

JIMMIE NOT A HERO

Why? Because Miss Mildred Detested Them.

By GRACE KERRIGAN.

Jimmie Fargo, gentleman, clubman, society man and traveler, had been in love no less than seven times when he met Mildred Burt at a function. Seven times he had been in love, or thought he had, but he had scarcely gazed into Miss Burt's hazel eyes when he realized that all that had gone before was mere fancy. This was no passing whim. It was love—the only and original. It foamed up like soda water and had the tang of cider three years old.

Jimmie was a young man. He had been used to making his vows on the first of January each year, but ten minutes after his introduction to Miss Burt he might have been found in a corner vowing to himself that he would win that young lady's heart and hand ere the robins or any other sort of birds nested again.

Jimmie Fargo had the reputation of going right at things. That's the way he happened to fall in love and fall out again the seven times recorded. He went right at this affair in his usual breezy way, but that wasn't, after all, such an aggressive way as to scare the bird off its nest. He made his vows and his inquiries, and then he brought his fad into play.

Jimmie Fargo had a fad. All men have, but they won't admit it. They flatter themselves that it's erudition, perspicacity, judgment, a gift granted to them alone for being so good. Jimmie's fad was character reading. He could tell the leading traits in the character of every man and woman that passed the clubhouse in a long afternoon. Of course there was no way of proving him right or wrong, and so he built up a reputation for himself in which he was the only real believer.

From a safe position Jimmie brought his fad to bear on the girl of his heart. Chestnut hair. That signified a rather particular girl—particular about to whom she gave her heart. Oval face. That signified a romantic nature.

Hazel eyes. That signified loyalty and love after the heart was once won. A proud poise of the head. That signified pride of birth, and that triflers stood no show.

A dimpled chin. That signified that no every-day sort of man could hope to win her. She had her ideal, and he was a hero.

Red lips and even teeth. They signified that the owner was not to be won in the usual way. There must be heroism and adventure.

Small feet. That signified that the owner was defiant of public opinion to an extent. That is, she wouldn't make a beanpole of herself because Mrs. Jones had, and that she had just as soon ride up and down Fifth avenue in a farm wagon as in a \$5,000 auto.

Jimmie Fargo had his own little patent way of interpreting things, when he had come to the end of his string he drew a long breath and tightened his belt. His job was cut out for him. Never in this world could he win the heart of Mildred Burt by sending bouquets and proving himself the most graceful dancer in his set. There must be romance and adventure, and there should be.

The Burts dwelt in the suburbs in an old colonial mansion. Jimmie Fargo had been invited there to several affairs. When a couple of months had passed he couldn't say whether he had made an impression on Miss Mildred or not, but he felt that he had not lost ground. One April evening he drove out that way in his auto. He wasn't going to call, but all men in love are pretty much alike. It does a heap of good to see the outside of the house that shelters the girl one loves. There is a sort of calm, sweet consolation in realizing that her hand has opened that gate, and that her feet have left tracks on the gravel path.

Jimmie drove past the house and ten miles beyond, and it was while coming back that Providence jumped into the auto and snuggled down beside him. Results followed within ten minutes. It was late in the evening. Jimmie had taken a slow gait. As he came opposite the Burt place he saw a human figure raising a ladder to a window in Miss Burt's room. The golden opportunity!

Jimmie was out of his auto and on that Raffles' back before one could have counted fifty. Raffles uttered a yell of terror as he was grabbed by the neck, and he tried to fight back, but he was swung down and sat on and pounded until a window was raised and a voice demanded to know what was the matter. It was the voice of Miss Mildred Burt, and Jimmie Fargo recognized it and gave Raffles another punch on the nose and answered:

"I have caught a burglar, Miss Burt! Please arouse the house and telephone for the police!"

"A burglar, you fool!" exclaimed the supposed Raffles. "Milly, tell the idiot who I am!"

