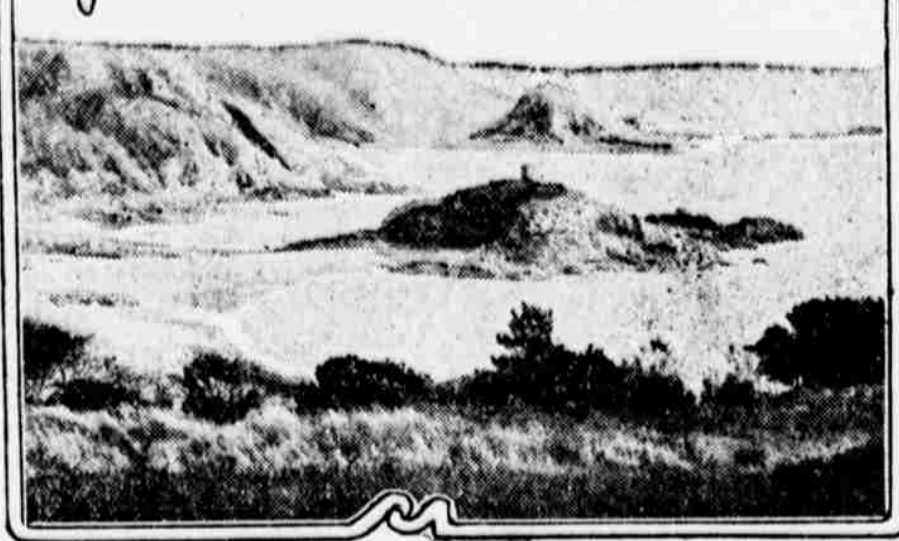


The Channel Islands



"L'île au Guerdain," Jersey.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

The Channel Islands, one of the most picturesque portions of Great Britain, are geographically not a part of the British Isles at all. Victor Hugo, who wrote some of his best-known works in the islands, spoke of them as "bits of France fallen into the sea and picked up by England." But really they were in effect the home of a conqueror of Britain. They were a part of the Duchy of Normandy from which William the Conqueror went forth and to which he added the British Isles. All the remainder of Normandy finally reverted to France, but the little Channel Islands remain today a reminder that England was conquered.

These tiny islands hug the shore of France. Jersey is barely twenty miles from the French coast, and 100 miles from England. French is generally spoken in the islands; and not English law, but the old Norman law, largely abolished on the neighboring coast of Normandy, governs the actions of the islanders.

Norman in race, in language, and in laws, it can be imagined what a wrench it must have been to the islanders to be forcibly severed from Normandy. Many of the feudal lords, who held land both on the mainland and in the islands, took the side of the French king, and therefore their lands in the islands escheated to the king of England and formed the Fief le Roi, for which he still appoints a receiver general in each bailiwick to collect his feudal rents, and these are still paid, either in "quarters" of corn or their equivalent in money, for his "rents," or in fowls for his "poultage."

But among the Norman nobles the de Carterets, then among the largest landowners in Jersey, and Pierre de Proux, governor of all the islands, remained faithful to Eng. and. The latter contrived that these islands, alone of all King John's continental possessions, should remain English, and they were ratified to the crown of England by the treaty of Westminster of 1259, which was again confirmed by the treaty of Bretigny of 1360.

So the Channel Islands have never passed under the crown of France, but have been inherited continuously by the kings of England as successors of the dukes of Normandy, in spite of continual invasions by the French.

Jersey Faithful to Charles.
In the Seventeenth century, as the days of the commonwealth drew near, a great cleavage between Jersey and Guernsey took place. Guernsey, impelled to the popular cause by its more pronounced Presbyterianism, by the feeling of betrayal which the Stuart regime in that island had produced, and strongly influenced by three prominent islanders, Peter de Beauvoir, James de Haviland, and Peter Carey, declared for the parliament. Jersey, as strongly influenced by its great feudal family of de Carteret, remained loyal to the royal cause, and in 1645 the Jersey states proclaimed their continued adherence to the king.

In the following year the prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II) sought refuge in Jersey, arriving from the Scilly islands; and Jersey, after the execution of Charles I. was the one place in the United Kingdom to proclaim him king of England. Shortly after his proclamation he again visited the island, and was supported both with men and money by Sir George Carteret and the majority of the islanders.

Although it is nearly three hundred years since Jersey and Guernsey were at open war, yet the old rancor still lingered until the World war swept away all smaller misunderstandings and all Channel islanders, with the rest of Britain's sons, became brothers-in-arms.

