

# LIKE THE NEW WORK

CONVICTS REGARD CHAIR MAKING PLEASANT WORK AT PEN.

FILE REPORT OF EXPENSES

"Lobbyists" Tell of Expenditures Made at the Last Session of Legislature.

Lincoln.—Forty chairs a day is the aggregate output of the Nebraska penitentiary's newest industry. Fifty men are now at work in the chair factory and although the industry has only been installed a year, the men are experts at their business.

Raw material, consisting of rattan strips is unloaded in one door of the shop. Finished chairs, stools and tables, painted and varnished, make their exit from the other door. All work from fashioning the framework of the chair, of the table or of the stand, to weaving about it the rattan strips, and finally decorating it with paint and with varnish is done by the prisoners.

More fascinating than the making of brooms, much easier than working under the sun in the farm fields, considerably lighter than wheeling stone and other material to be used in the construction of the new dining hall, the chair work is the most popular among the convicts of all activities of the prison. The men like the work, the weaving of artistic designs appeals to them.

The foreman of the shop outlines the model to be followed. The pattern is then turned over to the men in charge of the steaming apparatus where the stiff pieces of the material are bent into shape. The pieces are then turned over to another workman who fastens them together in the framework of the chair. From there the model passes from one prisoner to the other, going down a long line. One man binds the rattan about the framework, another weaves in the back, a third the bottom, a fourth puts on a few artistic touches about the arms. When the chair has passed the length of the line, it is complete. It then journeys to the painters. When the paint and varnish are dried, the chair is crated ready for shipment.

The chair factory has been in operation just a year. At first but a few men were employed there, usually the overflow from the broom shops. Gradually, however, the number has increased until fifty men are kept steadily employed.

### Lobbyists File Report.

Lincoln.—The lobbyists are having their turn at filing expense accounts with the secretary of state.

Frank Ranson of Omaha says that he spent nothing in his efforts to make the legislators see things in the interests of the people and the public welfare. He represented the South Omaha stock yards.

J. N. Redfern of the Burlington railroad expended \$17.45 at the lobbying game, invested principally for food and other things.

G. W. Holdrege, general manager of the Burlington, says that there were 107 bills pertaining to the Burlington and he paid Judge Jesse L. Root \$900 to see that these bills went the right way. In addition to this he spent \$1,949.01 for stenographers, witnesses, postage stamps and the like.

Judge Root admits that he received the \$900 from the Burlington railway, a like amount from the Union Pacific, \$173.51 from the Rock Island, \$263.16 from the Missouri Pacific and \$763.33 from the Northwestern as attorney fees and expenses in giving advice to the committees of the legislatures as to what the railroad wanted.

Charles Ware, general manager of the Union Pacific, expended \$3,331.76 as payment of expenses of witnesses, stenographers, attorney fees and other necessary items incident to the business of the railroads before the legislatures.

S. M. Braden, general superintendent of the Northwestern, donated \$2,769.10 to the cause, which included attorney fees, feed hotel expenses for witnesses and other minor items.

### Cannot Inherit Land in Nebraska.

Lincoln.—That non-resident aliens, heirs of a citizen of Nebraska, cannot inherit title to land owned by a citizen of this state was the substance of an opinion by Judge Munger of the federal court, in the case of William Toop et al against the Ulysses Land company.

The case was brought by the Toops to recover title to the land owned by their uncle, who was a resident of Nebraska and died in 1898 without issue. The heirs were residents of Great Britain.

### Re-Elected Sunday School Head.

Lincoln.—At the state Sunday school convention the following officers were elected: E. J. Wightman, York, re-elected president; J. S. Dick, Crete, vice president; C. C. Westcott, Plattsburgh, re-elected recording secretary, and L. C. Oberlies of Lincoln, treasurer. The international representative is George G. Wallace, Omaha; L. C. Oberlies, alternate, and E. J. Wightman, president, sixth district. The association favors a method whereby the state university will give credit for bible study.

### NEBRASKA IN BRIEF.

Seventy-five delegates attended the opening session of the P. E. O. convention at Hebron.

