

THE SPIRAL NEBULAE.

One of the Terrifying and Mysterious Forces of Space.

The most stupendous manifestations of force of which we have any knowledge are presented by the spiral nebulae, whose mysterious and terrifying forms were first clearly revealed by the Lick observatory photographs made in 1898-1900 by the late Professor James E. Keeler. The heavens are full of them—they exist by thousands—and as astronomical photography is brought to greater perfection their amazing shapes tend more and more to upset all former ideas concerning the processes of creation and destruction going on in the interstellar spaces. They affect in an equal degree all theories about the origin and ultimate fate of our own solar system.

Who would imagine on looking up at the starry heavens some quiet night that the earth is like a person lost in the midst of the whirling wheels and spinning shafts of some enormous mill or machine room, where running bolts, whirling spindles, champing pistons, grinding cogs, gyrating governors, dizzying flywheels and leaping rods confuse the eye and the mind and paralyze the limbs with the terror of impending annihilation? We are not aware of this startling situation because, while we see the stars, we do not see what is among the stars. The spinning machinery of the universe is revealed only in photographs, and as far as our senses are concerned it performs its functions with a silence which to the imagination becomes a part of the horror of space.

These cosmic wheels spin with incalculable velocity, but the span of human life is but a second of time in comparison with their periods. If we could magnify time so that a second would become a century, then an hour would be equivalent to 360,000 years, and the true aspect of the spiral nebulae would burst upon our astonished senses.—Garrett P. Serviss in *New York American*.

UNION PRINTERS' HOME.

What It Costs to Maintain This Splendid Institution.

The board of trustees of the Union Printers' home in its annual report of the workings of the institution at Colorado Springs shows that the receipts for the year were \$93,500.27 and the expenditures reached a total of \$87,031.67, the following building expense items—building repairs and improvements, \$5,262.79; cottage addition, \$404.96; heating plant addition, \$13,152.18; library addition, \$1,525.23, total \$20,344.96—the net cost of maintenance is found to have been \$67,287.11, or \$529.81 per member per year, or \$44.15 per member per month, based upon the average of 127 members at the home during the year.

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Amalgamated Carpenters.
The fifty-first annual report of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners shows the following benefits distributed to its members during the year 1910: Unemployed benefits, \$315,665; sick benefits, \$128,525; tool insurance, \$14,495; trade privileges, \$6,540; accident benefits, \$18,175; superannuation benefits, \$268,080; death benefits, \$31,880; benevolent grants, \$8,340; total amount paid in benefits since 1860, \$18,159,490. Thomas Atkinson has just been returned for the fifteenth term as secretary to the United States executive board.

A Protection.
"Any man looks stupid when he wears a monocle," said the critical girl. "That's why so many of us fellows wear 'em," replied the candid youth. "If we happen to look stupid we blame the monocle."—*Washington Star*.

No Wedding Day Bargain.
The husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.—*Variety Life*.

The Cynic.
"Married yet, old man?" "No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married." "It's better, if you only knew it."—*Washington Star*.

Suffering is part of the divine idea.—*Beecher*.

Becoming.
"Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife. "Yes," replied the head of the establishment, "and I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me."

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.

Eager to Go.
"My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?" "I got out," replied Weary Wombat, with dignity. "I didn't happen to be thrown out."—*Washington Herald*.

Hope Deferred.
Singleton—I understand your mother-in-law is very rich. Does she enjoy good health? Henpeckke—Enjoy it? She positively gloats over it.—*Exchange*.

Conscience is harder than our enemies, knows more, accuses with more nicety.—*George Elliot*.

Forecasting the Weather.
Of all the scientific departments the weather bureau was started with the least amount of knowledge of its particular subject. Independent observers had gathered a small amount of dissociated facts and based conclusions as it suited them upon the facts. But meteorology was a very indefinite thing, strongly flavored with guesses, myths, traditions and theories. It was like the German grammar of which Mark Twain complained. For every page of rules there were forty pages of exceptions. When the weather bureau was started it was with little worth while. It had to map out a campaign of study, and there was no way of telling how long it might be before the study would permit of the laying down of rules. Every one knows that the bureau is far more efficient than it was. It is getting the hang of the weather, learning its multitudinous tricks, its coyness and treachery. It is in the nature of the case a slow affair.—*Toledo Blade*.

Not to Be Deceived.
"John," she asked after she had finished packing her trunk, "will you remember to water the flowers in the porch boxes every day?" "Yes, dear. I'll see that they are properly moistened regularly."

"And the rubber plant in the dining room. You know it will have to be sprayed about three times a week."

"I'll remember it."

"I'm afraid you'll forget the canary and let the poor little thing starve."

"Don't worry about the bird, dear. I'll take good care of him."

