

THE EXTREME OF ECONOMY.

Illustrated by Thrifty Philadelphia Pair and Their Eye-Glasses.

A worthy tradesman of this city was discussing optics with a customer the other day, apropos of the latter's appearance with his first eye-glasses. "I've been wearing this pair of spectacles for nearly twenty years now," remarked the tradesman, "and my wife a pair just like them for the same time, and now we couldn't either of us see without them, and we never had anything the matter with our eyes in the first place."

"What did you begin to wear them for, then?" inquired the customer. "Why, you see," explained the other, in a matter-of-fact manner, "when my brother-in-law died he left the two pair of spectacles, and we couldn't sell them for anything like what they were worth."—Harper's Weekly.

FREEDOM.



Son—Say, dad; when is the freedom of the city given to a man?
 Pater—When his wife goes to the country for the summer.

HUMOR BURNED AND ITCHED.

Eczema on Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—it Was Something Terrible.

Complete Cure by Cuticura.

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease, but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely cured from the disease, and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhardt, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Needed Her at Once.

When Bonaparte Bluebell announced his engagement to Lily Doe everybody in the blacksmith shop congratulated him on winning such a hard working and forehanded mate. But Erastus Coke remarked:

"I feared lak you wouldn't never speak up, Bonaparte. It's going on six months since you begun to fiddle round Lily."

"Dat's so!" Bonaparte frankly admitted, "but I didn't lose mah job till las' night."—Youth's Companion.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

The Feminine Habit.

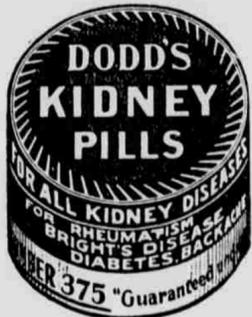
Mrs. Pride—Jimmy, dear, would you mind doing an errand for me to-day?
 Mr. Pride—What is it?
 Mrs. Pride—The cook says we won't have enough chicken for dinner, so I wish you would take this piece down to the butcher shop and see if you can't get it mated.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
 That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of J. W. GROVE. Use the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

Your orthography is twisted, Alonzo. A woman is not a padded cell.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Chicken-hearted people are always hatching excuses.



CONTRACTING SEED GROWERS

We wish to place contracts with reliable farmers for the growing of Cucumber, Melon, Squash and Pumpkin seed. Write for prices and information.

CHAUNCEY P. COY & SON
 EST. 1878 WATERLOO, NEB.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
 Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 25c and 50c per Druggists.

With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

Addison Spriggs, Ventilator

By S. E. Kiser.

With a heartfelt sigh Addison Spriggs put down his magazine. He had just finished reading a famous expert's article on the deadly dangers of improper and inadequate ventilation. In the mind of Mr. Spriggs there was formed a splendid resolution.

"Providence," he said to himself, "has singled me out for the performance of an important duty. I shall go forth at once to teach the poor and the ignorant the importance of keeping their doors and windows open. By persuading those who sit in darkness to let in fresh air I may save the lives of the young and the innocent, and he that saves life is greater than the chairman of a board of directors. If I had not been chosen for this great mission I should not have found that magazine in the car on my way to town this morning. It was clearly providential. I shall not be recreant to my trust."

Carefully adjusting his earmuffs and turning up the collar of his great coat, Mr. Addison Spriggs proceeded toward the slums, keeping a sharp lookout for unventilated houses and ever and on turning his back to the blast, so that his nose might not be frozen. At last he paused before a rickety cottage. He noticed that the door was closed as tightly as possible. There were no open windows, and where a pane had been broken out the benighted occupants had endeavored to deprive themselves of ventilation by stuffing into the aperture a rickety pillow. It was clearly a place where the enlightened services of Addison Spriggs were demanded.

Having been admitted he carefully

held the door open behind him and surveyed the scene. Sitting as near to a cold-looking little stove as they could were four shivering children. There was a miserable bed in a small alcove at one side and the sounds emanating therefrom indicated that it contained an unhappy infant. The mother of the little ones was a blue-lipped, sad-eyed creature who had evidently



"What Do You Want?"

been patching a pair of trousers when Mr. Spriggs arrived upon his errand of mercy. Snow was sifting through a crack near the place where the woman had sat while at work and there were several other openings in the walls where one might

have looked through to the outside.

