REQUESTED TO RETURN THANKS

GOVERNOR MOREHEAD ISSUES ANNUAL PROCLAMATION.

GOSSIP FROM STATE CAPITAL

Items of Interest Gathered from Re Hable Sources and Presented in Condensed Form to Our Readers.

Western Newspaper Union News Service The Thanksgiving proclamation just issued by Governor Morehead calls attention to the super-thankfulness Nebraska should feel because the country is not at war with another country or engaged in domestic embroglios. The proclamation reads:

"Another year has passed and the record of events has been made by both the individual and the state. The seasons have passed in their order and the blessings of God have been seen in early and late rain. The promise of the springtime has been fulfilled in the abundance of the summer harvest and the fruits of autumn. Our barns are full and the cry of want is seldom heard in the land. Nebraska joins with the other states of the union in praise for the fact that while the eastern world is being rocked in the throes of war involving whole nations in utter desolation we are at peace, the blessings of which we see in the contrast more clearly than ever before. May He who guides the stars in their courses mercifully preserve us from want and under the lead of those in high authority let us follow in the path that tends to a perpetual peace.

"That we are a happy people can be witnessed in the troops of children, young.men and maldens, as they pass to and from our schools and institutions of learning; in the faces of people as they go in and out of their homes and meet each other on the streets and highways. In the midst of the multitude of our blessings let us not be unmindful of the great source from whence they flow,

"Therefore, in keeping with the procfamation of the president of the United States and by the authority of the law vested in me as governor. I do hereby set aside November 26, 1914, as a day of thanksgiving and praise, and recommend that all our people cease from ordinary labor and assemble in their churches and homes and render unte God the praise due unto His name for his great mercies vouchsafed unto us Not forgetting to seek out those less fortunate and give unto them as the Lord has given unto us, ever keeping in mind that the eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the ever 'asting arms."

Value of Nebraska Corn Crop.

Nebrasas's corn crop is worth \$86. 302,545, according to figures compiled by the state board of agriculture. The yield is figured at 165,559,957 bushels and the acreage returned by the assessors was 6,530,078. Crop correspondents reported the yield and the average price from the various precincts of the state.

Strange as it may seem, the highest yield per acre was in the extreme western part of the state, Scottsbluff county, 45 bushels. The nearest approach to this yield was in the other extreme end, Douglas county, 43 bushels. The county with the largest acreage and the most bushels in the aggregate was Custer, 358,792 acres, at 18.3 bushels to the acre, or a total of 6,565,893 bushels.

Railroads Did Good Business.

Nebraska railroads did a thriving business for the fiscal year of 1914. The reports just filed with the state railway commission show that the total of the roads' Nebraska business amounted to \$53.834.757, as compared to \$52,545,584 for the preceding year. Operating expenses for the same period advanced in excess of \$800,000 over the fiscal year of 1912. For the last fiscal year they totaled \$34,398,-183 and for the fiscal year of 1913 reached the mark of \$33,595,763.

"Stop chewing gum in public," is a slogan that is apt to be adopted at the state university. Speaking of the gum-chewing habit, one member of the faculty said that it was really amazing how many students had that habit.

Information has been received at the state veterinarian's office from a practitioner at Weeping Water that four horses died there a few days ago from a disease similar to spinal meningitis. The veterinarian who treated the animals thinks the malady is the same which carried off several thousand animals in this state in the summer of 1913, and caused great loss in other western states. The exact character of the disease then prevalent has never been determined. Veterinarians were powerless to save the animals stricken with it.

A special winter term for farm boys, beginning November 30 and closing March 6, is being offered by the Nebraska school of agriculture at Curtis. It is planned to offer full semestral courses in all the subjects given and thus make possible for the farm boy. who can be away from the farm only between harvesting and seeding, an opportunity to do regular academic work that he may use toward graduation. The aim in the winter term is to make the work both practical and sufficiently theoretical to meet the needs of the credit given

ILLUSTRATING THE REAL JOY OF THE DAY



Lord, we, thy children, small and great, Beneath thy care, where'er it be, The while thy grace we supplicate, Give thanks to thee.

ES, yes, indeed! We would have had a perfectly lovely time at our house on Thanksgiving if that happened at the dinaer table. At the time I felt terribly misanthropic about it and really had a very bad movay quart dour for a minute, but I soon consoled myself by recalling dear Robert Burns' precious words, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang bide awee."

