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## THOSE CHURCH SPIRES

By M. QUAD

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The village of Tomkinsville had two churches. The Methodists built a house of worship with a cupola and hung a bell there. The Baptist edifice was also to have a cupola and a bell, but the funds ran short at the roof. It was the intention to wait a year or so and then finish up, but five years had passed and nothing more had been done. Meanwhile one bell pealed for all, and both sects dwelt together in unity. There was no envy, no jealousy, no criticism.

Then the blow fell. It came like a thunderbolt. Deacon Wheeler of the Methodist church and Deacon Ames of the Baptist leased ten acres of land in partnership and planted it to corn. Each furnished half the seed and was to do half the work. One day when the corn was tall enough for the first hoeing and the two deacons were working side by side Deacon Wheeler pointed to a patch of grass and observed:

"Deacon, it strikes me that that is a good place for a bumblebee's nest."

"Yes, kinder looks that way," was the reply.

"Bumblebees orter be rooted out."

"Waal, I dunno. The Lord made 'em."

"But they are pesky things. We shall be plowing this corn with a horse next time, and s'pose they pitch into him? I reckon I'll root 'em out."

"But don't kill any more'n need be. It's wicked to take life if you don't have to."

Deacon Wheeler found bumblebees there. They also found him. They resented his intrusion at once. They likewise resented the near presence of Deacon Ames. They went for the two men hot foot and got in their work and chased them from the field. It was after the bees had given up the pursuit that Deacon Ames turned to the other and exclaimed:

"Now see what we've got by your meddling. If you wasn't an old fool you'd have let them bumblebees alone!"

"Old fool? Why, Deacon Ames, you are six years older'n I be!"

"But I told you to let 'em alone."

"Say, Deacon Ames, you are talking mighty sassy!"

"But I've got a right to."

"Yes, talking mighty sassy for a Baptist!"

"And what about the Baptists?"

"Waal, you can see your meeting house from here. Does it look like a meeting house or a cooper shop? I guess more'n one stranger has had to ask to find out."

"Are you digging at me because we hasn't got a cupola or a bell?"

"I'm a-saying that if more bumblebees had been stirred up mebbe your folks would have finished the building."

It was all over between the deacons. Deacon Wheeler went home to tell his wife about it, and Deacon Ames walked straight to the parsonage and said to the minister:

"Parson Jones, something has got to be did. I've been insulted, our old building has been insulted, and now if we can't go at it and finish it up I'll sell out and move away."

"We don't want no cupola nor bell. Cupolas are for schools and bells are for factories. What we want and what we are going to have is a spire—a thing shooting up in the air about sixty feet—something that can be seen for five miles around. Cooper shop! We'll show the Wheeler crowd whether we've got a cooper shop or a church. That ere spire shall pierce the clouds on the one hand and the hearts of the Methodists on the other. It'll be before their eyes night and day. They'll have to walk in its shadow to get to their own church. Cupolas and bells? Why, they hasn't had nothing of the kind in New York city for fifty years past. Our building is going to be right up to date, even if we have to put in bathtubs and electric bells."

Of course Deacon Wheeler and his sect heard of these things, and the deacon winked with his left eye and replied:

"Going to have a spire, eh? Going to be seen for five miles around, is it? Waal, you jest walt a little. Mebbe there'll be two spires to be seen."

And so there was. The Baptists had no sooner begun work on theirs than the other sect started in and sold the bell, demolished the cupola and began on a spire. Then it was a race to see which spire should be the highest. Each one jealously guarded its secret. As a matter of fact, as measurements afterward proved, the Baptist spire was just three-quarters of an inch the longest, but one rubber necking from the earth could not have been sure.

After six months the spires were completed, and each church planned for a festival to be held the same night. Two hours before night a fierce storm of thunder, lightning, rain and wind set in. It had been raging half an hour when a great crash was heard. Ten minutes later there was another. As soon as the storm abated the two deacons got out for a look around.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Deacon Wheeler.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Deacon Ames.