Joseph Ziegler, a pioneer of Madison, died at his home in West Madison after an illness of several months.

Fremont turners will occupy a special car when they go to the meet of the North American Gymnastic union in Denver.

Drainage district No. 4 of Otoe and Johnson counties have filed articles of incorporation in the office of the secretary of state.

The Odd Fellows of Silver Creek have a two-story brick building recently completed by Silver Creek lodge No. 131.

The Bell Telephone company at Fremont connected up the Pohoeco Telephone company of Saunders county with the Fremont exchange.

Charles W. Miller, assistant superintendent of the South Omaha branch of the Omaha postoffice, died at his home from the effects of tuberculosis.

The Omaha Gas Company has paid its corporation tax to the secretary of state. The amount paid is \$625 and is based on a capital stock of \$3,750,000.

The Hessian fly has made its appearance in the wheat fields of southeastern Nebraska and reports of slight damage are being made by the farmers.

Leo Mathews has resigned as secretary of the democratic committee.

A number of farmers in southern Gage county have started cutting their wheat.

Senator George F. Wolz, Mrs. Wolz and Charles Pfeiffer of Fremont received slight injuries when their automobile was driven into the ditch near Valley.

County Assessor John W. Lamson of Antelope county has reported the total assessed valuation of his county at \$5,283,142, of which \$1,406,994 is personal property.

At a special election a proposition to vote \$2,000 for the purpose of extending the water system of the village of Bradshaw carried by almost a unanimous vote.

Ben C. Clinton, Union Pacific agent at St. Paul, Neb., is at headquarters and is enthusiastic over crop conditions in Howard county and the entire Loup river valley.

Edward, the four-year-old son of J. O. Shrigley of Blighman, was almost instantly killed when he fell from the rear of a wagon. He struck on his head and his neck was broken.

With a water famine facing the city, the commissioners of Lincoln held a special meeting and passed an ordinance forbidding the use of water for sprinkling lawns or gardens.

The old Tribune building at fifth and Park streets in Fremont, the home in the pioneer days of the Fremont Tribune, is being demolished by order of the state fire commissioner.

At the meeting of the county board of equalization the assessment of the Nebraska Telephone company was increased from \$1,634,950 to \$2,220,000 and that of the Omaha Crockery company from \$50,000 to \$75,000.

A change has been made in Rock Island train dispatchers at Fairbury. Fred Feiden has been promoted to night chief dispatcher in place of A. S. Bishop who has been transferred.

Figures just made available on the 1913 assessment of the personal property of Cuming county show an increase of the assessed valuation of over \$100,000 over the figures of 1912.

The Wynore city council acted favorably upon a petition signed by 175 residents asking for Sunday base ball, and called a special election for July 1, when the question will be voted upon.

Mrs. Mary Bugeman has sued the city of Omaha for \$5,000 damages because of a broken arm and other injuries received in a fall upon ice at Sixteenth and Yates streets last January.

Albert Dennis, who has been proprietor of the Orchard News for several years, has sold the paper to Alexander Sherig of Benson, Minn. Mr. Dennis and family will remove to California.

H. B. Hinthorn, prominent citizen and member of the city council, died at his home at Hebron from the effects of tetanus, caused by an accident from shoeing a horse. He was born in Illinois.

The Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph company has made application for a slight change in rates at its Beatrice exchange. The change only contemplates a raise of 25 cents in four-party line 'phones, all other rates remaining as at present.

The United States supreme court has decided the Minnesota rate case in favor of the state. This saves to Nebraska and other state the two cents per mile rate which the railroads were contending is confiscatory.

At a meeting of the Beatrice organization of the national association of stationery engineers William R. Scott was chosen as delegate to the national convention which will be held at Springfield, Mass., in September with T. D. Davis as alternate.

The first annual rally of the dairymen of central Nebraska was held at Central City. About 400 farmers registered from different parts of the state and there was a large attendance from this vicinity. The exhibition was held in the city park.

After a long silence which could not be understood by those interested, Mr. Anderson, father of Mrs. Roy Blunt, who was given \$7,500 by the legislature for the death of her husband, killed in the chase after escaping convicts a year ago, called at the state house and asked for the warrant due Mrs. Blunt.

