

HE SUICIDES IN JAIL

THEODORE STANISICS HANGS HIMSELF IN CELL AT LINCOLN.

NEWS FROM OVER THE STATE

What is Going on Here and There That is of Interest to the Readers Throughout Nebraska and Vicinity.

Lincoln—Brought back here Wednesday under sentence for a conviction on the charge of arson. Theodore Stanisics, formerly a well-known loan operator, hung himself in the city jail shortly before 1 o'clock. He had been brought from Utica, N. Y., following the settlement of a legal entanglement in district court, in which a \$5,000 bond was declared forfeited. His case was before the state supreme court on appeal. Stanisics was convicted for inciting Roy Wilacum to burn his house in August, 1910, in order that the two might share insurance thereon.

Indian Council at Walthill.

Walthill—A council of the Omaha tribe of Indians was held at Walthill Saturday. This was one of the most important tribal councils held this year, and dealt with conditions and regulations which the Indians are forced to work under, and which they are dissatisfied with. The two Indian agencies, Omaha and Winnebago, under one superintendent, is unsatisfactory to the Omahas.

Left a Fortune to His Housekeeper.

Seward—The will of the late Father William Murphy, who was killed in an automobile accident, has been filed for probate. The estate is estimated to be worth about \$50,000 and the bulk of it is bequeathed to Miss Mary Barrett, who has been Father Murphy's housekeeper for more than thirty years.

Serum Treatment for Hogs.

West Point.—Dr. G. J. Collins, deputy state veterinarian, of West Point, is busily engaged in vaccinating a large number of hogs for the farmers of this vicinity, using the newly discovered serum treatment. Dr. Collins states that the remedy is proving absolutely certain.

Fremont.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mason, who are driving around the world with a team of twenty-one dogs, arrived in Fremont Sunday, covering the fifteen miles from North Bend in the day. They left Nome, Alaska, in 1908. Facing eastward, they propose to drive their canine team across America, Europe and Asia, reaching Nome, Alaska, in 1914, and then driving to the Panama exposition at San Francisco in 1915.

NEWS FROM THE STATE HOUSE.

The university is asking bids for the construction of a new plant industry building to be built at the university farm and plans for two other new buildings are under way.

A meeting of the executive board of the state horticultural society was held at the Lindell hotel for the purpose of formulating plans for the mid-winter show which is to be held at Lincoln in January in connection with the organized agricultural conventions.

John H. Atwood, a well known orator of Kansas City, is to speak at the annual meeting of the State Bar Association of Nebraska on the subject, "The State as a Rate Maker."

The association will meet in Lincoln, December 28 and 29.

Secretary of State Wait has returned from a visit to the institution for feeble minded youth at Beatrice.

He awarded a contract for another new well at the institute, to be used as a reserve supply. The well will cost \$250. A new water supply was necessary at the institution on account of a typhoid fever epidemic which was traced to the water used in the buildings.

State Fire Warden Randall, accompanied by Deputies McKeesson and Buck, have returned from Daykin, where they investigated the burning of a hardware and furniture store. Whether or not the fire was of incendiary origin has not been announced.

G. W. Kline, secretary of the University Alumni association, has completed the organization of a club at Beatrice.

The state board of agriculture is making more ground available for exhibition purposes and the comfort of patrons of the state fair by grading down a hill north of the Moline Plow building. The cut is being extended north and the earth removed is being carried east to the race track, making a gentle slope on the entire east side of the grounds.

Labor Commissioner Louis V. Guey is endeavoring to organize real estate dealers and commercial bodies of Nebraska to assist in locating homeseekers. To get together the unemployed in cities and the untilled land is one of the problems in the "back to the farm" movement.

Inspector Harnly of the state food commissioner's office has returned from a trip through the southwestern portion of the state. He attended farmers' institutes and instructed farmers how to candle eggs, test cream and check their accounts with creameries.

BRIEF NEWS OF NEBRASKA.

The Butler county corn show will open Monday, December 4.

The league of Nebraska municipalities will meet in Lincoln next year.

