

RECORDS MADE BY GUNNERS

Men of the Coast Artillery Prove They Know How to Use Their Weapons.

A remarkable record was made by Company 115 of the Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Rosecrans, Cal., recently. Four shots were fired from a battery of two ten-inch guns at a target 30 feet high by 60 feet long, which was moving at the rate of eight miles an hour, at a distance of about five miles away. All four shots were fired in a period of 1 minute and 20 seconds, and passed through a rectangle 9 feet high by 42 feet wide, three of them striking the target and the fourth passing four yards to the left of it. The remarkable accuracy of this firing can be appreciated when it is realized that a circle with a radius of eleven yards at the target would include all the shots.

On the same date Company 62 of the Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Rodman, Mass., fired four shots from an eight-inch battery at a 30 by 60-foot material target which was moving at the rate of five miles an hour at a distance of about four miles from the battery firing. All four shots were hits, and the first shot cut the raft of the material target in two. A circle with a radius of fifteen yards at the target would include all the shots. The interval between the shots was 38 seconds.—Harper's Weekly.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness.

"While collecting rents in a poor quarter of the city I discovered a novel use for an old churchyard," said the renting agent. "Several of my three-room flats in a building overlooking the yard are occupied by laundresses. Last week I happened to get into the kitchen of one flat and I saw that every laundress had a pulley clothesline stretched across the yard from her kitchen window to a corner of the church. Fortunately the yard was in the rear of the church and no one except the neighbors had a chance to be shocked at the contiguity of laundry and religion. The laundress whom I questioned said there had been some pretty hot debates in the church over the propriety of combining cleanliness and godliness in that practical fashion, but the pastor had contended so stoutly that the 26 square feet of space could be put to no better use than to enable hard working women who had no place else to dry clothes out doors to earn a living that the trustees had finally given in."

Gogson's Invention.

Friend—Gogson, how is your aeroplane getting along?
Inventor—It is complete, with the exception of one little detail I have not yet perfected. I shall take up that next.

"What is it?"

"A mere trifle that I can think out at any time. The principal feature of my invention is a safety net that will travel along under my aeroplane to prevent fatal accidents. It will make navigating the air absolutely free from danger. By the introduction of that net I have revolutionized the entire business."

"But how is the net itself to be kept from falling to the ground when anything happens to your aeroplane?"
"That is the little detail I haven't worked out yet."—Life.

New Idea for Raising Money.

In France the government is about to venture upon an experiment for raising money by letting or selling the rights of advertising on match boxes the sale of matches being a state monopoly. A proposal to this effect has been passed by the chamber of deputies. The proposer estimated that the advertising rights ought to bring in between \$200,000 and \$250,000.

Clerk Enters a Complaint.

"The warmer the day and the busier we are the more trying customers seem to be," said the tired clerk. "To-day a well dressed woman bustled up to the counter of which I have charge and asked to see men's shirts. I spent the next twenty minutes showing her every style and color we carry. She seemed so interested that I took particular pains to please her. After inspecting the entire stock she rose and thanked me sweetly, adding: 'I didn't wish to purchase any. You see I am making my husband some summer shirts and I wanted to be sure I was doing them right. My husband is very particular about the finish of his shirts.'"

"Though I felt chagrined I really had to laugh as I returned the courteous of shirts to the shelves."

ONE ON MOTHER.



"Is your wife's bread like your mother used to make?"
"No; her's is good bread."

EITHER A FIB OR A MIF

Old Shellback Had Not Well Weighed His Words Before Recounting Marvelous Tale.

Rear Admiral Rogers of the navy tells the following story of a conversation he heard between two old sailors:

"It was a rat ship I was sailin' in that trip," said one of the shellbacks. "One of the dingiest rat ships I ever knew. They was rats in it from bow to stern, rats in the hold, in the galley, in the steerage, in the fo'castle, in the old man's room—everywhere. Rats. Nothin' but."

"Dimeby it got so bad we had to put in an' get them off. So we hooked up to a dock and fumigated. I was on deck an' I saw them rats leavin'. I counted 'em. They was fifteen million of 'em."

"Fifteen million?" asked the other. "Ain't that a lot o' rats! Are you sure?"

"Sure? Yes, I'm sure. They was fifteen million rats, and I counted 'em. More than that, every rat weighed half a pound. They was big, fat, sassy ones, I'm tellin'."

"Fifteen million rats, and every one weighed half a pound, and they all came off your ship. That's seven million and a half pounds of rats. Say, Jim, what was the tonnage of that ship?"

"Oh, about 150 tons."—Judge.

FOOD PRICES OF LONG AGO

Parisians on Record as Paying Large Sums for Ordinary Articles of Sustenance.