Beauties and Artists of Jersey.
Jersey, with its wooded valleys, its winding lanes, overarched with gilliflowers; its orchards, its miles of glistening sand, its quaint old churches and picturesque granite farmhouses, and dominated always by the magnificent ruins of Mont Orgueil castle, gives the impression of unbounded prosperity and fertility. Its lands having been owned always by a race of peasant proprietors, the country shows that it has been cultivated for its own sake by men who loved it and not by hirelings.

Naturally enough, so much beauty has bred a race of artists, the most

famous being Monamy, Le Capelain, Jean the miniaturist, Oules, Sir John Millais, and at the present day Messrs. Lander, Le Malstre, and Blampied. Guernsey, alas, is spoiled, from a scenic standpoint, by miles of greenhouses and acres of quarries. But its cliffs and bays are magnificent, and Moulou Huet is perhaps the most lovely spot in the islands. There are still to be found some wooden walks and lanes, old stone walls and arched gateways, which are as yet unmarred by the utilitarian demands of modern agriculture and industry.

Saint Peter port, built on the side of a hill, retains a certain amount of its former picturesqueness; it is traversed by a curious succession of long granite stairways, and, with its high red-roofed houses, has a foreign appearance—"Caudébec sur les escalies de Harfleur," as Vacquerie described it when on a visit to Victor Hugo, who was then living in the islands as an exile from France.

It was during the great Frenchman's residence in Guernsey that he wrote much of his poetry and three of his best-known novels—"Les Misérables," "The Man Who Laughs," and "The Tollers of the Sea." In commemoration of his exile the French nation brought over and erected a statue to his memory in July, 1914.

Alderney, Key to the Channel.
The lesser islands, Alderney, Sark, Herm and Jethou, are comprised in the bailiwick of Guernsey.

Alderney, described by Napoleon as the shield of England, was considered, in the days before aircraft, submarines and long-range guns had revolutionized warfare, to be the key of the channel. Consequently, during the Napoleonic wars, forts were erected here by the British government at vast expense.

Rugged and inhospitable as the island looks to the wayfarer, it has a savage, untamed beauty denied to the other islands. It is surrounded by the most dangerous currents and wildest seas in the English channel. Seven miles west of Alderney lie the famous Casquet rocks, "where the carcasses of many tall ships lie buried."

No one can claim to have seen the Channel Islands until he has seen Sark, which is an epitome of the beauty of them all. It contains the wooded valleys of Jersey, the brilliant lichen-covered cliffs of Guernsey, and its own carpet of wild flowers and sea-anemones, while the natural magic of its beauty is supplemented, to the initiate, by the magic-working powers of some of the old inhabitants.

The two remaining islands of the archipelago are Herm and Jethou, which lie between Sark and Guernsey. They belong to the crown, having gone through many vicissitudes and having passed through a great variety of hands.

Hip-Joint Disease Cured by Nature.
Hip-joint disease in children has been looked upon as almost always due to tuberculosis of the bones of the joint. But Dr. Halfdan Sundt of Norway asserts that 43.4 per cent of such cases are not tuberculosis at all. In the course of his hospital experience he observed that a group of these children in his care which had been allowed to run freely without any restraint, at the end of three years showed just as good results as others which had been subjected to the accepted methods of treatment.

An Illustration.
"Pa, what's meant by an air of gay insouciance?"
"Did you see how the cook looked when she walked out this morning and left your mother to get breakfast?"
"Yes, pa."
"Well, she wore an air of gay insouciance."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Gift for Woman Explorer.
A testimonial book containing the signatures of many notables of the British nation has been presented to Mrs. Rosita Forbes, "the greatest woman explorer," in recognition of her recent achievement in making the perilous journey to Kufra, the desert headquarters of the Senussi.

Mahometan Calendar.
The Mahometan calendar is dated from the flight of Mahomet from Mecca to Medina, in 622.

Inserting a lead pencil completes a circuit and starts in operation a new electric pencil sharpener.

OLD PILOT HAPPY

Nick Durand Has Big Store of Pleasant Memories.

His Recollections Cover Thirty-Three Years of Splendid Service on the Ohio River Ferries.

With the snubby-nosed old ferry tied up to await its doom, the planks of the rotting wharf drifting wearily out with the current, Nick Durand, aid to eloping couples and for thirty-three years on one after another of the Ohio river craft, is left once more without a vessel.

At the time he shipped on the Shallcross in 1888, the river surged with steamboats, bound for Cincinnati with Mississippi molasses or nosing their way downstream to Vicksburg, loaded with butter and candle wicks. That was the time when the ferry boat plied to and fro with white decks and the tops of the wheelhouses painted blue, carrying every one from fuzzy-whiskered farmers to nurse girls in pink-dotted sunbonnets—for there was no bridge and the only crossing to be had was by way of the dock-apron and the gangplank.