We only had a small dinner party, just the Bolivards and Wood's sister and her husband and their little boy, Harold. Did you ever meet Wood's sister? My dear, between you and Iremember this is strictly sotto voceshe is very ignorant and snobbish, and | you? such a talker! Wood himself acknowledges that she would surely ex- passed off beautifully. Wood had kept plode if she ever got tetanus, and ever | the table in a roar-you know what a since she went abroad she holds her delightful bon mot he is!-and had head as high as Marie Antoinette go- carved the turkey just like a surgeon. ing to the Moulin Rouge and talks But first I must tell you about Harold. nothing but Paris—a perfect parricide, I call her!

And ignorant! Why, do you know, she brought me back a little statuesque of Venus from Italy and apologized for its broken arms, by telling me it was that way the diagonal was found! Ha, ha, ha! I could scarcely retain my specific gravity, I was so amused. She didn't know that Mickey Angelo had carved it that way on purpose to make it look old and debilitated because the Romans dearly loved antique things. I don't blame them either, I do myself, don't you? I have a colonial monogamy antimacassar 500 years old with all the knobs broken off.

I had a high noon dinner at one o'clock-"when jocund day stands tipsy on the misty

mountain top." you know, as dear old Will would say. It was a strict New England dinner, of course, in honor of the day and Wood's ancestors -I am an F. F. V., myself-and before It was served we each agreed to tell the one thing we

were most thankful for. Wood was first. He said words couldn't express his gratefultude because he didn't have to pay an income tax. Poor Wood! He staid up all the night before, figuring out what he would have to pay at the source. He was terribly puzzled at first and wanted me to help him, but I was too busy assisting Nora to make the stuffing.

He didn't know whether to multiply the least common multiple by the fourth dimension and add 1 per cent of the remainder, or extricate the cuberoot of the net proceeds and square the result. One thing, he said, was certain. He'd just like to get square once with the Democrats! My, but he was tickled when he came upstairs the next morning to tell me he had escaped after all, but, he said, it

was a very close shave. I don't know whether to tell I was thankful because I had been elected thanksgiving. We are at peace with president of my suffrage club, or because I had such a wonderful child as Our past achievements stimulate to Gwendolyn, but I finally decided to in- further efforts, and our present diffitimate Cordelia, the mother of the culties breed fresh determination to Gratchy, and display my jewel child, overcome them.

-Clinton Scollard.

Besides, I am far too modest to boast

of myself. So I had Gwendolyn read a composition on "The First Thanksgiving," in which she told all about the hardships of the poor Pilgrims who came over in the Maybell with Lord Baltimore to Plymouth, and how they sat down to their first Thanksgiving dinner of hominy and codfish balls, and gave thanks because they hadn't been scalped or burned as witches.

Then Wood had her bind every state in the Union and tell what time it is in the Scandalous peninsula when it is six o'clock here. Then she showed all of her beautiful sketches and played several duets on the plano. She is Mr. Boguslatchkey's favorite pupil, and he often tells me that she will be a perfect tyro when she grows up. Just then, the "tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell," rang and we had to evade the rest of the program. I was glad, too, because the Bolivards looked it hadn't been for an accident awfully bored when Wood's sister asked Harold to recite-my, my, how she does love to show him off!

We had a lovely meal. Nora certainly is a fine cook, even if she is Irish. I had her mix the mincemeat with strong tea and cane pepper instead of wicked things like cider and brandy, and the ples were delicious. Everything was. Nora hasn't quit talking about her fine cooking that day yet. That's one trouble with the Irish, they are so boastful! I firmly believe it is the reason that Julius Caesar, when he conquered Ireland, christened it "Erin-go-Brag," don't

Beg pardon? Well, the dinner had The little wretch, instead of peeling his banana into strips and laying them carefully on the table like Gwendolyn, turned his skin back and, after eating the fruit out of it in two bites, threw it under the table. He said afterwards it slipped off his plate. At any rate it fell right at Wood's feet.

Poor Wood! He had on some new shoes without any heels-he didn't want to buy them in the first place, but I begged him to, because I love him to be the observed of all observers and have a moldy form, as my beloved Shakespeare would say-and he wasn't used to them, so that when he got up to leave the table he slipped on the peel.

Ours is an extension table with ball gearing rollers, and when he grasped the edge of it to save himself from falling, alas, alas, it parted in the middle and all the combustibles of the dinner were participated onto the floor and Wood fell backwards on top of his chair with the most violent emphasis.

Poor boy! He had been telling a baseball story and had been using such shocking paraphrases as "jammed the cushion," "swatted the sphere," "clattered across the pan" and "dented the platter." Don't you think it was a dreadful coincidence that just as he said "platter," down went the turkey? Oh, dear! I just can't help but feel someway that perhaps the whole thing was a nemests on him for using such dreadful, undefiled slang.

