

Firemen's Busy Day.
Saturday is the busy day of the London firemen. In ten years London had 3,393 Saturday fires, against 3,002 on Monday, the day they were least frequent.

How to lengthen life and beautify the body is a constantly growing preoccupation. The age at which women will attain to the full development of their personal beauty will soon be 40, and famous examples, such as those of Cleopatra, who was over 30 when Marc Anthony placed his victories at her feet, of Diane de Poitiers, who reached the acme of her charms at 40, or of Dejazet, who at 70 was still full of juvenile grace, will no longer be regarded as exceptions.

Need of Industrial Education.
In prevailing conditions, trade schools are an absolute necessity. Our boys cannot all become professional men. Many branches of commerce and industry are so specialized that training is absolutely necessary. Unless we provide this training, our schools will turn out a lot of idlers who have no future, unless their wealthy parents can stake money in some venture.—Herr Ulman, School Director, Berlin.

Gas Oven Economy.
I purchased a single gas oven with two shelves and use this over one burner on top of my stove instead of using the regular oven. By turning a pieplate upside down in the bottom I have three shelves upon which to bake at the same time. By so doing I economize on my gas bill.

The season for destructive storms is at hand. WIND and LIGHTNING will destroy and damage buildings and kill and maim stock in barns and pastures. Protect yourself by insuring them in the Nebraska Mutual Ins. Co., home office, 141 South Twelfth street, Lincoln, Neb. Write us for particulars.

Use Soap Scraps.
As soon as a piece of soap has been used until thin make a thick lather and stick it to a new cake, leave overnight and then use as one cake.

Lincoln Directory

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THE most attractive and up-to-date Furniture and Carpet Store in the State. One of the show places of Lincoln.
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Dip your shingles in tar paint—it preserves them.
Sold in 50-gallon barrels for \$5.00 PER BARREL.
Sold in 5-gallon cans for \$1.50 per can. Tar is cheaper than paint—is more effective and lasts longer.
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Symbols

Ere yet the city's din exultant rose
Upon a morning hushed with drifted snows,
A shabby bridge that led into the town
Felt wagons slip come slowly rimbbling down.
First passed a sleepy milkman's cart in full array
A florist's wagon gorged with blooms for nuptial gay.
This followed by machines stacked on a cumbersome drey,
When came a flat high-piled with scenery for a play.
Next slunk a prison-van, half-closed to light of day,
And then an undertaker's wagon went its way.
—Oscar Loeb, in The Bohemian.

HICKS' ELOPEMENT

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

(Copyright.)

You doubtless never knew Hicks of Hackensack; which is your loss rather than his, for, while there are probably very many people who are much like you, there is but one Hicks. From the time when ideas first began to coagulate in the cavity that nature had intended for his brain (but which she had grown to abhor), he was always mounted on some ridiculous hobby or other and he could change 'em like a pony express rider. He'd rave over elopements and affairs of honor. Then he decided that at last his chance had come and he bought him a long, low, rakish-looking car with a French name that he couldn't pronounce to save his life. There came with the car a small, bullet-headed mechanic named Anatole. Anatole taught Hicks for about six months and then Hicks thought that he could run the car himself. He tried.

When he and Anatole got out of the hospital he tried again, slower. And after awhile he became really expert. He could run over more dogs and chickens than anyone I ever saw and he averaged three arrests a week during all of last summer. In spite of his many shortcomings, Hicks was not unpopular. So, when a crowd of us went down to the Lispenard's North Shore place for the first fortnight in September, we were not surprised to find Hicks there with his car and Anatole.

We had been there but a few days when there arrived a niece of Mrs. Lispenard. Her name was Hortense Stuyvesant-West and she was certainly good to look upon. As for Hicks, the moment he got his spectacles on her, it was all up with him. He was so pitiful that we all felt sorry for him and began to try to cheer him up, and get him interested, even if we had to ring in the anachronistic actions and adventures of Fritz of Fahrenheit to do it.