Names of vessels scarcely remembered along the river slip from the pilot's tongue as he recounts tales gathered from thousands of trips he has made.

The Rainbow, the Gray Eagle, the Drueland—in all that time, he boasts, although he has beaten his way back and forth through wind and fog and ice-clogged water, no serious accident has occurred.

With a chuckle, he tells of the couples that have made their way down the river front hand in hand and often coming aboard oblivious of passengers and staring deckhands—forgetting to pay their fare as they passed the little counter at the dock.

"Lor, yes, there's been a plenty of them," he smiles, wagging his chin. "You can tell 'em every time. They come down all eyes for each other, and none for anybody else. Usually they get off and get it over with as soon as possible, and when they come back they are more loving than ever, then they stand over in a corner unrolling the certificate to look at. How many? I couldn't tell—I expect some of them are famous by now, but I could never keep track of any."

During the years that Nick Durand has shipped on Ohio steamers, he has seen the river change from a heavily traveled thoroughfare to a mere alley way where an occasional paddle is seen. Before the building of the Big Four bridge at Louisville, the ferries came bobbing daintily across at 15-minute intervals, but after its construction the farmers and nurse girls drifted away, and for a time the ferry, stanch of hull, but frowsy of rigging came hobbling by like a ragged old woman, shaggy-browed and with skirts tucked in.

But Durand will not be long without a boat; he has already been engaged as pilot of the Pilgrim, which was retained by the owners, and is now being fitted out for slow, lingering sapphire days up the river.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New Housing Idea in Rome.
Rome will become a city of odd appearance if the plans for the solution of the housing problem proposed by some Italian engineers are put in operation. The proposal is to build on the flat roofs of most of the buildings in Rome light houses of three and four stories.

The engineers have placed their ideas before Henry Coit MacClean, United States commercial attaché to the American embassy. They have asked that American capital become interested in the project. The material for the whole of the scheme, according to the engineers' suggestions, would come from America because of the adaptability of American light construction methods in the choice of materials and means of assembling. Mr. MacClean has succeeded in interesting several American business men in the project and other projects along the line of building construction in Rome.

Worse and Worse.
Two Scotchmen who, though good friends, were poles apart on politics, were discussing the doings of their local representative. Said one: "He sent me a brace of fine birds before election last year."
"Man," replied the other; "that was bribery."

"But," said the first speaker, "we could-n't eat them; they were sœ high we just had to throw them awa."
"Worse and worse," quoth his friend, "that was bribery and corruption."—Boston Transcript.

No Solitude.
"How pleasant it must be to dwell in the wilderness, far, far from the maddling crowds;" he rhapsodically exclaimed.
"That is what I expected it would be before I came," sourly replied the hermit. "But soon after I got located a rumor started that I was making a pretty fair article of home brew in my cave here, and ever since I have had more callers than a prizefight champion. Kindly sign your name in the visitors' book, and go on your way."—Kansas City Star.

Wind and String.
"Peck is a great fellow for blowing his own horn in public."
"Well, poor man, I suppose it's a change for him from playing second fiddle at home."—Boston Transcript.

WAS THE NEIGHBOR'S CHICKEN

Incident That Was Embarrassing, Although It Also Had an Amusing Side to It.

Some years ago, while living in the suburbs, we kept a few chickens; our neighbors also had chickens. After the garden season was over we let them run, as did our neighbors. In this way I suppose they got more or less mixed.

One day I decided to have a chicken for dinner, and, not liking to kill it myself—my husband being away—I asked our neighbor if he would kill it for me. He kindly consented, so I brought out the particular fowl I had selected. He killed it and I thanked him and proceeded to prepare it for dinner.

When dinner was over I went out to feed the chickens. What was my surprise to find among them the fowl I thought I had just eaten. It was my neighbor's chicken I had asked him to kill for me.

Of course, I lost no time in making apologies—and also insisted that they take ours instead, and they had a good laugh at my expense.—Exchange.

His "Diplomacy."
"I say, dad," piped the small boy, "can I ask you a question?"
"Yes; go ahead," replied the indulgent dad.

"What's 'diplomacy,' dad? I saw it in a book the other day."
"Diplomacy, my boy," said dad, with a patronizing smile, "means doing or saying precisely the right thing at the right moment."

"Ah! Then I was a diplomatist last night, dad."
"Really, my boy. How d'you make that out?"

"Why, when mum came in with the castor oil, I rolled Bobbie into my place in bed and then rolled him back before she came round to the other side!"

Steady Young Feller.
"They tell me that your boy, Josh, has grown to be a middlin' wild young feller since he come back from traveling around with them marines," said Farmer Brown to his neighbor.

