

AN EXCLUSIVE POOR FARM

No One Can Be Admitted or Assisted Except Those Who Once Paid Taxes.

Providence, R. I., enjoys the use of the most valuable poor farm owned by any municipality in the world, and because Eoenezer Knight Dexter in 1824 made a bequest leaving a big, stone strewn meadow and several parcels of land for that purpose. Today the property is valued at no less than \$1,000,000, and is in the center of one of the most fashionable residence districts of Providence. But while this is a poor farm, it is a very exclusive one, to say the least. By the terms of a very rigid and iron clad will, none can be admitted or assisted except those who once owned and paid taxes upon real estate in Providence or whose father or mother was a real estate taxpayer in that city. No other Rhode Islanders and no person from any other part of the United States or from any foreign country may knock at the portal to obtain admittance and secure shelter and food.

The Dexter asylum is more than self-supporting. With a limited attendance, so to speak, it is said that the interest on investment or income is enough to furnish every inmate a trip to Europe each winter, with accommodations at the best summer hotels in the summer. During the hard times in Providence, when there was a great need of work for poor people, an old clause in the Dexter will providing for a stone wall built around the place was taken advantage of and many poor people were given work.—National Magazine.

WHY CONDUCTOR WAS MAD

Because Youth Disowned Acquaintance With Woman Whose Fare Remained Unpaid.

There was an uncomfortable congestion at the rear end of the pay-as-you-enter car, every one trying to get out of the rain and mud and only a third, having their nickels ready. A young man gave the conductor a quarter, received his five nickels and dropped one of them into the box. "Here," shouted the conductor, "put in another nickel." "What for? I ain't two people," retorted the young man angrily.

"Well, who's that woman up there?" "I don't know. I never saw her before."

"Well, she didn't pay." But the insistent passengers demanded attention and the man at the box had to drop the subject, although he looked into the car later, glaring with especial disfavor at the youth who disowned acquaintance with the woman whose fare remained unpaid.

Game All Right.

While playing an engagement in St. Louis a couple of seasons ago, Tom Lewis struck up an acquaintance with a wealthy Texan living in the same hotel. There was a ball game scheduled that day between the Browns and a visiting club and Lewis invited his new friend to go out and see it.

The battle was a particularly hot one, the game going to an eleven-inning tie. When they got back to the hotel the Texan, who had become imbued with some of Lewis' enthusiasm, began to recount the scenes and close plays of the game to the hotel clerk.

"Well," said that worthy, "I'm glad you saw such a good game."

"Wall, now," said the Texan, "I reckon as how it was a good game all right. Why, sir, them two passel of youngsters just played and played till plumb dark and nary one made ary one."

Passing of the Tollgate.

The passing today of the old tollgate at the northern entrance to the city is well worthy of the fireworks, oratory, and general jubilation which it has inspired. Strangers entering Baltimore by the Reisterstown road could hardly believe that this was really a city of the fifth order, when a village functionary had first to lift a bar and demand their pennies before they were permitted to enter the sacred metropolitan confines. The good roads movement, so intelligently urged and fostered by Governor Crothers and the Democratic party, has already done more to instill life and enterprise and a new spirit into the counties of this state than all other movements of recent years combined. The passing of the old tollgate is symbolical of the new order and the larger spirit of enterprise and progress.—Baltimore Sun.

Mr. J. B. Duke's Ploughing.

In spite of the distractions of the Tobacco company's reorganization, Mr. James B. Duke bestows much attention upon the work of developing and beautifying his three thousand acre estate, Duke's Park, near Somerville, N. J. Not infrequently on his tours of inspection he personally directs the laborers. One day he took the plough from the hands of a slow, awkward foreigner, saying:

"Here, let me show you how to plough a furrow. I've not forgotten how I did that when I was a boy in South Carolina."

Another day he took the place of the boss of a gang of workmen and before he got through he dismissed five for inefficiency.

The Sullivan Law.

Magistrate—Did he carry concealed weapons?
Policeman—Yes; he had his fists in his pockets.

The Useful Verb "To Get."

