

**BAND CONCERTS TO START
NEXT WEDNESDAY NIGHT**

The series of band concerts which the entertainment committee of the Commercial club has been soliciting funds for will probably be inaugurated on next Wednesday evening at the High school grounds. The committee has raised a sum sufficient to carry out the concerts and work will be started at once on placing the band-stand in the grounds at the school, as well as lights for the band. This will make an ideal place to spend a pleasant evening and afford our citizens a chance to enjoy some good music. The merchants responded very well to the committee's appeal for funds, and the Burlington shop employees subscribed quite a neat sum to carry out the concerts. The location of the concerts on High School Hill will prove much more satisfactory to a vast majority of the people, as it is a more central point and can be reached a great deal more easily than the park and it will be found in the long run far more satisfactory. Let the concerts start, the sooner the better, and we will appreciate the efforts of the committee who arranged the series of concerts, as well as the citizens who so generously donated to the good cause.

**ROASTED PEANUT IMBEDDED
IN CONCRETE 20 YEARS**

While the workmen at the Burlington depot were engaged the other day in digging out the old concrete foundation of the office room at the depot they discovered a peanut imbedded in the concrete, and after getting it out they found it to be as good as the day it was placed there, and had the foundation been allowed to stand it probably would have been preserved for all time. It was about twenty years ago that the present structure was erected, and doubtless the peanut was thrown into the fresh concrete by some bystander. The shell was still on the peanut and when opened the nut inside was as fresh as if it had only been a few days before when it was roasted, instead of almost a decade when it was fresh from the roaster.

**PARCEL POST BUSINESS
SHOWS A BIG GROWTH**

Men who handle the mail at Lincoln railway stations notice a big increase in the amount of parcels post mail, an increase that at times taxes the capacity of the equipment at hand to carry it in, says the Lincoln Journal.

The parcels post business has shown a growth of from 10 to 12 per cent during the past six months, according to the Lincoln postoffice department. The collection delivery service went into effect Tuesday and it is believed that this will increase the volume of service.

The C. O. D. service is run on the same principle that the express companies handle similar business. A charge of 10 cents is made for delivering a parcel C. O. D., and another charge is made for remitting the money to the sender, the charge coming in the form of a money order.

**MURDOCK LIGENSE
CASE IS AGAIN SUB-
MITTED TO THE COURT**

This morning the matter of the application of G. G. Williamson for a license to sell liquors in the village of Murdock, this county, was argued before District Judge Travis by Attorney Matthew Gering for the petitioner and Attorney C. S. Aldrich for the remonstrators. The matter was submitted to the court. Some time ago the court revoked the license issued by the village board of Murdock, on the ground that the ordinance under which it was granted had not been passed in a manner in accordance to the law.

Have you tried the Forest Rose flour? If not, why not? It is the best flour on the market and is sold by all dealers.

Thomsen, Dentist, Gund Bldg.

**A Case of
Overreaching**

By DOROTHEA HALE

Herman Gotts was a very old man. He had received no education in his youth; consequently he had been obliged to do very ordinary work, which had paid him very little. He had had children, but they had died, and he and his wife had no one to rely on in their old age, when they were unable to work. There seemed nothing for them to do but go to the poorhouse, and there is something so melancholy about it that many would rather die than resort to it.

One day Herman, while walking along the street found a large pocketbook, one of that kind that will hold a bank bill without its being folded. Herman opened it and saw that it contained \$270. He looked about him to see if any one was near who might have dropped it, but there was no one at all in sight. So he put it in his pocket and took it home to his wife, Maria, to consult with her as to what he should do with it.

Maria asked her neighbors how one could find the owner of a pocketbook lost on the street and was told to look in the newspapers, for the owner would doubtless advertise it and would offer a reward for its return. So the next morning Herman went to a reading room for poor persons and looked through all the morning papers, for he could read and write also, though very badly. In one of the papers he found the advertisement he was looking for. It stated that a pocketbook had been lost near where Herman had found it and if returned a third of the contents would be given the finder.

