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RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

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"BIG BEN OR THINGS WORTH WHILE"

Address Delivered by Mr. M. S. Briggs Before the Loyal Sons Class.

We have in the past few days received numerous requests to reproduce the lecture delivered by Mr. M. S. Briggs before the Loyal Sons class at their meeting last week and we were fortunate in being able to secure the copy of this interesting address, which is as follows:

I congratulate you young men and women, on the fact that you are living in the best age in the world. The present has advantages over any time since the creation of the world, there never was a better time in which to live, nor a better people to live with. I also congratulate you in that you will live in the future when more big things will be accomplished than ever have been in many times the number of years during the world's history. During the twenty-five years just past, we think, there was more accomplished in the line of discoveries, inventions and the development of big enterprises than could possibly be crowded into a like number of years again. But do not be misled in this for we have only had a glimmering of the light of discovery and invention, in accomplishment of things which are worth while, which the near future has in store for us. Nor one-hundredth of the wonders of nature, which is for our benefit, and the betterment of the world, has even been dreamed of.

You may think it strange that I have taken for my subject this evening the name of an alarm clock, but the unique advertising that has made this instrument so well known caught my attention, and looking into the matter I find that there was a reason for the manufacture of this special clock, and that its presentation to the public, was timely, and dropped into a place where the people had looked and looked in vain for some time for something in this line that was dependable.

The manufacturers of this clock have made clocks for many years, and a quarter of century since they put out a clock that sold for 65 cents retail, and when the customer had let loose his coin he found that he had paid enough for the clock that failed to come up to the specifications. For this reason they sought out better designs and selected the best materials, that they might create a timepiece which for the purposes intended would be the last word in alarm clocks. The result was this "vanguard" of timepieces, coupled with the ability to continue calling the "Sluggard" until he should be up and away. Now, it is not my idea to advertise any firm's wares, but for the purpose of using this as a symbol, that I have called your attention to the necessity of something dependable, and the preparation which was insured for its best construction.

Today time is calling for men, real men, for all the various avenues of life, and for the places worth while; it is now and ever has been difficult to find the men worth while to fill them. What means the factory whistle? Does it blow simply for the purpose of getting the workmen to the factory in time to do a good full day's work, with no idea of anything farther than the enriching of the coffers of the owners of the plant? No, that is not all, something deeper is in the thoughts of the owners of the enterprise than the mere matter of the dollars and cents which it might bring them. The good of society, for nothing is stable which is not based on sound principle, and the good of society and the commonwealth is considered. True, they expect to derive a profit from the business, and they should. No one should be expected to do business without making money. It is legitimate; all should have a laudable desire to accumulate a competency for the proverbial rainy day. You should make money, but make it honestly, for ill-gotten gains will surely canker.

In the battle of life do your part well, play the game to win, hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may, and if you have a desire to occupy a larger station than the one in which you are now, fill this position in the fullest, even if it is considered a minor one; grow bigger than the place by filling it well. Be prepared for another one higher up, and it will come to you when you

are ready for it. Do not cross-cut the other fellow, that is not meriting anything, though practiced by some. They deserve nothing and will sooner or later come to their just position, then you will also get yours.

About being prepared, I am reminded of an incident which happened during the Spanish-American war. Before President McKinley declared war he saw that everything was in readiness, and when the psychological moment arrived it was necessary to communicate with General Garcia. When conferring with his staff of advisors he asked, "Where is the man whom I can trust to carry this message?" as no one knew just where the insurgents were. He was advised to get a young man named Wynthrop. He was sent for, and after a short conference it was thought that he was the proper man, and the message was delivered, the instructions given. Mr. Wynthrop four days later was set down on the inhospitable shore of Cuba. He entered the jungle, apparently gone from the sight of man, and three weeks afterwards emerged from the other side of the island, having delivered the message, and was picked up by a cutter of the U. S. government. How he succeeded in avoiding the Spaniards and finding the Cuban general has nothing to do with this story, but the idea is to show that the man was prepared for his mission. If there is anything which I wish you would remember of what I say this evening it is that I urge upon you in whatever line you may choose to work, to be prepared and know everything there is to know of that subject.

When we were children we were told that there was a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, we thought that there was something in it, we cultivated a roving disposition, have thought that there was better opportunities elsewhere, the pastures over the hills in the distance looked greener, for "distance always lends enchantment to the view." We might stand upon High School Hill and look over the river in the summer, those hills look beautiful, and we think if only the Nebraska side was as beautiful as the Iowa side we would have indeed a fine place, but when the switchmen go over to chase down some of the box-cars which are kept stored on the bottoms, they are almost swamped in large weeds and bramble, until it is a relief to get back to the blessed homeland.