There is no word, long or short, in the English language capable of performing so much labor in a clear, intelligible sense as the verb to get. And here is an old time specimen of its capabilities:

"I got on horseback within ten minutes after I got your letter. When I got to Canterbury I got a chaise for town, but I got wet through before I got to Canterbury, and I have got such a cold as I shall not be able to get rid of in a hurry. I got to the treasury about noon; but, first of all, I got shaved and dressed. I soon got into the secret of getting a memorial before the board, but I could not get an answer then. However, I got intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely get one the next morning. As soon as I got back to my inn I got my supper. When I got up in the morning I got my breakfast and then got myself dressed that I might get out in time to get an answer to my memorial. As soon as I got it I got into the first chaise and got to Canterbury by 3 o'clock, and about tea time I got home."—Ave Maria.

Wellington's Subtle Retort.

Wednesday, 19th October, 1830—Lord Fitzgerald made us laugh at dinner today with a story about John Wilson Croker, whose pertinacity of opinion is well known. He was laying down the law after dinner to the Duke of Wellington and, according to custom, asserting the superiority of his own information on all subjects, having even flatly contradicted the duke, who had mentioned some incident that had taken place at the battle of Waterloo. At last the conversation turned upon the use of percussion caps for muskets of the army when Croker again maintained a directly opposite opinion to that which was urged by the duke, who at last good humoredly said to him, "My dear Croker, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself, but as a sportsman I will maintain my point about percussion caps."—Thomas Raikes' Journal.

The Larch in Labrador.

The soil and atmosphere are so cold and dry in faraway Labrador that scarcely any vegetation thrives at all. The larch is a species of pine tree which is found in all northern countries, but its growth is so stunted in Labrador that a specimen found on the most southern part of that dreary land was but nine inches in height and the trunk was but three-eighths of an inch in diameter. A careful examination of the miniature tree revealed its age to be at least thirty-two years, for there were that number of ring growths shown in its small trunk. The very cold currents pouring down from the north and the fact that Labrador has less sunshine than Alaska, together with several inland climatic conditions, make the summer seasons shorter and colder than are those of Alaska.—Exchange.

The Smoky City.

A Pittsburg man once submitted a Pittsburg story to a New York magazine and got a wire from the editor:

"Will accept story if cut out libel." So the Pittsburg man hurried over to New York and asked the editor whom he had libeled.

"You have libeled your native city, sir," was the reply. "Why," said the editor, turning over the manuscript, "don't you say here on page 23 that the heroine clutched the air desperately?"

"Yes. Go on."

"And then two paragraphs further down you say she washed her hands. Well, that!"

The editor frowned angrily at the author.

"That, sir, is a foul and disgusting libel on Pittsburg's air."—Detroit Free Press.

Told Him His Fate.

Family secrets will out. It has been the ambition of an Overbrook mother to marry her daughter to a young civil engineer who is on the road to brilliant success. But the young man, much in love with the daughter as he is, has not fully decided whether to ask her to marry him.

Visiting at the home the other evening, the young man encountered little Bobbie. "Are you going to marry sister?" asked the lad.

Much embarrassed, the visitor stammered that he didn't know.

"Well, you are," returned Bobbie, with emphasis.—Philadelphia Times.

As We Speak It.

A German who had come to America to master our language was being shown behind the scenes of a vaudeville theater by one of his American friends.

"That man," said the American, indicating an actor with a wave of his hand, "is taking off his makeup to make up for another take off."
The German departed sputtering.—Success Magazine.

He Might Be Offended.

"See that dog, Kathi? It has taken the first prize at ten shows and is valued at 1,000 marks."

"I wonder if I dare offer him a bit of sausage?"—Fliegende Blätter.

Same Thing.

"Reggie invites me out to dinner every other evening."

"I suppose you just dote on him?"

"I table d'hote on him!"—Satire.

Slew Game.

Madge—Was George fooling while you were playing golf?
Marjorie—Gracious, I hope not! Why, I accepted him.—Lippincott's.

PARROT AS GERM CARRIER

Physician Finds the Bird Is Subject to Disease Human Beings May Contract.

Better not keep a parrot. A physician has discovered that birds of this species are subject to a disease called psittacose, which is peculiarly contagious, and may easily be contracted by human beings. As a germ carrier, in fact, the parrot is unrivaled.

Now the Office Window is not particularly afraid of germs. They may be quite as bad, quite as dangerous, as they are represented. But what is the use of trying to get away from them? We cannot eat, drink or breathe without taking in germs. We associate with them from morning till night. They are bound to work their will with us anyway—so we may as well ignore them and have as good a time as we can, before they get us.

