

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

PUBLISHED SATURDAYS BY THE COURIER PUBLISHING CO.

W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR AND MANAGER. Business Office 1201 O Street. Phone 253.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: THE COURIER, one year in advance \$2.00; Six Months \$1.00; Three Months \$0.50.

LINCOLN, NEB., OCTOBER 7, 1933.

AMUSEMENTS.

SATURDAY—(Today) matinee, Chas. Dickson in "Incog" at the Lansing theatre. SATURDAY—Evening—Charles Dickson in "Admitted to the Bar" at the Lansing theatre. MONDAY—"Jane" at the Lansing theatre. TUESDAY—"Patent Applied For" at the Lansing theatre. WEDNESDAY—"Patent Applied For" at the Lansing theatre. FRIDAY—"A Texas Steer" at the Lansing theatre.

Miss May North, of Columbus, is in the city the guest of the Misses Cowdery, 1611 C street.

The Pleasant Hour club at its annual meeting Wednesday engaged the Nebraska state orchestra to furnish music for the 1933-34 series of parties.

Many will regret to learn that the popular clothing firm of Frawley Childster & Co. have closed their Lincoln store and will ship the balance of their stock to their stores in Stromsburg, Neb., David City, Neb., and Bushnell, Ill. The firm in their short stay in Lincoln, have made many friends, who wish them success and hope to see them return in the near future.

How He Collected It. "If you think you've got such a dead sure thing on that claim against me, why don't you sue me for it?" asked the man with the double chin. "I could sue you and collect it easily enough, and you know it," replied the man with the bushy eyebrows, "and I would have done it long ago but for the reason that it would have brought your other creditors down on you like a thousand of brick. I don't want to break you."

Asking For Information. Willie Keep—I was once very strongly tempted to blow out my brains. Ethel Knox—Did you do it?—Brooklyn Life. Fowl Training. Mrs. Summerboard—This egg seems a little suspicious, and I'm sure I heard the hens cackling early this morning. Mr. Summerboard—That's nothing. The farmer has the hens trained to do that every time a box of lined eggs arrives from the city.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It Was All Right. Mr. Nuwed (gloomily)—My salary has been cut down 10 per cent. Mrs. Nuwed (cheerily)—Oh! don't worry about that, dear! Silk, Ribbons & Co. are advertising perfectly lovely things at a reduction of 50 per cent.—Tit-Bits.

What He Took. Biz—I used to belong to a theatrical company myself. Futilite—What part did you take? Biz—Oh, I took it all. I was treasurer.

Patronize. Hoteling & Son for first class groceries and meat. Everything as represented or money refunded. Store 1425 O street. Telephone 610. Low priced cloaks correct styles ASHBY CLOAK CO.

Never order an invitation until you have seen the samples of the work done by the new Courier Publishing Co.

The Lincoln Coal company, 1045 O street, handles all of the very best grades of anthracite and bituminous coal.

Lincoln Coal company caters to the best trade. Canon City and Rock Springs coal nicely screened at Lincoln Coal company.

Fruited ice cream soda water made from the natural fruit, at Rector's Pharmacy. All days special days ASHBY CLOAK CO.

MY NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor was a widder, an she had a run-down farm. An her cove an pigs an chickens done a mighty lot o' harm. To my fields a'nin, an I stood, it quite awhile, Till I wouldn't be imposed on in no such kind o' style. So I looked my very maddest as I walked up to her door. Till she looked up at me smilin, while a-washin up the floor. An her cheeks was red as roses, an her hair as black as night. I forgot to scold an mass her, fer she seemed so sweet an bright. But my hand was to the plow now, an it wouldn't never do. To forget them depositions jes' by lookin at her shoe. So I gattered up my anger, an I said, "Now, Mrs. Brown."

A MEAN TRICK.

He had often tried to propose to her, but she was such a very flippant young person that he found it herculean to reduce her to a sufficiently serious frame of mind. Then, too, he was by no means certain as to her feelings toward himself. Some definite assurance either way would, he felt, have been grateful, although it is safe to affirm that had such assurance been unfavorable to his hopes he would none the less have been anxious for further information.