Still, we didn't devote any too much of our time to Hicks, for the rest of us weren't much better off. No man was willing to be away from her any more than he could possibly help, and the consequence was that she was always surrounded three deep by a circle of adoring swains devoted to the point of manslaughter. And then, suddenly, Hicks brightened up most amazingly and became his old, jaunty, debonair, devilish self again. A few days later when Hortense's father was looking for her she could not be located. Then it was discovered Hicks was also missing.

An inquiry was instituted and at length one of the grooms was found who said that only a few moments before he had seen Hortense and Hicks buzzing along the back road to the crossing in Hicks' unpronounceable racer; and almost at the same time, old Miss Baxter came in and announced that Hicks had told her that there would be an elopement at no distant date and opined that this was it. We all gasped. Then we all looked at each other in speechless amazement. Then, as soon as we could get enough wind with which to do it, we all gasped again. So this was the answer! So this was what accounted for the change in Hicks! So this was why he had ascended from the cellar of despondency to the roof garden of joy! So this—But Hortense! How could she have done it! How could she have chosen Hicks when she had Monty Fiske and myself and all the others to select from! How could she have nipped the booby prize when she might have taken any of the others! How, or, how . . . !!!

was dragged away from the door of the wine cellar and told to bring out the Dalm-Vite car and get us over to the Crossing immediately, and as much sooner as possible. Stuyvesant-West was by this time in a state of incipient apoplexy, and the rest were busy trying to keep him from getting in all over; so Monty Fiske and I, being deemed the least valuable to the world at large, hence the best qualified to ride with Anatole, were the only ones to go, which we were glad to do for the double purpose of being in at the finish and of gaining an opportunity to tell each other what we thought of things.

We broke speed ordinances that night so that you couldn't have found a segment with a fine tooth comb; and it couldn't have been more than eight minutes before we sighted the minister's abode, which we at once recognized because we saw the head light of Hicks' car in the street in front of the gate.

Before the Dalm-Vite came to a stop, we had hopped out and charged toward the front gate. But just as we reached it, the door of the house opened and out came Hortense, leaning on the arm of a tall, broad-shoulder-



"I'm So Sorry," She Cried, Softly: "So Sorry!"

dered fellow whom I immediately recognized as Hastings, '02. I knew him on the instant, for hadn't I played football on the same eleven, rowed on the same crew, and cut the same lectures with him for three years? A fine-looking chap he is and one of the best fellows I ever knew.

But what was he doing there? And where was Hicks? It was one of those situations that make a man feel as though his intellect had been put in an atomizer and sprinkled all over him. While I was trying to scrape mine together and get it into a heap where it would work, Monty Fiske grabbed me by the arm. "Look!" he whispered, pointing. And there, in the light of our lamps, I saw Hicks sitting on the curb. His expression—but he had none—not a bit in the world, and he was trying to scratch a cigarette on his trousers with the evident idea of lighting the match which he held in his mouth.

Fiske and I stood like two bumps on a log. Hastings and Hortense hadn't seen us at all; and he led her toward a ratty old depot carriage that was standing a bit farther down the street.

Investigating Animal Vision.
Dr. Alexander Schaefer has been investigating the vision of many animal species and has found that the size of the eyeball is the principal factor of acuteness of vision. The bovine species has the sharpest sight. The second place is occupied by man and the horse, which have nearly equal visual powers; the third by the sheep. Small, and especially small-eyed animals, whether mammal, birds, amphibia or reptiles, have very poor sight. Owls

Suddenly they almost fell over Hicks, who was still absently and dejectedly trying to light the cigarette on his trousers.

When Hortense (now Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings, of Brookline) saw Hicks, she stopped short and, leaning over him, cried impulsively: "I haven't half thanked you for all you did for me, nor can I ever. Your car was really the only way in which we could have been sure that pursuit would have been unavailing, you know. Jack and I are ever and ever so grateful to you, and always will be. Won't we, Jack?" and she smiled up at Hastings in a way that made Monty and I groan and green with envy.

But poor Hicks seemed beyond human aid. He looked up at her with blinking, sheeplike eyes and blurted out: "But I thought you were going to marry me!"

Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings looked completely kerflummoxed (if anyone as beautiful as she can look like that).