The habit of honesty was firmly fixed on the old man. Indeed, he had never in his life taken anything that did not belong to him, and it was too late for him to begin. If he should keep the money it would trouble him and it would not likely last him as long as he lived anyway. If he returned it he would get a third of it, which would keep him and Maria for several months.

He took the pocketbook to the owner, who at first praised him very highly for his honesty. Indeed, he was so loud in his praise that he forgot to count out the money for the reward. When Herman asked him for it he opened all the different compartments as though looking for something, then began to abuse the old man, saying that there had been much more money in the pocketbook than he now found there. Herman denied having taken anything out of it, whereupon the man began to curse and to swear at Herman, calling him a thief, and, hustling him to the door, put him out, giving him a kick at the same time.

It happened that a policeman was going by the house at the time and asked what was the matter. The owner of the pocketbook told his story, and Herman charged him with refusing to pay the reward he had offered, besides assaulting him. The policeman took them to the station, where he entered a charge of disorderly conduct against both of them in order that the matter might be thrashed out in court.

The next morning they were brought into court with other prisoners, and when their case was called the judge asked for a statement of facts. It was soon made evident to him that Herman had been beaten out of his reward. He also got from the old man that he was too old to work and that he and his wife were about to go to the poorhouse. Honesty under such circumstances made a very favorable impression, while the conduct of the owner of the pocketbook appeared very reprehensible.

"You say," said the judge to the latter, "that there was much more money in the pocketbook than was returned?"
"Yes, your honor."
"How much more?"
"There were seven \$1,000 and four \$500 bills, in all \$9,000."
"How did you happen to have so much money in such a place?"

"I have carried it there for several years. I don't put money in bank. I don't like banks."
"Wasn't it rather an unsafe way to carry bills?"

The prisoner saw that he was getting tied up by the judge in his statements and looked confused.

"Were these bills in the same part of the pocketbook," asked the judge, "as the money returned?"

"No, your honor; they were in a compartment by themselves."
"Which compartment?"

The man looked more confused than ever at this. The judge called for the pocketbook and asked the prisoner to show him just where the bills had been kept. The man then confessed that they were in a part which was sewed together. He examined the pocketbook closely and, feeling a thick part, took out a knife and, ripping it open, extracted the bills exactly as the prisoner named them.

"You are a truthful fellow," said the judge. "What reward did you offer for the return of your property?"
The man did not reply, and the judge called for the advertisement, which Herman produced.

"You offered one-third of the contents of the pocketbook," continued the judge. Then he handed Herman \$3,000, being one-third of the whole contents of the pocketbook, at the same time telling the other that if he troubled the old man and came into court again he would find a way to punish him.

**Humor and
Philosophy**

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A MAN likes the statement that he has risen to the top of the ladder. A woman resents the intimation that she wasn't always there.

"Industry" sounds classy, but "industrious" smacks of the dinner pail.

In these prosperous days give a man an inch and he will take a whole railroad.

When a girl doesn't find the front porch or the hammock attractive her mother begins to fear she meditates a "career."

It may be that diamonds are becoming common, but there are a lot of us who have never had one who will have to be shown.

If there were a credit man to pass upon the conversational soundness of people how many would go into bankruptcy at once?

What is more pathetic than a middle aged person trying to make himself and others believe he is young?

There's a great difference between peace of mind and piece of mind.

The woman who changes her mind often sometimes forgets where she put it.

The man who keeps his friends guessing should be considerate enough to offer a prize for the correct solution.

The Alternative.

I'd hate to live on bread and cheese
With water on the side
And every single blessed day
With only that collide;
But, on the whole, I would prefer
To live that simple way
If I were forced to choose that or
A banquet every day.

When you have lived on pork and beans
And other hash house junk,
If you can take one for a change
A banquet's not so punk.
When you have met one every day
For just about a week
You long to lead the simple life,
To spell it out in Greek.

