

At the age of 104 a Kentucky man took paris green. Bet that the local paper called it a rash act.

But if we should stop eating meat what would we do for leather and the other by-products of the bovine?

The shah of Persia is master of the situation in Teheran, but doesn't know just how long he'll hold the job.

Englishwomen are getting splendid practice. They will know how to run an election if they ever get the ballot.

This year's crops will be worth \$8,000,000, exclusive of the amateur lettuce and radish-growers' harvest.

Minister Wu says that he is going to live 200 years, in which time he probably hopes to find out all he wants to know.

In the case of the Cossacks there is no evidence that the free and untrammelled life of the steppes inculcates an appreciation of other people's liberty.

A Chicago woman is charged with stealing a set of teeth. This is one of those rare morsels for the members of the paragraphers' union to chew on.

Several Columbus men are anxious to sell their fingers at \$300 each. A story once came out of the Klondike that a thiraty, but flush, prospector paid \$4,000 for three fingers.

How some of the small boys who live along the wharves in seaport towns will envy the accomplished gentleman who as an expert is testing the tobacco to be purchased for the navy!

If Betsy Ross didn't make the first flag the story is about as harmless a piece of fiction as ever crept into history and we see no reason for taking up any valuable time proving that it isn't so.

A Virginia lady has just obtained a divorce from a bogus "lord" who has several other wives scattered throughout the country. In our opinion he has reason to suspect that she did not marry him for love alone.

One of the lady lecturers declares that men who wear starched collars are fools. But would the lady lecturer approve if the men were to go around with their shirts cut low or their arms showing through open-work sleeves?

A New York landlord has reduced his rent because of hard times. The men think him a good landlord, but the women are withholding judgment until they find out what he intends to do about papering the front parlor and the back bedroom next fall.

The Master Car Builders' association which has just closed a session at Atlantic City, adopted a report made by a committee after careful investigation and urging numerous improvements designed to secure better ventilation of passenger cars. The demand for fresh air and more of it is becoming insistent.

A young man in Kentucky complained that a girl had imprisoned him against his will in her parents' home for four days and forced a ring on his finger in attempts to get him to marry her. Apparently, there are getting to be strenuous times this particular leap year, but masculine gallantry should not force lone femininity to such extremes.

The discontinuance of the old Fulton street line of horse-cars in New York city was chronicled by a newspaper correspondent with an amusing comment. "In some ways," he said, "this line was the best in the city. For one thing, it was entirely destitute of the straphanging evil. In the first place, nobody would trust the straps, and in the second place, most of the patrons walked."

Members of a Chicago ministers' meeting were solemnly warned by one of their number against the demoralizing influences of summer hotels and the dangers incident to vacations generally. Then the meeting adjourned until September with this program: "Vacation Experiences and Fish Stories," scheduled. When those fish stories have been told that sermon on the bad effect of vacations may need to be repeated.

The new Cunard line steamships, Lusitania and Mauretania, built under an arrangement with the British government by which the company is to receive an annual subsidy of \$750,000 if the ships maintain an average speed of 24 knots an hour in fair weather, have proved their ability to keep up the required speed. The British government pays the subsidy to encourage the building of fast ships, which may be used by the navy in case of need.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

PROHIBITION CANDIDATE



Eugene W. Chaffin, who has just been nominated by the Prohibitionists for president of the United States, is an attorney of Chicago. He was not a candidate for the nomination at the Columbus convention, for he had already been named by the Prohibitionists of Illinois as their candidate for governor. Under the circumstances, he will have to resign the latter nomination and let another be named in his place.

Before going to Chicago seven years ago he was a resident of Wisconsin, and was counted one of the leaders of the "dry" party in that state. In two different campaigns he was the candidate for attorney general in the Beaver state, and in 1898 he headed the state ticket there.

The candidate is not tied to the Prohibition party in his zeal for the elimination of the liquor evil. He has been aligned with practically every movement that has for its object the wiping out of the saloon. He was the state president of the Wisconsin Epworth league for two years, and for four terms president of the Order of Good Templars, an organization which was quite strong throughout the country a score of years ago and still wields considerable influence in some quarters.

