

PREVENTING FOREST FIRES.

Forest fires spring up from innumerable causes, but they are usually the result of carelessness. Sometimes a camping party neglects to put out its camp-fire before leaving. Sometimes a match or a cigarette or cigar starts the blaze. Disastrous fires have been caused by gun-wadding which fell among dry leaves. No one in the woods can exercise too great care in the matter of preventing fires. The chief damage done by them is not so much to the matured timber as to the young trees, to which we look for our lumber supply in years to come. We insist, and in this we are supported by all who have made a study of forestry, that only through the exercise of wisdom in the use and care of our forests will it be possible to make our naturally matchless timberland permanently productive. There is nothing about the practice of forestry that is difficult, or mysterious, or in any manner beyond the grasp of the ordinary, everyday mind. It does not mean circumlocution or abbreviating the use of the land. Far from it. On the other hand, conservative, common-sense lumbering, together with the protection of the young growth from fires, will bring about a steadily increasing output from the forests. With cultivation and care the yield of the forest increases and the quality of the product improves in exactly the same way that the value of a farm increases under intelligent cultivation and management.

The bureau of standards of the department of agriculture has before it a duty nearly as important as that which is being performed by the bureau of chemistry in insuring purity in foods. It is endeavoring to establish a system under which consumers will get packages of full size and full weight. It is said that the shortage in flour delivered in jute bags averages four pounds to the barrel, and that purchasers of cereal products in board cartons do not get full weight. It is well known that bottles are smaller than full pint and quart receptacles, and the public has accepted the fact as an eccentricity of trade; but the establishment of standards may remedy the bottle shortage as well as the shortage in weights in board cartons holding breakfast and other foods.

Americans visiting China and noting the tremendous resources and the great population of that country, have been accustomed to charge American merchants and manufacturers with lack of enterprise in failing to build up a big trade with the Flowery Kingdom. It appears, however, that the establishment of a large trade with China is no easy matter, and American manufacturers and merchants are not alone in this discovery. According to Consul General Bergholz, at Canton, English and German tourists are complaining of the scant trade between their respective countries and China, and the fact seems to be that China is not inclined toward foreign trade.

The postmaster of Washington has conducted an investigation into the character of the correspondence carried on by means of the general delivery window at his office, and has discovered that of 1,064 letters called for by women in two days 111 bore fictitious names. In eight instances clandestine correspondence was managed in this way by girls under sixteen years of age. The limiting of the use of the general delivery window by any one person to 30 days is now proposed, with a view of furthering the interests of morality.

A farmer near Champlain, N. Y., has dug up a quantity of gold coins, supposed to have been buried when the British army was encamped at that place during the Burgoyne campaign which ended at Saratoga in such complete disaster and in the surrender of the British forces to the Americans. It was a lucky find, of course, but it may be set down as a safe rule that a farmer is much more likely to get wealth out of the soil in the usual way than in seeking for hidden treasure.

According to the Philadelphia Telegraph, many ministers and women have applied to go with the New Jersey deer hunt next week as chaplains and nurses. As hunting goes, this sort of thing has not come too soon.

Doubtless the savants are right who aver that the clay female figure discovered in the German cave represented a goddess, but on the other hand it might have been the cave-owner's little girl's dolly, or a carved portrait of a favorite cook.

An Alsatian soldier in a German corps was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for sneezing while he was being lectured. A German petty military tyrant is not a person to be sneezed at with impunity.

Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Thought He Was Robbed of Jewels



NEW YORK.—For more than an hour John Dumphy, chauffeur of a taxicab, sped around New York city at night with a trunk containing \$35,000 worth of diamonds—and he didn't know what the receptacle contained. And, while Dumphy was taking a man and two flashily dressed women around, Frank Milhenning, member of the firm of J. Milhenning & Co., jewelers of Chicago, was fuming in the Herald Square hotel because he owned the diamonds and the trunk.