"What do you want?" asked the depressed mistress of the cottage after she had succeeded in pushing Mr. Spriggs aside and closing the door.

"I am here," he replied, "for the purpose of showing you the error of your ways. Do you realize, madame, that you are stunting the growth and imperiling the lives of these innocent children? You are robbing them of that which is most necessary to their proper development. You are depriving them of the chance to become useful men and women. You are committing a crime against nature. Wait, I do not accuse you of doing this willfully or deliberately. You are unfortunately one of the unenlightened many who have not learned the value of ventilation. Do you keep your windows open at night? No. I can read the answer in the wan faces of your children. I find you here with your house tightly closed, breathing air that has become poisoned and making therapeutics necessary where you might well get along without a single therapeutic. For the sake of your little ones and in the service of humanity I shall open this window, and I hope—"

Then a large, coarse man who wore heavy shoes and was devoid of trousers emerged from behind a door and kicked Addison Spriggs into the street where he succeeded after a time in crawling out of a bank of snow which had broken his fall but had not improved his temper.

Gazing back at the cottage and noticing that the door and windows were closed as tightly as possible, Mr. Spriggs sadly said: "Darn the poor and ignorant. If they need more ventilation somebody else can do the ventilating!" (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

Her Purse

By Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Mr. Jinx sat with his feet on the center table, one hour past supper time, and merely glanced over the top of his paper as Mrs. Jinx, with eyes sparkling and cheeks rosy from her brisk walk entered the room.

"Well," said she pushing his feet from their resting place and seating herself there in their stead, "have you no kiss for me, and nothing to say?"

Jinx swiftly rose, paced three times across the room and back with tragic stride, then paused with his nose within an inch of her own and declaimed, in a voice shaking with emotion: "Though I might something say to you of slight respect for husband dear, I will not say it, Eyes-o-Blue, I'll keep my face shut now you're here."

But I have sat here long! And long. Have planned a swift conjugal spat—Woman! I say you did me wrong!

I ask: Where is my supper at?
 "Oh, you dear old thing," replied she, ducking forward and catching her



"Woman, I Say You Did Me Wrong!"

kiss. "I know you are just famished, but I was shopping and I just couldn't get away from those lovely bargains! Shirts for half price, and silk vests for less than that, and fluffy ruffles so cheap that you would think they must have been stolen. And you ought to see the hats! What do you think I would look well in?"

"The kitchen. What did you blow me for?"
 "I was at the white goods counter in Dingbust's looking at some things and thinking of nothing in particular, except supper and you, and how I wished we were rich, and what I'd do with the money if I had it. The baby should have a new toy each day, and all that sort of stuff you know, when I felt a touch on my arm and a haughty voice said in my ear, 'I beg pardon, just like that, I beg pardon!'"

"Well cut out the comedy and get down to cases; I am near starved!"
 "Well, it was that Mrs. Gelt; you remember we lived across the way from them for four years in that little cottage and she never did call."

"Well, she told me that I had her purse, and I denied it, and she insisted, and I continued to deny, and then she ended it by saying, 'Why, there it is on your arm, right now!' It

seems that she had laid it down on the counter and I had picked it up in mistake for my own! Oh, I apologized and apologized forwards and backwards and cross-ways, and even started to sing it, but she turned with a sniff and left me. Perhaps you don't think I felt small!"

"Oh, well, it's all over now, dear. If my business continues to grow."

"But that isn't all, dear. I turned to the clerk and said, 'Oh, I'm so sorry to have done such a thing!' and the clerk looked at me suspiciously and replied, 'I don't suppose the people thought you really intended to steal it!' By, I just grabbed my own purse off the counter and ran!"

"Oh, well let's have supper and forget it."
 "Wait till I show you a sample of silk I bought. It's only one twenty-five a yard and the clerk says it makes up just lovely!"

Mrs. Jinx' voice trailed off weakly to nothing, her eyes stuck out, her mouth dropped open and she stood

holding her purse at arm's length with both hands.

"What is it, dear?" exclaimed Jinx, springing to catch her.

"Oh, By! Oh, look at this! and this! and these! Oh, these are her cards! and this is her purse! and I did have my own purse all the time! Oh, lummy-dee-diddy-lummy-l, oh, isn't that immense! Kiss me quick! Oh, now I lay me down to sleep! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"Hush, dear, hush! You are getting hysterical. What was in your purse?"
 "My diamond ring, and—What do you think you are, a rooster! What are you crowing about? Where are you going?"