First off it strikes you as a treat,
The second's pretty fair,
The third day it is commonplace,
The fourth you want to swear,
The fifth a nightmare seems to be,
And at the sixth you say,
"Take all that fancy stuff away
And bring me just plain hay."

The tramp who begs from door to door
May find the picking poor,
And very often he would like
To try the banquet cure,
But in a month his appetite
Would for the old line call,
And he would say, "The handout is
The best game after all."



**Expelled, but
Hopeful.**

"I understand that your son is out of college."
"Yes."
"What is he going to do now?"
"Try to find another that will take him in."

No Loss.

"How do you feel about woman suffrage?"
"Well, I am willing that a woman should vote if she wants to, but she can't vote and have my seat in the street car too."
"Well, as she seldom gets your seat I suppose that she won't lose anything by voting."

Aesthetic Girl.

"Maude has broken her engagement with Harry."
"For what reason?"
"She says with her dark blue disposition and his pink hair she is afraid that they would not be able to harmonize the house furnishings."

Needed to Forget.

"Bowrek is going abroad, do you know?"
"I think so."
"Wonder how that happens?"
"He is said to know a lot about that bank failure."

Smart Landlady.

"She always tries to have her boarders meet a lot of pretty girls."
"Why?"
"She says a young man never eats much when he is in love."

Breaking It to Him Gently.

"Maude, will you marry me?"
"Well, Charlie, I'll think about it."
"Some very uncomplimentary things, I am afraid."

Wife Will Do It For Him.

"I always hate to make up my mind."
"Why don't you marry and make an end of it?"

The Difference.

Full many a village maiden,
Shy, bashful and sixteen,
If she had money at her beck
Would be the village queen.

**SCOTT'S JOURNAL,
OF TRAGEDY
GRIM RECORD
AT WORLD'S EDGE**

Publication Begun of Documents Found in Antarctic Hut.

Intimate Details of Dreadful Days That Intensify the Horror.

THE story of the polar expedition which ended in the first great catastrophe in the history of antarctic exploration is begun in the current issue of Everybody's Magazine, which is to publish Captain Scott's diaries in this country. The diaries, records and photographs were discovered and brought back by the relief party that found the bodies of the commander and his followers. There were twelve closely written journals, containing some 200,000 words.

The Terra Nova, which sailed out of the New Zealand harbor of Lyttleton on Nov. 26, 1910, encountered bad weather almost from the beginning. Scott tells of the storm on Dec. 1 and then of the landing in the first week of the new year—1911—on Cape Evans of McMurdo sound. The second day of disembarkation the party met with a strange adventure.

Tells of Killer Whales.

"Close to the water's edge lay the wire stern rope of the ship, and our two Eskimo dogs were tethered to this," Scott writes.

"I did not think of connecting the movements of the whales with this fact, and, seeing them so close, I shouted to Ponting, who was standing abreast of the ship. He seized his camera and ran toward the ice edge to get a close picture of the beasts, which had momentarily disappeared.

"The next moment the whole floe under him and the dogs heaved up and split into fragments. Whales after



Photo by American Press Association.
THE TERRA NOVA LEAVING LYTTLETON HARBOR, NEW ZEALAND, NOV. 26, 1910.

whales rose under the ice, setting it rocking fiercely. One could hear the booming noise as the whales rose under the ice and struck it with their backs. Luckily Ponting kept his feet and was able to flee to security. By an extraordinary chance also the splits had been made around and between the dogs so that neither of them fell into the water.

"Then it was clear that the whales shared our astonishment, for one after another their huge, hideous heads shot vertically into the air through the cracks which they had made. As they reared them to a height of six or eight feet (killers run to twenty feet long) it was possible to see their tawny head markings, their small, glistening eyes and their terrible array of teeth, by far the largest and most terrifying in the world.

Dogs Badly Frightened.

"There cannot be a doubt that they looked up to see what had happened to Ponting and the dogs. The latter were horribly frightened and strained at their chains, whining. The head of one killer must certainly have been within five feet of one of the dogs.