However, he was denied the satisfaction of even well grounded suspicion. She had such a baffling sort of manner. Never had he been able to surprise her into an admission of anything, however trifling, which might be taken as an indication that he aroused within her emotions of any kind whatever. It was certainly very difficult to know what to do. Many times had he almost taken advantage of a momentary silence on her part. Times without number had he nearly clasped her in his arms as she prouetted past him, but she was too quick for him. The boldest effort on his part had been made one evening after he had brought a friend to call upon her. Minna, Bob and the friend had all sat in the kitchen and pulled taffy.

Next evening Bob said sheepishly: "Do you know, Minna, what they was tellin me last night?" "How could I know without you told me?" returned Minna, with spirit. She was washing dishes, and she clattered them in the pan. "He was asking me if I was going to marry you."

"And what did you tell him?" "Told him I didn't know." "That was right," said Minna, swirling the dishcloth around. "And he—he said I was a durned fool if I didn't."

Minna went off into peals of laughter. Then she sobered up. "Didn't what?" "Didn't marry you." "So you would be—if you got the chance?" "That's what I told him—if I got the chance, but I can't get the chance," dejectedly. "What right had you to tell him you couldn't get the chance?" "Cause you ain't ever give it to me."

"No, an I never will," returned Minna, with emphasis. "Jes' what I thought," said Bob dismally. "Guess I'd better go." "Guess ye had," remarked his hostess hospitably. As she spoke she wiped out the dishpan and hung it up on a nail behind. "If I was you, I'd learn a few things before I came courtin'."

"But you're a big sight clever'n me," answered Bob meekly. "That's so," said Minna laconically as Bob passed dejected out of the kitchen door. On thinking over the interview on the way home, Bob thought that on the whole he had not made much progress. A few days later hope returned, bright eyed and smiling, and Bob determined to make another attempt to secure the elusive Minna. In the soft dusk of the early summer evening he went thoughtfully across the field toward her father's cottage, now softened of its daytime angularities and, to Bob's imagination, nestling confidingly in the trees.

eyes darkening the lids and her face pale in the dusky twilight, her hair curling in moist little ends around her small face. Bob looked at her, and his heart failed him. But he remembered a certain Thomas Anderson, who report said had loitered beneath the honey-suckle for the last few nights, and brought back his cousing courage.

"They was talkin about you last night down at the pump," he remarked, with assumed cheerfulness. "Talkin about me?" said Minna angrily. "How dared they?" "Oh, Lord!" gasped Bob to himself. "If she gets mad before I begin!"

"They was sayin—sayin"— "Well?" sharply, "what was they sayin?" "They was sayin how as you'd never marry any one—you was that uncertain like and flightylike." "Who said that?" said Minna, turning wrathful eyes upon him. "I don't exactly remember," faltered Bob. "Most likely yourself," disdainfully.

Bob could not truthfully disown the remark, as he had made it frequently, in confidence, to his near companions in the village. So, after this unexpected home thrust, he remained uncomfortably silent. Minna pursued her advantage. "Nice doings them, fur a man!" she went on contemptuously. "Talkin about girls when they can't talk back for themselves!"

If the reported conversation had not been wholly imaginary, Bob would have been stricken with remorse. As it was, however, although inwardly trembling he saw an opening and took it. "But I spoke back for you, Minna, I did."

"Oh, you did, did you?" was the discouraging comment. "Since it wuz you said the worst, seems to me it wuz all you could do." "They said a lot more'n I did," Bob continued, with fictitious courage. "They said as how I needn't be hangin around here, fur ye'd allus scorn me till the judgment and not marry me at all."

"There wuz some truth in their remarks," remarked Minna snubbingly. "But there's wusser nor that," he said, with well forced gloominess. "I said as how I knowed you would marry me!" "Who made you so wise?" interrupted Minna sarcastically.

"An a man bet me you wouldn't, an— an—I bet him you would." "Beasts!" ejaculated the much incensed Minna. "An I bet a fearful lot, Minna. Gosh!—I'm scared to think of it. If I got to give him all that money, the farm all have to go sure."

