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A REMARKABLE WILL

(New York Times.)
 Extracts from the remarkable "last will and testament" of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, rabbi of Temple Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia, who died on June 12, are published in the American Hebrew. The document, which was written four years ago, begins by saying:

"When in 1876 I decided to enter the Hebrew Union college of Cincinnati to study for the Jewish ministry, I knew that I had chosen a life calling which even if successful, would yield little more than a respectable living. Experience has proved that I had judged aright. Beyond my home, my library, and household effects and a few thousand dollars invested, which sum represents for the most part, matured endowments from life insurance policies. I own nothing.

"I therefore, have no worldly goods to bequeath to you my dear children. And I would not have wanted it other-

wise. I believe I have done my full duty toward you in having accorded you an education, in having set before you the example of a life consecrated to labor and earnest striving after the higher ideals. Even if Providence had chosen to bestow a fortune upon me I would have regarded myself as having been entrusted with it solely as custodian for the benefit of others, rather than as a personal possession to be used by me and my family.

"Too often have I seen a father's fortune become the undoing of his children, and rather than expose you to such a risk I rejoice that I have no fortune to leave to you, my dear children. You have received the necessary education and the home stimulus necessary to enable the aid of an inheritance. With far less advantages to begin life's career than you have enjoyed. I was obliged to make my way in life from my 12th year. And I have seemingly been all the stronger for it. The consciousness that whatever fortune you shall have or whatever honorable position you shall occupy it is of your making will some day become to you a source of supreme satisfaction. And let whatever encouragement I have given toward attaining that end, be one of my legacies to you.

After requesting that no display be connected with the obsequies, that the coffin remain closed, that there be no floral tributes, no eulogy, no creep or other signs of mourning in the temple during the funeral or after, the will continues:

"I look upon death as the portal to another life, to the more important of the two. I do not regard it as the end of existence. I believe that the soul passes on to advance upon the work here began and for which it was created.

"While I have not done all the work I wanted to do, nor performed that which I did as well as I should have liked to have done, still I feel that I have done nothing for which either my family or friends need mourn, or wear the trappings of sorrow. If mourners' garb have for its purpose to serve as a reminder of bereavement, I do not think that my dear ones will require such reminders. If it will not be easy to be remembered without outward tokens of mourning, then will I not deserve to be remembered at all.

"It may not be regarded as the least of my work if I shall have inspired my family to set themselves against the mourning practices now in vogue. Men do not mourn nor deck themselves with trappings of sorrow, or shut out the light of their homes and lives, when one of their dear ones is promoted from a lower to a higher station. Such promotion to my mind, comes to the soul at the moment of death, if it have lived worthily.

"Let my obsequies, therefore, be free from any sign of sorrow. Let the last rites consist of a regular service, and no more."

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Holy Communion will be celebrated Sunday at 8:30 a. m. by Dean Render. Rev. L. W. Gramly.

NOTICE.

Having sold the Grand Cafe all those knowing themselves indebted to O'Connell Bros., will kindly pay up at once. All accounts are at the Grand Cafe. 8-1

O'CONNELL BROS.

American Explorers Helped.

The British occupation of Palestine to the present time has proved of greater usefulness to American explorers than to those of the mandatory power. The work at Beisan is only a commencement of American researches in the Holy Land. The famous historical sites of Tanach and Megiddo have been allocated provisionally to two other American universities; while a third university, that of Harvard, has obtained a renewed concession for the site of Samaria, where, previous to the war, they had disclosed imposing Roman ruins of the period of Herod, and earlier remains down to that period in Jewish history when Ahab first established on that site the capital of Israel.

While British universities have been slow to respond to the great opportunity which now lies open, there is, at any rate, much satisfaction to be derived from the increasing activity on the part of American colleges. Harmony and enthusiasm prevail, and the friendly rivalry thus established is a healthy and helpful stimulus

LITTLE MISS CARO

By JANE GORDON

The hostess of Magnolia Inn was much interested in her new guest. For he was the young and clever dean of a far-away young woman's college. He came only the night before to the secluded southern village, and had seemed averse to conversation.

When, therefore, upon the following day, Mrs. Fairly gained his interested attention, she was greatly gratified. She had been sitting on the front veranda, facing the dusty road, and the professor sat near with his book. The sound that attracted their attention was the wild and joyous barking of two dogs who heralded the approach of their mistress. The girl carried a market basket on her arm and was too busily engaged in eluding the bounding animals to notice her observers.

"Little Miss Caro, of course," Mrs. Fairly exclaimed, and as though asking a question, the professor repeated the name.

"Miss Caro?" The hostess of the inn was only too glad to tell her favorite story.

"A happy personality, our little Caro, yet her life has been overshadowed by tragedy. We all love the girl so; I think if the president were coming to town, and Caro by the same train, she would be given the greater ovation. It was so with her mother before her. When you walk about the village, Professor Manty, you will see a great decaying house, one of our former places of grandeur—the Richmond house. The last old master still lives there. Near by, at the end of the park, stands a white cottage—the very one you read about—roses clambering around the door—daintily ruffled curtains at the windows. This used to be the ledge. Now, little Miss Caro, granddaughter of the solitary old man of the big house, lives in this neat cottage with her mother's mulatto maid-servant.

