

LOOKED FOR OTHER TWO.

Little One Had But One Idea of Term "Fore-Handed."

Little Catherine has been boarding on a farm this summer, and many of the rural expressions are wholly unfamiliar to her. One day she chanced to hear her country hostess praising the good qualities of a certain thrifty neighbor.

"He really ain't got much, compared to some folks," said the farmer's wife, "but he makes out wonderful well; he's so fore-handed."

That evening the man thus lauded happened to drop in, and Katherine immediately sidled up to him, with curious eyes. Slowly she revolved about the chair in which he sat, and so persistently did she gaze at him that the farmer's wife finally noticed it.

"Well, Katherine," she said, "you seem to find a good deal to look at in Mr. B—; don't you?"

"Why," replied the child, her little forehead wrinkled in perplexity. "I did want to see his two uvver hands, but I can't. Is he sittin' on 'em?"

OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T.



"You certainly wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you, Tom?"

"Of course not; neither would I have the heart to let her become an old maid because she happened to be well off."

Absorbing.

Silas—Ha! Ha! Reuben got bunked again.

Cyrus—Do tell! What was it this time?

Silas—Why, Reuben saw an ad that stated that for one dollar they would send him some of the most absorbing literature he ever read.

Cyrus—And what did they send him?

Silas—Why, they sent him a pamphlet entitled "How Blotters Are Made" and another entitled "Points on Turkish Towels."

The Old-Time Boy.

The boy of to-day who complains of anything should be made to read the rules and regulations laid down for boys in old colonial days. He had to stand up at the table. He must go to bed at candlelight. He must not sit down in the presence of a visitor. He must not shout. He must not run without cause. He must not throw stones at animals or birds. He must not idle on the street, and if he had been found trying to stand on his head he would have gone to jail for a week.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

No Liquids.

"These political meetings are fakes," grumbled the tall tramp in the green shirt.

"Why so, pard?" asked his chum.

"'Cause last night I went to a meetin' billed as an 'overflow meetin'—and there wan't nothin' overflowin'—not even root beer."

Omaha Directory

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Wholesale and retail dealers in everything for a gentleman's table, including fine Imported Table Delicacies. If there is any little item you are unable to obtain in your home town, write us for prices on same, as we will be sure to have it.

Mail orders carefully filled. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PURE FOOD PRODUCTS AND TABLE DELICACIES.

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Roosevelt In Darkest Africa

By WILLARD W. GARRISON

Jungle Association Decides on Protective Auxiliary for Only Living Ex-President's Visit.

Supreme Strenuousness Test in Search for Wild Bongo as Well as Elephant, Rhino, Hippo, Lion, Tiger, etc.—Erring Aim Means Gravest Peril When Beasts Are Corraled—Cost of Expedition About \$15,000—Over 100 Men Needed for Expedition.

THIS meeting will please come to order," roared King Leo, rapping for order upon Vice-President Jumbo's hard cranium.

"This executive committee has summoned the members of the East African Jungle association, post haste, to assemble here for the purpose of organizing the Theodore

Roosevelt must fire. If his aim for any reason fails, it's time to climb trees. For experts point out that just at that moment when the bullet fails of its mission, the savage male will charge.

Hunting the rhinoceros takes a lot more science than that which is needed for the lion in African jungles. The rhino is more savage when wounded and as cunning as



LUCKY SHOT AT MR. RHINO

WADING THROUGH THE MUD IN SEARCH OF WATER



EAST AFRICA WHERE ROOSEVELT WILL HUNT



GRANARIES OF THE KERI-KERI

Roosevelt Protective auxiliary," continued the chairman.

The giraffe was on his feet in an instant, demanding recognition with both hind feet and his neck.

"What? Protect Roosevelt? You go—" "Sit down!" again roared King Leo. "The gentleman from the tall pines will please not get so florid." Then turning his back upon the giraffe, he continued: "The object of the auxiliary will be to afford as much security for the members of this society as may be obtained by cautionary measures within our commonwealth. The motion having been made, I find that the majority are in favor, therefore I declare it adopted. Following are the officers of the auxiliary: Leo, chairman; Bongo, secretary; and Stripes, chairman of the committee on predatory privilege. The chairman of the auxiliary will report resolutions March 4, 1909. Until that time we stand adjourned."

Dr. Monk, who had been kidding Sergeant-at-Arms Rhino, official bouncer, because the latter had just begun to see a joke which the former told at a previous meeting, had darted into the sheltering branches of a cocoanut palm but was compelled to return upon feeling the giraffe chewing at his tail. The latter having mistaken Mr. Monk's tail for a cocoanut leaf, cleverly changed the subject by introducing the Roosevelt question again.

"Say, old man, I don't know whether this auxiliary is just the best thing with election coming on. Supposing the jungle guards should be called out during the primaries. Where would we get off at? You see that auxiliary list of officials is with the opposition and it'll be just like them to call out our voting strength to trail the ex-president. I know how it is in my precinct, and I guess you know where the Congo river bunch stand. Well, so long, Doc. Don't throw any mushy cocoanuts at Theodore if he sees you first."

The habitues of the jungle disbanded and went their ways, the party in power determined that the only living ex-president, when he became such, should not get the upper hand when he made his visit to Africa in search of game and the opposing minority determined to keep one eye on Roosevelt and the other on King Leo's bunch.

