

Football should be fitted out with fenders.

Pugilists first agree to fight and get into a quarrel afterward.

Polluting justice is just a little bit more objectionable than anything else.

Did you ever see six women so dispose themselves as to fill entirely one side of a street car?

This country is prosperous again, but there are widows and orphans who have not noticed it.

An Ohio man who had his pockets full of dynamite was run over by a hearse, but nothing happened.

A University of Chicago professor holds a grievance against the poets. Perhaps he was formerly an editor.

Half of the Turkish navy has been sold as junk. Presumably the other half is not marketable as anything.

Statistics show that Americans are the best-fed people in the world. Still, sad to say, some of them go hungry.

A Los Angeles schoolmarm has quit teaching to become a chorus girl. Possibly she'd passed the age limit as a teacher.

Diamonds are rushing into this country again. Somebody must have circulated the report that Christmas is coming.

When flying machines become numerous the top floor of a skyscraper will be no more private than the ground floor.

A Pennsylvania man thinks he has discovered perpetual motion. How many men have made the same mistake before?

Women are applying for jobs as census takers. They feel that their experience in asking questions should count on their side.

We'll guarantee that no man ever sampled a greater variety of foods and dishes of all kinds than Taft has in the past few weeks.

Halley's comet has been observed again. Perhaps it is responsible for the remarkable outbreak everywhere of all kinds of scraping.

Some Wyoming thieves carried off a big barn, 160 acres of fencing and a ton of coal. Why they left the ranch itself is inexplicable.

Mexico has suffered another calamity. The corn crop, valued at \$20,000,000, has been destroyed by frost. More sorrow and suffering for the toilers of Mexico.

According to Secretary of Agriculture Wilson the soil of American farms is sufficiently productive, but the crying need is for more men who know how to farm.

In proportion to the large public service they render, most teachers and preachers are underpaid. There are some, however, who would be overpaid at any price.

A cobbler in Milwaukee has a new theory about the circulation of the blood. He says it flows because germs are chasing it through the system. His idea is that a sort of free-for-all race, with no handicap, might do much good for the whole race.

A Chicago man unkindly asks the courts to order the taxing authorities to compel certain men in that city to pay something like \$50,000,000 in back taxes which he alleges they have dodged on their stock and bond holdings for the last ten years. Evidently this individual does not realize there are privileged persons in this country.

With hundreds of letters reaching the royal palace in Spain, no wonder that young King Alfonso is dejected over the Ferrer agitation. He started his reign with the prospect of being one of the most popular of contemporary monarchs, but is now in a fair way to lose through the blunders of his ministers. And the loss of popularity in these days, when revolution and republicanism are in the air, is a serious matter for a royal ruler.

German textile experts are turning attention to a fibre obtained from the kapok or silk cotton tree of the tropics, with a view to ascertaining whether a substitute for cotton may thus be obtained. No doubt experiments will be carried on with the thoroughness that is characteristic of German research, and if kapok can be made to take the place of cotton no effect will be spared in that direction. But a great many things are to be taken into consideration before the superiority of kapok can be established. Cotton is not likely to be supplanted immediately.

The big corporations are now making money as they never made it before; but in the midst of prosperity it is well to keep the feet on the earth and not be carried skyward by inflated conceits.

The reception given to the Czar of Russia by the King and people of Italy is all that could be desired in cordiality and warmth. That the visit will tend to strengthen peace among the nations is a hope based on the expressions of good will shown all along the line of the czar's travel.

SERIAL STORY

The Wizard of Oz

By L. Frank Baum

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SYNOPSIS.