Minna looked frightened. "How much?" she asked faintly. "Wonder how much she'll stand?" Bob asked himself perplexedly. Then he glanced at her tentatively. "I'm most afeared to tell you. It's— it's—gosh! Minna—it's \$100."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Minna. "You never did." "A hundred dollars!" repeated Bob chokingly, and overcome by the feelings he had aroused he buried his head in his hands. From this safe retreat he continued disjointed remarks broken by emotion.

"Don't care for myself. (Sigh.) I don't want to live anyway, but the farm'll have to go sure, and poor mother and father." (Sob.) "Oh, no, no," said Minna tearfully. "They're old now to start over agin' (a protracted sigh), but I kin work for em. I'll do it!"— and Bob's shoulders shook with nobly suppressed emotion— "it'll come hard to lose the old place now—(sob)—after all them years."

"Oh, don't, don't, don't, Bob! I can't bear it!" gasped Minna, choking down the tears. "I'll— I'll!" Bob waited a moment. Then he went on: "Poor sister can't go to school or nothing, rockin' himself to and fro in apparent deep grief, 'an there's no wood got for the winter"—here he wept aloud, and seeing this Minna, too, wept aloud.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "how could you be so—so"— and she burst again into tears. "Dunno, Minna," he said in a choking voice, "but there ain't no help for it now. It's all got to go—farm an all."

"Never!" said Minna hysterically. "I will marry you—I will!" "Tain't right to ask you," Bob said sadly and hypocritically. "You don't care nothin about me."

"I didn't afore," said Minna tearfully and shamefacedly, "but that was an awful lot of money to bet on me. I like you for it, Bob, I do!" "An you will marry me?" She nodded.

"Thank you, Minna," Bob said mournfully. "It's awfully good in you." A moment elapsed before he started on the real business of courtship—he had to proceed carefully—and in that moment Bob looked up at a very jester of a twinkling star and silently exchanged with it a knowing and prodigious wink.—Madge Robertson in Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Migratory Crab. The West Indian migratory crab is the only creature that is born in the sea, matures in fresh waters and passes its adult life on land. Once a year these creatures migrate in thousands from the uplands of Jamaica, deposit their ova in the sea, then migrate to the rivers and streams, pass through a fresh water stage, after which they follow their parents to land until the time comes for them to return to the sea to lay their eggs in turn.—London Tit-Bits.

Nilsson's Home Fads. Christine Nilsson lives in an elegant house in Madrid. In its internal decoration she has displayed a certain amount of eccentricity, for her bedroom is papered with sheets of music from the scores of various operas; that she has interpreted, while the walls of the dining room are covered with a collection of hotel bills, the result of the diva's many professional travels in both hemispheres.—Exchange.

SHE SMOKED.

And, Oh, How Glad He Was to Find That She Did! Two of us left the train at a country junction to wait for the train on the other road. It was pouring rain, and the waiting room was only a box about 10 feet square. The other passenger was a woman about 40 years of age, fairly well dressed, and as disgusted with the situation as I was. We must kill off 2 1/2 hours some way, and neither of us had a book or paper. It rained pitchforks, and there was no stirring out.

I am an inveterate smoker. I had not smoked for two hours previous to our arrival, but I had not been cooped up there 10 minutes when I felt that I must smoke if I had to stand out in the rain to do it. Although not introduced to each other, the woman and I exchanged opinions on the weather and other things. This helped some, but at the end of half an hour I was half dead for a smoke. I had my real Havana cigars in my pocket, and the thought of them made my mouth water. I finally got up and began pacing the floor and wishing that woman in Jericho, and she presently observed:

"Stranger, ar' ye in an awful hurry to git home?" "No. I didn't expect to get home before 7." "Got a heap o' bizness on your mind?" "I can't say that I have." "Mebbe you've bin taken sick?" "No, I'm in perfect health."

"You was actin so mighty nervous I didn't know but sumthin was wrong. Look a-here, stranger, ar' you one of these over-pertickler men?" "How do you mean?" "Why, one o' these men who turn up their noses at the smell of terbacker?" "Great Scott, woman!" I shouted as I turned on her, "do you smoke a pipe?" "I—sometimes!" she stammered. "And I'm jes' dead fur a few whiffs this very minit, and if you don't keer I'll!"