# SILVER CROSS GIRL

Why Farnsworth Justin Sent the Obliging Office Boy Ten Dollars.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Mr. Justin heard the pounding for several minutes before it roused his attention from the stack of papers on the desk. Vaguely, it annoyed him. He had stayed late at the office on purpose to be undisturbed. But the pounding was insistent and it came from across the wide air well.

He looked from his windows and saw a girl trying to raise the one across the way. She did not seem excited, but why did she pound so? Just then she caught sight of Mr. Justin and waved to him frantically. Mr. Justin waved back mechanically as he would have answered the hall of a shipwrecked mariner. He raised his own window, and called across the twenty-foot space.

"What's up?"

"I'm locked in," she called to him. "I was working in here, and the boy didn't know I had stayed late. I don't know what to do."

"Who has the keys?"

"Jimmie, the boy. He comes early and opens up."

"Where does he live?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know—"

"Don't be alarmed," protested Mr. Justin, kindly. "I am right here and I'll get you out."

"I knew you would. That's why I pounded on the window. I can always see you at your desk over there."

"I think I can rouse the janitor or engineer of your building," he called over to her. "We'll be right up."

But he had forgotten to ascertain her number, and when he reached the opposite street, the great sombre fronts of rock defied detection. There seemed to be six in the block. He tried pacing from the corner to figure how far his own office was from the street line, but lost his bearings.

Finally he stopped a messenger boy and asked how to reach the engineer of the buildings.

"Basement where de cleaners go in," said the boy.

"Could you go in for me, and ask about a lady who is locked in on the tenth floor?"

The situation's possibilities appealed to the son of Mercury. He would, for a quarter. Justin waited anxiously outside for him while he tried one building after another. Finally the boy came out and beckoned him to follow. He had never been down in the basement of a large building before, but he tramped carefully before the boy to the engineer's quarters.

"The superintendent's gone home," said the big-coal-grimed party smoking over an evening paper under an electric light. "And the janitor's on the top floor in his own place, eating dinner. The elevator ain't running, either. And I ain't got any keys, but the scrub women have. You can go up the basement stairs and ask them."

It was a totally new experience to Farnsworth Justin feeling his way up the grimy stairs into the bare, silent rotunda. The messenger boy kept him company for another quarter, and made the rounds of each floor as they ascended, seeking the scrubwomen. The building seemed strange and unfamiliar with this spell of utter silence over it, and only a light here and there in the corridors.

On the eighth floor they came on a brigade of scrubbers down on their knees on mats, washing up the marble halls. Justin removed his hat as he addressed the leader. Yes, she had a pass key to the offices. Wiping her dripping, swollen hands she took him up to the tenth floor.

"Which room is it?" she asked, and he could not tell her. Moreover it was horribly silent on the tenth floor. No sound of knocking at all.

"Call her by name," advised the woman.

"I don't know her name," said Mr. Justin dubiously. The messenger boy eyed him. "It must be about in the middle of the west side of the hall. The far wall, I mean, and it faces on the air well. My office is opposite."

The woman had started off on her own responsibility and was knocking on door after door, but there was no answer.

"I'll bet a nickel she's tumbled over," said the boy. "They all faint!"

Justin felt utterly wretched and out of place. Here he was hunting for a woman and a total stranger at half past eight in the evening in a deserted building.

"I shall shout for her," he declared, desperately. "She is certainly here."

"Wait a minute," said the scrubwoman, bending down to one key-hole. "I hear something."

Justin's fists were tightly shut. As the door was flung open, he pushed past the boy into the inner office. On the floor by the open window lay the girl, her face like a gardenia in color. Justin lifted her in his arms, and told the boy to hurry for a taxi. He smothered back the heavy wavy hair gently, and felt her wrist for the faint pulsation.

"It's too bad you don't know her name, sir," said the woman. "She's so young, too, ain't she. They'll send her to Bellevue till she comes out of it."

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Justin, curtly. "I shall take her home to my sister to-night. She has had a nervous shock and needs rest, that is all."