Dorothy lived in Kansas with Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. A cyclone lifted their home into the air, Dorothy falling asleep amidst the excitement. A crash awakened her. The house had landed in a country of little people greeted her to the Land of Munchkin. The house had killed their enemy, the wicked witch of East. Dorothy took the witch's silver shoes. She started for the Emerald City to find the Wizard of Oz, who, she was promised, might find a way to send her back to Kansas. Dorothy released a scarecrow, giving him life. He was desirous of acquiring brains and started with her to the wizard to get them. The scarecrow told his history. They met a tin woodman who longed for a heart. He also joined them. They came upon a terrible lion. The lion confessed he had no courage. He decided to accompany them to the Wizard of Oz to get some. The scarecrow in pushing the raft became impaled upon his pole in the middle of the river. The scarecrow was rescued by a friendly stork. They entered a poppy field, which caused Dorothy to fall asleep. The scarecrow and tin woodman rescued her and her dog from the deadly flowers. The lion fell asleep and being too heavy to lift, was left. On the search for the road of yellow brick which led to the Emerald City they met a wild cat and field mice. The woodman killed the wild cat. The queen mouse became friendly. She sent thousands of her mice subjects to draw the lion away from the poppy field. Dorothy awoke from her long sleep. They started again on the Emerald City road. They came to a fence, painted green. There were farmers of green, houses of green and people dressed in green. It was the Land of Oz. They met the guardian of the gates. He described the power of the Wizard of Oz. All put on green spectacles as the brightness and glory of Emerald City blinded them. The wizard decided to receive one of the party each day. All were put in green rooms. Dorothy went to the throne room. In a chair sparkling with emeralds she beheld an enormous man without body, legs or arms, bigger than the biggest giant. "I am Oz, the great and terrible," said the head. Oz told her that when she killed the wicked witch of East he would send her home. The scarecrow, admitted to the presence of a beautiful lady, who said she was a terrible witch, who promised brains when he killed her. The woodman beheld a wizard's beast with a head of a rhinoceros and feet of an elephant. The wizard promised him a heart if he would slay the witch. The lion saw a ball of fire and a voice from the object promised him courage if he slew the witch. The search commenced. The witch saw the party when it entered her domain and caused a pack of wolves to attack it. The woodman killed the wolves. She sent crows which the scarecrow scared and killed. Bees were dispatched next, but the woodman received the stings. Finally winged monkeys took their prisoner and conveyed it to the witchery. Dorothy threw water on the wicked witch, destroying her.

CHAP XIII. The Rescue

The Cowardly Lion was much pleased to hear that the Wicked Witch had been melted by a bucket of water, and Dorothy at once unlocked the gate of his prison and set him free. They went in together to the castle, where Dorothy's first act was to call all the Winkles together and tell them that they were no longer slaves.

There was great rejoicing among the yellow Winkles, for they had been made to work hard during many years for the Wicked Witch, who had always treated them with great cruelty. They kept this day as a holiday, then and



Behold! Here Was the Scarecrow as Good as Ever.

ever after, and spent the time in feasting and dancing.

"If our friends, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, were only with us," said the Lion, "I should be quite happy."

"Don't you suppose we could rescue them?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"We can try," answered the Lion.

So they called the yellow Winkles and asked them if they would help to rescue their friends, and the Winkles said that they would be delighted to do all in their power for Dorothy, who had set them free from bondage. So she chose a number of the Winkles who looked as if they knew the most, and they all started away. They traveled that day and part of the next until they came to the rocky plain where the Tin Woodman lay, all battered

and bent. His ax was near him, but the blade was rusted and the handle broken off short.

The Winkles lifted him tenderly in their arms, and carried him back to the yellow castle again, Dorothy shedding a few tears by the way at the sad plight of her old friend, and the Lion looking sober and sorry. When they reached the castle Dorothy said to the Winkles:

"Are any of your people tinsmiths?" "Oh, yes; some of us are very good tinsmiths," they told her.

"Then bring them to me," she said. And when the tinsmiths came, bringing with them all their tools in baskets, she inquired:

"Can you straighten out those dents in the Tin Woodman, and bend him back into shape again, and solder him together where he is broken?"

The tinsmiths looked the Woodman over carefully and then answered that they thought they could mend him so he would be as good as ever. So they set to work in one of the big yellow rooms of the castle and worked for three days and four nights, hammering and twisting and bending and soldering and polishing and pounding at the legs and body and head of the Tin Woodman, until at last he was straightened out into his old form, and his joints worked as well as ever. To be sure, there were several patches on him, but the tinsmiths did a good job, and as the Woodman was not a vain man he did not mind the patches at all.

When, at last, he walked into Dorothy's room and thanked her for rescuing him, he was so pleased that he



A Winkle.

wept tears of joy, and Dorothy had to wipe every tear carefully from his face with her apron, so his joints would not be rusted. At the same time her own tears fell thick and fast at the joy of meeting her old friend again, and these tears did not need to be wiped away. As for the Lion, he wiped his eyes so often with the tip of his tail that it became quite wet, and he was obliged to go out into the courtyard and hold it in the sun till it dried.

"If we only had the Scarecrow with us again," said the Tin Woodman, when Dorothy had finished telling him everything that had happened, "I should be quite happy."