The two spires lay on the ground in masses of wreckage, and neither has been replaced to this day. Some blame one deacon and some the other, but it was those bumblebees that brought about the whole thing.

## THIS YEAR'S CONVENTIONS.

May —, Cincinnati, Ohio, Tin Plate Workers' International Protective Association.

May 11, Cincinnati, Ohio, American Federation of Musicians.

May 23, Buffalo, N. Y., National Print Cutters' Association of America.

June 6, Chicago, Ill., International Association of Marble Workers.

June 13, St. Louis, Mo., International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Ship Builders, and Helpers.

June 13-19, Omaha, Neb., International Stereotypers and Electrotypers' Union of North America.

June 13, New York, N. Y., International Brotherhood of Tip Printers.

June 13, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, International Brotherhood of Bookbinders.

June, third week, Columbus, Ohio, International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America.

June 27, St. Louis, Mo., International Union of Pavers, Rammermen, Flagers, Bridge and Stone Curb Setters.

June —, Kansas City, Mo., International Journeymen Shoemakers' Union.

July 4, not decided as to place, Amalgamated Leather Workers' Union of America.

July 11, New York, N. Y., International Longshoremen's Association.

July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa., International Jewelry Workers' Union of America.

July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa., International Jewelry Workers' Union of America.

July 11, New York, N. Y., International Longshoremen's Association.

July 11, Atlantic City, N. J., Glass Bottle Blowers' Association of the United States and Canada.

July 11, Washington, D. C., Theatrical Stage Employees' International Alliance.

July 12, Dover, N. J., Stove Mounters and Steel Range Workers' International Union.

July 16, Springfield, Mass., American Wire Weavers' Protection Association.

July 18, Ottawa, Ont., International Steel and Copper Plate Printers' Union.

July —, Atlantic City, N. J., National Brotherhood of Operative Workers.

August 1, Peoria, Ill., International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

August 8, Minneapolis, Minn., International Typographical Union.

August 22, Detroit, Mich., United Garment Workers of America.

September 5-6-7, Chicago, Ill., National Federation of Post Office Clerks.

September 5, Chicago, Ill., International Slate and Tile Roofers of America.

September 5, Boston, Mass., International Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees.

September 6-10, Louisville, Ky., International Photo-Engravers' Union of North America.

September 6, Bangor, Pa., International Union of Slate Workers.

September 8, Boston, Mass., International Spinners' Union.

September 12, Kansas City, Kansas, Coopers' International Union.

September 12, Denver, Colo., International Union of United Brewery Workmen of America.

September 12, Philadelphia, Pa., International Union of Elevator Constructors.

September 12, Streator, Ill., International Brick, Tile and Terra Cotta Workers' Alliance.

September 13, New York, N. Y., American Brotherhood of Cement Workers.

September 19, Des Moines, Iowa, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

September 19, Rochester, N. Y., International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

September 21, St. Paul, Minn., Brotherhood of Railroad Freight Handlers.

September 26, Columbus, Ohio, Operative Plasterers' International Association of the United States and Canada.

October 18, New York, N. Y., United Textile Workers of America.

October 18, Detroit, Mich., International Association of Car Workers.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided the case of the Southwestern Oil Company versus the State of Texas in favor of the state, thus upholding the constitutionality of the Texas law, which fixes a tax of 2 per cent on the gross receipts from the sale of oil, naphtha, etc.

A special convention of the Electrical Workers' International Union, regulars and seceders, is to be held in Binghamton during the early part of May, to confer with the American Federation of Labor arbitrators looking to a settlement of the differences between the two factions.

## The King's Surgeon

Story of an Escape From the Guillotine During the French Revolution.

By MOLLIE K. WETHERELL.