"Until a short time ago two colored servants attended Andrew Richmond in his isolation. Recently they have been removed, one by death, one by reason of frailty. Many years ago, when our southern standards were so ridiculously autocratic, Anne Richmond fell in love with a man too humble for her father's approval. And, though he was far from strong at the time of their marriage, she, with unselfish love, hoped to nurse her young husband back to health and strength. This was not to be. Anne was left soon, a widow in the distant city to which her father's unjust anger had banished the two who dared to frustrate his will. Caroline, the mulatto woman—and the only mother whom Anne in her infant bereavement had known, went with her beloved mistress to the distant city, and when Anne lived only long enough to smile upon her infant daughter, it was Caroline who brought the baby back to the grandfather's home.

"In a dainty, beribboned basket she left the tiny Caroline before the old man's door. 'She is named for the one soul who has been faithful to me,' Anne had written as she gave Caroline directions. The note in his daughter's tremulous handwriting was affixed to the baby's dress.

"When Andrew Richmond saw the child he rang his bell. 'Take the brat away,' he ordered the watchful Caroline.

"Without reply, the mulatto woman carried the baby to the white cottage at the end of the park. And there little Miss Caro, as they called her, lived and grew in loving care. Just as Caroline had honored and revered her mistress Anne, so now she served 'Anne's child, with this difference.

"Then Caroline sent Anne's daughter away to college. When Caro came last time we thought she looked pale—studying too hard, I told Caroline.

"It's the stories the jealous ones are telling about her at school,' Caroline said. Because a mulatto woman pays for her schooling—because Miss Caro lives in my little house with me—because her grandfather treats her as if she were no kin—they're saying that Miss Caro is my child."

"Then, only a month ago Caroline was taken sick. With the fearful superstition of her race, she sent word to Caro that she was about to die. And at once Caro came to nurse her 'mammy' to health. It was through an accident that she learned her isolated grandfather was quite alone in his big, empty house—alone, without sufficient money to pay new servants.

"Little Miss Caro moved into the home of her ancestors, and with her devoted Caroline took charge.

"That's all of the story, Professor Manty. This morning you saw little Miss Caro on her way home from market, but soon she will come into her own. When the Richmond property is sold it will bring a good sum. We want it for our new school site."

Caro was coming down the stair with her grandfather's tray when a young man, evidently waiting for her in the hall, relieved her of the burden. "Bruce Manly!" cried the girl, her cheeks went pink. "I do not wonder," the dean said sternly, "that you blush. Why did you run away from school, young lady—leaving me to believe anything—not telling me where to find you?"

"Perhaps," answered Miss Caro, resting smilingly in the arms that enclosed her—"to see if you might believe all things—to see perhaps, if you would find me."

A ROOM TO RENT

By BERTHA E. KEYES

The air of the room was worried with the continual whirring drone of a sewing machine. It was a small room, but it contained furniture and knick-knacks enough to supply almost a whole house.

Yet this room typified its owner, Tryphena Small. She was a seamstress. She had done sewing always—as far back as she could remember. And by reason of overestimating her own capacity she was always in the habit of taking on more work than she could comfortably do, and thereby was continually rushing to finish something.

Poor cramped little soul! She had never had a chance to enjoy life. Always at the beck and call of her customers, she fairly worked the flesh off her bones to please them. This left her face thin and wrinkled, and about her eyes a fine network of caretaking lines.

It was underwear that she was finishing now for rich Amelia Westlake. Tryphena did only plain sewing. She did not have the necessary skill to make gowns. There was a time, though, when she had dreamed of going to the city to take a course in dressmaking, but that was way back, years ago.

Yes, she was hurrying with the underwear for Amelia Westlake, who was starting for the South in a week and must have her work without fail by Saturday, but that was not the only reason for the unusually worried look in Tryphena's eyes. It was the fact that Mrs. Mardon, her landlady, had just succumbed to shock. She lingered only two days after the stroke came.

Such a fleshy, florid, talkative person she had been. Many a night the little seamstress had gone to bed with her ears ringing and her poor brain all awfully after listening to Mrs. Mardon's encyclopedic narration of the lives of everyone she knew.

Well, the voluble tongue was hushed now. A dismal stillness, except for the intermittent rumbling of Tryphena's sewing machine, brooded over the house all the evening until ten o'clock, when Charlie Waite went down into the cellar to shake down the furnace and bank the fire for the night.

Charlie was the only lodger in the house at present, with the exception of a nurse, who was away on a case. Mrs. Mardon had been unfortunate with her rooms this season, but Tryphena and Charlie were always there. Tryphena had occupied the little room over the front hall for fourteen years, and Charlie was there when she came. But Mrs. Mardon had magnanimously given him the use of the room for taking care of the furnace, cleaning off the pavement and doing other odd chores about the house.

Charlie did not get much out of the bargain, but he had gone about his business doggedly and was as much a part of the house as the kitchen stove or the black walnut bookcase in the sitting room.

Tryphena had never seen much of Charlie heretofore. She was eternally at her sewing, and when he came home from work he always had his shoes, and then the evening paper.