"It's—it's brother Jim!" she softly called down.

"But—but—"

"I was late in coming home, and the governor locked me out," explained the boy of fifteen.

"Oh—ah—!"

No, Jimmie Fargo was not a hero. That jade of Providence had played

and bloodied the nose of the youth he fondly hoped to call his brother-in-law some day. That was all.

A week later another chance was given him. On Thirty-fourth street he saw Miss Mildred leave a dry goods store and take a taxi. After going a hundred feet toward Broadway, the vehicle began to cut capers and the frightened chauffeur abandoned his seat. Jimmie Fargo dashed forward to do or die, but the vehicle suddenly decided to be good and stopped, and Miss Mildred stepped to the sidewalk calmly.

"I—I was going to—" "Oh, it's you, Mr. Fargo? Fine day, isn't it? Do you know I'm off to the country in a day or two? No? Going down to Cliffdale to stop with my married sister for a month. Pleased to have you call if you are down that way."

Was Jimmie Fargo down that way in about ten days? He was! Jimmie was feeling blue for a week after that taxi fare. Two adventures and no romance—nothing to count for him. Then he suddenly brightened up. The country was the place for adventure—mad dogs—fierce bulls—vicious tramps—outlaws and horse thieves. Yes, he would go down, and he would depend upon Jimmie Fargo this time.

Miss Mildred had gone to cull the early summer flowers, and after waiting on the veranda for half an hour to work up the good will of the sister the lover set out. Far across a green meadow he caught sight of a figure. It was that of Miss Mildred. A moment later he caught sight of another. That was Farmer Taylor's bull that had jumped the fence. The bull started for the girl and Jimmie started for the bull. He shouted. He waved his arms. He called to Miss Mildred to make for the fence—to climb a tree—to fly away in an aeroplane.

And then his foot struck a hidden stone and he fell forward with a crash that dislocated his shoulder and rendered him unconscious for many minutes. It was the voice of the girl calling to a farmer in the next field that seemed to rouse him.

"Mr. Fargo, what on earth were you trying to do?" she asked, as she turned to the victim.

"To save you," was the reply. "To save me? Why, didn't you see that the bull fell and broke his neck before he was half way to me?"

Jimmie sat up and his eyes filled with tears. "You poor boy—you are in awful pain."

"It isn't that. I—I can't be a hero now!"

"But what do you want to be a hero for?"

"To—to win you!"

"Why, I positively detest heroes! Leave it out and be plain Jimmie."

It's too soon yet, but it will come around all right.

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

LOOKING AFTER THE PENNIES

Cornelius Vanderbilt Was Exact in Many Respects, but He Gave Generously.

Mr. Vanderbilt was notably exacting in his personal business relations—of himself as well as of others, writes Richard M. Winans in Harper's Weekly. At a meeting of a certain railroad's board of directors of which he was a member it was found that several were absent. At a fall board meeting each director received \$10, and it was the rule that if any were absent, those present shared the total fee. That is, if but half the members were present each attending member would receive \$20, and so proportionately. On the day of the meeting referred to the number of absentees made the division of the fee amount to certain odd dollars and twelve and a half cents. At the close of the meeting, as the secretary handed each member his apportioned fee, he accepted the given number of dollars and passed up the twelve and a half cents to avoid the bother of making change. When the secretary came to Mr. Vanderbilt, however, he found him busily counting some small coin from a purse onto the table. "I can change a dollar for you and will take the 12 cents," said Mr. Vanderbilt; then smiled as he added, "but I cannot manage the half cent." And the man worth more than a hundred million dollars had taken the trouble to change a dollar for the sake of 12 cents, which, together with the extra dollars, had come to him by the default of others. Had the proposed half-penny then been in circulation he would probably have "managed the half cent."

The next day Cornelius Vanderbilt gave half a million dollars to establish a charity work in New York. And it was in a measure due to his constantly keeping close tab on the pennies in the handling of his large affairs that he was able to make such a splendid gift in the cause of humanity.