"Wa-l-l," drawled the father, "he ain't exactly what I'd call wild. He's been goin' to the movies a couple times a week, smoked cigarettes, drinks a right smart lot of lemon sody, and has started to collect pictures of them show actresses. But I reckon the boy ain't had—he's just sowin' his wild oats."—The Leatherneck.

Figure It Out.
Young Lady—Do you know where John Smith lives?
Policeman—Yes; the third house on the left-hand side of the street in the next block.

Young Lady—But which is the left-hand side of the street in the next block? I'm a stranger in the city.

There are but two classes of people in the world difficult to convince against their will—men and women.

Professor—"Give me an example of an imaginary spheroid."
Student—"A rooster's egg, sir."

WOMEN OF MIDDLE LIFE

A Dangerous Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass

Practical Suggestions Given by the Women Whose Letters Follow



to carry women safely through the Change of Life. She says:
"It is with pleasure that I write to you thanking you for what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I was passing through the Change of Life and had a displacement and weakness so that I could not stand on my feet and other annoying symptoms. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the first bottle helped me, so I got more. It cured me and I am now doing my housework. Your medicine is certainly woman's friend and you may use this testimonial as you choose."—Mrs. MARY LISTER, 608 Frank Street, Adrian, Mich.

It is said that middle age is the most trying period in a woman's life, and owing to modern methods of living not one woman in a thousand passes through this perfectly natural change without experiencing very annoying symptoms. Those smothering spells, the dreadful hot flashes that send the blood rushing to the head until it seems as though it would burst, and the faint feeling that follows, as if the heart were going to stop, those sinking or dizzy spells are all symptoms of a nervous condition, and indicate the need for a special medicine. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a root and herb medicine especially adapted to act upon the feminine system. It acts in such a manner as to build up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass this trying period with the least possible annoying symptoms.

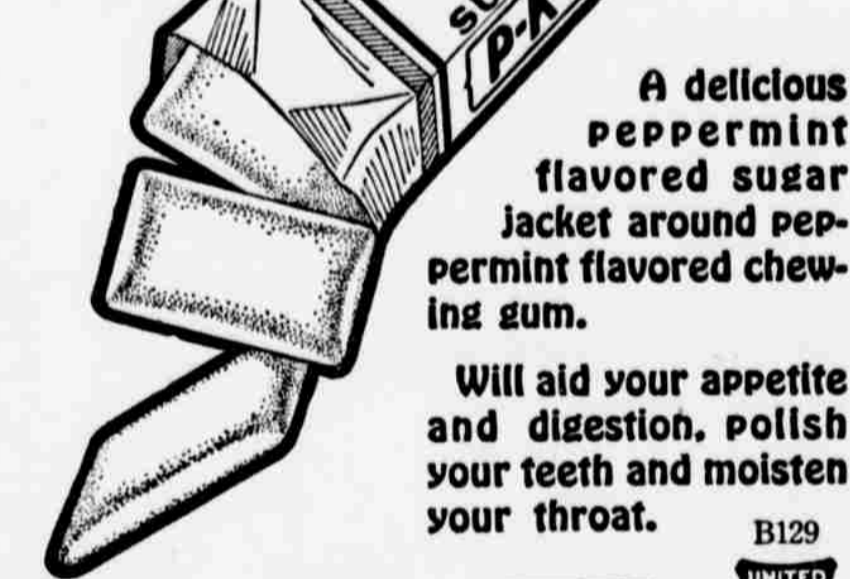
Women everywhere should remember that most of the commoner ailments of women are not the surgical ones—they are not caused by serious displacements or growths, although the symptoms may be the same, and that is why so many apparently serious ailments readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it acts as a natural restorative and often prevents serious troubles.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

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WRIGLEY'S Newest Creation

10 for 5c



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Hold Tight.
Rub—"What do you think of the street car company?" Dub—"I stand up for them every day."

To insure glistening-white table linens, use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry. It never disappoints. At all good grocers, 5c.—Advertisement.

Quite Imaginary.
Professor—"Give me an example of an imaginary spheroid."
Student—"A rooster's egg, sir."

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Cut your finishing bill in half. Film developed 5c each roll; prints, any size, 3c each.

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14th and M Sts. Lincoln, Neb.

80 Years Old - Was Sick

Now Feels Young After Taking Eaton for Sour Stomach

"I had sour stomach ever since I had the grip and it bothered me badly. Have taken Eaton only a week and am much better. Am 80 years old," says Mrs. John Hill.

Eaton quickly relieves sour stomach, indigestion, heartburn, bloating and distress after eating because it takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases which cause most stomach ailments. If you have "tried everything" and still suffer, do not give up hope. Eaton has brought relief to tens of thousands like you. A big box costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

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