"Going to town—lum-tiddy-um to swear out a warrant for her arrest for grand larceny-lum-tiddy-um-tiddy-um!"

"Oh, you darling! Hush! some one is at the door!—Why, Mrs. Gelt—Oh, yes, I am so sorry it occurred, you must have felt so embarrassed! Oh, I beg of you not to mention it—it could have happened to any one—No, we cannot possibly go for an auto ride this evening!—Oh, By! She's gone! Wasn't that scrumptious!" (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

Love's Young Dream

By Thomas L. Masson.

She thought me a harmless person. I knew her to be a dangerous one. That was the difference between us.

It was perfectly easy for me to know that she was dangerous. All pretty girls are dangerous. She was simply more dangerous than most pretty girls because she was prettier.

Now I had a scheme to make her fall in love with me. It was simple in operation, and I hoped that it would be deadly in its effect.

The idea was this: To keep her mind off from love long enough to have her get thoroughly well acquainted with me, when, lo, presto! she would wake up some day to find that I was very necessary to her.

I would suddenly be called away to Africa, or Chicago. Then she would grow restless, and begin to toy with her food and get pale, without knowing what was the matter. After I had been gone long enough, I would suddenly present myself in front of her. She would give the usual glad cry and awaken to the sudden realization that I was the cause.

Of course I realized the danger of all this. While it was happening I might fall in love so badly myself as to lose control—and then, where would I be?

"You are a ripping golf player," I said on the first day. I let her beat me on purpose, but not so badly as to make her feel that I was quite beneath her.

"I can't follow you into Herbert Spencer or Schopenhauer, but I should be glad to discuss the American Winston Churchill or Harold McGrath," I said on the second day. We really got into a great discussion which ended with her saying that it was all very interesting and she hoped the opportunity would present itself, etc., etc.

I naturally took care that it would present itself. But not in that way. On the third day we went for a motor trip and took the great draughts of scenery at 40 miles an hour. I explained all about the workings of the

car to her, and kept her gently interested all day. I called this my mechanical day, and it certainly was a success.

And then the end came—swiftly, without warning. It seemed to me that



"I Stood on the Front Steps and Started to Say Good-By."

the psychological moment had come. It was late in the evening. The moon was out. I stood on the front steps and started to say good-by.

"I am going to Chicago to-morrow," I said, "or Africa; I can't tell which."

"I am so sorry," Then she looked at me strangely.

"You are the only man," she said, "who hasn't made love to me at the end of two days, and I was in hopes that you would stay right along."

"Don't you want me to make love to you?" I asked. That was the only break I had made.

And she smiled back.

"Oh, no, indeed! Any man in these days who has time to spend four days with any girl never could make money enough to support me." (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

Of Painting Requirements Will Save Much Expense.

When one sees the surface of a house or other building scaling, or peeling, or spotted or blistered, or showing other symptoms of "disease," it is evident that a poor painter has been on the job, and that poor paint was used—or possibly that a good painter had been dominated by a property-owner who knew nothing about paint.

It is an easy matter to be informed on paint and painting. A complete painting guide, including a book of color schemes, either for exterior or interior—specifications for all kinds of painting—and an instrument for detecting adulteration in paint material, with directions for using it, may be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York City, and asking for House-owner's Painting Outfit No. 49.

Then, every houseowner should make it a point to get only well-known reliable brands in buying his materials. Pure white lead is especially important, or the paint will not prove satisfactory. The famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark of National Lead Company, the largest makers of pure white lead, is an absolute guarantee of the purity and quality of the white lead sold under it. That trademark is a safeguard against paint trouble.

TIRED OF THE REPETITION.

Plausible Argument Advanced by Youthful Tactician.

Dorothy, aged eight years, was very fond of going to church, and when a severe cold made it unwise for her to be allowed to attend services one Sunday morning she was disconsolate.

"Frauline will read the Bible to you," her father assured her.

"I don't want to hear the Bible read. I want to say my prayers," objected the child.

"God will hear your prayers just the same if you say them at home as if you were in church," she was told.

"But I don't know any without the prayer-book," argued Dorothy.