Area of the Earth.

The area of the earth comprises 199,000,000 square miles. Leaving out of account the 8,000 square miles about the poles that are unexplored, the land area forming the habitat of the human race is about 27 per cent of the total area of the globe. And unless man in some way learns to live in, or under the waters, he can never have any more room on the earth than he has at present. But you need not personally worry yourself over the matter. It will be a long time before the danger line is in sight. It is said that the United States of America could take care of all the inhabitants of the earth.

UNREST IN ENGLAND

Duke of Marlborough Blames Dearth of Cottages for Evil.

Absence of Homes for Humblest Classes of Rural Workers is Depopulating the Country—"Week Enders" Is Chief Cause.

London.—When the duke of Marlborough, in his recent articles in the Daily Mail on "Industrial Unrest in England," traced the source of the trouble back to the dearth of cottages for country laborers, it seemed rather fanciful, but since his articles were printed, no small amount of evidence has appeared to back up his theory.

One of the most interesting contributions to the discussion comes from "A Country Parson," who says that the dearth of homes for the humblest classes of rural workers is a crying evil. According to him, it is depopulating the country.

Marriages among the young people are at a discount, he says. Twenty years ago, in his parish, the registers show there was a yearly average of six marriages of agricultural laborers. During the last eight years this average has been reduced to one. Assuredly this statement backs up the duke of Marlborough.

The young men in the country have no inducements to marry there and no homes to settle down in. They flock to the cities, they crowd out the city born of weaker physique, they lower the standard of wages by glutting the labor market. Then come poverty, strike, paralysis of business, general all-round disaster.

But why should there be a dearth of rural cottages. Why does not the law of supply and demand operate to end it in short order? One reason seems to be that all sorts of outsiders are competing with the agricultural laborer in the way of a cottage that may exist or be built in rural regions.

Behind this is the fundamental cause, the fact that the agricultural laborer is so badly paid or paid in such an unpractical way that he is not able to pay anything like a decent rent for a home—anything like the rent which will return even the smallest interest on the builder's investment.

Illustrating the competition with the laborer for the rural cottage, the case of the week ender is cited. The



Typical English Cottage.

week ender of moderate means wants a very cheap place where he can run down in fine weather and spend a day or two at what is to him merely nominal expense. He finds a laborer's cottage picturesquely situated; he goes to the landlord and offers a grotesquely low rent for it, say five shillings or \$1.25 a week, on condition that it be restored or fixed up—put in good order. The landlord cheerfully accepts the offer and puts the cottage in first-rate condition, for the rent of the city man offers, absurd though it may seem to a New Yorker, is anywhere from three to five times as much as the agricultural laborer can afford to pay.

MAY CALL OFFICER A "GINK"

And, Philadelphia Judge Holds, It Doesn't Justify Arrest of Former Pugilist.

Philadelphia.—Magistrate Coward, sitting in city hall, today decided it is no crime to call a policeman a "gink," no matter what construction is placed upon the word. The Magistrate listened to the evidence of Policeman Pill of the vice squad, who had arrested Jack Hanlon, the former pugilist, whom he accused of calling him a gink when Pill was on duty in the Tenderloin.

When the judge heard the case he said: "Well, that is not wrong. I'm called worse things than that a dozen times a day. I don't care how you take it. If that is all that the man said you had no right to arrest him."

In the cross-examination of Pill Hanlon's lawyer asked Pill if he knew what the word meant. When the policeman said he did not know the attorney said: "Well, if you don't know now, you will soon enough, for you have been accused of being a 'gink' before, and you had better be careful or they may make more than accusations the next time." The Magistrate suspended further hostilities by discharging the prisoner.

Gives Skin to Son. New York.—David P. Condon, a member of the New York fire department, has given forty inches of his skin to save his son's leg.