The opportunities which will subserve our purpose best are found at our fingers' ends; do not think that the other places are the best, for this will average with any. This can be illustrated best by two stories given by John Conwell, the lecturer. The first was told him when he was traveling in the east; his guide, who was leading his camel, said that he had a story which he reserved for his particular friends and he would tell him. "Once," he said, "there was a man who went to his priest, and in conversation with the Father mentioned something about a diamond, when our man inquired what a diamond was he was told if he had a diamond he could purchase a farm, and if he had a handful of diamonds he could purchase a county, and if he had a bushel of diamonds he could purchase a state, and if he had an acre of diamonds he could purchase a country. That night our friend went home and did not sleep, and the next day returned to the priest to make further inquiries, asking where he might find diamonds. He was told that when he should find a clear stream running over white sand between high hills he would find diamonds. The man returned home and sold his farm and started out to hunt diamonds, but after having traveled over many countries, he, like the prodigal son, was without money in a strange country and he layed down and died. But the man who purchased his farm, while leading his camel to water, noticed that the animal stumbled and in doing so knocked a tuft of grass up in the back yard, where this diamond hunter had lived for many years, and noticing a peculiar stone, picked it up and placed it on the mantel in his home. When visiting there soon after, this same priest noticed the stone and asked where the diamond had been found. The owner of the place said it was not a diamond but a pebble that he picked up in the back yard, and on going to the place they found it full of diamonds." So the opportunity was in this man's own back yard and he did not know it. It may be

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the case with us, we had better see what the homeland has for us before we go chasing the ends of the rainbow.

The other story shows the same frittering away of the opportunities which are ours and we do not improve them. It runs thus: A man living on a little farm in New Hampshire found farming dull and irksome and thought some other line would be more to his liking, more remunerative, so he cast about for something more congenial. He thought of a cousin who lived in Montreal and was in the oil business, and wrote, asking if he could get in the oil business. In reply he received a letter telling him that if he would study up the oil business he (the cousin) would give him a position. The man secured all the books and literature he could, made an exhaustive study of the oil business, learning how it was formed, where secured, how refined and marketed. Then he wrote to his cousin, saying he had the required knowledge, and was bidden come. Selling his farm for \$933, he departed. The man who purchased the place went out to look around the farm to see what provision had been made for the watering of the stock. He found that with commendable enterprise the former owner had placed a board across a small stream which ran through the pasture that he might deflect a kind of scum which ran on the water, so as to have a clear place for the cattle to drink. The peculiar odor arising from the creek prompted the new owner to dip up some of the scum and have it tested, and it proved to be oil, which enabled the farm to be sold for \$100,000. Now, this oil had caused the former owner much trouble to find a way that the cattle might drink; he devised many plans before he was able to succeed in keeping a place that would be clear of the oil. It was like the man who set "Big Ben" to wake him in the morning that he might take up a certain proposition at that time, and having kept late hours the night before, when the alarm rang, and continued to ring, got up and threw the clock out of the window, returning to his bed to sleep, only to miss the opportunities of the day, to which the clock called him. So it is with the things which call us to action; we do not heed them and they are frittered away.

There is a call for us today. Will we heed it? Many things are calling for our services in all lines, for the betterment of society, for better ways of doing things, and for the making of money for ourselves, as well as serving our fellowmen, making life worth living. We have looked with much concern on the loss of life which occurred during the last war in which we were engaged, and thought it awful, but while the entire amount of people affected, killed and wounded by the action of

battle and inroads of disease during the Spanish-American war was 555,421, during the intermin since there have in American, according to statistics, occurred one million per year, and the twelve years totaled twelve million violent deaths. Many of these could have been avoided. The Titanic took down 1,500 people at one time, and the burning of the factory in which so many were burned was another; the cremation of those children in the school building in the east and the coal mine disasters are horrible outrages against humanity. Why should human life be compelled to pay this toll of flesh and blood just because we are not heeding the call of Big Ben for a better condition of society?

We thought it something awful when in the olden days people burned their children to appease the wrath of their supposed gods, and not much different was the burning of the witches; this day's civilization looks on them with horror and we are justified. How about the human lives we are daily and yearly paying to the god of gold, when we allow such a wanton waste of humanity to save the few dollars which it would require to provide fire escapes, to construct fire-proof and sanitary buildings to work in, to construct and operate the railroads, so that as the campaign slogan now is "Safety First" might be truly in operation, and again to compel the trans-Atlantic liners to make ample provision for the safety of the people they carry on their ships? It looks as though we are blinded to the worship of our idols as were the people of old.

