

LAD HAS A REAL GRIEVANCE

New Baby Sister Deprives Him of Attention, and He Shows the Effects.

Since the stork brought a little girl to a family living in the Bronx the heir, who had attained to four years of dignity before the sister came, has had his nose very much out of joint. His mother, in fact, found trouble at times in keeping him from poking out the eyes of the intruder and otherwise exhibiting the innate cruelty of the boy-child. Vigorous spankings thoroughly repressed this tendency, and it has now given way to a generally silent acquiescence in the new order.

Yet at times the feeling of deprivation of old-time attention will come to the surface. Then the boy will take himself to the darkest corner to be found in the flat, push himself closely up against the wall and begin to whimper in low tones. Soon the whimper, like the musical patrol, gradually becomes more apparent. Then from out of the darkness comes the low plaint:

"Muvver don't like me."

There is a cessation of the whimper for a moment; then it begins on a more emphatic scale and again comes in louder tones:

"Muvver don't like me."

From this the protest goes into sobbing, and finally it comes to a climax in most heart-breaking tones:

"Muvver don't like me."

This is the time for the head of the household to intervene, for she has learned by experience that whatever she might say before the psychological moment is ignored. In the softest tones she answers:

"Yes, dearie, mother does like you. She loves you with all her heart."

From out of the darkness comes in a great, indignant cry:

"I don't want you to."

Despairing sobbing follows, but it goes down as the musical patrol dies away, and finally a very penitent little boy comes out of the corner and plucks at his mother's skirt, looking for attention.

A Black Moment.

This is a true story. Its victim is alive and very much ashamed of the following disgraceful incident in his past:

He had just arrived at college, very young—very callow. It was his wish to do the right thing by literature. Education, said he—nothing like it. So finding himself once in a gathering of upper classmen who were airily bandying about the names of great poets, the youth suddenly blurted this:

"Say, tell me—where can I get a good English translation of Rosetti?"

Years of frantic atonement have not washed it away.

Beware of the Post.

"This is a fine place to study the superstitions of the crowd," said a Subway ticket chopper. "Two-thirds of the couples who pass through the gate are brimming over with superstition. It shows itself in their fear of separating and walking on different sides of the post. Good-looking, educated people are afraid of that."

"We'll quarrel," says one—usually it is the woman who says it, or if two women are together they both say it at the same time. "We let that post get between us."

"Then, if they are badly bitten by the bug of superstition, one goes back and passes through on the other side so as to obviate the danger of a flare-up."—New York Times.

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NOT HER IDEA OF A LADY

Rebuke for Smashing the Dishes
Called Forth the Indignant Scorn
of the Servant.

A housewife who lives in a suburb of New York feels keenly the rebuke she received from a servant who made a brief visit to her home recently. When the question of employment came up and matters of history were asked, the maid said:

"Oh, yes'm. I been workin' in fine families. I won't work in any family what ain't a good one."

There is seemed necessary for the housewife to give assurances on her part. The bargain was made and the girl was installed. The first day everything went well; the second there was a crash in the kitchen and the mistress found that two plates from her prize set were in bits. She was reluctant to make a breach in diplomatic relations thus early and let the incident go with a caution. Next day there was another disaster, involving a cut glass tumbler, and several lesser things. This time she spoke rather sharply and gave warning that in future such breakages must be paid for. Next came a large and highly prized platter. When the time came to pay the weekly wage the mistress deducted the price.

"You ain't goin' to ask me to pay for that, is you?" asked the girl with great surprise.

"Certainly," was the reply. "You should be made to pay for the other things also."

There was a fine scorn in the servant's manner and voice.

"I guess I made a mistake," she said. "You told me you was a lady. I ain't never seen a lady what wouldn't let me break as many things as I wanted and never say a word."

Whereupon, with dignity, she dropped her work and went.

Flight of Seeds.

It is popularly believed that winged seeds from trees travel to great distances on the wind, but the investigations of a British scientist who has spent much time at Singapore, indicate that winged seeds have a far narrower range of flight than have "powder" seeds and plumed seeds. The greatest distance travelled by the winged seeds of a forest tree observed by his authority was 100 yards. Under the most favorable circumstances, he calculates it would take this plant just 100 years to spread 500 yards and 1,500,000 years to spread from the Malay Peninsula to the Philippines if a land connection existed.—Scientific American.

Origin of Thunder.

Once upon a time three Indians went hunting. They walked for three long days and nights but could see neither game nor forests. They finally came to a tall tree and one of the hunters climbed to the top of the branches in order to look for game. From the tree top a path led to an Indian tepee in the clouds. He at once informed his companions on the ground, and instructed them to follow him. Arriving at the tepee, they entered and joined other Indians who were smoking their pipes. After feasting for some time they all went out to hunt. The reports of their guns were heard on the earth, and even the Indians of today believe that every time it thunders those Indians are hunting upon the Happy Hunting grounds.

One Indian, on returning to the earth, told the Chippewas that by offering up smoke as a sacrifice to the thunder it would stop thunder. Some of the Indians still follow the custom of smoking during a storm to appease the thunder—Genevieve Bebeau (Chippewa) in Red Man.