It all happened through the mistake of a porter at the hotel. Milhenning had intended to leave New York for Pittsburg. He obtained his tickets and everything was arranged for his transfer, excepting for the care of the trunk containing the gems. He called the colored porter and said:

"Get a taxi, take this trunk, put it in the car and watch it."

The phrase "watch it" was uttered while the jeweler was bending over picking up the trunk—a small one—and doubtless the porter didn't hear

it. The man put the trunk in Dumphy's cab and returned to the hotel. A minute later the well-dressed man and his woman companions came along. The stranger ordered Dumphy to open the door, and the three got in. Dumphy naturally thought his "fare" was the man who had engaged him first, and away he went to the Capitol hotel in Houston street.

Thence he took the trio to other places, where evidently they had urgent business. At One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and Willis avenue the women alighted and were escorted up a stoop to their home by the man, who then rode to One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street and Prospect avenue, his ultimate destination. The charge was seven dollars. The man paid it and was walking off when Dumphy called out:

"How about your trunk, sir?" "What trunk?" was the rejoinder. "This one," said the chauffeur, pointing to the object.

"That's not mine," said the man. "Better look into that matter." Dumphy, puzzled, returned to the Herald Square hotel, near which he has his "stand." He got in front of the place when suddenly the Chicago merchant rushed at him with two detectives. The chauffeur was taken to headquarters. The trunk was opened and the diamonds found safe.

Pet Pig in Harness Stirs a Hotel



CHICAGO.—Guests of the Palmer house and the diners in the cafe of that hostelry thought it was a murder. There were shrieks and other shiver producers. Men in the lobby straightened out their spines, women guests called the clerk up on the phone and bellboys and porters ran in the direction from which the sounds emanated. When they found the cause of it all everybody had to laugh.

It was just a pig—a small suckling pig. The little animal, in a strange environment, vocalized in diphthongs, w's and z's in such a strange way that only those who hail from the rural communities recognized the squeal.

Bob Conway of St. Louis saw the pig in a window of a restaurant, tied up with a red ribbon and advertising a specialty. The pig had been scoured to immaculate cleanliness. Besides he looked quite cute. Conway decided he must have the pig. So he went in and bought it.

Studied Mesmerism to Boss Husband



DETROIT, MICH.—That he would not take his wife with him when he was going to "doings" of the Arab patrol meant exclusively for men, is one of the reasons alleged by Charles W. Coon for his troubles with his wife, Jennie, from whom he sought a divorce.

Another of Mrs. Coon's peculiarities was the reading of a work on "How to Mesmerize Husbands," and consulting fortune tellers. She used to go mostly to a "seeress" on Brooklyn avenue, of whom she said: "She drinks like a fish and swears like a trooper, but she can tell everything."

Coon told Judge Murfin that his wife insisted on dominating him in everything he did and refusing to let him go out unless he took her with him. The final trouble took place at Atlantic City, when the Arab patrol was there. One of the final ceremonies is, when, at the close of the gathering, the members of the differ-

ent patrols get together and exchange badges. His wife had first insisted on his taking her along, and he had finally consented on her promising not to snub his friends, and particularly a Mr. and Mrs. Judge. She kept her promise as far as bowing to them coldly was concerned, but when he spoke of going out to exchange badges she forbade him to go unless he would take her, too. He represented to her that the function was one for men only, but she would not listen and he was forced to forego the exchange. This was the last straw and he left her. Now he is living in the Madison apartments.

Coon said his wife was intensely jealous and had frequently thrown out remarks about a woman acquaintance, although he had never been alone with that particular woman but once, when he was taking her to a car. Mrs. Coon formed a dancing club and she included two of his women friends among the members, but after a little while she refused to recognize or speak to them. Coon was obliged to go to the husband of one of them and ask him not to come to the Coon household again in order to avoid trouble. The husband slapped him on the shoulder and said: "It's all right, old boy, I understand how it is."

Dream of Joy Balked by Bad Burglar



CLEVELAND, O.—When George Zukus recently planned to attend a party he purchased a suit of clothes and a handsome overcoat, and took them home and went to bed and, to sleep with great anticipations of the event on the morrow. He dreamed how fine an appearance he would make arrayed in his togs. But, alas! it was not to be.