Burglars robbed three stores at Fairmont and made away with a lot of goods.

Citizens of Kearney have launched a boom for the commission plan of government.

A farmer residing southeast of Hastings has harvested over 100 bushels of walnuts this year.

Julius Marnert, near Dewitt had his hand badly crushed by letting a steel rail fall upon it. It may require amputation.

Plans are being drawn for a \$50,000 school building at University Place. Bonds for this purpose were voted in April, 1910.

The annual exhibit of the Nemaha valley poultry association will be held at Adams, November 28, 29, 30 and December 1.

A large number of walnut logs are being shipped from Beatrice and other Gage county towns for shipment to Liverpool, Eng.

The English churches of Aurora will unite in a great Thanksgiving service at the Christian church Thanks giving morning.

The protest against the proposed smoking room for university students has been started by the Lancaster county W. C. T. U.

Four cars of wheat, one of corn and one of hogs were shipped from Deshler one day last week besides a heavy local shipment of brooms.

The Rev. Conrad Krekeler, pastor of a German Lutheran church near Dresher, fell Monday and dislocated both bones in his right elbow.

Dr. Inez Philbrick of Lincoln was re-elected president of the Nebraska Woman's Suffrage association at its session just closed at Omaha.

W. F. James of Nemaha county raised a sweet potato weighing over nine pounds. It was eight inches long and nine inches in circumference.



OWEN FRANK.

Half Back, U. of N. Eleven.

Nebraska's great back-field man who has developed into a phenomenal punter and drop kicker.

Arnold Herald, three years old, near Doniphan, was scalded to death in a tub of hot water, which his sister had prepared for the mopping of the floor.

The vestry of Christ's Episcopal church at Central City, has extended a call to the Rev. J. Franklin Long, at present pastor of St. Ann's parish in Chicago.

The large new Swedish Methodist Episcopal church located fifteen miles north of St. Paul, was totally burned Sunday during the exercises. Loss about \$3,000; insurance, \$2,000.

Bishop Tihen and twenty other clergymen of the Lincoln diocese of Roman Catholic church participated in the laying of the cornerstone of St. Cecilia's church at Hastings, Wednesday.

A number of Hastings men are endeavoring to form a stock company capitalized at \$10,000, to sink a deep well in the city for the purpose of seeing whether or not there is oil or gas underlying the city.

Twenty-six men of Johnson and vicinity with ten wagons, united in a husking bee in the field of Mr. Thomas Clark, a young man living near Johnson. Mr. Clark had been ill with typhoid fever and had not sufficiently recovered to gather his corn.

The annual harvest home supper given by the women of the Congregational church at Ashland, was a success, over \$60 being cleared.

Bohumil Sierka, aged 21 years, a student in the Fremont normal college, was instantly killed when a gun in the hands of a 14 year old boy was accidentally discharged.

Figures compiled by Miss Wheeler registrar at Union college at College View show that twenty-two states and two foreign countries are represented by students in that institution.

The Christian Endeavor convention will be held next year at Kearney.

A movement is on foot among the merchants of Lincoln to have all stores open their holiday display December 4. Most of the big stores of the city have agreed to have their Christmas display in the windows on that day.

On and after February 15 rural carriers are not required by the post office department to collect loose coins from boxes for postage. Patrons are expected to keep a supply of stamps on hand and stamp mail before depositing in boxes.

Barbara and the Beast

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

Barbara Graham was an artist, and like most of her kind she was struggling to keep the wolf from stepping over the threshold of her studio. Practical beyond the usual run of young woman possessed of the artistic temperament, she had even gone so far as to make capital out of that same hungry wolf by painting his imaginary image so realistically that it sold for a goodly sum.

Animals were Barbara's specialty. She had been a lover of the dumb beasts ever since she was old enough to love anything, and when she took up her palette and brush her fancy seemed to run always to animals.