He is 56 years old and worked on a farm to pay his way through college while studying law. For 25 years he practiced his profession, when he was not working for temperance, in Waukesha, Wis. He is a ready speaker, and an orator of some ability. In fact, it was a speech that he made in the Columbus convention which carried that impressionable body off its feet and resulted in his nomination over men who had been avowed candidates for months and who had made a campaign to land the place.

WILL GATHER THE COIN



George R. Sheldon, newly named treasurer of the Republican national committee, is very little known to the public generally, although in New York his is a name to conjure with, particularly in business and financial affairs. There was a time when he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for lieutenant-governor of the Empire state, on the ticket with former Governor and former Boss B. B. Odell. When it came time for the convention at Saratoga, however, and it looked as though Sheldon had delegates enough on his list to make him a factor in the convention, Odell balked.

"Not with his trust connections," declared the boss. "He'll swamp the ticket."

So the nomination went elsewhere. Sheldon never kicked, but went back to his world of business.

What Sheldon does not know about trusts and great corporations it would be little use for a tyro to study. He is actively connected with 22 different important corporations, located in nine states, with large interests in another score of states.

Sheldon was born in Brooklyn 51 years ago and was educated at Harvard.

GOVERNOR OF HAWAII



Gov. Walter F. Frear of Hawaii stepped into the limelight in connection with the visit to Honolulu by the battleship fleet. The people of Honolulu and other cities of the islands broke all records in the welcome extended to the fleet, and no money nor time was spared to make the occasion a notable as well as a pleasant one. As the governor of the territory and chief representative of Uncle Sam in his jurisdiction, Gov. Frear was naturally put in charge of all arrangements for the event.

If it were not for such little things as this, the average newspaper reader would be likely to forget that there was such a place as Hawaii on earth, or that it is a regular territory of the United States with its own territorial government and organization. The Hawaiian islands are so far away from homeland, and the revolution which carried the government all the way from monarchy to republic and then to annexation are of such comparatively recent date that only in the year of presidential conventions do we recollect more than the name of the islands.

Gov. Frear, although of American birth, has spent nearly his entire life in Hawaii. Born in California 45 years ago, he graduated from Oahu college, Honolulu, and Yale. After graduating in law, he was made a circuit judge for Hawaii in 1893, and a few months later he was advanced to the supreme court of the islands, then under the provisional government. He was made a supreme court justice of the republic when it was organized under President Sanford B. Dole, and was offered the position of minister of foreign affairs and public instruction in 1899, but declined the change to the cabinet, preferring to retain his place upon the supreme bench. He was made chief justice, and held that place until the annexation of Hawaii was carried out. Since 1907 he has been territorial governor.

A FIGHTING ENGLISHMAN



It is no secret that Reginald McKenna, who was president of the English board of education in the Campbell-Bannerman ministry, has been promoted to the post of first lord of the admiralty to get him out of the way. Not that this strenuous son of an Irish father is an undesirable colleague in the eyes of the new prime minister; on the contrary, he is looked upon, and with good reason, as one of the conspicuous successes of the late government. But he is a born fighter. He does not know what the word compromise means, and these are days when the spirit of compromise is very much needed in the department which Mr. McKenna has just vacated. The new education bill, which he brought into parliament, has aroused no end of antagonism in many quarters and it has

been evident for some time that it were best for the government to meet the objectors at least half way. Mr. McKenna obviously was not the man to hold out the olive branch; he was for fighting it out to the last ditch. So he was conveniently shifted. Incidentally his wages were raised from \$10,000 to \$22,750 a year, and he has just been married on the strength of his advance. In his new position Mr. McKenna will have plenty of opportunities for putting his fighting qualities of mind into play. For some time past a large element in England has bemoaned the weakness of character of the retiring Lord Tweedmouth and have sighed for a successor strong enough to give battle to the very active opponents of the government's naval policy.

SAVED AT THE CRISIS.

Delay Meant Death from Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Herman Smith, 901 Broad Street, Athens, Ga., says: "Kidney disease started with slight irregularity and weakness and developed into dangerous dropsy. I became weak and languid, and could do no housework. My back ached terribly. I had bearing down pains and my limbs bloated to twice their normal size. Doctors did not help, and I was fast drifting into the hopeless stages. I used Doan's Kidney Pills at the critical moment and they really saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY HE WAS WORRIED.