"And I can't live 10 minutes longer if I don't smoke!" I yelled as I grabbed for a cigar and a match. She produced a paper of tobacco and a clay pipe, borrowed my light and we sat there and puffed and talked and puffed, and so thoroughly enjoyed ourselves that she said as the train came along:

"I'm glad it happened to be you. Lands a-massy, but if I'd bin cooped up with an over-pertickler man fur 2 1/2 hours I'd a bin so nigh dead fur a smoke that I'd a tumbled in a heap and kicked the bucket fur good!"—Detroit Free Press.

Every Garment new at the ASHBY CLOAK CO. Fine new line of business suitings from \$25 to \$40 in Scotch and homespun Jockell Bros., 119 north Thirteenth street, near Lansing theatre.



Mr. L. B. Hamlen, of Augusta, Me., says: "I do not remember when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; it was several years ago, and I have found it does me a great deal of good in my declining years."

I am 91 Years 2 months and 20 days old, and my health is perfectly good. I have no aches or pains about me. Hood's Sarsaparilla regulates my bowels, stimulates my appetite, and helps me to sleep well. I don't if a preparation ever was made so well suited to the wants of old people." L. B. HAMLIN, Elm Street, Augusta, Me., Sept. 20, 1891.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable.

Notice.

In the County Court within and for Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of David Newman deceased. To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in Lincoln, in said county, on the 23d day of December, 1933, and again on the 23d day of March, 1934, to examine all claims against said estate with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months, from said 23d day of September, 1933, and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from said 23d day of September, 1933. Notice of this proceeding is ordered published four consecutive weeks in the Saturday Morning Courier, a weekly newspaper published in this county prior to November 23, 1933.

I. W. LANSING, County Judge.

A Year's Subscription to Any One of the Following Papers

FREE!

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. CHICAGO WEEKLY INTER OCEAN. NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD. CHICAGO WEEKLY TIMES.

To any one sending us \$2.00 for a year's subscription to THE COURIER in advance, we will give free a year's subscription to any one of the above papers, any one of which the regular subscription price is \$1.00 to \$1.50. Remember you get one free with a year's subscription to the Courier. \$3.50 worth of good reading for \$2.00.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW!

As this offer will only hold good for a short time. Address

COURIER PUB. CO., Office 1201 O St., Lincoln, Neb.

NEW FALL STYLES MILLINERY NOW BEING SHOWN BY THE Funke's Opera House Corner. Famous Corner and Twelfth Streets.

ALL READY This heavy completed fellow is all ready for his clothing. We wish we were. Our store should have been ready September 1, but we'll be in luck if we get it by October 1. When we get into it we will have the grandest opening ever seen in the west. The store will be one of the handsomest in the country, and the stock will be our own make of high grade clothing. Merchant tailors are the only competitors we recognize. And we knock them away out on prices. We are the largest manufacturers and retailers of clothing in the world. 13 RETAIL STORES. 3 FACTORIES.

WATCH FOR OUR OPENING.

BROWNING, KING & CO.

1015-16 O STREET. LINCOLN, NEB.

WE'LL MAKE IT DECIDEDLY LIVELY

IN THE FURNITURE

Line for the Fall and Winter and will begin at once to quote such prices in all departments as will make competition quiver. Come in and see our new patterns and you'll buy nowhere else.

CHAMBER SUITS, PARLOR GOODS, DINING ROOM SETS,

And all fancy and staple pieces at prices that touch the pocket-book easy during stringent times. Won't you favor us with a call.

Rudge & Morris Co., 1115-1122 N STREET.

MANHOOD RESTORED! "NEVER SEEN." This wonderful remedy guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headaches, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to infirmity, consumption or insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box, \$2 for 3, by mail prepaid. With a \$3 order we give a written guarantee in care or refund the money. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take no other. Write for Free Medical Book sent mailed in plain wrapper. Address RUDGE & MORRIS CO., 1115-1122 N. ST., CHICAGO. For sale in Lincoln, by H. W. BROWN and W. A. BELL & BROS., Druggists.