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One evening—it was the latter part of the eighteenth century—a carriage stopped at the door of an inn midway between Versailles and Paris. A gentleman whose dress and manner denoted that he was of some importance alighted, entered the inn, where the landlord stood obsequiously rubbing his hands, and ordered a supper. While it was being prepared the landlord was hopping about, now running into the kitchen to hurry up the cook and now returning to the gentleman to assure him that he would not have long to wait.

Meanwhile the gentleman went out on to the piazza for the purpose of stretching his legs during his halt. He found there something that interested him—a boy about sixteen years old, pale and emaciated, sitting in an invalid chair. The gentleman approached him and began to question him.

"You do not seem well. What is your trouble?"

"My right leg is drawn up, and I cannot straighten it. My back, too, is getting crooked."

"How long since this trouble came upon you?"

"Since a year ago when the young Marquis of Treville kicked me."

The gentleman's brow lowered. At that moment supper was announced, and he went into the dining room.

"Who is the boy outside with his disease and spine curvature?" he asked of the landlord, who waited on him.

"He is my son, seigneur."

"He has a fine head and an intellectual face. It is a pity that he should suffer thus. He would if relieved make a good man."

"It was that little villain Treville."

"If you will send him to me at Paris I will see if I cannot straighten his leg and prevent the further curvature of his spine. I am the king's surgeon."

"If you will do that, M. le Docteur, we will all bless you, but I fear I have not so much money as you will expect."

"There will be no money to pay. I am going direct to Paris, and if you like I will take your boy with me in my carriage. He will travel more comfortably and be less liable to injury than if he is carried in one of your country wagons."

When the doctor was driving away, beside him, made comfortable with pillows and rugs, sat Jean Demaurier. That night he was placed in a hospital, and the next morning Dr. Du Faur began a course of treatment.

During the next dozen or fifteen years the American colonists had thrown off the kingly yoke and become an independent people with a government of their own. The French, who for centuries had been bled by their kings and their nobles, ground down to the very earth, encouraged by the Americans' example, had begun to turn upon their oppressors. One day a mob marched by the inn where Dr. Du Faur had stopped for supper, going to Versailles to bring the king to Paris.

Jean Demaurier had forgiven the young noble who had kicked him, but he had not forgotten that so great was the power of the aristocrats that he had not dared resist his treatment. He had thrown himself into the cause of the revolution, and when the people marched by his farm he joined them. Then when they came back with the king in his carriage Jean continued on with them to Paris, where he became one of the minor leaders.

Then began that reign of terror based on a determination of the part of a people who had suffered oppression for centuries to wipe their oppressors from the face of the earth. In the Place de la Revolution they sat up a machine for carrying out their work. The prisons were filled with aristocrats, consisting of nobles and their sympathizers, and whenever the doors opened out poured a crowd who were to be eliminated by the guillotine from the problem of French politics.

Dr. Du Faur was not noble, but his wife was or had been, for he was a widower, and his daughter had married the young Count Destailles at the breaking out of the revolution. The doctor, having been the royal surgeon, was deemed of more importance than the other two and was arrested among the first. The arrest of his daughter and his son-in-law soon followed.

One morning the doctor was brought up before the citizen judge of his arrondissement for what was called a trial. The doctor saw a man apparently not yet thirty sitting behind a pine table who was to be his judge. The man looked at the doctor, and it was evident that some commotion was going on within the former's brain.

"And well there might. The judge whose duty it was to find the prisoner guilty and send him to the guillotine was none other than Jean Demaurier, whom the doctor had found a cripple and made a strong man. Demaurier was a trifle bent and walked with a slight limp, but he was a very different man from what he would have been had it not been for the efforts of the surgeon. The judge gave one look

at the man who had been sent to him that he might sign his death warrant, then, lowering his eyes to a sheet of paper before him, began to question him and take down his answers. For his own life he dare not favor his benefactor.

"Your name?" he asked.

"Alphonse Du Faur."

"Occupation?"

"Surgeon."

"I believe it is you who have kept the tyrant Louis Capet and his family from the grave where they should have laid long ago."

