

MADE NEAT BIBLICAL RETORT

Writer Who Expected to Score Off of Editor Met with a Really Witty Counter.

Few editors have the humor and good nature which characterize Robert H. Davis, chief of the Munsey staff and author of the play, "The Family." A writer who had submitted a story to him received a courteous rejection, stating that the tale, although charming, was not suited to the Munsey publications. In the course of a few months the story won a prize in a contest, and, highly elated, the writer dispatched the information:

"Dear Mr. Davis:
"Psalms 118:22. See —'s announcements in the current issue."
The Scriptural reference was: "The stone which the builders refused is become the head of the corner."
The next mail brought Mr. Davis' answer:
"Dear —:
"Psalms 118:23."
The chagrined writer found that the fatal juxtaposition reads: "This is the Lord's doings; it is marvelous in our eyes."

A DOUBLE EVENT.



Mrs. Highfly—And has she really got two servants?
Mrs. Flatter—Yes—one coming and one going.

Prologue Required.

During dinner Mr. Galey began to smile apropos of nothing.
"What are you thinking about now?" asked his wife, sharply.
"Why," began Galey, "the Cornell Widow tells an awfully good story about—"
"Indeed!" interrupted Mrs. Galey, frolicingly. "Where did you meet this interesting lady, may I inquire?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

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DREAM OF AN UNTIDY BOY.

Careless Youngster Had Visions in His Sleep That Caused Him to Mend His Ways.

It was plainly to be seen that Edwin Sterling was a very careless boy, for no matter how hard his mother tried to keep him looking neat and clean his clothes were generally torn and soiled. When he went to bed at night, instead of hanging his clothes nicely on a chair, as his mother had taught him, he threw or dropped them wherever



Laughed in His Sleep.

he might happen to be while undressing; and when reproved for being so careless, his excuse always was that he forgot, writes Annie Briggs Fox in the Home Journal. He spoke the truth, no doubt, but he might have added, also with truth, that the reason he forgot was that he didn't try to remember.

One cold winter's night he flung off his clothes as usual and jumped into bed. Snuggling down under the warm covers, he watched the moon's bright rays which streamed in at the window, rendering objects in the little room distinctly visible. He could see his clothes scattered about on the floor, and the thought came to him how his mother had told him always to arrange his garments neatly for the night; and as he remembered he told himself that he would get up right away and put them in their proper places, but it was so cozy in the warm bed and the room was cold, and where was the use, anyway? They only had to be put on again the next morning; so it really didn't matter. He didn't try to remember any more, but just lay still and watched the moon shining in at the window.

Presently he was amazed at seeing his knickerbockers (which lay in the middle of the room where he had slipped out of them) rise slowly from the floor. "It's a shame to be worn by such an untidy boy," they complained, in a woolly, smothered kind of voice. "It isn't many days since we were spick, span new from the shop, and we're all over spots already; besides, no one would dream we had ever been creased." The knickers shook themselves vigorously, marched solemnly across the room, folded themselves in exactly the right creases and laid themselves over the back of a chair.

Edwin could hardly believe his eyes or his ears, and shook with laughter at the sight of his knickers walking along just as if he were inside of them, and the idea of clothes actually talking! It was really too funny. He was still chuckling when one of his shoes walked briskly over from the corner where he had kicked it and placed itself primly under the chair on which were the knickers. "Come along," it called out crossly to its mate, which lay in another corner. "It is pretty hard to be kicked around in this fashion after racing about all day long. Just look at my toe, how it is stubbed out, and my sole is almost through, and I not a month old yet. It's a shame, I say."

The other shoe, grumbling to itself, glided swiftly over the floor and took its place beside its companion.
Edwin went off again into bursts of merriment. It was as good as a circus, thought he, and even better, for when had anyone heard clothes talk at a circus, or any other place, for that matter? He waited eagerly for the next act.

The stockings, which lay in a small heap where Edwin had dropped them, now stirred themselves, turned themselves inside out and, skipping lightly across the room, hung themselves, one on each side of the knickers. "Dear me, what a rent there is in your knee," said one, as it settled itself for the night.

"Yes, I know," returned the other with a sigh; "and I was only put on new to-day; but perhaps you are not aware that you have a great hole in your foot?"

"Yes, I am," observed the first, "but I am not to blame. It is that careless boy over there in the bed. He is a most wearing child."
The last sentence sounded strangely familiar to Edwin. He had often heard his mother say the very same thing.
When the stockings had had their say a dejected voice was heard from the center of the room where lay a little cotton blouse. "Clean only this morning, and I'm positively ashamed to show myself. I've three buttons off, too. It's a disgrace to belong to such

an untidy boy." Settling its collar and pulling down its cuffs, the melancholy garment gave itself a little shake, made its way slowly over to the chair and stretched itself carefully across the seat.