But now that Mrs. Mardon was lying there on her couch bed, no longer at the helm, they had to come together, these two solitary tucked-away souls. Mrs. Mardon had no relatives. Therefore Charlie and Tryphena had to make all arrangements.

The question was in the minds of both of them. They carefully avoided the subject earlier in the evening, as they arranged the chairs in the sitting room and straightened out the rooms on the lower floor in readiness for the service the next day.

Tryphena, in spite of the pall that overspread the house, felt like a different person as she roamed about the house, busying herself with little details of the funeral arrangements. Her quick, nervous little gait was replaced by a freer, staidier swing. She had always lived in such small quarters, but now that she had the ground of a whole house to cover, something within her seemed to stretch and grow. She felt bigger, somehow, more important.

That evening, when all was quiet again, they both instinctively went to the sitting room to talk things over. Charlie noticed a change in her. Tryphena's eyes looked wistful and the tense lines around them had slackened after her "set-to" at weeping earlier in the day. She turned her eyes upon Charlie with a look that touched him. And a feeling of manliness surged over him such as he had never felt before.

"You and I could run this house just as well as Mrs. Mardon," he asserted, unabashed and unflinching. "Come, we'll get married," he went on. "You throw your thimble and your needles and all your small stuff into the river. And you just mind the house now. I've been saving a little money all these years, and I never knew what good it was going to do me. We can pick out the best room in the house and rent the others. Come, Tryphena, you're not set on keeping your little room, are you?"

Tryphena tried to speak, but something held her back. Before she knew it, his arms were around her. "Oh, Charlie!" she sobbed against his shoulder. "I never dreamed what a nice man you were."

ODD COMPANY FOR QUAKER

Reactions to Voice of Man of Peace Said to Be Same as Those of General Hindenburg.

An interesting story reaches us from a Quaker source about the discovery of a German professor of phonetics who is engaged in collecting and analyzing phonographic records of the voice of speakers of every country and language. During the war he not only got records from allies and war prisoners of nearly every country under the sun, but also carefully tabulated the voice reactions of the most famous of his own countrymen.

Recently he begged a well-known English Quaker, who was on a visit to Berlin in connection with international peace work, to allow a record of his voice to be made. This was Mr. C. Heath, the late secretary of the National Peace Council, and now secretary of the Friends' Council for International Service. He gave a brief address on the peace principles of Quakerism into the phonographic receiver, while the professor eagerly watched the machine's delicate indicator, which recorded all the lights and shades of the speaker's voice.

At the conclusion of the test the professor pronounced that the verdict of the machine was that the reactions to the Quaker's voice were exactly the same as those to General Hindenburg's.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

INDIANA AS LITERARY STATE

Beginning of Its Eminent Place in Literature May Be Traced to Gen. Lew Wallace.

It may be surmised that made Indiana a literary state: "Ben Hur" and the fortune it built. Imaginative and book-minded youth of that commonwealth today—truly no more gifted, in all probability, than that of any other—looked upon Gen. Lew Wallace's monumental work and pronounced it good (as the world did) and also worth while, and imaginative youth did not bury its talents in a napkin.

It forthwith began to write and brought forth fruit, some six-fold and some ten-fold—honoring the example of General Wallace and establishing what is now one of the most famed schools of literature in the world.

Headed by Booth Tarkington, Indiana continues to interpret the life of the great central American valley, aided by new colonies of writers all over the West who have followed Indiana's lead. They, for the most part, stem from Gen. Lew Wallace and his "Ben Hur," though they have traveled far from that ancient, romantic ideal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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Where to go? There are a thousand different places! When to go? Any time! This summer, when you're tuckered and seeking escape from the heat and dust, get out under that magnificent cool blue Colorado sky, get the tang of the mountain air and the spicy smell of pine in your nostrils, and you will not have to ask anyone whether it was the right thing to do.

How to go? Oh, just climb aboard a Burlington luxurious limited! Colorado is not "Way off yonder," as some people think. The journey there is both quick and pleasant.

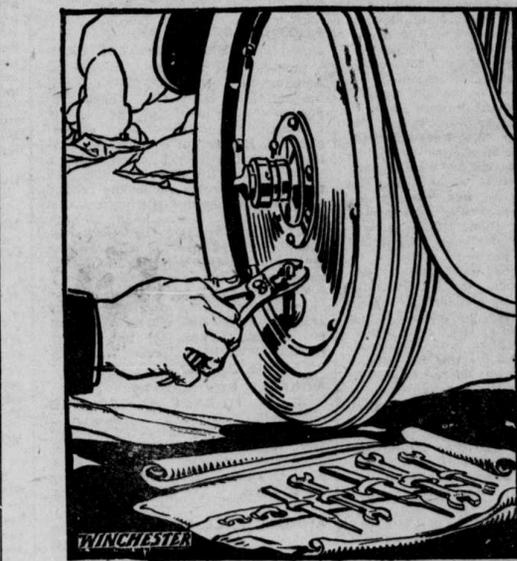
If you desire to continue on to the Pacific Coast and return via an entirely different route, that's easily arranged.

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