"I was the king's physician."

Those standing about scowled and expected that the next words would be "Take him to the guillotine!"

"And do you think," continued the judge, "that you who have kept alive this oppressor of the people should die the same death as other aristocrats?"

The doctor did not answer the question.

"Take him to the temporary prison in the Rue Veau Grand. I wish to consult the committee to learn if it is their pleasure that this man, who has been closer than any other in the confidence of the tyrant, shall die an ordinary death. He should be burned."

These words were spoken with all the bitterness the citizen judge could throw into them. Not one present suspected that his intention was to save Dr. Du Faur from the guillotine that morning and to place him where he might get access to him with a view to saving him altogether. The doctor was taken to the building mentioned, and another prisoner was brought up for condemnation.

The next morning Citizen Demaurier drove up in a cart to the prison where the doctor was confined and presented an order for him signed by the committee. The doctor was placed in the cart, and Demaurier, telling the officials that he needed no guard for the prisoner, being himself well armed, drove away. Pursuing his way down the street, he soon reached the river bank and the outskirts of Paris. Then he stopped and said to his prisoner:

"You do not know me, M. le Docteur?"

"More than that. I am Jean Demaurier."

"And who is Jean Demaurier?"

"Have you done so many kindnesses as to forget those you have benefited? Do you not remember stopping for supper on your way from Versailles at an inn one evening fifteen years ago? There you found a boy who had been crippled by a noble. You took him to Paris and made quite a respectable figure of him. See, I scarcely limp."

He got down from the cart and walked back and forth.

"And you are that boy?" exclaimed the doctor.

"I am."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Take you in my carriage—this cart—to the inn from which you took me to Paris in your carriage and not only save your back and your leg, but especially your neck. I shall hide you there as long as necessary and then run you over the border."

"You are very kind, but I do not care to leave my daughter and my son-in-law here to die."

"Where are they?"

"In the conciergerie, I believe."

"Very well; I shall see what I can do for them. I am thoroughly trusted, being known as the man who was crippled by a noble. I will take you to my home, return and possibly may bring those you love with me."

"But will I not be missed and you charged with setting me free?"

"I think not. They have so many heads to chop off that the moment a prisoner disappears he is saved. If I am asked about you I will tell them you have been tortured and executed in private. Now lie down in the cart, and I will drive on."

Jean, before reaching his home, where his load was likely to be seen by his neighbors, stopped beside a field where there was grain in sheaf and put enough over his burden to conceal him, then drove on and turned in at his farm by a lane leading to the barn.

The doctor remained concealed in the loft of Demaurier's barn for a week. Meanwhile Demaurier was in Paris, endeavoring to find the Count and Countess Destailles. They had become separated, and Demaurier spent considerable time discovering where they were. Then after much difficulty he succeeded in getting possession of them. This he accomplished by bribing their jailer, and on pretense of removing them to another prison he took them to his inn, but this time the journey was accomplished at the dead of night. The meeting between the doctor and his daughter and her husband at midnight in the loft of a barn, though they could only distinguish one another by their voices, was indescribably happy.

The next morning Jean Demaurier put the three refugees in a deep farm wagon, in the bottom of which he had bored breathing holes, and covered them to the depth of several feet with grain. Then, opening his barn, he drove out and into the road, soon after turning into another leading northward. On that road he jogged with his load till evening, when he relieved the refugees from their uncomfortable position, and they slept in a wood. They dare not take any other conveyance, fearing to be recognized, so the next day they kept to their cart, traveling as grain, and at last crossed the border. There they knelt and, locked in one another's arms, gave thanks to heaven.

Jean returned to Paris. He was eventually guillotined, but, strangely enough, not for assisting in the escape of the doctor and his family. His fall was on account of one of those changes wherein one faction came up to dominate another.

## THE FOX

### A Story of Mediaeval Italy

By LAWRENCE FOSTER

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All over Italy there are towers or small castles that were in mediaeval times the strongholds of different factions, headed by a noble family.