For this reason, she had obtained for the summer months an outdoor studio converted from the small back garden of an English basement house. She found it more convenient for her animal models and, in lieu of going to the country herself, she found the outdoor work beneficial. An old stone wall enclosed the garden and ivy and Virginia creepers struggled over it here and there. The small grass plot in the center was edged with bright, old-fashioned flowers, and Barbara had added a rustic urn or two to the corners.

This morning she was putting the finishing touches to a canvas over which she had worked unusually hard. In the picture a big, tri-colored mother cat lay in an overturned basket with her small family about her.

Barbara had discovered the feline family in her big rustic chair one morning when she came down to work and she had taken it as a gift from the gods, for she was in need of a model for a new canvas. She had waited only long enough for the wee kittens to get their eyes open and assume fat and chubby proportions before beginning to transfer their likenesses to her canvas. Meantime, she had made the mother cat comfortable in a basket and fed her half a bottle of her own precious milk each morning.

This picture, with two others, was to be hung in a small exhibit during the approaching winter.

Barbara now had two of her pictures ready, and, for the third, she was worried. It was an easy enough matter to go to the animal home and secure a model from which to paint, but Barbara's heart was set on painting a certain little thoroughbred dog she had seen pass her windows every morning for three weeks. The question was—how to get him! The dog followed his master closely and Barbara could not well accost a stranger and beg to be allowed to paint his pet dog.

As she stood putting little touches here and there to the cluster of kittens on her easel and realized that the work before her was finished, she became more and more obsessed with the desire to paint that white dog for her third picture. She placed great hope in the criticism of the work to be hung this winter and something told her she could do her best work if inspired by that strange little animal.

She became restless and, making the kittens comfortable in the righted basket, she donned her hat and went forth to walk off her uneasiness.

Barbara had been of the idea, ever since she had come to the big city to follow her profession, that if she did exactly what was right at all times, thought evil of no one and harmed no one by deed or word, she would be given all that was her due. She had been brought up with this idea and the teachings of her mother clung to her now that she was alone in the world.

Therefore, as she walked she thought, and gradually a peaceful feeling took the place of the spirit of unrest that had possessed her for days. After a turn through a nearby park she retraced her footsteps toward her studio.

When she was within half a block of the house behind which was her work-garden, she was surprised to see the old tri-colored mother cat approaching her. It was the custom of the animal, after she had put her babies to sleep, to mount the garden wall and go out for air and exercise, but Barbara was not expecting to see her on the public street.

"Well, puss," Barbara was beginning, and had stopped to pick up the animal when, with a spit and a growl and a rapidly bushing tail, the cat made for the narrow passageway between the houses, a white dog in full pursuit.

"My dog!" cried Barbara aloud, and running to peep down the narrow passage. "Oh, if I could only keep him!" she wished aloud.

Footsteps came quickly behind her. "I beg pardon, my dog is chasing your cat," said a man's voice behind her. Barbara turned and faced the owner of the dog.

"He was," Barbara corrected. "She—Puss has climbed the wall and your dog is barking frantically at her."

The man followed Barbara's direction and saw his white dog dancing about in a mad desire to be at the object of his chase.

"He's death on cats—is Tchucasta," he explained. "I'm glad he did not get her. I beg a thousand pardons in his behalf."

"It's Fate," Barbara said, half to herself.

The man looked at her oddly. Perhaps this young woman—though intelligent and unusually pretty—was not quite right in her mind. Suddenly Bar-

bara looked him squarely in the eyes and his doubt fled.

"I must explain," she began. "I am an artist and animals are my forte. I have seen you pass with your dog for days, and ever since I laid eyes on him I have wanted to paint him. He is such a beauty with his long white coat and his pert little body. That's the reason I say this is Fate, for now I shall have the temerity to ask if I may use him for a model long enough to get him sketched into the canvas."

"But of course you may," the man interrupted. "Nothing would please me more. I'm proud of Tchucasta as you may well believe when I tell you I brought him all the way from Nome. He is an Eskimau dog and I had a hard time keeping him the first summer in this part of the country."

"I thought he had come from a cold climate with that coat," Barbara said, her eyes on the now discouraged canine.