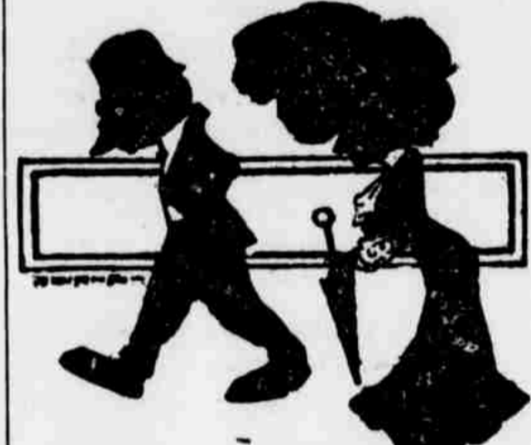
Fly in the Ointment That Was Handed to Good Man.

"Why," asked the good man's wife, are you so thoughtful? You look as if something disagreeable had happened. "Perhaps," he replied, "I am foolish to feel as I do about it. My congregation has raised a purse for the purpose of sending me to Europe."

"And are you sorry it isn't large enough to enable you to take me with you? Don't let that cause you to feel depressed. It will be very lonely here without you, but I know you need the rest, and I shall be very sensible. I can spend the summer at some quiet, inexpensive place, cheered by the thought that you will return refreshed in mind and body."

"It is very good of you to look at it in that way, my dear. I appreciate your feeling. But the gentleman who made the presentation speech said he was sorry the amount that had been raised was not larger so that I might be able to remain away longer, and somehow it seemed to me that applause was more hearty at that point than anywhere else in the course of his remarks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PROOF.



She—How do you know he's a book-keeper?
He—Well, I loaned him a book about five years ago and he never returned it.

Socialistic.

The Patient—Doc, I can't buy you no money while I ain't gone none, a'ready. Will you dake it out in drade?
The Dentist—Well, I might consider that. What's your business?
The Patient—I lead a leedle Chotman band. Ve'll come aroundt und serenade you efray nighd for a mont', yet!

WONDERED WHY

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak. "About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

"There's a Reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A Foreign View.

Mrs. Gunson: "Count, do you consider American girls good enough to marry foreign noblemen?"

Count Golde: "Madame, ze beggar cannot be ze chooser."

Something Stronger.

Pat: "Sir? Ye niver heard o' th' big wind in Ireland? Begobbs, mon, y'r wan in tin thousand! That wind blew ivveryting lengthways, sideways—hic—ideways, shortways; sure—hic—it was th' strongest thing as ivver blew against a mon!"

The Listener: "There is something stronger, Pat!"

Pat: "Tell me what, now! Phat is stronger?"

The Listener: "Your breath"

Making it Pleasant for Him.

Mabel—Papa, what did you say to Harold that upset him so? He was absent-minded and nervous all the evening after he had been in to ask your consent.

Mabel's Papa—Oa, nothing much. After giving my consent, I merely added that I hoped he wouldn't back out, same as all the other fellows had done, when he found out what a temper you had.

Real Base Ball.

(W. J. Lampton in New York World.) Oh, take me away from the base ball game

Where science is at the bat
And the players play
In a technical way
Till a rube can't tell where they're at.

Where scores are highest when nothing at all

And nobody takes a base;
Where nobody makes
Any sort of mistakes
And everything's just in place.

Where spectators keep on the watch for plays

So close that it gives them a pain;
And whatever's done
In hit, catch or run
They scream at to take off the strain.

Oh, carry me back to the old-fashioned game

That doesn't know science at all,
Where the sides go in
With a whoop to win,
And they don't do a thing but play ball.

Where twenty or thirty or forty runs are likely as not to be made;

And the bags are hot
From many a swat
In games that are played as is played.

Where the catcher don't look like an armored knight

And the pitcher is not so intense,
The batter can't hit
'Em a little bit,
But bangs 'em clean over the fence.

Where something is doing that sure stirs up the soul

About every minute or so,
With the home runs made
And double plays played
And the whole darn thing on the go.

Where grandstand and bleachers are all of a kind,

And are there because they are there
To see a good game
That's good just the same
Though science be up in the air.

Oh, take me away from the base ball game

Where scientists have the call,
And give me the play
That lasts half a day—
Hurrah! That is ball; that is ball.

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