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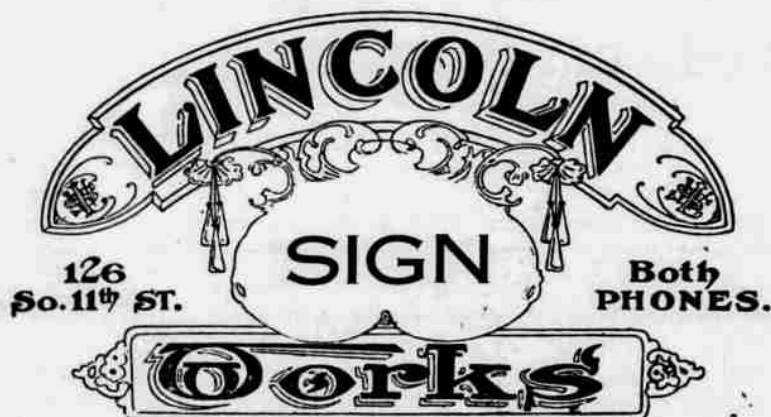
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Will Maupin's Weekly

ROSES AND THORNS.

An Old Eastern Legend and Its Application to Human Life.

This world we're living in
Is mighty hard to beat.
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?

There is an eastern legend that when the beneficent Creator prepared the earth for man, causing it to bring forth herbs and trees pleasant to the eye and good for food, each bearing its seed within itself for propagating its kind, the roses had no thorns and the lilies, violets and other blossoming plants were free from thistles, brambles and noxious weeds.

But the sons and daughters of men in their greedy eagerness to gather the flowers, each one selfishly striving to secure a larger share than his fellow, seemed likely to despoil the earth of its beauty and leave not even enough blossoms to perfect their seed and perpetuate their species. So the kindly All Father provided the roses with thorns for self protection and sent a host of defenders of the more tender blossoms by causing thistles and briars to spring up around them like wardens of a castle or the bodyguard of a queen. And this is the reason for the thorns and briars—nature's protection against human greed.

The legend has a wider application. The roses typify the pleasures of life and the thorns its pains. A life of ease and pleasure was not only useless, but satiating. It would demoralize him who indulged in it. Satiety despoils the rose of its beauty and the violet of its fragrance; hence kind nature makes true pleasure the reward of virtuous effort and punishes over-indulgence with penalizing suffering, to the end that greed may be restrained and self control developed with its attendant virtues of temperance, kindness, industry and thrift.—John B. Stoll in South Bend Times.

FOES TO SUCCESS.

Don't Be a Victim of Timidity, Shyness or Self Consciousness.

Timidity, shyness and self consciousness belong to the same family. We usually find all where we find any one, and they are all enemies of peace of mind, happiness and achievement. No one has ever done a great thing while his mind was centered upon himself. We must lose ourselves before we can find ourselves. Self analysis is valuable only to learn our strength; it is fatal if it makes us dwell upon our weaknesses.

Timid, shy people are morbidly self conscious. They think too much about themselves. Their thoughts are turned inward; they are always analyzing, dissecting themselves, wondering how they appear and what people think of them. If these people could only forget themselves and think of others they would be surprised to see what freedom, ease and grace they would gain, what success in life they would achieve.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do and are kept from trying to make real their great life dreams because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points which smart from the lightest touch. Their supersensitiveness makes cowards of them.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

A Congregation of One.

In his younger days the Rev. Sir Cameron Lees, D. D., was a highland missionary in a scattered territory and passing rich on £40 a year. On one occasion on the Sabbath day the windows of heaven opened and there was

a deluge on a small scale. The young minister of course was at his post, but only one member of the congregation had the courage to turn up, an old farmer. Cameron Lees suggested that in view of the terrible weather they should adjourn to his study and hold their devotions there.

"No, no," said the old highlander. "It is written, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I also.' You are one and I'm one, so there's the two, and we'll have the service as usual." And there was a service for a congregation of one.—London Globe.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

Warning That Came to a Granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott.

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford at Ederton, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and, to her great astonishment and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her absence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying some coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mend the mistress' fire, which at 3 o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investigation a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to assassinate Mrs. Rutherford.—London Standard.

GRAND CANYON.

An Ideal Place in Which to Realize the Insignificance of Man.

There is one place in this country where a man can step back not by hundreds but by thousands of years, back to the time when the continent was in the making. This place is the Grand Canyon of Arizona. There the visitor sees a panorama in a million colors as the mists gather about the rugged peaks and the sunlight glistens on the metallic deposits of the cliffs. A whole chaotic world discloses itself. Rock forms of uncanny beauty stand out on those unrivaled cliffs, and far down runs the river channel.

Stand on some ledge and realize the insignificance of man when compared with the handicraft of nature, watch a party of travelers threading their way down some winding trail that clings to the great wall and see them grow smaller and smaller until they become mere specks in the great rift, then some idea is gained of this wonderful place. Yet the canyon is so symmetrical and so unlike anything else that it is with difficulty that one can acquire any notion of its immensity. Niagara poured in would hardly have the dignity of a mountain stream.—New York Sun.

Worldly Wisdom.

"Now that my engagement to Edgar is broken off I wonder if he will ask me to return the jewels that he gave me."

"If he doesn't ask for them I'd send them back at once, for in that case they're not genuine!"—Fliegende Blätter.