Edwin watched and waited, hoping there would be more interesting things to come, but the moon happening just then to disappear behind a passing cloud, the room was left in total darkness and nothing more was said or heard.

The next morning when Edwin awoke he saw his clothes on the chair, just as they had placed themselves the night before. But when he was dressing he found there was a difference. His knickers were free from spots; a clean blouse had taken the place of the soiled one; his shoes were freshly blackened and the holes in his stockings neatly darned.

And that was why he knew it was all a dream, and the clothes hadn't done anything to help matters, after all; it was just mother.
Then and there he made up his mind he would try as hard as ever he could to keep himself neat and clean, as his mother loved to see him, so that at night, when she came into his room to look after his clothes, there wouldn't be a thing to do. And he kept on trying, day after day, until he found, to his surprise, it was just as easy to be tidy as to be untidy.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

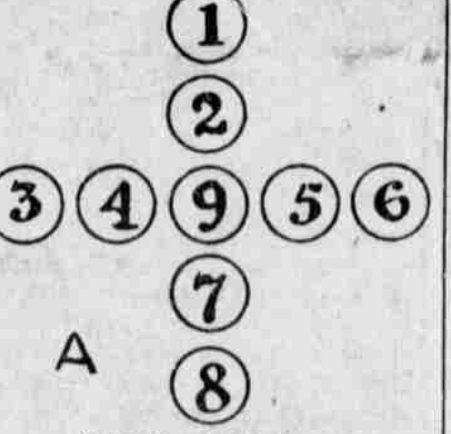
One of the players in this game thinks of some object—it may be a person, an animal or a thing—and each player is questioned by the "thinker." "What is my thought like?" and must make an answer: "Like a monkey," "Like a table," "Like a fish," "Like a mischievous boy," and so on. When all have answered, the "thinker" tells them the object thought of. Each player must then justify his reply or, failing this, pay a forfeit.

For instance, the one who said the object was like a monkey, when told the name of a gentleman present as the object, would reply: "I said Mr. — was like a monkey because he is fond of nuts." The next would say: "I said Mr. — was like a table because he is rather wooden looking." "He is like a fish because he is fond of water," and so on.

A PUZZLE MADE OF CROSSES.

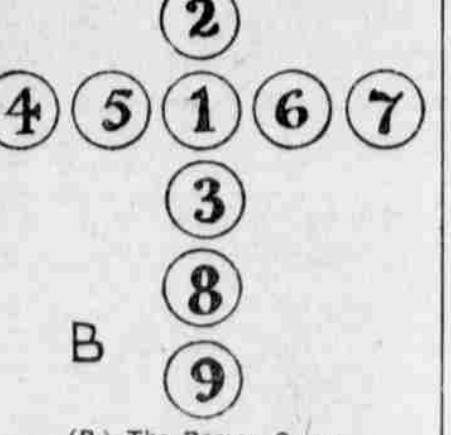
Illustrations Giving Details of an Interesting Puzzle Made of Crosses.

All that we need for this puzzle is nine counters, numbered one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight and nine. It will be seen that in the illustration



(A.) The Greek Cross.

tration A these are arranged so as to form a Greek cross, while in the case of B they form a Latin cross.
In both cases the reader will find that the sum of the numbers in the upright of the cross is the same as the sum of the numbers in the horizontal arm. It is quite easy to hit on such an arrangement by trial, but the problem is to discover in exactly how



(B.) The Roman Cross.

many different ways it may be done in each case.
Remember that reversals and reflections do not count as different. That is to say, if you turn this page round you get four arrangements of the Greek cross, and if you turn it round again in front of a mirror you will get four more. But these eight are all regarded as one and the same. Now, how many different ways are there in each case?

SUNSHINE CORNER.

Bright Boy.
Mr. Walker—Well, little boy, what do you expect to be when you become of age?
Little Boy—Twenty one, sir.—New York Herald.
His Specialty.
"Is there anything you can do better than any one else?"
"Yes," replied the small boy. "I can read my own writing."—Judge.