"But I feel sure you'll forget about keeping the curtains drawn so that things won't all be faded out when I get back."

"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about the curtains. I'll keep the house as dark as a tunnel."

"John, I'm not going. You have some reason for being anxious to get rid of me."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Druids.

The Druids were evidently of very great antiquity, for there cannot be much doubt that it was one of their customs that Virgil had in mind when he wrote in the "Aeneid," vi, 142, that the "only means of access for a living mortal to the world of spirits was the carrying of a golden twig which grew in a dark and thick grove." The resemblance of the story to the Druidical rite is perfect. The Druids practiced their rites in dark groves. If a mistletoe was discovered growing upon an oak a priest severed it with a knife, and a festival was held under the tree at which two milk white bulls were offered as a sacrifice. This was a sacrifice to the sun god, and the mistletoe, from its pale greenish yellow tint, was regarded as a kind of vegetable gold and was accordingly looked upon as being a fit offering to the sun.—*New York American*.

Catching Speed.
Two wild eyed horses, wearing dilapidated harness and drawing a battered delivery wagon, stopped at the stable door.

"Just had a runaway!" panted the driver.

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't put those horses in with the other horses that will soon go out on a trip," said the head hostler. "If you do they'll run away too. They always do. Before I learned as much about horses as I know now I brought on a dozen runaways by doing that fool trick. The horses that have just been on a spree are still worked up to fever pitch, the rest of the horses catch the spirit of the devil from them, and as soon as they get out they take a header."—*New York Times*.

"Magic" Cloths.

Many housewives gladly pay 25 cents for so called "magic" cloths, as they are very useful for silver and other metals. Being dry, they do not soil the hands or clothing and do their work until the cloth itself wears out. To make such a cloth take one quart of gasoline, one-half pound of whiting and one-eighth ounce of oleic acid, mixing all together and shaking well. Soak pieces of woolen cloth in the mixture and hang them in the open air in a shady place to dry. When the cloths are dry the "magic" qualities have been given to them, and those they will never lose. The material must be wool.—*New York Globe*.

A Dear Place.

Ratelman—Who was it said "Home is the dearest place on earth?" Phamlee—Some married man who had just received his coal and grocery bills, no doubt.—*Boston Transcript*.

Difference of Opinion.

It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse races possible.—*Mark Twain*.

Flannagan's Way.

Cassidy—Flannagan's thinking of going into the haulin' business. He bought a foiner new cart today. Casey—But shure he has no horse. Flannagan—No, but he's goin' to buy wan Casey—Well, that's loike Flannagan. He always did git the cart before the horse.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

It is a very great thing for us to do the very best we can do just where and as we are.—*Babcock*.

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*.

Oh, the Difference!

"You look pretty this evening," the bachelor said to his fair companion.

She gazed at him philosophically. "I am sure you mean that well," she replied, "but you have no idea how such a speech wrings the heart of one like me—or would if I had not become hardened to the inevitable. Nobody ever says to me, 'You are pretty.' It is always 'You look pretty.' There is a difference as wide as the wideness of the sea. The girl who really is pretty never has to give the subject a thought. Nothing she can do or leave undone affects the vital fact that she is pretty. The girl whom nature has not thus dowered must be forever trying to make herself 'look pretty.' Of course in a way she deserves far more credit for making herself acceptable to the public than the pretty girl does—also it is a compliment to her taste, ingenuity, skill and various other mental qualities to assure her she has attained success—but it always reminds her of the battle she must continually wage."—*Exchange*.

The Summerless Year.

The year 1816 was called the "year without a summer." Spring came that year, but in its faintest form. Snow, cold rains and winds were incessant. It was the 1st of June before the first left the ground. The farmers planted their crops, but the seed would hardly sprout, and when they came to the surface there was not heat enough to make the frail plants grow. It is recorded that during the month of June birds froze to death in the woods and fields. Small fruits, such as there were, rotted on the stem, there being no birds to eat them. But little corn matured. Only in sheltered spots were good sized roasting ears to be found. Frosts prevailed every month in the year and almost daily. The people after repeated hopes of a change for the better settled down almost in despair. The like of it was never known in the country before and, fortunately, has never been repeated.—*New York American*.

Tolstoy and the Bear.

When Count Tolstoy was a young man he took part in a bear hunt that nearly ended fatally. When the bear charged him Tolstoy fired and missed. He fired a second shot, which hit the bear's jaw and lodged between his teeth. Tolstoy was knocked down, falling with his face in the snow. "There," he thought; "all is over with me." He drew his head as far as possible between his shoulders, exposing chiefly his thick fur cap to the bear's mouth till she was able to tear with her upper teeth only the cheek under the left eye and with the lower teeth the skin of the left part of the forehead. At this moment the famous bear hunt leader, Ostashkof, ran up with a small switch in his hands and cried out his usual "Where are you getting to? Where are you getting to?" This, says Tolstoy, sent the bear scuttling off at her utmost speed.

