

TEA AS JAPANESE MAKE IT

Secret of Perfection Lies in the Proper Fusion of Black and Green Varieties.

Many American women wonder why it is that the Japanese women make such good tea, and the manner in which they go about the operation, the Boston Herald says. When the Japanese woman makes tea the foreign spectator is impressed, not only with the extreme sensitiveness of her hands, but also with the evident delicacy of her senses of sight and smell. The secret of the tea lies in the proper fusion.

Black tea requires boiling water, and green tea does not. Black tea requires fresh water poured on the leaves when it has just come to a decided boil. Hot water that has boiled a long time and has lost its life will not make a good tea. It should stand from three to seven minutes and only in a porcelain pot. Then all the liquid should be poured off. In other words, pour only as many cupsful into the pot as you wish to serve at once.

Hot water standing on tea leaves draws out the tannin, according to the Japanese women, and this is the main thing to be avoided. For second cups pour boiling water on the leaves already used. When making a green tea the thing to bear in mind is that at all times the desired water be below 150 degrees Fahrenheit tends to destroy the flavor and aroma by driving off the volatile oil.

Allow hot water to stand in the cups to be served in order that they may be thoroughly heated. Pour fresh hot water cooled to such an extent that the finger can be placed in it, over the green leaves and let it stand in a porcelain pot for two minutes and a half. Then pour a little into each cup and then a little more, and so on. This makes each cup of like quality. No sugar or milk is needed if the water is of the proper temperature. Japanese tea made in this manner should have a greenish amber color, with a true tea bush aroma and an oily taste.

Fatal Omission by Jones.
"My friend Jones," said Mr. Skim merton, "invited me to spend a week at his place in the country and I went and had a delightful time, but I will never go again."

"Nice place Jones has and he sets a good table, his beds are good and everything about his house is charming, but there's something missing from his garden."

"It's a nice garden, Jones', flower beds and that sort of thing, and off at one end he has a place for vegetables; fine vegetables he raises, too. We had a generous taste of them. A nice garden sure enough, and still as I looked around there was something missing my eye sought without knowing what, something that it didn't find, and then it struck me all of a sudden."

"There wasn't a pergola!"
"I can't stand for that. Most hospitable man, Jones; but I can't afford to visit anybody living in the country that doesn't have somewhere about his place a pergola."

The Ways of Women.
"You insist on doing this?" asked the husband.
"I do!" replied the wife firmly.

"But, my dear—"
"Stop!" she commanded. "Nothing you can say will alter my determination! My mind is made up."

"In that case," replied the husband, "who has transmuted the base metal of experience into the precious gold of knowledge, I have nothing more to say. I realize that once possessed of an idea you are, like all your sex, beyond argument."

"Do you mean," demanded the wife with displeasure, "that I am incapable of seeing reason?"