"Here, Tchucasta," called the man. "Come and make your apologies to—"

"Barbara Graham," quickly supplemented Barbara, a rich color spreading over her face.

"Miss Graham," the man repeated, bowing.

"And I may paint him?" she asked, all her artist's soul rejoicing.

"Most certainly. When will you want him?" the man asked, pulling the ears of the animal beside him.

Barbara thought a moment. "I'll have to find a home for my kitties before I dare to bring their enemy into the studio," she explained. "Would tomorrow do?" she asked.

"The sooner the better—oh, Tchucasta?" the man asked. "I will bring him tomorrow morning and—" producing his card—"this is his owner's name."

Barbara took the card. With her eyes on it she confessed to the unconventional situation and apologized; but her plea was that her own passion in life was to succeed in her art and that if properly inspired she could do better work.

The man understood, and left her with the promise to bring his dog on the following morning.

It took only a few days—for Barbara worked constantly—to sketch in the figure of the dog, and then the artist was forced to admit that she could continue the work without the presence of the model.

"But it is no trouble for me to leave him—if it would be easier for you," the man insisted.

Barbara smiled up at him. "Of course it would be easier, but—"

"Then he shall come," the man interrupted with a determined expression.

Barbara said nothing. She was squeezing the contents of a small tube onto her palette with wonted extravagance.

"And—Miss Graham," the man began, waiting for her to answer him by looking up—"might the master come some day after studio hours, and sit with the artist—if not for her?"

"Yes," Barbara answered, "he might—if he likes."

John Harden sat in the rustic studio many times after that, and when the picture his dog had inspired took an honorable mention at the exhibit he bought it to hang—in their home, his own and Barbara's.

Artificial Flowers Change Color.

The principal uses of cobalt in the United States are in making glass and pottery. A beautiful blue is given to glass by the oxide of cobalt. Sympathetic inks, according to a report of the United States geographical survey, are made from cobalt acetate, chloride and nitrate that are colored when heated or colorless when cold. This interesting phenomenon is due to the change in color of the salts on the absorption of water. When dry they are blue and easily seen on paper; when damp they are pink; and when dilute, colorless. A puzzling application of this principle may be in a doll whose dress is blue when subjected to dampness, as in wet weather or when the doll is held in the steam of a tea kettle. Artificial flowers are made to show the same effect.

Colored Teeth.

Pearly teeth are not the fashion everywhere. Firms of artificial teeth manufacturers who have an export trade have to keep in stock molars of every shade of color from white to black. There is a steady demand for black teeth in Siam, Java, Batavia, and Burma, where the natives chew the betelnut, which blackens the teeth. For Persia the teeth must be absolutely milk-white. Recently an order was received from Bhavnagar, in India, for some bright red and blue artificial teeth. Smokers' teeth are regularly supplied to dentists in shades to match those which have been discolored by nicotine.

It's No Use.

He was telling her about a book he had just read.

"The absolute sincerity and directness of the author," he said, "are above all praise. I don't know when I've read a book that seemed so helpful, so uplifting, so purely inspiring."

She had been regarding him with rapt countenance. Now she spoke.

"George," she said, "I have just thought of a way to trim my new hat!"

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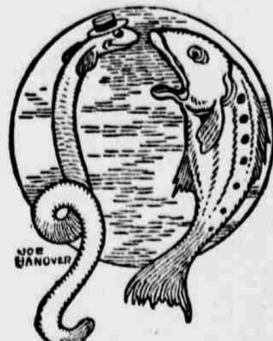
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TIME TO MOVE.



Mr. Eel—What is your hurry, Mr. Rock?

Mr. Rock—I just heard some one up above say "Get the hook."

Knowledge That Wasn't Printed. Representative McDermott of Chicago, who represents in congress a stock yards district, was discussing how he had been treated by the Democratic organization which appointed men to the various standing committees of the house.

"First," he said, "they wanted to put me on the committee on agriculture and I haven't an acre of cleared ground in my district. Then they tried to shove me into the committee on education, and I never went to school a day in my life."—Popular.

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