He had not thought of taking her home before that instant but the

words sprang to his lips. When the taxi came, he had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes, and she walked down the long stairs supported by his arm.

"It was silly of me to faint," she faltered. "But after you had gone—it seemed so long, and I thought perhaps you wouldn't bother to help me."

Once in the taxi she closed her eyes and leaned back.

"I live way out in Brooklyn."

"You are going to my sister's for the night," he said firmly. "You are in no condition to take any long trip. If you wish to phone to anyone, you may at the house when we arrive."

"No," she said, she had no one to phone to. The hint of hidden pathos in her tired tone stirred old heart strings. He said nothing more, but stared out of the window at the shadowy street vistas. Undoubtedly Barbara and himself had led a self-centered life in the old Gramercy Park house. Life had slipped along in smooth channels for them. They had never known want or loneliness. He wondered what she would say to this child he was taking to her. Once, years before, he remembered bringing home a lost kitten he had found pressed close to the iron railings of the park, and Barbara had told him she would send word to the proper authorities to care for it, but it could not remain in the house. He turned to the girl again. She had taken off her hat and her eyes were closed. The questions on his lips remained unanswered. He noticed her ringless hands. She held her gloves clasped loosely on her lap. He saw they had been mended. Even a bachelor has some knowledge of proper garments for the daintier portion of humanity. He knew that she was not clad like Barbara and her friends. The long grey cravenette was inexpensive and a bit worn at the cuffs. Her shirt-waist was of wash silk, her skirt dark blue serge. The hat on her lap with a pin pushed through its crown was a soft grey straw, shaped he would have said, like a fruit dish. It bore a crushed bow of gray satin, and cluster of tiny hand made silk roses.

"Is your sister nice?" Her voice startled him. She was regarding him anxiously. "Won't she mind?"

"Not at all," said Justin flatly. "She is quite accustomed to anything I may do that is—well, say unusual."

"I think everything you do is unusual. The development at Silver Cross was splendid."

"Silver Cross?" he stared at her almost suspiciously. He had not believed a single soul in New York city knew of his connection with the isolated properties far up in the Nevada mountains which held the greatest promise of wealth in years. He had covered every track. Not even Barbara knew of his trips there. For six months he had been dropping capital into the earth holes there, and only holding communication with Dave Richards, the owner of the original claims. "How do you know I have been in Silver Cross?"

"I am Juanita Richards. Last year Dave sent me down to New York to find the right way, don't you know. We were struggling along out there the best way we could, and there was no way to get in touch with the right people here. So I came down, and got a place with Willis & Heath. It was only clerical work, but I knew they were the best firm in the mining business. And I kept asking and asking for someone who would tell us the truth about the properties out there, somebody who would play fair. And they told me you would. So then I just wrote to Dave, and he wrote to you, and that's all. I'm going back home next week. Dave says I may. He heard from you that the mines were paying, and so I won't have to work here any more."

She paused, but Justin did not speak. He only looked at her.

"I've wanted to know you so much," she added, impulsively. "My brother told me to wait until I met you out at Silver Cross. How queer it came about all of its own accord, didn't it?"

He drew in a deep breath.

"We are little dancing marionettes, Miss Juanita, with Fate watching the strings and wires. I have been working tonight on a full report to your brother. The mines are now on a paying basis. In three months' time we can declare our first dividend and it will be a beauty." He took out his handkerchief, and wiped off his eyeglasses abstractedly. "I am leaving for Silver Cross next Thursday with Barbara, my sister. Perhaps you could be our guest until then, and leave with us. I wish you would."

Something in his tone warned her then. A woman's intuition is wonderfully sensitive to impressions. Juanita knew then, looking into Farnsworth Justin's eyes, that unless she could face all that they told her in the future, she had better not accept the invitation.

"You know, we have you to thank for our participation in the strike out there," he added. "If you had not selected me for Dave to write to, all this would not have happened. I think we are all partners together in great good fortune. Why not in friendship, also?"

He put out his hand, and she laid hers in it.

"I'll go with you," she said, happily. "How wonderfully it has all come about tonight."

Justin smiled at her contentedly. They were just turning into Gramercy Park.

