that is large enough to the man who would be satisfied with a bed at a dime. In fact it is as much as some people earn in a day. Question, does

New Lincoln JOHN S. CAIN
Proprietor
130 S. Tenth
Street **Bowling Alleys**
Everything New and Strictly First Class
Ladies Especially Invited

Print a Picture

of your Home in THE COURIER.

Send in photos of your new homes to the editor and, if available, they will be reproduced in these columns.

it pay to sleep soundly at \$1.50 a night, when sunlight streams in at the window nearly as soon as you strike the pillow, or is it economy to stay awake? In other words, how can a man get his money's worth at \$1.50 a sleep? The sunlight does stream in at the window, daylight at least, for these rooms are so situated as to face the world. It makes no difference on what story the \$1.50 guest chooses to take his rest. With finely upholstered furniture, lounges, easy chairs, brightly polished dressers, beveled mirrors and soft carpets these rooms are really as comfortable as anybody could ask. Each is furnished, too, with a bath. Besides, each of them, in one hotel at least, is equipped with a long distance telephone. But the best of all is the bed, with its broad surface and soft, box mattress. More luxurious comfort could not be obtained from a room were the lodging price \$100.

* * *

Sitting Down Gracefully

"Very few girls," said the mother, "know how to sit down gracefully. You should be deliberate about it."

"I am," returned the girl.

"Nix," said her annoying small brother.

"Yes, I am, too," said the girl.

"Not when you were learning to skate at the park this morning," insisted the small brother.

Thereupon the discussion ended.—Chicago Post.

* * *

Teacher—What boy can tell me to what family the cat belongs?

Boy—I think the cat belongs to the family that owns it.—Philadelphia Times.



A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.

Eureka Harness Oil

not only makes the harness and the horse look better, but makes the leather soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last—twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Sold everywhere in cases—all sizes. Made by

STANDARD OIL CO.

Give Your Horse a Chance!

Carl Myrer
Hangs
Paper

Does Painting, Frescoing, Graining, and Inside Decorating. Can give you best service at reasonable prices—would like to figure with you.

The Brush and Paste Man,

Phone 5232. 2612 Q STREET

The Dr. Benj. F. Bailey SANATORIUM

IS NOT A HOSPITAL, not a hotel, but a home. The building is located on a slightly hill at Normal, and is reached by the cars of the Lincoln street railway, being only 23 minutes' ride from the business center of the city. It is thoroughly equipped and beautifully furnished. Every electric current useful in the treatment of the sick is used, and ideal Turkish, Russian, and Medicated Baths are given. In conditions where the kidneys and liver are affected, and in cases of rheumatism, our Hot Air Treatment has been remarkably successful. For full information address

The B. F. Bailey Sanatorium, Lincoln, Neb.

Rudge & Guenzel Co.

Monday Morning

WE PLACE ON SALE

The Rodman
Bankrupt Stock

The complete stock of
FURNITURE and SILVERWARE
at from

40c to 60c on the Dollar

See Sunday Journal for particulars

1118-20-22-24-26 N St.

Rudge & Guenzel Co.

Rodman
Bankrupt
Stock