While the French newspapers echo with complaints about the high food prices, a statistician has figured out that things were not so very cheap in "the good old times" either. Milk prices are pretty stationary now throughout the year. Two hundred years ago the Parisians had to pay three times more for milk in winter than in summer and the average price of a quart of milk was about eight cents.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century Paris paid 11 cents per quart for milk. In the French country districts the price was six cents. One hundred and thirty-five years ago only the rich could afford to eat butter in winter, the average price being one dollar a pound. Eggs were cheaper than they are now, but likewise much smaller. In the year 1800 the price of turkey in Paris was between eight and ten dollars a head, according to size. Rice was 15 cents a pound. Most of the food is cheaper now in the big cities than in the good old times. In the middle ages only princes dared to aspire to eat oranges, which were one dollar apiece during the height of the season.

Women's Clothing.

Dr. Haig Ferguson in a lecture at the Edinburgh Royal infirmary the other day had some severe things to say about the clothing of the adult woman. It was hampered by fashion and superstition and nothing could be a greater tribute to the strong nerves and powerful muscles of women than the fact that their health had survived for centuries their habits of clothing.

A woman's clothing was the despair of the hygienist. Children and girls were more sensibly clad, but when girls grew up they were often clothed in a way which made them unable to walk, run or breathe. Weighty skirts, low-necked gowns, "pneumonia blouses," the modern hat, the high-heeled shoe with its pointed toe, were all condemned. But then women will have it so and so it will remain.—Westminster Gazette.

The Rooster's "Song."

Some animals—and especially some birds—we flatter grossly. Others we insult. But, of the adulated, which is so absurdly praised by his very name as Chanticleer? M. Rostand's hero is really the hoarsest of singers. And not only is he ridiculously husky, but he never hits the note, he is sourly out of tune, and drags downward through a sorry scale, without one tone right, through the close of his outcry. And yet we must needs take him as the very champion of pure singing. Tennyson went so far as to compare the voice of Jephtha's heroic daughter, in the forest of his dream, to the cock's. She sings "clearer than the crested bird that claps his wings at dawn." It is certain that Tennyson had no ear for music (as had few of the great poets, from Pope to Rossetti), but he might have known a raucous voice from a clear one.

Complimentary Reply.

Of Miss Margaretta Drexel, the beautiful Philadelphia heiress, who is to marry Viscount Maidstone, a Philadelphiaian said:

"Miss Drexel at a dinner in London once sat beside a famous sociologist. She said to this sociologist:

"There is very much more poverty and wretchedness in London than in Philadelphia or New York. Look at the tragic figures huddled on the embankment every night. What is the cause of this great misery?"

"I will reply," said the sociologist, "with a line from the poet Wordsworth—

"Drink, pretty creature, drink."

Not That Kind.

Mrs. Youngparent—Now before you go I must show you the pride of the household. Mary, bring in our bouncer.

Mr. Highroller (diving through window)—Spare yourself the trouble, madam: I'll go quietly.

SPECIAL 98c SALE

The Drouth is broken and this is going to be the wettest town you ever saw for a while, with no eight o'clock closing limit on the weather. Your only protection will be to attend our annual umbrella sale, commencing Wednesday, May 4th, and continuing the balance of week. Look in our east window and see the best lot of \$1.25 and \$1.50 umbrellas you ever saw. Now Wednesday come in and take your choice for 98c, all new and up-to-date.

E. G. DOVEY & SON

THINKS THE DOG UNDERSTOOD

Mike Gave the Sign of Surrender, According to the Book, and Believes It Worked.

Mike, although very ignorant, went out among the farmers to sell a book called "Languages of the Lower Animals." In the chapter on dogs was this statement: "For a dog to turn on his back is understood among dogs as a gesture of surrender. If two strange dogs meet on the street, and one shows fight, if the other turns on his back he will not, as a rule, be molested."

Mike depended upon this idea to sell the book, says the Montreal Herald. When near Farmer Haines' gate, Mike suddenly stopped, dropping his books, and turned pale. A big dog, with shaggy head and glaring eyes, stood showing his teeth. Flight was useless. A low, savage growl came from the dog, and Mike, falling to the ground and turning on his back, said gently: "Ye'z knows the sign o' surrender, sort?"

The dog was called away by Farmer Haines, but Mike still thinks he was saved by the idea of his book.

Clerk Knew His Business.

Up to the night clerk's desk goes Abe Perlmutter, a Chicago traveling man, says Success Magazine. "I wonder," he says, "could you find me somebody to play a game of pinocchie for an hour or two tonight?" "Why, says the clerk, "I guess so," and he runs his eye over the register. "Boy," he calls, "page Mr. Gutwillig." Before long Mr. Gutwillig is found and introduced to the pinocchie-hungry Perlmutter, and a game is arranged. "How did you know I played pinocchie?" Mr. Gutwillig asks the clerk. "Oh, I— begins the clerk. Just then emerges from the bar a young man, triple plied with wine. He staggers up to the desk and says: "Shay, I wanna fight! D'y'e hear? I'm lookin' fr a scrap!" Thus the clerk: "Boy, page Mr. Kelly and Mr. O'Brien."

Value of the Apple.