"I must remember to send that office boy ten dollars," he said.

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## IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS

WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A small, square house with a cottage roof is shown in the accompanying perspective view and plans. The severe plainness of the design is relieved by the projection of the cornice, which gives the house a rather distinguished appearance. This is a small house, with only six rooms besides a nice front hall and a bathroom; but it is convenient and well arranged, and the rooms are fairly large. The parlor and dining rooms are exceptionally good rooms for a dwelling of these dimensions.

It is quite the fashion now to make long living rooms, and there is much to recommend it. The furniture may be placed to so much advantage, and there is room to use good, big easy chairs and couches. According to old-fashioned plans, a room 17 feet 6 inches long would be out of the question in a house of this size. It is easy to make big, light, airy rooms if you have money enough to build a big house; but it is not easy to get commodious and comfortable rooms in a small house. It takes a good deal of ingenuity and careful planning to get six good rooms, in addition to necessary accessories, in a house 28 by 32 feet.

A feature of this house that will appeal to the women is the built-in sideboard, which faces the dining room, and also faces the kitchen. A piece of furniture like this is a great convenience and comfort to a house-keeper. Such things were unknown up to within a few years. There are a great many little things to be kept in order in the kitchen, and there are some larger things that persistently get in the way unless you have a place to put them.

The kitchen part of this house is a perfect workshop. It is in such easy

light, air, and concentrated convenience—all under one little four-cornered roof.

There is great difference of opinion in regard to a covered porch. You seldom want to sit outdoors when it rains, even if you have a roof over you; and the appearance is a mere question of preference. Some folks are always kicking about a porch because it darkens the rooms in the house. There is no such objection to a porch of this kind. Sun, air, and light, all have a fair chance at every window, and you still have an opportunity to sit outdoors if you want to.

Only one chimney is necessary, but this should be a good one. It should be built for business, with sufficient capacity to keep the air moving in the right direction. Whoever builds this house will want to put a grate in the corner of the parlor some day; then he or she will appreciate the forethought that suggested a good chimney with three separate flues to start with.

There is a cement wainscoting in the kitchen and bathroom, 4 feet 6 inches high. If this is carefully put in, as it should be, it is fully equal to tile; in fact, if it is rightly done, it is better than tile, because it is more solid. It is easy to get a poor job of cement work in places like this; but that is usually the fault of the owner, because he is careless

communication with the cellar, with the vestibule, where the ice box is kept, and with the pantry, which has double doors to shut the smell of cooking from the dining room, that house work becomes a pleasure. Placing the sink is a study in itself. It is convenient to the built-in sideboard, and also to the pantry. Every woman who does her own work will appreciate this convenience, because it saves steps, it saves time, and it is just right in every way.

The steps to the cellar lead in the front part of the house, where the cellar is the coolest for the stor-

about the superintendence of the construction. After securing the best workmen and supplying the best materials, it is necessary to follow up the details as the building progresses. It is one thing to get a good set of plans, but it is quite another to see that the building is put up according to specifications.

One feature in connection with this house that is about as interesting as anything else, is the price. Similar houses have been built for \$1,400, without heating or plumbing; but they have been built under especially favorable circumstances. It would be much safer to estimate \$1,600 or \$1,700 in small places, or more in the larger cities.

They Were Filled With Lime, and Watchman Got Off One Just in Time.

When workmen who are building an apartment building at Sixty-sixth street and Park avenue left, they took ordinary precautions against rain. They covered twenty-four barrels of lime with a sheet of canvas and fastened it down with planks. The rain came and ran through crevices.

Mike Dolan, the watchman, sat on one of the barrels in the early morning hours. He felt very warm, and got off to investigate. The next minute there was a roar, and the barrel jumped up. The rest of the barrels jumped up and exploded, and the wooden containers caught fire.

