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THE ARTIST'S IDOL.

She Didn't Know Anything About Music; She Only Loved It.

The incident happened upon one of the great ocean liners during an autumn trip when a famous violinist was among the passengers. At first he firmly refused to play, but was finally persuaded, and upon the appointed evening the salon was crowded with eager passengers.

It was a most enthusiastic audience, intelligent, sympathetic and appreciative, yet as the evening wore on people began to notice that the violinist's glance went always in one direction, and after a time others followed it.

They saw a plain little woman, plainly dressed, with no marks of wealth or culture. But she was looking at the master with shining eyes, her face wet with tears, unmindful of everything except the magic of his violin. When the program was ended, pushing his way through the people who would have detained him, the musician went straight to the little shabby figure.

"Madame, I congratulate you—you are ze great artist!" he cried.

She looked up at him almost in alarm.

"I—oh—I cannot play a note," she stammered. "I don't know anything about music. I only—love it."

The violinist shook his big shaggy head impatiently.

"Is it not what I say? You have ze artist soul—ze artist to listen. What good to play to ze deaf—like ze rest?" with a disparaging gesture toward the crowded room. "It is to ze one wiz ze heart to listen zat we masters play."

—Youth's Companion.

AN OLD TIME EXPLOSION.

Its Curious Phases Told by a Seventeenth Century Scribe.

An old chronicler tells a curious story of an explosion which occurred in London Jan. 4, 1649. A ship chandler, it seems, "about 7 of the clock at night, being busy in his shop about barreling up of gunpowder, it took fire and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout to the number of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company. And in three or four days, after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, etc." The most interesting part of the account comes further on:

"In the digging they found the mistress of the house of the Rose tavern sitting in her bar and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled by dust and smoke, their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one upon another.

"There was also found upon the upper leads of Barking church a young child lying in a cradle as newly laid in bed, neither child nor cradle having the least sign of fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial, for in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden."

The Green Plover.

Every "man on the land" knows the lapwing, or green plover, though he may not know that this bird is one of the very best friends of the farmer and literally worth its weight in gold several times. It takes its proper name, lapwing, from the regular, slow flapping of the long, rounded wings. Because of its peculiar cry it is popularly known in England as the peewit and in Scotland as peesweep. The

Germans call it kiebitz. The French say that it can count "eighteen" (eighteen in French is dixhuit, which is pronounced deezeweet). The peewit is found in every country in Europe and Asia. In Great Britain it was once very common, being chiefly found in marshes, moors and meadows, but its numbers are gradually decreasing because its eggs are collected and sold as "plovers' eggs," for which there is a large demand during the proper season.—Smallholder.

The Hawaiian Language.

The language of Hawaii is very simple. To one who hears it for the first time comes the conviction that the aborigines expressed their sentiments in primitive vowel sounds, to which some consonants have been added. Each vowel is sounded as in Latin, and the words are easily pronounced by one who is patient and wishes to speak distinctly. The pronunciation will be all the better if the speaker will draw out, almost drawl, the vowel sounds, for which reason the language is well suited to the doleful Hawaiian wail. Say Hoo-noo-luu-luu and let the word sing itself.—Rosary Magazine.

Glass Windows.

The first glass window in England was put up in an abbey about the year 680. Glass windows, however, did not become general for more than a hundred years, and as late as 1579 the glass casements at Alnwick castle, the Duke of Northumberland's seat, were regularly taken down when the family was away from home.

Corn and Water.

To those engaged in the handling of grain the natural shrinkage of shelled corn while in storage and in transit is a matter of prime importance and often a source of dispute because of shortage reported at time of receipt at warehouse and a further loss at date of final sale. In order to determine the amount of shrinkage or loss of weight occurring in corn the department of agriculture has conducted an experiment with 500 bushels of shelled corn. At the time of storage the moisture content was 18.8 per cent and at close of the test 14.7 per cent, or a loss of 4.1 per cent. The weight per bushel had decreased from 54.7 pounds to 50 pounds, and the total loss of weight was 1,970 pounds, or slightly more than 7 per cent.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Sir Roger de Coverley was the name of a member of the imaginary club of twelve under whose direction Addison's Spectator was professedly published. He was an old school, bluff, good hearted English gentleman. The dance named after him is an English dance corresponding somewhat to the Virginia reel.

Her One Idea.

"His wife is a woman of one idea."

"That so?"

"Yes; whenever he starts to do anything she has the idea that he's doing it wrong."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Reason.

Positive Wife—John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea? Negative Husband—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get.—Exchange.

Good Reason.

"You mean to say you lived in one house for three years and cultivated no pleasant acquaintances? Why?"

"I was cultivating my voice."—Exchange.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.—George Herbert.