

DINNER TABLE OF THE KING

Laying of the Board for George V. is Attended With Very Considerable Ceremony.

The laying of the royal dinner table is of necessity attended with a good deal of ceremony.

First come the "upholsterers," whose duty it is to see that the table is in its proper place, and in good condition to bear its precious burden of gold and silver plate. The weight of the famous Flaxman service, designed for George IV., is so tremendous as to justify fully this precaution.

The upholsterers, having seen that all is in order, give place to the "table-deckers," who arrange the snowy napery, worked with the royal arms, and the plainly folded serviettes. Fanciful shapes are inadmissible on the royal table. This accomplished, then enter the "yeomen of the silver pantry," whose task it is, as their name indicates, to place the silver in position. The "deckers" then arrange the flowers, thus putting the finishing touch, after which the royal table is considered "well and truly laid."

POSSUM FARMS OF VICTORIA

Big Ranches in Australia Where These Animals Are Raised for Their Fur.

One farm exclusively for breeding opossums has been started in Gippsland, Victoria, which comprises 2,000 acres of eucalyptus bush land. Another farm comprising 500 acres has been started in southern Tasmania and another of 150 acres in New South Wales. The chairman of the Sydney stock exchange has become much interested in the possibility of commercial breeding of opossums for their fur, and expects to start a large farm for this purpose near Sydney.

In Western Australia there seems prospects of a company being formed for the breeding of possums in a stretch of eucalyptus country comprising about 200,000 acres. Many instances are also being reported of farmers in various parts of Australia taking up the breeding of opossums as a special feature of their farms, in this way using timbered sections of their land which would not have much value for any other purposes.—Consular Reports.

HE NEEDED A SECRETARY.

Dugan is one of the best engine drivers on the road, but like many another "old-timer," he is much bothered by the multiplicity of reports which the modern order of administration compels him to write out.

Recently he took over, as his seniority in the service entitled him to do, one of the big runs, and was very proud. But before long a cloud began to show itself on his usually tranquil brow.

"What's the matter?" a cronie asked him. "Don't the new run suit you?"

"Not very well," answered Dugan, gloomily. "I've had it three weeks, and I'm six months behind with me correspondence a'ready."—Youth's Companion.

LAUGHING DOWN A WHINER.

"The bluff, cheery optimism of the late Senator Frye," said a Lewiston divine, "could not brook a whiner.

"Once at a dinner here in Lewiston, a whiner seated opposite Senator Frye said dolefully:

"I have only one friend on earth—my dog."

"Why don't you get another dog?" said Senator Frye.

WEALTH IN WASTE PAPER.

In the treasury department at Washington, D. C., two women are designated as waste paper examiners. The contents of all waste baskets pass through their hands. Every scrap of paper is examined and sorted. Last year the department realized from the sales of its waste paper \$19,000.

HANDICAPPED.

Knicker—What were the wild waves saying?

Becker—They don't get a chance to say anything; my wife was in bathing.

EVER CHANGING.

Knicker—What do you think of New York?

Becker—Every time I come the sky line and waist line are different.

HOW WAR HELPS A NATION

Sir Reginald Hart Says It Consolidates a People While Long Peace is Disintegrating.

Peace for a nation is like a sleep for an individual, it gives time for rest and recuperation. But we must not sleep too long or we infallibly deteriorate. Peace is a disintegrating force, whereas war consolidates a people. War is no doubt a dreadful ordeal, but it clears the air, and refines the race as fire purifies the gold and silver in the furnace. Nations, like individuals, ultimately benefit by their chastenings—this is one of the mysteries of nature.

So long as any people, white, black, brown or yellow, hold weapons in their hands we must not commit the folly of beating our swords into plowshares.

The sufferings of man and beast in war are horrible beyond description, and yet, is it not true that it is not in war, but in peace, and in great commercial prosperity that our worst vices are developed, fostered, and grow rank? With our material prosperity we become self-indulgent, luxurious, inconsiderate, selfish and even unmanly. In war many of the noblest traits in human nature assert themselves and a high sense of honor comes before everything.—Sir Reginald Hart, B. C., in Nineteenth Century.