Countess Cassini to Go Into Opera



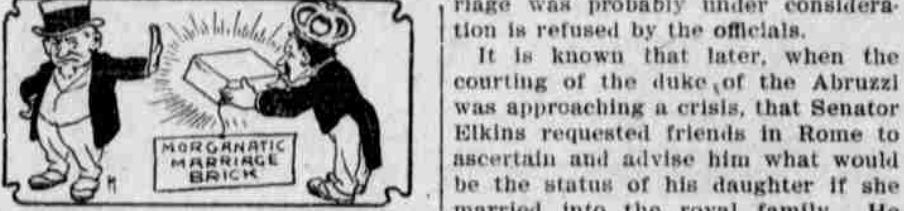
WASHINGTON.—Countess Marguerite Cassini, well known in America as the adopted daughter of the former Russian ambassador at Washington of that name, who has practically run the whole gamut of social pleasures, is determined to go on the operatic stage. In Paris she has been studying singing with Jean de Reszke.
Of course the friends of the young countess are much excited over her newest idea, which is absorbing her mind just now. Her voice is said to be of good quality.
Countess Cassini, in her accomplishments, has been termed "the most wonderful girl in America," in the hyperbole of scores of magazines and Sunday supplements. As a member of the diplomatic set, the famous belle of the Russian embassy in Washington became a chum of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and Miss Katherine Elkins, and achieved immense popularity. She is now about 25 years of age, but when only 20 it was said of her that she discharged with the skill and tact of the most experienced social leader all the responsibilities of hostess at the home of one of the most prominent diplomats in the world.
This beauty from the czar's domain was a member of her uncle's household from the time she was three years old. Finally, she became the adopted daughter of Count Cassini. She has lived in all parts of the world and speaks half a dozen languages with fluency.
Love of dress is a passion with the countess. It has been said of her that if her early ambition were translated into prayer it would be, "Please God, make me as beautiful as you can." She cannot understand how any woman could desire anything before that, but having been blessed with a rare type of beauty sufficiently distinctive to fulfill the dreams of her young girlhood, she has of late years turned her major attention to dress.
At one time her wardrobe has embraced as many as 80 gowns, three dozen pairs of shoes and slippers, nearly an equal number of hats, a proportionate array of cloaks and wraps, and a dozen muffs. During the social season the countess has required as many as three French maids to care for her finery.

Club Savants Hear Story of Naked Chicks



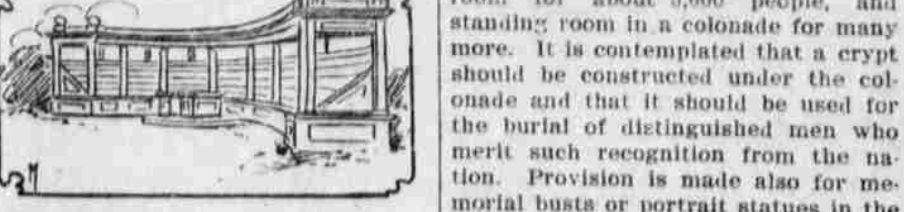
THE Cosmos club of Washington, as anybody might know from its Greek name, is the club inhabited by the scientific high brows of this capital. It is America's most distinguished collection of ultimate wisdom. It knows all about everything and incidentally it is the richest and most prosperous club in Washington. Scientists, literary people, statesmen—not politicians, however—and eminent folk in all the strictly intellectual avenues constitute its membership.
So it is that the Cosmos club's discovery of the featherless chicken is regarded as of the greatest significance. The club sat on this discovery in solemn, scientific state. There is no doubt of it. The featherless chicken has arrived, and its ultimate influence on household economics is not to be overrated.
Dr. R. H. Chapman of the geological survey, told the wise men about it. Fifty absolutely featherless chicks were born—that is, hatched—last summer from an incubator on a farm near Delhi, N. Y., while Dr. Chapman was spending his vacation there. They lived through the summer, but froze early in the fall. Dr. Chapman took notes with great care of their daily experiences, and the cosmic scientists listened with hated breath as he read his report on the phenomenon.
The naked chickens, he declared, didn't like their condition. Hair restorer, vaseline and other things were used in the effort to induce feathers to grow, but without avail. The chicks lost appetite, their modesty was constantly being shocked by the curiosity of a prying world, and when cold weather came they died early.
But to the Cosmos scientists the question of profound concern relates to the possibility of developing a breed of hairless chickens that will not season the stew with pin feathers nor require in the kitchen the difficult work of picking. Dr. Chapman pointed out with eloquent earnestness the benefits humanity would derive. He did not doubt that men in native state were once as hairy as monkeys; civilization substituted clothes, and the hair vanished. Why not likewise with poultry. The club is deeply stirred and further experiments in bald poultry are contemplated.