"Why, you know 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' papa said.

"But God has heard that so often," she remonstrated.—Harper's Weekly.

TWO YEARS OF FREEDOM.

No Kidney Trouble at All Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. J. B. Johnson, 710 Wee St., Columbia, Mo., says: "I was in misery with kidney trouble, and finally had to undergo an operation. I did not rally well, and began to suffer smothering spells and dropsy. My left side was badly swollen and the action of the kidneys much disordered. My doctors said I would have to be tapped, but I began using Doan's Kidney Pills instead, and the swelling subsided and the kidneys began to act properly. Now my health is fine." (Statement made Aug. 1, 1906, and confirmed by Mrs. Johnson Nov. 16, 1908.) Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



WHOLE TEAM.



Ida—Yes; that is Mrs. Pettigh. Her husband is a famous coach.
 May—That's a good combination. She's a regular nag.

His Practical Mind.

A border farmer, whose practical mind soared above a taste for things beautiful, had the good or bad fortune to marry a wife who brought with her a wooden substitute for one of her nether limbs, says London Tit Bits. On being remonstrated with on the exercise of his choice, John thus answered: "Hech, sir, it's maybe no' a verra bonnie thing to marry a woman w' a wooden leg; but, man, she'll be awful usefu' at settin' time, when I'm puttin' doon my cabbages, neeps and tatties. She can gang on in front an' muck a hole w' her stump, while I come ahint an' put in the seed."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
 E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 34 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by his firm.
 WALTERS, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Qualifications.

"I'm afraid you're not tall enough for a nurse," said the mistress interviewing an applicant.
 "Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the girl.
 "It's all the better that I'm short; the children don't drop so far when they fall."

Stops Colds in an Hour.

You will be glad to know Lane's Pleasant Tablets (Laxative) will stop in an hour a cold that could not be warded off by any thing else. They will always break up a cold almost immediately. Druggists and dealers sell them at 25 cts. a box. Orator F. Woodard, Le Roy, N. Y., Sample free.

A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.

PREDESTINED TO THE BAR.

Goldfield Youngster Had Early Learned the Value of Quibble.

Doctor Norris of Goldfield, Nev., called his eight-year-old son into the library after breakfast the other morning, and regarded him with a sad frown.

"Harry," he said, "why are you so often late at school?"
 "I'm never late, father," Harry responded promptly.

"Careful, son," said the doctor. "Try to remember. Haven't you been late at school in the last few days?"
 "No, sir."

"Then why has your teacher written me three times last week?"
 "Oh, I'll tell you, father," said Harry, reassuredly. "I don't know what kind of a clock they have at our school, but I'm always on time. Of course, they start school sometimes before I get there, but that isn't my fault—is it?"—Harper's Weekly.

WITH MOTHER A CLOSE SECOND.



"Hi, you, Willie! Wat's de matter?"
 "Nuthin'. I'm trainin' for a Marathon!"

Fate of the Dutchman.

Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.
 "That Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him," explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big shpaalpeen the likes of you to get bate up by a little onadoun of a Dootchman the size of him! Why—"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Pampered Prisoners.

The Floyd county commissioners, it is reported, "have ordered ten dozen suits of pajamas for the county's convicts." Is there another county in Georgia or another penal institution in the United States that provides its prisoners with the fashionable "nighties"? Who wouldn't rather be a pampered prisoner in that Floyd county chain-gang than a no night-shirt freeman on the plains of windy Kansas?—Savannah News.

The Alternative.

"If the window had been eight feet from the ground," pointed the young wife, "instead of eight stories, I'd have thrown myself out when you quarreled with me. Then you'd have had to be sweet to me when you picked me up. A lot of wives attempt suicide, they say, just to be petted when they come to."
 "Yes," said he, "but sometimes they don't come to, remember."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

The Idealist.

The Bride—I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle.
 The Butcher—Madam, I think you'd better have an egg.—Harper's Weekly.

Omaha Directory

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Ask your dealer, or LEWIS SUPPLY CO., OMAHA

RUBBER GOODS

By mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue. MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO., OMAHA, NEB.

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 Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

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Of all varieties permanently cured in a few days without a surgical operation or detention from business. No pay will be accepted until the patient is completely satisfied. Write or call on FRANTZ H. WRAY, M. D., Room 306 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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