But the Office Window is perfectly willing to take advantage of the germs as an ally against the parrot. This preposterous bird has nothing to recommend him except his unlikeliness to the bird species. He does not sing, but squawks. He is regarded as worthless unless he can "talk," in a kind of harsh resemblance to human speech. He is neither bird nor human; he is a disorderly episode in creation. He grates on the poetic soul. He is a nuisance.—New York Mail.

Opportunity at West Point.

Deeply fixed in the thought of the more well-to-day, is the belief that anything like equality of opportunity or condition would be incompatible with their own enjoyment and with efficiency of work in the lower classes. The dignity of self-sustained leadership on the one hand, and the spur of necessity on the other, seems to them the only forces which can keep the world moving. But this belief has really no higher authority than that of tradition and long-established custom. West Point, and in only a less degree the service outside, demonstrates the impotence of wealth or privilege as a necessary spur to endeavor. Equality of opportunity, privileges, and pecuniary rewards are found to be in no sense incompatible with individual initiative, with efficiency in work and with the general happiness. No loss results—rather, the reverse—from the absence of all extraneous advantages, and from compelling every one to stand on his own merit, performing the work for which he is fitted, without any reference to the pecuniary compensation which he receives.—The Atlantic.

hoping for the worst.
"I don't like you."
"I hadn't suspected that. What makes you think he doesn't like me?"
"I heard him wishing the other day that you would buy an aeroplane."

Incumbence.

"No," said Mr. Cumrox; "I don't in the least disapprove of my daughter's marrying a title."
"But you seem dissatisfied."
"I am. What I object to is the fellow that goes with it."

An Appetizer for Xmas
Dinner or any other
Dinner—

HOPPE'S

Oyster Cocktails

An excellent cold weather
beverage. Appetizing and invigorating.

Sold Everywhere in Glass Bottles

NOTICE OF ADOPTION.

In re Adoption No. 322, of Manley Fuglei, in the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested take notice that Orville H. Sheffert and Anna Sheffert, husband and wife, have filed their petition and the relinquishment of Child Saving Institute of Omaha and of Edith Fuglei for the Adoption of Manley Fuglei, a male minor child with bestowal of property rights and change of name which has been set for hearing before this court on the 16th day of January, 1912, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when you may appear, object to and contest the same.

Dated December 6, 1911.
P. JAS. COSGRAVE,
County Judge.
By ROBIN R. REID,
Clerk.

[SEAL]

Meadow
Gold
Butter

is the dependable kind. Scientifically churned from pure, pasteurized cream it is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow,— always pure, nutritious and delicious.

Ask your grocer.

Its flavor wins favor.

BEATRICE
CREAMERY
COMPANY
Lincoln, Neb.

WHEN YOU WANT TO SEND
A GIFT PACKAGE OF GOOD CANDY

GET
Ka-We-Ba Chocolates
Golden Rod Chocolates
Bitter Sweet Chocolates
Chocolates Coated Maraschino Cherries

MANUFACTURED BY

GILLEN & BONEY - GOOD CANDY MAKERS
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

FLODEEN
AND
BRETHOUER
SUITS \$15

And up, made to measure, union made
Clothes to your order for less money
than "Cold Storage Clothes." Give
us a call and be convinced.
EXPERT CLEANING AND PRESSING

129 South 11th Street

PRINTING

When you have a job you want done well and quickly, phone us and we will be there in a minute with sample and price.

MAUPIN-SHOOP
PRINTERY

Publishers of
Will Maupin's Weekly
1705 "O" STREET
AUTO 2748

Naturally So.
"All the parts in this play are fat parts."
"They have to be when the play itself is laid in Greece."

Behind Time.
"What is the matter with this rail way?" asked one irate passenger.
"This train is three or four hours overdue."

"Think of me," said the stockholder, "and have patience. Its dividends are three or four years overdue."

Impossibility.
"Does your wife ever attend your lectures?"
"Of course not, that would never do."
"Why not?"
"Could any wife sit and hear her husband talk for two hours without interrupting him?"

An Inquiry.
"Pop, when the rain comes down in sheets—"
"Yes, son?"
"Does it cover the bed of the street?"