Denounces Unique Balls. London.—The Daily Express here editorially denounces the Stuyvesant and Vanderbilt balls at Newport as "vulgar and lawdry."

WOMAN WORKS OUT PROBLEM

Mrs. Sarah Erickson Declares the Hen Lays an Egg at the Same Hour She Was Born.

What time of day does a hen lay?

That question has puzzled poultry fanciers for unnumbered decades, but now, it seems, it has been satisfactorily solved by a woman. She is Mrs. Sarah Erickson of Falconer, N. Y. Having kept chickens for 37 years, she believes she qualifies as an expert in this line of effort.

"I have worked out the problem," she declares. "By using marked leg-bands, trap nests and alarm clocks attached to the nests I have determined that a hen lays an egg at the same hour, minute and second that she was born, or, rather, hatched. For instance, if the hen happened to be able to peck its way through its shell at 7:43 a. m. she will lay an egg at precisely 7:43 a. m. And she will do this without variation every time she is inclined to lay. I have kept close, systematic watch on my hens for five years, and I have never known the rule to fail."

BURNED AND ITCHED BADLY

539 Lincoln Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill.—"A year ago I received a very severe burn on my left arm. I caught cold in it and it was all sore and ulcerated. The sore was as large as a silver dollar. It was all red and inflamed and had pus running out of it. I suffered terribly from burning pain; could not sleep for two weeks it burned and itched so badly. I applied — Salve. — Salve and a salve my druggist recommended as his own, but got no relief. I then commenced using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed the burned parts with Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment on a linen bandage. I got relief from the first, and my arm healed nicely. I was soon able to be at work again. Had I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment at first I would have avoided lots of suffering." (Signed) Harry Junke, Mar. 9, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Add. post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Old Roman Wall Unearthed. A part of the wall which once enclosed old St. Paul's, London, has been discovered in excavations at the corner of Paternoster Row and St. Paul's alley in London. The wall, which is about 60 feet long, is made of chalk and rubble, and was built in the twelfth century. On the same site pieces of a Roman amphora, Roman vases and some Samian ware have also been found. Other "finds" include a camel's skull unearthed in High Holborn and a large quantity of pipes of the eighteenth century. Under some old stables in Bartholomew Close—one of the oldest parts of London—three Norman arches have been found. They are close to one another, and are believed to have formed part of the cloisters of the priory which once stood on this site.

Compensation. A fairly prominent local pugilist was injured several months ago in an automobile accident and had three ribs broken. Fully recovered, he was discussing the incident recently with friends.

"I got \$100 out of the auto owner," he said. "Had to give the lawyer half and it cost \$56 for doctor's bills, but I made them pay \$100 for the thing, anyhow."

Unhampered. "Yes, sir, the cause of woman suffrage is going to advance with gigantic strides from now on."

"Going to discard the hobble skirt, eh?"

Some people would rather make an effective disappearance than a good appearance.

A fussy woman says the next most annoying thing to a man in the house is a fly.

A CURE FOR FILES.

Cole's Carbollative stops itching and pain and cures piles. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

Babies and grievances grow larger with nursing.

Whenever You Use Your Back

Does a Sharp Pain Hit You? It's a sign of sick kidneys, especially if the kidney action is disordered, too, passages scanty or too frequent or off-color.

Do not neglect any little kidney ailment or the slight troubles run into dropsy, gravel, stone or Bright's disease.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills. This good remedy cures bad kidneys.

A TYPICAL CASE—W. M. Richardson, Warren, Indiana, says: "After ten years I couldn't walk. My feet swelled, I had lumbago and my kidneys failed me. The rheumatic pains were terrible. Doan's Kidney Pills were a life saver to me. They cured every one of my troubles after other medicine failed. I have been well since."