Bear shooting in the canebreaks of Louisiana or trailing Bruin in the Rockies is tame sport alongside of that which Theodore Roosevelt will find in East Africa when he goes there after his term of office expires. It will be necessary to take over 100 men on the hunting expedition, if he goes after all the big game to be found, and, judging from what the cartoonists say about him, it will be his purpose to deplete the fastnesses of the dark continent to the greatest possible extent. How will he

the cleverest of beasts. The ones we see with circuses look as if they couldn't run fast or far. Perhaps they can't, but the one who is disturbed in his lair is declared to be the fastest thing afoot. The shot which is meant to kill the big brute must be placed just behind the shoulder. For there the skin is exceptionally soft and the bullet will pierce his heart. Huntsmen say the safest precaution against disaster is to hit rhino there first. The same precaution holds true in the case of the elephant and hippo. Both are tough-skinned animals and terribly ferocious when cornered. His prey having been killed, the aides with the president will set to work to skin the beasts.

But the most sought animal is the bongo, after which every African hunter is keen. It's the rarest animal on the dark continent. According to one wealthy European, the market price for a single specimen is \$6,000. The bongo is wilder and more timid than the American deer.

The great continent of Africa for centuries has held civilized peoples in a hypnotic state. It simply teems with mysteries and to get at the bottom of these, thousands of lives have been snuffed out by wild beasts, natural formations of the country and the novelties as well. Statistics, gathered between the years of 1801 and 1876, have it that over one-third of the works of fiction of those generations were based on the darkest continent.

Arabs, Portuguese, Dutch, French, Teutons and Britons have held sway in that order in the most populated parts of Africa. French, Dutch, Germans and English are still prevalent there and evidences of the subjects of Portugal and the wandering Arabs are still to be found in the style of building, customs and costumes.

The classics of Livingstone, Speke and Stanley tell us what it was once like and now we are to have a present-day rehearsal by Roosevelt himself. Africa confronts the traveler with the grandest, most mysterious, most difficult touring proposition that is to be found the world over.

show up against the lion, elephant, bongo, hippo, rhino, zebra, tigers and smaller animals? From indications, the Democrats declare, there will be no jungles when Theodore leaves.

Five thousand pounds of ammunition will be needed, six months' food is an absolute necessity and an expert declares that the cost from the time he steps onto the continent until he leaves will aggregate about \$15,000. That is a large amount of money to put into six months' hunting, but British and German sportsmen say it is worth the price.

The real heart of the hunting regions of Africa is in Rhodesia. There are cannibals there, also hostile tribes, but Rooseveltian diplomacy may become a splendid asset, and backed up by his fighting experience gained on San Juan hill and in sparring bouts with the senate, there should be no serious danger.

One of the features of the expedition will be shooting lions by night. This has been authoritatively announced by the magazine which is to pay Mr. Roosevelt \$2 a word for his stories of the hunt. In stalking lions by night the president must use an automobile headlight, which African archers say King Leo hates. He dislikes it so much that each season several dozen natives are killed and carried away while carrying jungle torches. The lair of the lion must be baited with a live donkey. One of the hired help holds the light and the president holds the gun, always in readiness to end Leo's career on sight.

When the king of beasts is sighted, the native swings the spotlight full upon him and in the single instant that the lion is dazed by the glare, Mr.

CONTRARY, INDEED.



Kitty—Isn't she the most contrary thing?

Betty—Why so?

Kitty—She's been coaxing and coaxing me to go to her picnic, and I won't do it.

In Your Youth.

And then there was the time you took Her to the county fair. You wore that new \$9.98 suit; had Dowe Mungger's best roadster and rubber-tired rig and a new whip with a red ribbon tied around it. She wore a white dress with a blue sash, and a string of blue glass beads about her neck. Mind those entries in your "daily expense" book—candy, 10 cents; peanuts, 5 cents; merry go-round tickets, 25 cents; side show, 20 cents; wieners-wurst sandwiches, 20 cents; lemonade, 10 cents; ice cream, 20 cents; shooting gallery, 10 cents; tintypes—you've got 'em yet, you sitting and she standing with her hand on your shoulder—50 cents. Gee, but you thought you "blew yourself" that day, didn't you? Los Angeles Express.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

India-Gestion.

Here is a story the bishop of London told John Morley the other day, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. They were holding an "exam." in an East-end school, and the teacher was explaining the chief products of the Indian empire. One child recited a list of comestibles. "Please, miss, India produces curries and pepper and citron and chillies and chutney and—and—" "Yes, yes, and what comes after that?" "Please, miss, I don't remember." "Yes, but think. What is India so famous for?" "Please, m, India-gestion."

None for Him.

"Well, what does the hat bill come to this summer?" inquired Mr. Juggins.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Juggins, producing the long paper. "My Merry Widow, Lottie's pink Merry Widow, Ella's green and Mamie's mauve Merry Widow—total \$99.90."

"Gee!" said Mr. Juggins. "Nearly a hundred! Well, with the ten cents remaining, I guess I'd better have my old straw done up again."

His Idea.

"Well, just what is a secret, anyway?"

"A thing to be kept—"

"Yes."

"On tap—"

"Oh!"

"Until several people have ferreted it out—"

"Well—"

"And then it is published with big head lines."—Nashville American.

SELF DELUSION
Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer.

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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