During the night some thief, with a heart as hard as adamant, pried open a rear window and entered the Zukus domicile. When the dawn broke there was no new suit of clothes, no shiny overcoat hanging in the Zukus

clothes closet. They had disappeared most mysteriously. So Zukus, exceedingly wroth, reported the burglary to the police.

Later in the morning Patrolmen Stasney and Soukup called at the Zukus home to get a more accurate description of the missing toggery. They got it and stood sympathizing a minute on the porch, when their attention was attracted to a very happy man on the sidewalk. He was whistling. The unknown seemed burdened greatly by two large packages he carried, but these did not appear to detract any from his light-hearted demeanour.

When he caught sight of the two uniformed officers of the law, however, his jaw dropped, his smile was wiped away by a somewhat covert glance at the policemen from the whites of his eyes. He was arrested and said his name was George Brown.

Zukus had to forego the social affair, because the police held his suit and overcoat as evidence.

At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events Gathered in Washington

Davis' Speech as a Trust Destroyer



AS NOTHING of great importance has come before congress, members are putting in their spare time between sessions gossiping and chatting about incidents of the last session, most of the discussions being about the great tariff fight. A joke on Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas has caused much amusement among the members, some of whom heard it recently for the first time. His speech last session as a trust buster is cherished as a monumental example of what can be done with the English language when one actually tries. The history of the making of that speech is this:

After breaking all precedents of the senate by making his first speech 11 days after he had been sworn in as a member of that body, Senator Davis rested on his laurels. He went out to Arkansas, leaving his long cherished anti-trust bill in the hands of the senate, having warned that body that he not only wanted action on it, but wanted it quickly. When he finally

came back to Washington he was met upon his arrival by Senator Johnson of Alabama, who exhibited a mournful countenance and spoke in funeral tones.

"Well, I'm up against it this time," he said to Davis, with a voice betraying a final resignation to a hard fate.

"What is the matter?" chirped the big senator from Arkansas, who is something of an optimist, despite his melancholy speeches on the general state of the house.

"That 30-day rule has ruined my pet bill," said Johnson.

"Thirty-day rule? What is that?" thundered Davis.

"Haven't you heard about it?" replied Johnson, meekly. "Why, if you fail to get action on your bill within 30 days after you introduce it, it is dead—d-e-a-d."

"What's that?" shouted Davis, almost frantic with rage. "Do you mean to tell me my anti-trust bill is dead? I'll hold my colleague Clarke responsible to the people of Arkansas if that bill died in my absence."

He dashed off without another word in search of his colleague. Naturally Senator Clarke soothed his worked-up feelings by assuring him that his bill was safe, but Senator Davis had had his scare, and then and there began the preparation of his second speech on his bill which upset the traditions and dignity of the senate.

Caught by Moving Picture Machine



WASHINGTON.—A mighty funny thing happened in Washington recently, and a certain man has not got through explaining things to his wife yet. This man was in Oregon on a business trip a few days before the fight between Johnson and Ketchell at Colma. He had expected to return to the wife of his bosom by a certain date, but instead of that sent a telegram stating that he would have to remain in Portland, Ore., at least two days longer than at first scheduled. He reached Washington according to his revised schedule, and his wife was all the happier to greet him because of his remaining away a little bit longer. The other night one of the enterprising city papers gave a moving-picture exhibition of that particular fight in Colma. This just returned Washington man told his wife that he would like to have her go down town with him and look at the pictures, and she went. The films hadn't been running off but a few min-

utes when the wife yanked her husband's arm and said: "You see that man in the front seat there. He certainly does look like you."