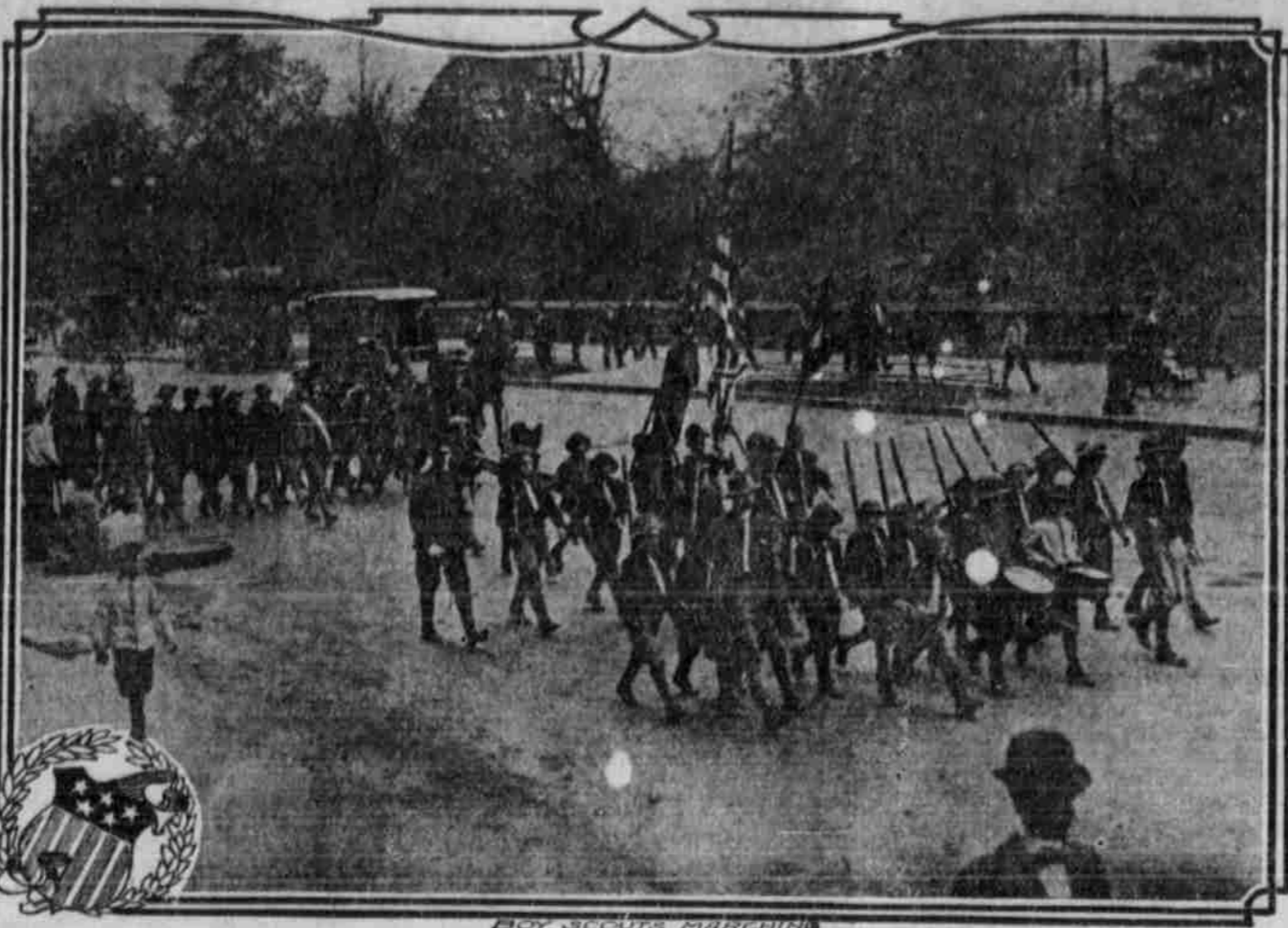
"Reason with a woman," answered the husband from behind his paper "is like water on a duck's back, in one ear and out the other."
"You are wrong!" cried the wife triumphantly. "And to prove it, I have already changed my mind!"—Smart Set.

Vendace of Lochmaben.
Last month an interesting old custom was observed at Lochmaben, in Dumfriesshire, when the towns people exercised an ancient right granted by charter of James VI. of netting the lochs surrounding the burgh for vendace, a very rare fish. The fishing, however, did not prove productive, very few vendace being captured, though in former years they were plentiful. This fish, which is peculiar to the Lochmaben lochs alone, takes no lure, and dies immediately when taken from the water. Its length varies from six to eight inches, and it is greatly prized by epicures, being a fish of great delicacy.—Court Journal.

To Judge by the Papers.
Mrs. Muggs—I 'ear yer father's in trouble with the police again. Was yer mother much upset?
The Child—No; she said she supposed every man had his trials.—M. A. F.

Got Enough.
"Biggie loves to talk about himself."
"Yes, but he's had about enough of it for once. He had a visit from the census man and two insurance agents today."

AMERICAN BOYS LIKE THE SCOUT MOVEMENT



BOY SCOUTS MARCHING

THE boy scout idea, adopted from England, where it was started by General Baden-Powell, has "caught on" in the United States and the movement is spreading rapidly over the country. The American Boy Scouts are organized in many places and their numbers are increasing. The lads like the work and their elders are quick to appreciate the immense benefit the boys get out of the training and drill that keep them off the streets and out of mischief. At several national affairs of recent date in the East the American Boy Scouts have taken a very creditable part in the program.

SMARTEST ARMY DOG

Accomplishments of Cupid Are Many and Increasing Rapidly.

Little Boston Terrier, Owned by Capt. Oscar J. Charles, Knows All About West Point—Does Many Tricks.

New York.—Capt. Oscar J. Charles, Seventeenth United States Infantry, adjutant of the United States Military academy at West Point, is the owner of the smartest dog in the army. Cupid is the dog's name and Boston terrier his breed. What he does not know about the army in general and West Point in particular is not worth telling. To tell the truth about Cupid would fill a book, for certain it is that this little Boston terrier can do more tricks and understand more words than any other dog, big or little, the army has known.

When Captain Charles was married a little more than a year ago, a friend in Chicago, his home city, sent him Cupid, and straightaway Captain Charles started to educate him as no other dog was ever educated before. Cupid's accomplishments are therefore already many and varied.

"Now, about your education, do you want to go to Harvard?" Captain Charles will ask.

Cupid merely wags his stump of a tail and looks disgusted.

"How about Yale?" Captain Charles asks. Still no reply.

Captain Charles suggests in turn Cornell, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Chicago and several other institutions. Cupid only indicates his mild disapproval.