"We must try to find him," said the girl.

So she called the Winkles to help her, and they walked all that day and part of the next until they came to the tall tree in the branches of which the Winged Monkeys had tossed the Scarecrow's clothes.

It was a very tall tree, and the trunk was so smooth that no one could climb it; but the Woodman said at once:

"I'll chop it down, and then we can get the Scarecrow's clothes."

Now while the tinsmiths had been at work mending the Woodman himself, another of the Winkles, who was a goldsmith, had made an axe-handle of solid gold and fitted it to the Woodman's ax. Instead of the old broken handle. Others polished the blade until all the rust was removed and it glistened like burnished silver.

As soon as he had spoken, the Tin Woodman began to chop, and in a short time the tree fell over with a crash, when the Scarecrow's clothes fell out of the branches and rolled off on the ground.

Dorothy picked them up and had the Winkles carry them back to the castle, where they were stuffed with nice, clean straw; and, behold! here was the Scarecrow, as good as ever, thanking them over and over again for saving him.

Now they were reunited, Dorothy

Made the Eulogy a Farce

Bishop Potter's Illustration of the Inadvisability of Relying Too Much on Notes.

The late Rev. Henry Codman Potter greatly objected to the use of notes. At one time he was addressing a number of young theologians on the importance of not being too closely confined to a manuscript. By way of illustration he told the following anecdote about a clergyman who was called upon to officiate at a funeral.

"When the minister arrived at the town where the deceased had lived he had just time to make a few inquiries about his traits and achievements, the results of which he noted on a memorandum. His eulogy at the service, as reported, was about as follows:

and her friends spent a few happy days at the Yellow Castle, where they found everything they needed to make them comfortable. But one day the girl thought of Aunt Em, and said:

"We must go back to Oz, and claim his promise."

"Yes," said the Woodman, "at last I shall get my heart."

"And I shall get my brains," added the Scarecrow, joyfully.

"And I shall get my courage," said the Lion, thoughtfully.

"And I shall get back to Kansas," cried Dorothy, clapping her hands.

"Oh, let us start for the Emerald City tomorrow!"

This they decided to do. The next day they called the Winkles together and bade them good-by. The Winkles were sorry to have them go, and they had grown so fond of the Tin Woodman that they begged him to stay and rule over them and the Yellow Land of the West. Finding they were determined to go, the Winkles gave Tot and the Lion each a golden collar; and to Dorothy they presented a beautiful bracelet, studded with diamonds; and to the Scarecrow they gave a gold-headed walking stick, to keep him from stumbling; and to the Tin Woodman they offered a silver oil-can, in laid with gold and set with precious jewels.

Every one of the travelers made the Winkles a pretty speech in return, and all shook hands with them until their arms ached.

Dorothy went to the Witch's cupboard to fill her basket with food for the journey, and there she saw the golden cap. She tried it on her own head and found that it fitted her exactly. She did not know anything about the charm of the golden cap, but she saw that it was pretty, so she made up her mind to wear it and carry her sunbonnet in the basket.

Then, being prepared for the journey, they all started for the Emerald City; and the Winkles gave them three cheers and many good wishes to carry with them.

CHAP XIV. The Winged Monkeys

You will remember there was no road—not even a pathway—between the castle of the Wicked Witch and the Emerald City. When the four travelers went in search of the Witch she had seen them coming, and so sent the Winged Monkeys to bring them to her. It was much harder to find their way back through the big fields of buttercups and bright daisies than it was being carried. They knew, of course, they must go straight east, toward the rising sun; and they started off in the right way. But at noon, when the sun was over their heads, they did not know which way was east and which was west, and that was the reason they were lost in the great fields. They kept on walking, however, and at night the moon came out and shone brightly. So they lay down among the sweet smelling scarlet flowers and slept soundly until morning—all but the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman.

The next morning the sun was behind a cloud, but they started on, as if they were quite sure which way they were going.

"If we walk far enough," said Dorothy, "we shall sometime come to some place, I am sure."

But day by day passed away, and they still saw nothing before them but the scarlet fields. The Scarecrow began to grumble a bit.

"We have surely lost our way," he said, "and unless we find it again in time to reach the Emerald City I shall never get my brains."

"Nor I my heart," declared the Tin Woodman. "It seems to me I can scarcely wait till I get to Oz, and you must admit this is a very long journey."

"You see," said the Cowardly Lion, with a whimper, "I haven't the courage to keep tramping forever, without getting anywhere at all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Copy American Laws.