There is a story of one of these castles on the banks of Lake Maggiore. The Asconti family once occupied this castle. There were intervals of warfare when the family lived peacefully on the top of the hill, feasting and dancing while their adherents tilled the soil or tended their flocks in the country about them. During one of these oases in the desert of war a young soldier, Giovanni Caspi, on whom the head of the family lavished many favors, made love to Theresa Asconti. As soon as the baron heard of this affair he dismissed Caspi, for the young man was not of noble birth.

In time Giovanni Caspi became known in warfare as one of the boldest and most ingenious leaders. When he attacked a tower it was sure to fall. This was not because his men were more brave or stronger, but because their captain was full of arts by which he outwitted his enemies. Indeed, the Italians of those days were prone to accomplish their objects rather by their wits than by ordinary methods.

Now, the Asconti family belonged to the Ghibelines, one of the two prominent factions that contended for supremacy in Italy in those days, the other being the Guelphs. One of the Guelph leaders, named Blandora, whose castle was on Lake Lecco, hearing that Asconti was away from his castle with all his adherents, resolved to cross to Menaggio, pass through a defile leading to the east bank of Lake Maggiore, march up and around the north end of the lake and down on the west bank to the Asconti stronghold, hoping to occupy it during Asconti's absence.

One day Asconti was at Strezia, directly south of his castle, with a small portion of his force when Caspi appeared and rode up to him. Asconti frowned and asked him what he wished.

"To tell you that a Guelph force is marching northward on the other bank of the lake intending to come down through Locarno and occupy your castle."

"How do you know that?" asked Asconti.

"Because I saw them from an eminence."

There could be no reason for Caspi giving false information, so Asconti sent couriers in hot haste to the several portions of his force, some of whom were at a considerable distance, with orders that they should hasten to the castle. Then Asconti made a forced march himself in the same direction.

Caspi asked permission to go with him and help him win a victory over those who were on the way to attack him, and Asconti reluctantly consented. So they rode on side by side.

"You will be within your gates," said Caspi, "before the Guelphs can surround the castle, but you have not fifty men with you, and your enemies number a thousand. Before the other portions of your army can reach your ramparts will be stormed and taken."

"My hope is that my re-enforcements will come in time."

"I hope so, too, but it may be well for you to think of some plan by which to hold your enemy in check in case you are left without support."

Asconti rode on moodily, occasionally turning to hurry his followers. When he came within sight of his castle he was relieved to see his banner still floating there. Pushing on, he entered with his band and closed the gates. The sun was shining on the armor of the Guelphs, just leaving Locarno. They were not a dozen miles distant, and as yet no word had come from any other of the portions of Asconti's army. Asconti gave up hope.

"I have a plan that may save you," said Caspi.

"What is it?"

"I must have a reward if I succeed."

"My daughter's hand?"

"Yes."

Asconti considered for some time, then with evident reluctance consented. Caspi told him that he could do nothing without the command, and it was surrendered to him.

Then Caspi chose one on whom he could rely and told him to go to the Guelph leader and say that Giovanni Caspi was in the Ghibeline stronghold and in command. The message was delivered. Blandora started.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "if that fox is in there we must beware!"

From this point he marched slowly and cautiously, expecting at any moment that an army of Ghibelines would pour down out of some ravine and overpower him. But nothing unusual occurred. At last he reached a point where he could plainly see the castle. To his astonishment, the gates were open, no sentries were on the wall, and from within came sounds of revelry.

"A stratagem!" he exclaimed. "That wily Caspi has his men concealed within the walls. Should we enter the gates would be closed behind us, and we would all be murdered."

Blandora spent so much time trying to find a way to outwit "the fox" that one morning two divisions of Asconti's supports came, fell upon him and annihilated his army.

Then there was real feasting in the castle at the wedding of Giovanni and Theresa.