Elkins Match Secret Finally Disclosed



IN the copy of Foreign Relations of 1906, issued by the state department and made public the other day at Washington, appears some correspondence showing that on July 14, 1906, Assistant Secretary Bacon made inquiries of the Italian ambassador regarding the status of an American girl who should marry an Italian nobleman.
Officials of the state department positively deny that this interrogation had any reference to the prospective marriage of the duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins, that international romance having not been started when the inquiry was made. Any specific statement as to the persons then interested and whose marriage was probably under consideration is refused by the officials.
It is known that later, when the courting of the duke of the Abruzzi was approaching a crisis, that Senator Elkins requested friends in Rome to ascertain and advise him what would be the status of his daughter if she married into the royal family. He was notified that the marriage would be considered morganatic unless the Italian parliament passed an act giving the daughter full recognition. He was at the same time warned that the Italian parliament could subsequently repeal its legislation, leaving the marriage in the same position as if the act of recognition had not been passed.
It is understood here that Senator Elkins did not make any request of the state department to ascertain for him the status of American women marrying either a member of the royal family or an Italian nobleman but had the investigation conducted by one of his personal friends at that time in Rome.

Plans for the Arlington Amphitheater



THE commission of which President Taft, while secretary of war, was a member, appointed under the terms of the public buildings act of the last session of congress, to prepare plans for a memorial amphitheater in the national cemetery at Arlington, Va., has submitted its report to congress. In addition to Mr. Taft, the commission was composed of Secretary Cortelyou, Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol building; I. G. Kimball and Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., representing respectively the Grand Army of the Republic and the Spanish war veterans.
The plans prepared by New York architects contemplate a roofless structure covering 34,000 square feet, the ultimate cost of which would be \$695,000. There would be seating room for about 5,000 people, and standing room in a colonnade for many more. It is contemplated that a crypt should be constructed under the colonnade and that it should be used for the burial of distinguished men who merit such recognition from the nation. Provision is made also for memorial busts or portrait statues in the colonnade "somewhat as has so frequently been done," say the architects, "in the famous Campo Santos of Europe."
It has been the endeavor to obtain a serious and classic character in order to express the dignity and purpose of the building, and with this end in view such classic structures as the theater of Dionysius at Athens and the Roman theater at Orange, have been studied, though not directly imitated.
The architects have striven rather to keep the proposed building in harmony with the old colonial buildings of Washington, such as the White House and the capitol. It is believed the dignity and solemnity of the structure would be enhanced by leaving it unadorned.

A FACER.



Ho—You have looked on my face for the last time!
She—Why? Are you going to grow a beard?

Uncle Jim's Treachery.
"Pa, is it true that the good always die young?"
"Oh, no, not always. I was a very good little boy."
"Didn't you ever disobey your parents?"
"No."
"Nor fight with your little brother?"
"No, I always was very kind to him."
"And didn't you ever tell lies or play hooky?"
"Certainly not."
"Nor steal jam nor cookies out of your mother's pantry?"
"Of course I never did such wicked things."
"Gee, what an imagination Uncle Jim must have. He was tellin' me, this morning, about when you and him were boys."

His Conscience.
"Will you have a cocktail, Mr. Snidgerly?"
"No, my wife does not permit me to drink intoxicants of any kind."
"Let me buy you a cigar."
"My wife has made me promise that I will never smoke any more."
"Well, well, I wish there was something I could do to make it pleasant for you."
"Is there a naughty show of any kind in town? If so, take me to it. My wife will not be able to smell it on my breath."

Mere Humans.
A Wilkesbarre magistrate has decided that a cow has precedence over an automobile and does not have to wear a red lantern on her tail when standing in the road at night meditatively chewing her cud. Human beings apparently must take their chances.

Don't Cough, But Live Long.
If every cough were cured before it got a strong hold, human life would be lengthened by many years. If every coughing sufferer knew that Kemp's Balsam would stop the cough in a few minutes, he would be glad to escape the serious consequences. If any medicine will cure a cough, Kemp's Balsam will do it. At druggists' and dealers', 25c.

His Daughter Played.
Wife—I can't understand John, why you always sit on the piano-stool when we have company. Everybody knows you can't play a note.
Husband—I'm well aware of it, dear. Neither can any one else when I'm sitting there.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

One Point Settled.
"They say the new Mrs. Bangs is a very good plain cook."
"I don't know about the excellence of the cookery, but she's plain all right."

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Ethel—Why, my husband, of course.
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Some men exercise as much imagination on their own excellences that they have nothing left but judgment for the good in others.
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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. See a bottle.

A man with a roving disposition is not necessarily inconstant.

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