"After this whether they thought the game insignificant or whether they missed Ponting is uncertain, but the terrifying creatures passed on to other hunting."

Three months of open weather were spent in laying the depots southward. Various excitements were occasioned by the dogs and ponies, and these make up the most interesting parts of this part of the diary.

"With our present routine," says Scott, "the dogs remain behind an hour or more trying to hit off their arrival in the new camp soon after the ponies have been picketed. The teams are pulling very well, Meares' especially.

Pony Fights Off Huskies.

"The animals are getting a little fierce. Two white dogs in Meares' team have been trained to attack strangers. They were quiet enough on board ship, but now bark fiercely if any one but their driver approaches the team. They suddenly barked at me as I was pointing out the stopping place to Meares, and Osman, my erstwhile friend, swept around and nipped my leg lightly. I had no stick, and there is no doubt that if Meares had not been on the sledge the whole team, following the lead of the white dogs, would have been at me in a moment. Hunger and fear are the only realities

in dog life, and an empty stomach makes a fierce dog."

One day near the end of the outward march the pony Weary Willy, true to his name, had lagged behind and, being tired, slipped and fell. A dog team was just coming up. The instant they saw him fall they dashed at him regardless of control.

Weary Willy made a gallant fight of it, biting and shaking some of the dogs with his teeth, but getting much bitten himself, though by good hap not seriously. At last the men beat them off, breaking ski sticks and steering stick. Yet the dogs were so tough that they got off uninjured.

Under date of Feb. 10, 1911, the daily routine is described as follows:

"We turn out of our sleeping bags about 9 p. m. Somewhere about 11:30 I shout to the Soldier Oates, 'How are things?' There is a response suggesting readiness, and soon after figures are busy among sledges and horses.
"Still we wait; the picketing lines must be gathered up, a few pony put-



Photo by American Press Association.
CAPTAIN SCOTT IN HIS UNIFORM AS A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER.

ties need adjustment, a party has been slow striking their tent. With numb fingers on one's horse's bridle and the animal striving to turn its head from the wind one feels resentful.

Daily March Begins.

"At last all is ready. One says, 'All right, Bowers, go ahead,' and Birdie (for such was his nickname) leads his big animal forward, starting, as he continues, at a steady pace. The horses have got cold and at the word they are off—the soldier's and one or two others with a rush.

"Finnesko (fur boots) give a poor foothold on the slippery sastrugi (hardened snow waves), and for a minute or two drivers have some difficulty in maintaining the pace on their feet. Movement is warming, and in ten minutes the column has settled itself to steady marching.

"As the end of the half march approaches I get out my whistle. Then at a shrill blast Bowers wheels slightly to the left; his tent mates lead still farther out to get the distance for the picket lines. Oates and I stop behind Bowers and Evans, the two other sledges of our squad behind the two others of Bowers'. So we are drawn up in camp formation. The picket lines are run across at right angles to the line of advance and secured to the two sledges at each end. In a few minutes ponies are on the lines covered, tents up again and cookers going.
"Meanwhile the dog drivers after a long, cold wait at the old camp have packed the last sledge and come trotting along our tracks. They try to time their arrival in the new camp immediately after our own and generally succeed well. The midmarch bait runs into an hour and at the end we pack up and tramp forth again.
"We generally make our final camp about 8 o'clock and within an hour and a half most of us are in our sleeping bags. At the long halts we do our best for our animals by building snow walls and improving their rugs."

Many Mishaps.

With blizzard weather and the loss of ponies because of it the various parties laying in supplies encountered one misfortune after another. The word now was, "Back to the shelter of Hut Point!" The Barrier was cold and the sea ice so dangerous that it nearly wrecked the expedition then and there. Some five miles of sea ice extended between the solid plane of the Barrier and Hut Point.

Bowers, with Cherry-Garrard and Crean, had duly made for Hut Point with the ponies. As they advanced over the sea ice toward Hut Point one crack appeared after another till at last they reached one which showed the ice to be actually on the move. At once they turned and hastened back, but the ice was drifting out to sea!