Well, he paid dearly for it, poor fellow! I'm afraid it will be weeks before his solar system will be entirely renovated. When we disinterred him that day we found that his parallax was dreadfully bruised, and that he had a severe attack of nostalgia-I declare I thought his dear nose would never, never stop bleeding!

Yes, we all partook of some injury -Mrs. Bolivard hasn't spoken to me since because her new scrape-de-shin skirt was ruined; that is, all but Harold and his mother. It seems like the very ironing of fate that they were the only ones present who escaped from damage, don't you think so?

Real Cause for Thanksgiving. On every side there is cause for all, even our enemies, if there be such.

MET HER HUSBAND AS A HOUSEBREAKER

Mrs. Mortimer Choked Intruder and Then He Set Fire to the House.

New York .- Mrs. Phoebe Mortime. of 68 Crystal street, East New York. was awakened early in the morning when she heard some one trying to enter a window. She thought it was a burglar, and, as her husband had disappeared several days before, she decided to tackle the intruder herself in order to protect her three children. She caught the man by the throat in

the darkness after he had climbed



Choked Him Until He Ceased to Struggle.

through the window, knocked him down, and choked him until he ceased to struggle. Then she lighted an oil lamp, and saw that the man on the floor was her husband.

As soon as he had recovered his breath he got to his feet, berated his wife vigorously, and threw an oil lamp at her. It missed her, but broke against the wall, setting the room on fire. Mrs. Mortimer ran to her children and carried them out of the house. Neighbors, seeing the flames, turned in an alarm, and the department put out the fire.

In the crowd watching the fire fighters Mrs. Mortimer saw her husband, seized him, and turned him over to the police. He was held for further examination by Magistrate Dodd in the New Jersey avenue court.

BAD BEAR HUGS HOUSEWIFE

Animal Entered Home, Uninvited, and Mussed Things Up In General.

Chicago.—Charging that a hungry, affectionate bear wandered into her home, ate everything edible in sight, cuddled her until she was breathless and then tossed the kitchen sink into the very soul of a baby grand plano, Mrs. Henrietta Singer of Chicago has brought action for damages against the owners of a theater. The bear, which was part of an animal show, walked out of the stage door when waiting for his turn to appear professionally, and, according to Mrs. Singer, must have hustled right for her home.

She declared that she heard some one fumbling at the door in an uncertain sort of way. Knowing that it could not be her husband, she ran to a window to see who was knocking. The bear pushed in the door, took charge of the house and began to mix things up. When she interfered, the bear hugged her, smashed the furniture and escaped.

"JOKE" DISFIGURES A BOY

Woman Shoots Him "for Fun" and Becomes III. From Shock at the Result.

Netcong, N. J .- "Hands up!" said Mrs. Clemens Oxander in the way of frightening Archie McMickle, the milk boy, when he appeared at her back door. His hands went up when he saw a rifle poked through the door, but that didn't stop Mrs. Oxander from shooting. McMickle received a charge of shot in the face. Dr. Clarence Plume of Netcong removed the shot from the youth's face. He will be disfigured for life.

Mrs. Oxander explained that she put the gun through the door for a joke and didn't know it was loaded She is ill from shock.

TRAPPED ON TRESTLE: SAVED

Man Falls Fifty Feet to River After Two Trains Pass Above Him.

Aurora, Ill.-Trapped on the Burlington railroad bridge, which spans Fox river here 50 feet in the air, when two freight trains came upon the structure from opposite directions, Edward Dehlin gresped the end of a tie and hung suspended over the water while the trains thundered over his head. He became exhausted just as the last car passed and fell into the river. He was rescued by fishermen and taken to St. Charles hos-

JEKYLL AND HYDE LIFE IS BARED

"Society" Burglar of New York Confesses to An Amazing Criminal Career.

EVEN DECEIVES WIFE

Herbert Eaton, Posing as Model Business Man, Performs Daring Crim-Inal Acts In Gotham-Dance Partners Victims.

New York.-Herbert Eaton, New York city's daring "society" burglar and thief, who was recently mortally shot by a detective while attempting to escape from the sleuth, has confessed to having stolen last year gems worth \$15,000 from Miss Marie H. Kohn, daughter of a Parls banker. Eaton, a dapper, stylish, socially interesting young man, posed as a model family man. He lived quietly with his wife and baby in a stylish apartment. Seldom did this Jekyli and Hyde being go out a night Burglar Deceives Wife.