You said that we were going to elope and asked me if I would have the car ready at half-past seven," continued Hicks in the tone and manner of a man who has been awakened from a beautiful and roseate dream by having the bed give away.

Hortense looked down on him, comprehending, and there was a soft light in her dark eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she cried, softly, "so sorry! When I said 'we' I meant of course Jack and myself. I didn't explain very fully, perhaps, for I was hurried and nervous and then, too, I didn't for a moment imagine that you would think that I meant you—I didn't think that you had ever thought of such a thing, or desired it."

Monty and I stood silently watching the ratty old depot wagon-carriage disappear into the darkness of the quiet, spasmodically lighted street. Then Monty sighed. Then I sighed. Then we both sighed together. And we meant 'em, too.

We tried to adduce some comfort from the fact that there was but one Hortense, and two of us; so, sighing again, we went to where Hicks was still sitting and, taking the match from his mouth, shook him a couple of times. "Eh—what?" He gazed up at us with lack-luster eyes in which at length began to appear a faint gleam of almost human intelligence. And, as we bundled his lank frame into his lank car he murmured helplessly, wonderingly:

"And to think that she took him when she might have had me!" And—oh, but what's the use?

Domesticated Elephants.
The efforts of the Congo State authorities to domesticate the African elephant have brought out some interesting peculiarities of those animals. During the wet season, which lasts four months, the elephants are not worked, but are turned out into the forest. Instead, however, of rejoicing their wild kin they seem to keep apart, as if conscious of the difference that their training has produced. On being brought back to their duties they show no disposition to shirk their work. Their presence sometimes attracts wild elephants to the vicinity of their scene of labors, but these wild animals are usually too old and intractable to be used as recruits.—Youth's Companion.

Electric Treatment for Violins.
A noted violinist and violin maker believes he has discovered a method for giving, by the aid of an electrical machine, the same quality of tone to a violin that age has been credited with providing. The theory of the violinist, says Popular Mechanics, is that it is not the age of the violin which really gives it its superior tone, but the amount of "bowing" or vibration it has received. By the use of the electrical machine the violin is expected to get as much "bowing" in 30 days as the same instrument would receive in 50 years of ordinary use.

Mazarin's Beloved Pictures.
Perhaps no more ardent lover of pictures ever lived than Cardinal Mazarin, minister of the regency during the minority of Louis XIV. Being told that he had but two months to live, he was soon after seen in his nightcap and dressing gown, tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, exclaiming: "Must I quit all these? Look at that Correggi, this Venus of Titian; that incomparable Deluge of Caracci. Farewell, dear pictures, that I have loved so dearly and that cost me so much."

Increase in Harness Animals.
Within the last eight years the number of harness-using animals in this country has increased by more than 8,237,000.

MACHINE-GROUND PAINT.

Occasionally one hears the "hand-mixed" paint of the painter slightly spoken of as "unscientific" and "not thoroughly mixed." The facts are all on the side of the painter and his hand-prepared paint.

It is the most "scientific" paint there is, because it is made on the spot to suit the particular purpose for which it is to be used. It is as scientific as a good doctor's prescription. If the painter did not mix it thus it would be as unscientific as a patent medicine. Moreover, the paint which a good painter turns out is made of genuine white lead and pure linseed oil. If he does not mix it himself he is not sure what is in it, and consequently his client cannot be sure.

As for not being thoroughly mixed by machinery, that is simply a misstatement. White Lead as made by National Lead Company is thoroughly incorporated with 7 or 8 per cent. of pure Linseed oil in the factory, making a paste. This paste need only be thinned with additional linseed oil to make it ready for the brush.

The thorough incorporation of pigment and oil has already been accomplished before the painter gets it.

To know how to tell pure white lead is a great advantage to both painter and house-owner. National Lead Company will send a tester free to anyone interested. Address the company at Woodbridge Building, New York, N. Y.

Too Polite to Interrupt.
Police Justice—You saw that cock fight? Why didn't you stop it and arrest the men?
Police Officer—I did, Yr Anner—after th' fight was over.—Chicago Tribune.

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