The ponies behaved splendidly, jumping the ever widening cracks with extraordinary sagacity, while their drivers launched the sledges back over the

cracks in order not to risk the ponies' legs. Eventually they reached what looked like a safe place. Mead and ponies were thoroughly exhausted. Camp was pitched and the weary party fell asleep.

But soon Bowers was awakened by a strange noise. The ice had begun to break up even at their camping spot; one of their four ponies had disappeared into the sea and they were surrounded by water.

Packing up hurriedly, for five long hours they fought their way over three-quarters of a mile of drifting ice, getting ponies and loads from floe to floe. They stuck to their charges manfully. On them depended the hope of reaching the pole, for the loss of more ponies and equipment must spell ruin for their chief's plans. Open water cut them off from the Barrier, and had they been able to reach it there was small prospect of finding a way for the ponies up the lee wall. And all round the savage killer whales were blowing and snorting in the open water spaces.

Volunteers to Find Help.

Crean then with great gallantry volunteered to make his way somehow to firm ground and find help. It was a desperate venture. He jumped from floe to floe, and at last, with the help of his ski stick, climbed up the face of the barrier from a piece of ice which touched the ice cliff at the right moment.

Cherry-Garrard stayed with Bowers, at his request, for little Bowers would never give up his charge while a gleam of hope remained, and for a whole day these two were afloat.
To the rescue, then, but not without a plan. First to Safety camp to take up some provisions and oil, and then to the scene of the disaster, marching carefully along the lee edge.

"To my joy," says Scott, "I caught sight of the lost party. We got our Alpine rope and with its help dragged the two men to the surface. I pitched camp at a safe distance from the edge and then we all started salvage work. The ice had ceased to drift and lay close and quiet against the Barrier's edge. We got the men at 5:30 p. m., and all the sledges and effects on to the Barrier by 4 a. m.

"It was awful," Scott writes, "I called all hands and pointed out my road.



Photo by American Press Association.
COMMANDER AND CREW OF TERRA NOVA IN VESSEL'S MESS ROOM—(INSERT) LIEUTENANT EVANS, SECOND IN COMMAND OF EXPEDITION.

Bowers and Oates went out on it with a sledge and worked their way to the remaining ponies and started back with them along the same track. Meanwhile Cherry and I dug a road at the Barrier edge. We saved one pony. For a time I thought we should get both, but Bowers' poor animal slipped at a jump and plunged into the water. We dragged him out on some brash ice, killer whales all about us in an intense state of excitement. The poor animal couldn't rise and the only merciful thing was to kill it."

**TAKE PICTURES UNDER
THIRTY FEET OF WATER.**

Three Men Do It by Means of Marvelous New Invention.

Ernest L. Williamson of Norfolk, Va., son of Captain J. H. Williamson, inventor of a submarine tube, has caused a sensation by exhibiting pictures taken under the water at Hampton Roads. He showed pictures of fish and wrecks taken at a depth of thirty feet.

It is claimed that with the submarine tube it will be possible to take moving pictures at the bottom of the sea. The tube is flexible and is provided with a windowed chamber at the bottom in which three men can work. Young Williamson was assisted at making the photographs by two companions. They took pictures at night also with the aid of four electric lights. They first took photographs of fish which were attracted to the windowed chamber by the brilliant light. Then they took pictures of sunken objects.

One of their number dived overboard, and when he passed the window of the chamber at a depth of twenty feet the photographer inside got a snapshot. Another picture shows fish nibbling a bait on a hook at a depth of thirty feet.

Ernest Williamson is planning to take a trip to the West Indies, and he promises to return with a film that will prove of great interest. Government officials are interested in the tube, which, it is claimed, will do away with divers and enable men to descend to the bottom of the ocean, bay or river without having to don a diving suit. A person can go down in the tube in evening clothes and return to the surface as spotless as when he descended.