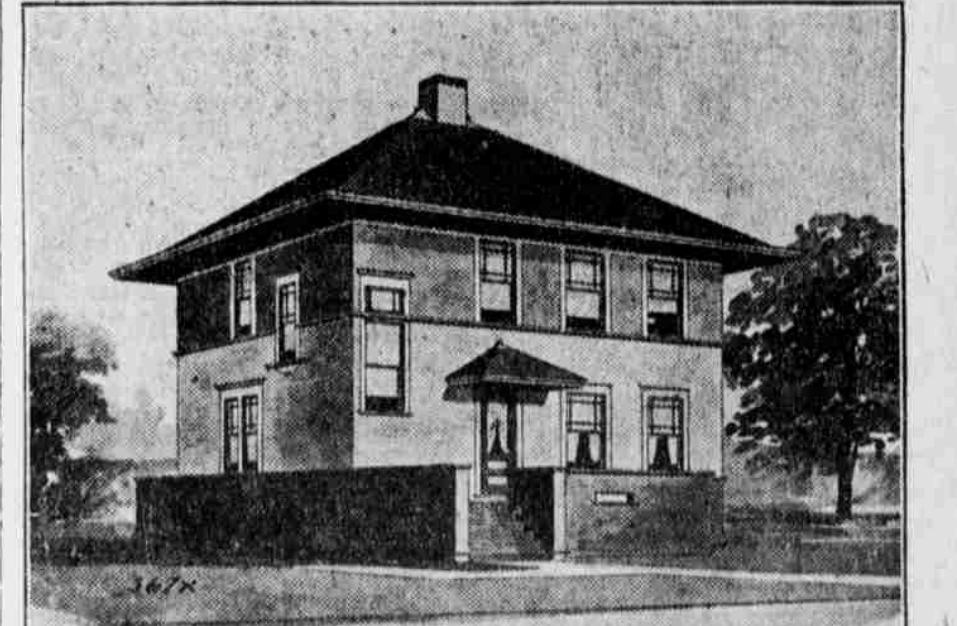
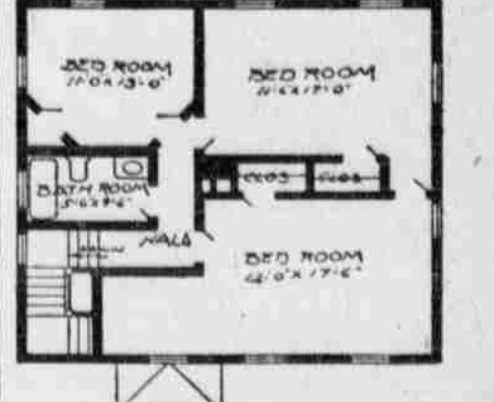
When the firemen came, all hands worked with shovels and threw sand on the lime until it resembled mortar. Then Dolan found another seat.—New York Evening Post.

Much More Interesting.

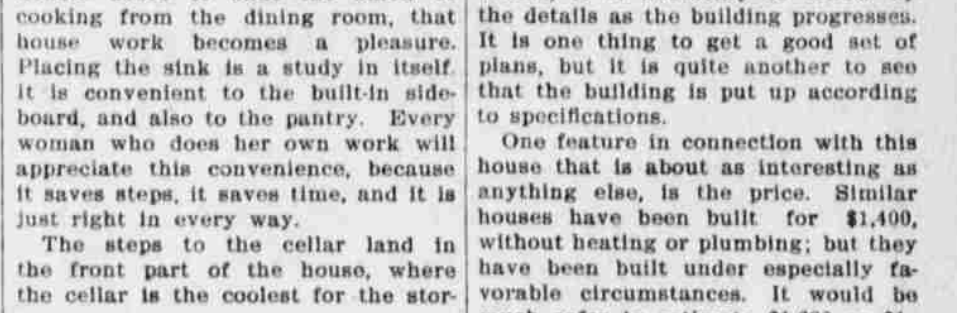
"The American suffragists have the right idea for interesting the men." "As to how?" "Instead of throwing bricks, they do barefoot dances."

age of fruits and vegetables. By partitioning off a room in this corner, away from the furnace, the cellar may be utilized to the very best advantage.

The hall takes up little room downstairs and hardly any room upstairs—an advantage that comes from building a sensible square house. You get the whole thing in a nutshell, with



First Floor Plan.



Second Floor Plan.