MYSTERIOUS RUINS IN PERIL

Remains of Great City Near Lake Titicaca of Which Even the Incas Knew Nothing.

On the plateau adjoining Lake Titicaca in Peru, the largest lake in South America, are found the ruins of a city as large as Boston. The stone walls of the principal buildings are of excellent workmanship and the gateways are elaborately carved. Some of the single stones weigh over 150 tons. There is some evidence that the inhabitants were the original discoverers of corn and potatoes. At all events, they were skilled masons and had attained an organized civilization. The origin of these ruins was as much a mystery 900 years ago, as is shown by the earliest records of the Incas, as it is now. At present the region in which they are situated is cold and arid and entirely incapable of ripening cereals. It is inhabited by a few hardy mountaineers. It is evident that the climate is entirely different from what it was when the plateau was the center of a large population. This change must be due to the elevation of the mountains on the east, and perhaps of the entire plateau.

LATE INFORMATION.

The little maid stood in the doorway, one hand on the handle. For a moment she gazed thoughtfully at her father, who was preparing to take his afternoon siesta.

"Papa," she said, "do you know what I'm going to give you for your birthday when it comes?"

"No, dear," answered her fond father. "But tell me."

"A nice new china shaving mug, with gold flowers on it all 'round," said the little maid.

"But, my dear," explained her parent, "papa has a nice one, just like that, already."

"No, he hasn't," his little daughter answered thoughtfully, "'cos 'cos—I've just dropped it!"—Exchange.

OSCAR LIKED THE TITLE.

Miss Kitty Cheatham had an encounter with Oscar Hammerstein which is worthy of relating.

Miss Cheatham was making a Fourth of July call on Ambassador Reid in London, and on the steps she met Oscar, who raised his tall hat and bowed low. He clung to Miss Cheatham's side as she entered the house, and she introduced him to the military and naval attaches as the "world's greatest impresario."

"Stay by me," begged Oscar. "You can make them all believe that."

LOTS OF MOVING.

Angry Landlord—You've either got to pay your back rent right now or get out.

Tenant—All right, I'll get out. By the way, have you seen furniture car No. 999 today?

"Not that I know of. Isn't one furniture mover as good as another?"

"Yes, but I've got a yearly contract with him."—New York Weekly.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

How to Wash White Pique Waistcoats and Make Pretty Neckties at Home.

Washing a White Pique Waistcoat—Remove the buttons with a sharp hatchet, and wash the waistcoat with any soap that is advertised. If there are spots on the garment which do not belong there, use a small scrub brush and white sand. If this does not take them out, dip the waistcoat into hot naphtha. The principal time to be careful is in the drying of the thing. Waistcoats should never be hung on a line or clothes horse, but, to preserve their shape, must be dried on the person. Put on the waistcoat while it is wet and stand in front of the fire. Revolve very slowly until it is partly dry, and then go into a dark closet and shut the door. White goods must be dried in the dark. Keep on revolving. As the material shrinks, inflate your lungs to the fullest extent, or, if you are sufficiently puffed up with pride, this will not be necessary.

Homemade Neckties—Very pretty white neckties may be made from ordinary lamp wicks. Choose the flat kind, buying a sufficient number to make the necktie long enough. Join the ends neatly with a drawn-work stitch, and tie in a four-in-hand or butterfly bow, according to taste. A delightful fob chain may also be made from a single lamp wick. The natural color of the wick may be used with duck or white serge suits, but for evening wear the wick should be dyed black.—Judge's Library.

HONORS TO THEIR COUNTRY

Old Maids Gain Due Recognition in New Orleans Movement for Their Aid.

"Honor the old maids, for they are worth more in push, ability and character than the mollycoddles they are replacing right and left every day." Such was the announcement made a few days ago by an organizer of the movement to aid spinsters. Since that time more than 500 letters of appreciation have reached him. One of the latest letters, from Chicago, reads: "I read the surprising announcement that a man is championing the cause of the 'old maid.' I am glad to see that a business man is taking this stand and telling whoever can and will read that the woman who is forced to earn her living, or is doing it through choice, has the push, ability and character necessary to insure her an independent and happy life, without waiting for some impossibility to marry her." The man who wrote that letter is a gentleman in two places, and we doff our hat to him in reverence and respect. And, returning to the subject of women who work for a living, why they're queens of love, light and liberty and an honor to their country.—New Orleans Picayune.