England has been very slow to take up the matter of helping the children by means of legislation, but new laws will change all that. A boy under 16 may not buy cigarettes, cigarette papers nor tobacco, and a juvenile court is provided for. The work along these lines in the United States has evidently proved an incentive, and the women of America are responsible for these laws in this country.

For Any Man.

"There is no particular reason why Mary Garden shouldn't marry if she wants to."

"No, indeed. That woman is a fine meal ticket."

THANKSGIVING DAY

Canada's Day of Thanks a Month Earlier Than in the United States.

For some reason better known to the Canadians themselves than to the people on this side of the line, our Canadian cousins celebrated their Thanksgiving a month or more earlier than we do. It may be that the Canadian turkey had become impatient, and sounded a note of warning, or it may be that the "frost on the pumpkin" declared itself. But whatever the reason, their Thanksgiving day is past. It may have been that the reasons for giving thanks so much earlier than we do were pushing themselves so hard and so fast that the Canadians were ashamed to postpone the event. They have had reasons, and good ones, too, for giving thanks. Their great broad areas of prairie land have yielded in abundance, and here, by the way, it is not uninteresting to the friends of the millions of Americans who have made their home in Canada during the past few years to know that they have participated most generously in the "cutting of the melon." Probably the western portion of Canada, comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have the greatest reason of any of the provinces to express in the most enthusiastic manner their gratitude. The results in the line of production give ample reason for devout thanksgiving to Providence.

This year has surpassed all others in so far as the total increase in the country's wealth is concerned. There is no question that Providence was especially generous. The weather conditions were perfect, and during the ripening and harvesting period, there was nothing to interfere. And now it was well it was so, for with a demand for labor that could not be supplied, there was the greatest danger, but with suitable weather the garnering of the grain has been successfully accomplished. There have been low general averages, but these are accounted for by the fact that farmers were indifferent, relying altogether upon what a good soil would do. There will be no more low averages though, for this year has shown what good, careful farming will do. It will produce 130 million bushels of wheat from seven million acres, and it will produce a splendid lot of oats, yielding anywhere from 50 to 100 bushels per acre. This on land that has cost but from \$10 to \$15 per acre—many farmers have realized sufficient from this year's crop to pay the entire cost of their farms. The Toronto Globe says: "The whole population of the West rejoices in the bounty of Providence, and sends out a message of gratitude and appreciation of the favors which have been bestowed on the country. The cheerfulness which has abounded with industry during the past six months has not obliterated the conception of the source from which the blessings have flown, and the good feeling is combined with a spirit of thankfulness for the privilege of living in so fruitful a land. The misfortunes of the past are practically forgotten, because there is great cause to contemplate with satisfaction the comforts of the present. Thanksgiving should be a season of unusual enthusiasm."

What's a Gentleman?

An exact definition of a gentleman has been tried many times, never perhaps with entirely satisfactory results. Little Sadie had never heard of any of the definitions, but she managed to throw a gleam of light on the subject, albeit one touched with unconscious cynicism. The word was in the spelling lesson and I said:

"Sadie, what is a gentleman?"

"Please, ma'am," she answered, "a gentleman is a man you don't know very well."—Woman's Home Companion.

Misery.

The neighbor's dog sits out on the front lawn and howls dismally. The man in the window looks out and yells: "Sh-h-h, you beast!" The dog continues to howl. The man again comes to the window and this time he hurls a shoe at the dog. Still the animal howls. Another shoe follows. The next day the man's wife goes around in her stocking feet because she can't find her shoes. The man hasn't the price of another pair of shoes for her, and the next night the dog howls louder than ever.

On to the Pole!

When word of the discovery of the north pole came to Chattanooga, a slightly deaf old lady remarked unctuously: "Well, now I always said them Cook tourists got about 'most every-where. I ain't a bit surprised to hear that one of 'em's reached the top notch in the traveling line."—Lippincott's.

Naught But Abuse.

"They all said I would make a splendid candidate."

"Well?"

"So I became a candidate."

"Again well?"

"And now look what they say about me!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Is Essential.

"Dad, what sort of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?"

"O, any bureau that has five drawers full of women's fixings and one man's tie in it."—Houston Post.

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Rather Opposite.

"Do you think your son will be an able factor in elevating the standard of living?"

"Able, nothing! He will do more in the line of raising Cain."—Baltimore American.

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