The Real Old Article.

The stranger in Boston was interested in the old family names of that city. He bore a strong letter of introduction to a prominent townsman. "I can give you from memory the names of all the old families of our city," the prominent townsman said, and he rattled off two or three dozens at an amazing rate.

The stranger looked up from his copy pad expectantly.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"I have given you a complete list of Boston's leading families," the prominent townsman replied. "Not one of them dates back less than six generations."

The stranger stared.

"But surely you have other old families of note in Boston?"

"Merely transients," icily replied the Boston man.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Good and Bad.

A remarkably brief, effective summing up was once quoted by Lord James in an after dinner speech. It was delivered by an Irish judge trying a man for pig stealing. The evidence of his guilt was conclusive, but the prisoner insisted on calling a number of witnesses, who testified most emphatically to his general good character. After hearing their evidence and the counsel's speeches the judge remarked, "Gentlemen of the jury, I think that the only conclusion you can arrive at is that the pig was stolen by the prisoner and that he is the most amiable man in the county."—*London Chronicle*.

Not Her Fault.

The mistress comes home without warning. She finds the maid in gain attire.

"Why, what do you mean," she cries, "by wearing my best black skirt?"

"It is not my fault," replies the maid.

"Madam locked up all her colored ones."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Volcanic Ash.

The destructive Philippine volcanoes have value for one thing at least, says a writer in the *Pacific Monthly*. They are directly responsible for the finest hemp producing area in the world. Hemp thrives in a soil heavily impregnated with volcanic ash.

His Share.

"How do you propose to support my daughter, young man?"

"But, sir, I was only proposing to marry her."—*Exchange*.

Opinion.

Stella—What do you think of marrying a nobleman?

Bella—it is like buying a fish instead of catching it.—*New York Times*.


How blessings brighten as they take their flight!—*Young*.

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BENWAY'S

Two Views of the Street Railway.

The political view. It is an enemy that should be driven to the wall. Every attempt upon its part to increase its revenue is a conspiracy. The payment of any dividends conclusive proof of greed.

The industrial view. The street railway gives large employment to labor. Without it the public is compelled to huddle together in tenement houses in the business center. Without it, no additions to the city, no suburban homes are possible. To allow it adequate revenue serves the common interest, because it must have new capital to do its work, and capital avoids all unprofitable enterprises.

Two Wealthy Cities.
Frankfort probably shares with Amsterdam eminence as being the wealthiest city in the world per capita. There is an immense investment fund in this city gathered through centuries. Frankfort has long been one of the great money markets of Europe and banking in Germany centered here until recent years, the great Frankfort private banking houses leading and being assisted in their operations by such houses as Mendelssohns and Biechroeders in Berlin and the Oppenheims in Hanover.

The Danger-Line.
"Once," said Brother Dickey, "dar wus a man who prayed that he might git out of de wilderness, an' his pra' wuz answered, an' time he got out, a orternoble run over him, an' then bout de time he riz up an' bressed de dust from off him a' r'ashp' felled ag'in a policeman told him ter move on; an' so he lifted up all de voice what he had left an' prayed for a hurricane ter blow him back ter whar he come from."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

Election, Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1911.
Polls Open 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

STATE TICKET.

Judges of the Supreme Court—Charles B. Letton, William B. Rose, Francis G. Hamer.
Railway Commissioner—Thomas H. Hall.
Regents of State University—Frank L. Haller, Victor G. Lyford.

COUNTY TICKET.

Judges of the District Court—Willard E. Stewart, Albert J. Cornish, P. James Cosgrave.
Clerk of the District Court—J. S. Baer.
County Judge—George H. Risser.
County Treasurer—Philip A. Sommerlad.
County Clerk—Harry E. Wells.
Sheriff—Gus A. Hyers.
County Commissioner—Clinton J. Mitchell.
County Superintendent—W. H. Gardner.
County Surveyor—W. S. Scott.
Coroner—V. A. Matthews.

CITY TICKET.

Sanitary Trustee—Kent D. Cunningham.
Police Judge—Bruce Fullerton.
Justices of the Peace—W. T. Stevens, John E. Lowe.
Constables—A. M. Bartram, Ira Miller.

Saturday, October 28th, only day left for registration.

If you have not registered this fall you must register October 28th or you cannot vote at the November Election or the Primaries next spring.

We solicit your earnest support for one of the strongest and best tickets ever presented to the voters of Lancaster county.

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Chairman County Republican Central Committee.
J. REID GREEN, Secretary.

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