ABDUL HAMID'S JEWELS.

One of the most remarkable auctions ever held in Paris is to take place toward the end of November, namely, the sale of the jewels formerly belonging to the former sultan, Abdul Hamid.

It will be remembered that when Abdul was deposed the Ottoman government seized this property as belonging to the nation. Since then they have been stored with the Imperial Ottoman bank, but now the government intends to apply the proceeds of its sale to the purpose of increasing the Turkish fleet.

The collection is very large and varied, and contains a large number of magnificent pieces, although somewhat barbaric to modern tastes.

SURGICAL SEWING MACHINE.

A New York surgeon has invented a surgical sewing machine, one of the kind that will patch up your lacerations just as a dressmaker or tailor sews bolts of cloth together. And while he was claiming this to be the greatest invention of the age, another wizard shouted that he had conquered one-seventh of the law of gravitation, having struck upon a means that would prevent crippled air craft from tumbling to earth. As soon as he covers the other six-sevenths of the situation there is no telling what he shall be able to do.

MANY DO.

"Now, there's Pipp's. He never bets on a horse race."

"May be not, but he does worse."

"In what respect?"

"He bets on the outcome of murder trials."

TRAGEDIES OF THE STRAITS

Highway Bearing Magellan's Name Has a Terrible Record of Wrecks and Deaths.

The history of the toll of the Strait of Magellan began when the first primitive canoe was capsized and fatally spilled its dark-skinned Amerinds into the icy waters of this southern archipelago. The first white man's toll was paid on his maiden passage through the strait by the man whose name the strait now bears, and the price exacted was one of the flower of his fleet and the desertion of others, which turned tail for home before the bitter blasts from the western unknown.

Since that long 300 years ago these wild, forbidding regions have exacted their heavy toll of life and property, from every maritime nation of the globe which has sought to use these "end of the earth" as a highway. The very names given by explorers to these parts are a clew to its history and character: Mount Darwin, Beagle channel, Mount Sarmiento, Desolation island, Thieves bay, Port Famine, Mount Misery, Unfit bay, Last Hope inlet—in many cases spelling tragedy in its worst forms.—Outing.

TOO STUPID



Fred—I understand that you called on Miss Sweet again last night.

George—Yes. We had quite a jolly time. As we sat alone in front of the open fire she brought me some popcorn and a popper.

Fred—Did you take the hint?

George—Oh yes. I popped the corn.

LONG LOOKS.

A bon mot of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth's circulated in Newport last month.

Mrs. Longworth was conversing at a luncheon with a rather stout matron. The matron condemned the bathing dresses worn by young women at such places as Ostend and Dieppe—those shockingly tight, skirtless suits such as men would hardly dare to wear at home.

"No, I don't like them," said the stout matron, decisively. "They are immodest. Besides, they make people look shorter."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Longworth, "I think they make people look longer."

FISH INTOXICATED.

The fish in the River Dill at Dorlar, England, have recently been behaving in a very curious fashion. Some of them were swimming backwards, others sideways, and others up and down—all in such different ways as to suggest they were drunk. Investigations showed that they were, as a matter of fact, badly intoxicated. The explanation is that the alcohol from an adjoining yeast factory had been thrown into the river, and in such great quantities as to have a demoralizing effect on the river's inhabitants.

BREAKING A WISDOM MONOPOLY.

"I'm afraid the country suffered a great loss when they failed to send our eloquent and able friend back to congress."

"Not at all," replied Senator Sorghum. "The sense of the plain people again prevailed. Why should the lecture platforms be robbed that the brainy men may be assembled to listen to one another, where instruction is superfluous?"

A USE FOR IT.

The Lady of the House—But, Mr. Jims, I can't see any possible use for this little closet tucked away where nobody could ever find it if they wanted it.

Architect (brightening)—My dear madam, that closet was designed for the express purpose of accommodating the family skeleton.

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