We are doing big things in many lines. The Keokuk dam across the Mississippi and the Panama canal are instances of the enterprise of the American, and while we are at it, I am sure the Big Ben of better things is going to awaken this nation to active, energetic and concerted work all along the lines for a better civilization. We are going to wipe out that grave yard of the Atlantic, where many a good ship has gone down; we are going to deflect the current of the ocean so that the warm water from the gulf will hug the shore of America and make the New England states tropical and Labrador temperate, and do away with the icebergs menacing the ocean traffic. We are going to cross the Atlantic in a night. We are going to wipe the intemperance, which is yearly taking such toll of human life, from the face of America. I do not mean alone the drink habit, while this is one of the sore spots of this nation, there is graft, there is the condition of society, there is lack of conservation of the necessities of life and the very life itself. While we need conservation of forests, lands, mines and all the natural resources of the country, we need the conservation of the youth of the country more—our boys and girls.

While I am calling your attention to these things I want to tell you that of all the things which are necessary for you to do is to think and act for yourself, for in that lies the greatest safeguard of the nation. Think for yourself and act for yourself, for the one which you looked to for the solution of the things which puzzled you, when the time comes will not be in touch with you, and you are without sail, mast or rudder. Keep clean, do this spiritually, morally and personally, for if you do not you will acquire blemish of character, of morality and defects of your physique, which will impair you for the conflict which is sure to come sooner or later when you will have to fight life's battles. It may be in competition, it may be in standing for the right in some moral principles and it may be in many ways in which we are not looking for.

"In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life, Be not like dumb driven cattle, Be a hero in the strife."

Yes, be a hero in strife, for a clean life, clean in all that the word means, stand for the right and stand for it firmly, do not be a braggart, but be a hero just the same. Meet the troubles which arise in a manly, pleasant way, for it is the smile that often wins when nothing else can.

In closing I want to emphasize one thing which I said in the beginning—be prepared, not half prepared; it will take study and hard work, but they will pay in the end.

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STORY OF LU-CREZIA BORGIA NEXT ATTRACTION

Plattsmouth Theatersgoers to be Furnished with First-Class Play Headed by May Stewart.

"Lucrezia Borgia," by Victor Hugo, which May Stewart and her distinguished company will present at the Parmele theater Friday night, January 16, is filled with many very intense dramatic situations. The scenes are laid in Venice and Ferrara during the period when the nobility were living in their greatest luxury and extravagance. Lucrezia, wife of Don Alfonso, duke of Ferrara, has gone to the carnival in Venice, hoping to see Genarro, a young man supposed to be the son of a poor fisherman, but in reality her own unacknowledged son, whom she has not seen since his infancy. The duke, however, not knowing her secret, becomes intensely jealous when he sees Lucrezia bending over the sleeping form of Genarro, and determines to get rid of him.

Genarro is taunted by some of his companions with being the lover of Lucrezia, and having no respect or attachment for the haughty and cruel woman, in a fit of rage, insults her by defacing her name on the palace gate. Lucrezia is informed of this by her spy, Gubetta, and demands from her husband that the culprit shall be punished with death. This he readily promises, believ-

ing him to be his wife's lover. The prisoner is brought in, and Lucrezia is horrified at beholding Genarro. The duke, mistaking the cause of her emotions, insists on her deciding the manner of death. She chooses poison, mixes it in his wine and presents it to him. The duke, satisfied leaves him to die, when Lucrezia compels Genarro to swallow an antidote, assists him to escape and begs him to leave Ferrara at once. This he is about to do, but is induced by his friend, Orsino, to remain for the fête given by the courtesan, Princess Neoroni. During the evening goblets of wine are brought in, which the guests partake of. Lucrezia then enters to inform them they are all poisoned, giving as a reason for the act the insult offered to her at Venice. Genarro appears to her in great anguish, she thinking he had left the city, and she again tries to save him with the antidote, which he refuses unless she will also save his friends; this she is unable to do, for reason of insufficient time to procure more of the antidote, but urges him to save himself with what remains. Just at this time the voice of one of his friends whom she has poisoned, cries out to avenge them, and he slays her. As they both fall dying, she tells him that she is his mother. The schools and other literary people are much interested in the extra performance of "As You Like It," to be given on Saturday night, January 17.

Notice to All Patrons! All parties who are indebted to the estate of August Gorder, deceased, will please call and settle same at once. Will find the account at Gorder's Implement Store. Fred Gorder, Executor.

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