The man glanced at the front row indicated, and cold shivers ran up and down his backbone. It never had entered his head that there would be anything but just the prize fight to be seen, and he realized in a second that the man on the front seat not only looked like him, but was him. The man, with a jerky little laugh declared, of course, that was just absurd, and that he couldn't see the slightest resemblance to himself in the man in the front seat. The wife kept on watching, however, and positively declined to leave the scene, and her mouth got "sotter and sotter" as she began to realize how her husband had lied to her. Before the end of the third round her husband simply had to acknowledge that the man on the front seat was himself sure enough. He suggested a little supper down town to his wife, which she accepted, and then he suggested a new long sealskin coat, which she also accepted, and furthermore, she got a number of other handsome presents which she would not be possessed of to-day had not that husband of hers remained over to see the fight in Colma.

Horse Laughs at the Loco Weed War



I F horses laugh, and some say they is such a thing as a horse laugh, the noble animal, properly labeled "man's best friend," can utter a merry ha, ha, over the news recently given out by the department of agriculture that war has been declared on the loco weed.

No longer are the mustang and the cayuse of the plains to become "plumb locoed" if the bureau of plant industry has its way. The term "plumb locoed" has been a sort of stock phrase in the range literature ever since the cowboy first noted the peculiar actions of a horse, cow or sheep resulting from an overindulgence in the loco weed, which abounds in the range country from Texas to Montana. The word "loco" is of Spanish origin, meaning crazy, and has been popular-

ly applied to the disease which robs an animal of its muscular co-ordination, causing it to do all sorts of fancy antics, and finally results in the animal starving itself to death.

The bureau of plant industry has been investigating the purple and white loco weed. One of the peculiar characteristics of it is that the pods, when dry and full of seeds, rattle as a person passes through a patch, making a sound that resembles the rattling of a rattlesnake. Ordinarily neither horse, cow nor sheep will eat the weed if it can find any other food.

Loco-weed eating becomes a sort of habit with an animal once it has tasted of it. The operation of the weed on the system of an animal scientifically bears out the fiction which ascribes to a "plumb locoed" animal all kinds of fool antics.

The investigations of the bureau indicate that the purple loco is more poisonous than the white loco. Horses eat the purple loco almost exclusively, while the white loco is eaten by all kinds of animals. Barium is found in many loco plants and its connection with the poisonous effects is still under investigation.

Fairbanks' Shave Recalls Few Others



THE national capital was stirred from center to circumference recently when the news came hurtling over the cables from the far east that former Vice-President Fairbanks had shaved off the chin whisker that he has worn since early manhood. It recalled to old-timers men of the past who sported hirsute adornments, the memory of which has become a part of the traditions of the town. There was former Senator Mitchell of Oregon, whose beard dropped to his waist, and Senator Mitchell of Wisconsin, whose multitudinous whiskers were a topic of discussion in the discourse of nearly every capital guide, and Senator Peffer of Kansas, who frequently carried his long black beard

inside of his coat, and many others too numerous to mention.

One day Senator Mitchell of Oregon had his beard removed, and shortly thereafter proceeded to the floor of the senate. A bill was up for consideration in which he was interested. He rose to his feet and addressed the chair. Senator Manderson of Nebraska was presiding. He glanced at the man addressing him, and was about to call for the sergeant-at-arms when he was prompted by a clerk who had sized up the situation. Senators smiled in a perfectly senatorial way, while those in the galleries roared.

The bearded statesman has gone out of style, apparently. Only one such is in President Taft's cabinet. He is James Wilson, secretary of agriculture. There are only a few bearded lawmakers in the senate, among them Nelson of Minnesota, Burrows of Kansas, Cullom of Illinois, Hale of Maine, Scott of West Virginia, and Stephen son of Wisconsin, all of them of the old school.

FOR OLD PEOPLE.

After reaching the age of forty the human system gradually declines. The accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatic pains in the joints, muscles and back. These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided by using the following prescription which shows wonderful results even after the first few doses and it will eventually restore physical strength.

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A Risky Thing.
"I think I'll go home."
"But it's only 11 o'clock, old man."
"Well, there's nothing doing at the club."
"I know; but consider. Once I went home at 11 o'clock and came near establishing a dangerous precedent."

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