"Well, then, how about Annapolis?" Captain Charles asks, and Cupid growls, to show that he is insulted. He knows that West Point's greatest rival is the academy on the Severn.

"All right, we'll cut out Annapolis, then. Will you go to West Point? How does that?"

Captain Charles does not have a chance to finish the sentence. Cupid wags his little tail and barks so joyously.

MAN MARRIED AT AGE OF 96

Aged Swain Secured Shooting License by Error and Walked Twenty Miles to Change It.

Baltimore, Md.—The Stevenson Methodist Episcopal church, in the Green Spring valley, was packed to the doors the other night, the occasion being the marriage of William Boyd, ninety-six years old, to Mrs. Eliza Daniel, aged fifty-nine. It was Boyd's first venture in matrimony.

After his return from Towson, the county seat, with his license, Boyd discovered that the county clerk had given him a shooting license. Straightway he hiked off again to Towson, which is ten miles from Stevenson, routed out the clerk and got a proper license. He walked both ways and reached home about 11 o'clock in good shape.

Squirrel Gives Fire Alarm.

Greensburg, Pa.—Scampering in the front door of the home of William Altman at Radebaugh Station, a little gray squirrel led Altman and Boz Henry in a chase to the upper part of the house, where the men came face to face with flames that were fast gaining headway in a bedroom. The fire was extinguished, but trace of the rodent was lost.

Makes \$50,000 Washing Clothes.

Sharon, Pa.—Sam Sing, who has conducted a laundry at Sharpville for thirteen years, returned to his native country. It is estimated that his wealth is close to \$50,000, and he saved it all at the washtub.

PRINCE IS COMING ON VISIT

Tour of Young British Son of Royalty Recalls Tour of King Edward of United States.

London.—Plans are making for the expected visit of the young prince of Wales to the United States, a tour that recalls the travels of the late King Edward, then prince of Wales, to America.

Edward's swing around the Yankee circle was a continuous march of triumphs, his democratic ways winning plaudits and friends in every city in which he visited.

The coming travels westward of the boy prince are exciting great interest in England for the reason that although his father, King George V., "saw" America, he did not get so intimate a view of the land of the free as did Edward.

King George was entertained in America as the prince of Wales also, but he had arrived only on its eastern shores in command of the English fleet participating in a Canadian celebration and did not go into the interior. In fact, he did not leave the feet, as he merely took part in Boston and New York receptions to members of the fleet and then sailed away.

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BLUE HEN'S CHICKS MASCOTS

Delaware People Pull Off Unique Gift to Battleship Named After That State.

Wilmington, Del.—When the battleship Delaware was presented with a \$10,000 silver service by the citizens of this state on October 5, a blue game cock and hen, emblematic of the "Blue Hens chickens" were likewise given to the warship. Miss Jennie Cunningham, a patriotic young woman of Wilmington, donated the game chickens. They will be the vessel's mascots.

Recently Commander Gove of the Delaware requested the Wilmington board of trade to secure "Blue Hens chickens" for the ship because this type of fowl were carried in the Revolutionary army by Delaware troops. The soldiers were known as "Blue Hens Chickens."

DEAD ON THE FROZEN HILLS.

Eskimo Custom, Centuries Old, Comes From Impossibility of Digging Graves.

Port Hope, Alaska.—The interment in the Episcopal burying ground here, under the direction of Bishop P. T. Rowe, of the skulls and bones of an estimated number of 1,200 Eskimos, picked up on the surface of the ground, where they had lain for years, and perhaps centuries, has aroused unusual interest.

All along the shores of the Arctic this apparently heartless custom of leaving the dead a prey to wolves and half wolf dogs has prevailed from time immemorial.

There is nothing that more impresses the Arctic traveler than these ever present skulls as they stare out from their dark moss beds on the frozen hills of the northland. Some of them have kept their long vigils through centuries and crumble at the touch like chalk. Others are startlingly fresh from the framework of the living.

The custom of leaving the dead on the Arctic hillsides to be the food of savage beasts is natural and unavoidable. The digging of a grave in the far north, even in summer, with the tools possessed by the Eskimos was next to impossible, for even in July the ground immediately beneath the moss that covers the surface everywhere is frozen as hard as granite. Even where no underground ice is found the Eskimos would consider the making of a grave a cruel proceeding, for the thought of having to lie in icy

water is "unbearable to an Eskimo. So the dead are left on the dry hillsides.

Although the dead are left on their mossy beds underneath the unprotected stars, it must not be thought that there is no sorrow when death visits an Eskimo village. There are no more affectionate people in the world, but their grief, like that of children, is acute and is soon over with.