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box

Doan's Kidney Pills

Doan's Kidney Pills

Doan's Kidney Pills

Doan's Kidney Pills

Doan's Kidney Pills

Doan's Kidney Pills

Doan's Kidney Pills

Doan's Kidney Pills



"This is My Choice of Duke's Mixture Presents"

Among the many valuable presents now given away with Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture there is something to suit every taste—and in this all-pleasing satisfaction the presents are exactly like the tobacco itself. All smokers like the selected Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf that you get in

Liggett & Myers

Duke's Mixture

Now this famous old tobacco will be more popular than ever—for it is now a Liggett & Myers leader, and is equal in quality to any granulated tobacco you can buy.

If you haven't smoked Duke's Mixture with the Liggett & Myers name on the bag—try it now. Tucked into a pipe, or any other way you use it, you will like it; for there is no better value anywhere.

For 5c you get one and a half ounces of choice granulated tobacco, unsurpassed by any in quality.

Now About the Free Presents The coupons now packed with Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture are good for all sorts of valuable presents. These presents cost you not one penny. The list includes not only smokers' articles—but many desirable presents for women and children—fine fountain pens, umbrellas, cameras, toilet articles, tennis racquets, catcher's gloves and masks, etc.

As a special offer during September and October only, we will send you our new illustrated catalogue of presents FREE. Just send name and address on a postal.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be secured with tags from HORSE SHOE, T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, coupons from FOUR ROSES (1/2-1/2 double coupons), PICK PLUG CUT, FREDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Address—Premium Dept. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. St. Louis, Mo.



Address—Premium Dept. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. St. Louis, Mo.

Nebraska Directory

THE PAXTON HOTEL

Omaha, Nebraska
Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double.
CAFÉ PRICES REASONABLE

KODAKS

and Photo Supplies of all kinds. We do DEVELOPING and PRINTING for amateurs and professionals. LINCOLN PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Lincoln, Neb.

AUCTIONEER

Auctioneers are not all alike. Some are much better than others. The best is the one who gives you the best price for your goods. The best selling auctioneer is the one who sells more than the others. There's no profit in a business unless you have a good reputation. Z. N. HILL & SONS, 100 So. 10th St., Omaha, Neb. 12 Years Experience, LIT. 1013, 1012.

Lincoln Sanitarium

Sulpho Saline Springs

Located on our own premises and used in the Natural Mineral Water Baths

Unsurpassed in the treatment of Rheumatism

Heart, Stomach, Kidney and Liver Diseases
MODERATE CHARGES, ADDRESS
DR. C. W. EVERETT, Mgr., Lincoln, Neb., 1408 N. Street

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is ransacked by the scientist for the most useful and important of man. Science has indeed made giant strides in the past century, and among these—by no means least important—discoveries in medicine is that of Therapion, which has been used with great success in French Hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weakness, skin eruptions, piles, etc. There is no doubt, in fact it seems evident that the best cure for these ailments is to be found in the Therapion. This is a fact which has been proved by the most eminent medical men. It is of course impossible to tell whether all we should use to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that has effected so many—well, almost say, miraculous cures, should send addressed envelope for FREE book to Dr. LeClere Med. Co., Havertown Road, Haverhill, London, Eng. and decide for themselves whether the Therapion is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell whether all we should use to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that has effected so many—well, almost say, miraculous cures, should send addressed envelope for FREE book to Dr. LeClere Med. Co., Havertown Road, Haverhill, London, Eng. and decide for themselves whether the Therapion is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell whether all we should use to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that has effected so many—well, almost say, miraculous cures, should send addressed envelope for FREE book to Dr. LeClere Med. Co., Havertown Road, Haverhill, London, Eng. and decide for themselves whether the Therapion is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men.

Richest in Healing Qualities FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Quickly relieves any pain in the back, kidneys, bladder, etc. Sold by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO., Troy, N. Y.

WANTED AGENTS

to sell our CIGARS and TOBACCO. Can easily make \$100 per week. GILLESPIE CIGAR CO., YORK, PA.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.