His devoted wife knew nothing of the criminal side of her husband. Eaton, however, not taking his wife into his financial confidence, spent much more than his salary as secretary. Ocasionally, he would mix in the gay throngs at the expensive hotels, where his acquaintance was wide, now posing as Williams, now as Eaton, and at other times as Brown. Eaton did not patronize the dancing places frequented by the gayest of the gay. He chose for his tango-tea appearances resorts frequented almost wholly by persons of acknowledged social standing and unquestioned wealth. He cared nothing for meeting beautiful women of slender finances; he cared only to dance attendance upon matrons possessing jewels of great value. To such women, the "society" burglar made himself agreeable. He danced well, talked well, appeared well, and lied well. Eaton Meets a Victim.

It was at the exclusive Hotel Astor that Eaton met Mrs. Gertrude Pike, a New York woman of wealth and posttion. He tangoed with her under the name of Williams, chatted with her, took teas with her, making himself an entertaining companion. Mrs. Pike,



Fired on the Fleeing Man and Brought Him Down.

introduced to him in good faith by an old friend, a woman, gladly accepted Eaton's proffered escort home after a tango-tea at the Hotel Astor. During the trip to Mrs. Pike's home, her handbag dropped, scattering its contents. Eaton picked up the things, failing, however, to put into a bag a key to Mrs. Pike's apartment. The next afternoon the apartment of Mrs. Pike was robbed of money and valuable lewels. She reported to the police.

Eaton Falls Into a Trap. In a few days Mrs. Pike received a letter from Williams stating her jewels would be returned to her upon payment of \$500. The letter was turned over to the police. A trap was laid, and Williams appeared at the appointed time, according to his own arrangement, to get the money from Mrs. Pike. At a given signal, detectives pounced on Eaton and took him to a station house. There the captain ordered him removed to jail, and, as he was being taken out of the station house the thief made a break. Detectives fired on the fleeing man and brought him down.

Wanted Sudden Riches.

It appears Eaton is a Welshman, who came to the United States to get rich. He didn't get rich very fast, but he wrote home glowing letters of his "prosperity." To his devoted wife he gave some of the costly gems he stole, saying they were given him by his admiring friend, "Colonel Carter of Carterville." Other stolen jewels he gave his wife he said he had bought out of the profits he made in dealing in stocks. Papers were found in his apartment showing the mar had had extensive, losing transactions in stocks. He also gambled to a con siderable extent. Successfully, how ever, he concealed his double life from his wife and from her sister.

Pelvic Catarrh

I Would Not Do Without Peruna.

Miss Emelle A. Haberkorn, 2251 Gravols Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: 'For over two years I was troubled with catarrh of the pelvic organs. Hartman's book, 'The Ills of Life.' I read

It and wrote to the doctor, who answered my letter promptly. I began taking treatment as soon as possible. Tongue cannot express how I suffered. I feel grateful for what the doctor has done for me, and would not do without Peruna. I now enjoy as good health as ever. I find it has improved my health so much that I will recommens it to any one cheerfully."

PROPER CREDIT FOR GRANDPA

Happy Father Wanted Generous Contribution Entered Under the Proper Heading.

When Mr. Otis returned from the office one afternoon, he was met at the door by his wife, who cried, excitedly: "Oh, Herbert, love, I received a love

ly letter from father today." Yes, my dear?" queried he. "Yes, dearest," repeated Mrs. Otis, enthusiastically, "he congratulates us on the birth of our baby."

"That's good," was the reply. "Yes," went on Mrs. Otis, "and he says it will cost us more to live now

-that bables are expensive." "I suppose that is true, dear," assented the hubsand.

"And, Herbert, just think!" said the wife, joyfully, "father has sent us a check for \$1,000. Isn't that just lovely of him?"

"I should say it was!" said Otis. "I'll sit right down, dear, and thank him for his generaus contribution to the Fresh Heir fund."

SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair of Olivehill, Tenn., writes: "I strained my back, which weakened my kidneys and caused an awful bad backache and

inflammation the bladder. Later I became so much worse that I consulted a doctor, who said that I had Diabetes and that my heart was af-

Mr. J. M. Sinclair. ed for four years fected. I sufferand was in a nervous state and very much depressed. The doctor's medicine didn't help me, so I decided to try Dodds Kidney Pills, and I cannot y enough to express my relief and thankfulness, as they cured me. Diamond Dinner Pills cured me of Con-

stipation." Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c, per box at your dealer or Dodde Medicine Co. Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 8 sent free.

A General Collapse. "I hear poor Mrs. Smith was completely broken up when she tried to sing at the concert."

"So she was, poor thing! Her voice broke, her face fell, and she went all to pieces."

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A Mistake. Wife - James, you are going out

without your muffler. Autoist-I cut it out. Constipation

Vanishes Forever Prompt Relief-Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on Stop after dinner distress-cure

indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE Genuine must bear Signature