Men, women and children sob when the eye of the sick one no longer responds to the peculiar death test, and in the old days their sorrow was doubly intense when, at the request of the patient, the end was hastened by a friendly knife thrust, and the helpless sufferer was put out of pain forever. For half an hour the weeping may continue.

HOBBLE SKIRT RACE.

New York.—Mrs. Sarah King of Brooklyn will shortly receive a tall silver cup as the winner of the "100-yard hobbie skirt championship of Greater New York." A race for the trophy was the result of a seashore outing at North Beach, L. I., the other day.

The promoters announced, in their program to the contestants that women desiring to enter "who are not equipped with hobbie skirts will be hobbled with ropes until they are fully as uncomfortable as if dressed in the height of fashion." Mrs. King was the winner of the 100-yard hobbie with only seven tumbles. No time was taken.

Blessings of Imperfection

By HENRY F. COPE

Text.—We are saved by hope.—Romans 8:24.

To every man life is either an infliction or an inspiration. It all depends on how you take it, as a dose or as a spur. It is easy to become so conscious of calamities possible, troubles impending, and difficulties present as to be oppressed with a sense of the universe as warring against you, or you can see it all as a glorious struggle in which it is a joy to have a part.

Life is not all a joyous way of pleasure. No person of sensibilities can ignore altogether its pain and need, or ever be free from the sense of personal incompleteness, and of unrealized adjustment to the universe. But this incompleteness, restlessness, and dissatisfaction, may be the cause of our profoundest joy and largest hopes.

A man is greater than an angel, though he may not be better, and may be worse. In an important sense imperfection is better and greater than perfection. That which is perfect has found its limits, has reached its fullness. Man sees no limit about him and goes on forever without the sense of completeness. That is the mark of living, that the more you live the larger life stretches before you.

But for our imperfections there would be no growth; the future would lie like a blank without the hope of larger things. This it is that makes the new days welcome, no matter what freight of woe they may bring to us—that they stretch before, they promise onward steps, new vistas, the chance to be more, feel more, know more. Perfection might mean peace, but it would be the peace of death.

If ever we are inclined to complain of the shocks of fortune, the buffets and smartings of living, we ought to turn and look on them all with gratitude. They shake us out of dull content; they testify to our incompleteness and call on us to learn life's lessons, to gain new strength to withstand their oncoming attacks. The fact that we are vulnerable makes us ultimately victorious.

Now, it matters not how religious a man may profess to be, how freely he may handle pious phraseology, if he spends his breath in complaining about the sorrows of this existence and in sighing about another world where he will be free from the present penalties and pains and will enter into the life of perfection, the life that has attained and knows no further desire, his religion is a menace to this world and to him as a dweller here.

Our present business is with the life that is full of prophecy of larger being, that reminds us by our present failures and friction of the greatness of our shortcomings; our business is to take this life of pain and need and use all its provocations, its troubles, difficulties, problems as the curriculum of larger life. We ought to be grateful, as they who take life wisely certainly will be, for all that moves us on though it may seem to lay us low at the time of the blow.

True religion is that which places the light of aspiration before a man's eyes and sets in his heart the vision of a life which knows no limit. Religion interprets the universe in terms of a reasonable plan of life, with a hope in life which does not mock us. Religion is the spirit that enables one to trust the ultimate wisdom of the plan of our present imperfection.

The present struggle is the finest thing that we have. Not that we need to add to its intensity or increase its complications. But we ought not to try to dodge its demands nor ought we to be blind to its splendid promise. For imperfection is ever the prophecy of development, and he who bravely, hopefully struggles on, bears, endures, aspires, not only finds the way through the clouds to the stars, but in the struggle finds the high and divine in himself.

Here faith plays her part, aiding us to cling to our visions of the larger life and greater universe, giving us confidence even in darkest nights that we do not walk in a maze, to come out where we went in, hearing the mocking laughter of idiot gods. We believe better things of our world, and that means taking our world in a nobler way and trusting that love rules through it all. That means finding our way out through imperfections and needs to a wholeness and perfection which we call God, the desire of every soul.

The Christian's Privilege.

The great master hand sends the thoughts of sorrow, of joy, of strength, into our life in varying forms as mighty means under the Spirit's power, to mold and bring us into the Divine image, for "to stand by the side of Jesus Christ and look upon life and its possibilities is to behold a vision of marvellous beauty." It is this ever-deepening vision of life that is the Christian's privilege as he walks by the side of his Master and touches the hand which is molding his life into the highest beauty. Though earth is dark, in His presence it is always day.

Church Wrok.

Present-day church work is to minister to all needs of men every day in the week the year round.—Rev. W. A. Bartlett, Congregationalist, Chicago.

CHEERFUL WORDS FOR SUFFERING WOMEN.

No woman can be healthy with sick kidneys. They are often the true cause of bearing-down pains, headaches, dizziness, nervousness, etc.



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