

DIDN'T SEEM TO WORK OUT

Dog Owner's Idea Bright Enough,
but Somehow Her Memory Got
Twisted.

To Miss Bounce, who knows nothing whatever about dogs and can scarcely tell a greyhound from a St. Bernard, Mr. Kennell presented a fine young Airdale terrier. He was extremely wide awake and active, even for a pup, and the young lady was kept constantly on the alert to prevent his getting into mischief or running into danger. Casting about in her mind for a suitable name for this restless animal Miss Bounce remembered that in her school days she had learned in her philosophy that "wind is air in motion." What more appropriate name, then, for the young Airdale than Wind. So Wind he was called. His name, thought Miss Bounce, also will aid me memorically to remember the name of the species to which he belongs.

"What kind of a dog is that pup of yours?" asked some one a few weeks after the christening.

Miss Bounce's eyes roved anxiously for an instant, but steadied themselves directly as she replied with serene confidence, "He is a Wind Hound."

HE WAS A DANGEROUS RISK

In These Rushing Days the Pedestrian Has No Show at All With Insurance Company.

Here was a case where it seemed as if everything was settled. The insurance company's doctor had reported that the man seemed to be all right, and the man himself had certified that he was not engaged in any dangerous occupation.

"I lead a sedentary life," he told them. "I work in an office and we have no danger or excitement."

"How about sports?" the examiner asked. "Do you football? Baseball? Do you box? Do you belong to an athletic club?"

"No—none of that stuff. I guess I'm a safe risk."

"Do you scorch?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you drive your car faster than the speed limit?"

"I have no car."

"What? How do you get about?"

"I walk."

"Risk refused. A scorcher is a dangerous risk, but a pedestrian has no chance at all. Buy a car, old chap. Sorry—good night!"

Ancient Painters.

Among the Greeks the most famous painters were Cimón of Cleóna, Polygrotus, Zeuxis, Apellas, Apollodorus and Parrhasius. Of these the greatest were Zeuxis, who is said to have laughed himself to death over the picture of an old woman that he had painted, and Apelles, who, according to some accounts, painted cherries so perfectly that the birds pecked at them, thinking them real. Apelles was a contemporary of Alexander the Great, and was commanded by the conqueror of the world to paint his picture. His greatest work was "Venus Rising From the Sea," painted for the Temple of Esculapius, at Cos, and costing, it is said, over \$100,000. It is claimed that no artist was able to complete his unfinished pictures, many of which he left at the time of his death.

Evil in Neglected Legislation.

In Belgium, where education is not compulsory, 21 per cent. of the working people over ten years of age can neither read nor write.

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HIS NAME MOST APPROPRIATE

"Knapp" It Was and Drowsy Delegate Proceeded to Live Up to Cognomen.

During the morning prior to the opening of the national convention, a special meeting of those delegates already arrived was held to discuss and vote on some preliminary measures. These met in a smaller hall, opposite the convention hall; and when they were all assembled in the stuffy room, one of the members leaned back wearily in his chair and promptly fell asleep.

After an hour's session, the chairman called a vote on a certain measure. All responded but the sleeper, whose snores now and then echoed through the room.

"Here! wake that man up!" demanded the chairman, at this point. "What's his name, anyway?"

No one being able to tell, and no one following the chairman's order to wake the sleeper up, that functionary at once called upon a ballot clerk to carry out the order. So accordingly the clerk hurried down the aisle to the dozer, shook him vigorously by the arm, asking him his name the while.

With a broken snore that perforated the atmosphere, the sleeper awoke.

"What's his name?" again called out the impatient chairman.

At this, the clerk straightened up from the unknown member's chair, and announced, to the accompaniment of a roar of laughter.

"Mr. chairman, he says his name is Knapp."—Judge's Library.

AND READY TO FIGHT AGAIN

Cat Refused to Be a Party to Proceeding by Which She Officially Died.

Jerry the pet cat of the Stolz family of Bloomfield, N. J., considerably startled its mistress when, the other afternoon, it appeared at the kitchen door after having been buried as dead during the course of the preceding forenoon. Jerry is of a warlike disposition, and during a recent combat, sustained such injuries that the family decided to put him out of misery. Accordingly the garbage man was prevailed on to place the pet animal in an old tin boiler, pour in chloroform and put on the lid. In a few minutes Jerry was "dead." He was buried and the Stolz children covered the grave of their friend and playmate with flowers. But life to Jerry was sweet, so when Mrs. Stolz opened the kitchen door later, she found him waiting for admittance. Mrs. Stolz screamed and ran, but her husband let the cat in, and declared he would not permit the warrior to be "killed" again.

Up-to-Date Street Beggars.

"Even your street beggars are up to date here in New York," said an observing out-of-town man as he tossed a nickel into the hat of a professional beggar wearing a badge "Victim of the Recent Fire." "I've never known it to fall," he continued, "that after a fire, an explosion or any other big accident there was a noticeable change in the appeals made by your street beggars. Another thing, note his shrewdness, as he doesn't specify any particular fire, but simply the recent fire. The desire to keep abreast of the times seems to be deep seated in all New Yorkers, and just after some great accident the street beggars are sure to make the most of the situation and make their appeal to the public along the latest lines."

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