Few realize the efficiency of apples in throat disorders and indigestion. Apples contain more phosphoric acid than any other fruit, and everybody ought to know that the best thing to do to promote the action of the liver and thereby secure sound sleep is to eat an apple before going to bed. Apple puddings of all kinds, apple sauce or salad of apple and celery for lunch, baked with cream for breakfast, any and all ways, the apple is the old stand-by which, for health's sake, one cannot afford to do without.

Of Course.

Inquisitive Lady—And what is this little box for?

Nerve-Racked Clerk—Oh, for odds and ends!

Inquisitive Lady—But it has two compartments. Why is that?

Nerve-Racked Clerk—One for odds, madam, and the other for ends.

Respect.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "it takes you twice as long to drive the pligs as it used to."

"I know it. You wouldn't expect me to speak harsh words to a lot o' critters that's worth \$11 apiece, would you?"

TEST OF A GOOD FRIEND

Must Be Content to Take Second Place When Occasion Requires, and Remain Loyal.

We must be comfortable friends, not teasing, not burdensome.

If it be hard for a married woman to be a good friend, it is still harder to be the good friend of a married woman. Yet, however devoted her husband may be, she needs one. No one but a woman can understand a woman's troubles—small and great; but she should be on her guard even with her most intimate friend—that friend often so cordially disliked, yet patiently endured by the husband, who feels himself outside all confidence immediately she appears.

How often have the seeds of ill content, unfounded suspicions, deceptions and misconceptions been sown by the intimate friend?

How easily could the first ruffled feelings have been smoothed, and the first dispute settled, had she not been present with her well-meant interference?

The right friend is anxious never to be in a false position. She is content to take the second place, and would be distressed were it otherwise. She can be loving without gushing; helpful, but not officious; ready, but never in the way.

She can praise encouragingly, and yet not flatter; counsel, yet not "advise;" hear everything, and be discreetly silent.

She bears absence without complaint, and apparent forgetfulness without suspicion. She never looks for explanations, and she is loyal without saying anything at all about it. But such a woman has to be lived up to, for she expects the same high-mindedness in you also.—From "Marrying and the Married."

WANTED SOMEONE TO PROTEST

Indifference of Tenants Meant That Patrick Had to Buckle Down to Hard Work.

Patrick was the laziest man that ever tried to hold a job as driver of a coal wagon. Three mornings in succession a sadly disgusted Patrick was routed out by an energetic yard master to deliver coal at a little past 7 o'clock in quiet neighborhoods where the outraged citizens threatened to shoot Patrick, hang Patrick or, at the very mildest, arrest Patrick if he dared to move another lump of coal before 8 o'clock.

"Vurry well, sur-r-r," said Patrick amiably each time and curled up in the early sunshine for half an hour's snooze.

On the fourth morning his route lay in a different direction. At the same unearthly hour the first bushel of coal rattled down the iron runway. Patrick shut off the outflow and looked up at the windows. Not a head appeared, not a voice bade him desist. Patrick sighed in disappointment. Another volley of coal was released. Still no protest. Then Patrick wearily crossed the street and routed out the janitor of a big apartment house.

"Say," he said, "ain't nobody in any of these houses got spunk enough to kick because I'm unloading coal before 8 o'clock?"

Barclay's Restaurant



THE PLACE TO EAT

Everything neat and clean and a good place to go for your SUNDAY DINNER. Board by the week. Lunch counter in connection.

Open All Night

Center of Block Between 4th and 5th Sts.

THE TAILOR'S SONG

Fit out at Frank's—get a suit up to date, Right in the fashion—of woollens first rate. A suit that will fit—goods sound as a bell, No outside shops will fit you as well, Keep track of Mac's good value he sells, Mac builds good clothes garments all neat, Chicago's ready made agents cannot compete. Examine his line and prices all through, Look him up for a suit, saves money for you. Reliable goods, all through his line, Order a suit for the on coming spring time, You find value for money here every time.

A Broad Choice of Vacation Tours

To the Pacific Coast: From June 1st only \$60.00 round trip, direct route, and, on special dates in May, June and July, only \$50.00; \$15.00 additional via Shasta Route.

To the East: Ask nearest agent about the various special rates to be in effect, commencing May, to principal eastern cities.

Yellowstone Park: All kinds of tourist rates to this wonderland, including diverse routes through scenic Colorado, Yellowstone and Gardiner entrances; also to Cody (eastern entrance), in connection with Holm's personally conducted camping tours through the Park, July 29, August 19 and September 9. Apply early.

Mountain Tours: To Denver, Estes Park, Salt Lake, Hot Springs, S. D., Sheridan and Ranchester, Wyo., (for the Big Horn region), and Thermopolis, Wyo., the coming wonderful sanitarium—eighteen million gallons of hot water daily at 130°.

Call or Write describing your proposed trip and let us advise you fully.



W. L. PICKETT, Ticket Agent, Plattsmouth, Neb.

L. W. WAKELY, G. P. A., Omaha.