

Prayers for Suicides.

On All Souls' Day every good Catholic goes to some cemetery to lay flowers on the graves of loved ones. Owing to the number of suicides by drowning in the Danube there are many dead to whom this rite cannot be paid, and in honor of these a touching ceremony has been held in Budapest. Several thousand persons walked in solemn procession to the bank of the Danube by the Franz Josef bridge, and a wreath made of leather was sunk in the water, while the attendants uncovered their heads and said prayers. On one side of the wreath the words were embossed: "For the salvation of those who died in the Danube," and on the other side: "Do not take this out, but leave it in the water." A layman then gave an address, in which he extolled the virtues of many of those who had been driven to suicide, and condemned the church for refusing its blessing to their bodies.

Dogfish.

A fisherman from Montauk Point was telling his friends of catching a huge dogfish that had a most abnormal skull. The angler operated on his agly and worthless catch, and found in the skull all that was left of a once strong rubber band. Evidently when that big dogfish was little some angler who had rigged up for cod or other bottom fish had caught the dog around its gills and turned it loose, expecting the terrified thing to die. That revealed the story of how some fishermen not so gentle and humane as the sailing anglers treat the poor but pestiferous dogfishes when they are caught. Generally there is an empty beer bottle handy, and this is tightly corked and tied to the tail of the fish, which is thrown back into the sea. It goes to the bottom, of course, but the steady pull of that air-filled bottle finally proves too much for its strength, and it comes wiggling up, tail first, only to go down again and repeat the performance until the wretched thing dies. Frequently, when there is no beer bottle to be had, a piece of wood will do just as well or just as ill.

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Wooing A Star

By Louise Merrifield

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Hamilton swung up on the steps of the sleeper. The rescue portion of the train crew had started its twelve-mile push through the snowdrifts down the track to Moosehead, the nearest telegraph station. There was one chance in fifty that they might meet a relief gang working toward them. And it was Christmas eve. "We won't get through, sah," said the porter cheerfully. "Suttily looks most unpromising for Santa Claus tonight."

"Never can tell, Sam. You'd better hang up your sock," Hamilton returned. "I'm sorry for the poor devils in the day coaches and tourist cars. How about that private layout we tacked on at Boise City?" "Private car, sah—Mme. Helene Cesare."

The name struck a chord that had been Hamilton's dominant strain for ten years. He knew Helene Cesare. Back in the lean years, when she had been a slender, eager-eyed girl with a golden voice, who frankly hailed from Omaha, he had met her at one of his sister's musicales in the east. Kit Murray, they called her then. She was about seventeen, with a mass of reddish hair, framing a tense, determined face, with big, dreamy, almost resentful eyes. She had been resentful, too, of his proffers of friendship and assistance so far as her career was concerned. She would win, she had told him, win by sheer work and effort. It had not been with her consent that his sister had bent all her influence toward her success. Yet she had been grateful, too, and had never known how much of it she owed to Hamilton's love for her.

On his way to the private car he met the conductor. "About six hours anyway, sir, possibly more," he answered Hamilton. "Tough on the people in the cars ahead. There's nothing to feed them with, and a lot of kids, too."

Hamilton went on to the last car. He met Madame's secretary at the vestibule and gave his card. When he entered the drawing room section,



She had risen to greet him.

she had risen to greet him, her fur-trimmed cloak slipping back from her shoulders, her eyes full of the same luminous eagerness he remembered well.

"Ah, but this is kind of you," she said. "And I am so lonesome, and tired. How much you look like yourself!" The absurdity of her own remark dawned on her, and she laughed richly, happily. "I mean as I remember you, Hugh. Tell me of yourself. Sit there. We will dine presently."

"But we must not, not yet, please," he interposed. "I have come to you for two reasons: first to see you. You know how I have wanted to."

"But we were on the same little earth, my friend."

"Half a world away, and more. You were a planet, child, and I a star worshiper. So—well, I have worshiped as a star should be worshiped."

She looked at him questioningly, almost anxiously. His eyes regarded her hungrily. This was not the girl of seventeen when he had loved tenderly, protectingly, this woman with the curved lips and well-poised head, the sure, clear gaze, and voice that stirred old memories into life.

Yet, gazing at the white perfection of her throat and shoulders, her jeweled head, the exquisite lines of her velvet dinner gown, he thought of the mass of warped humanity on the rest of the stalled train, hungry, bitter, stunned by the prospect of a snowbound Christmas.

It made no difference to Cesare, her car would be as warm, as brilliantly lighted, her dinner as perfectly served as if she were in her own Parisian apartment. And suddenly he resolved to throw all his chances on one single number. It would prove to him whether any tenderness, any womanliness still lay dormant under that breast.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I simply cannot stay with you, not with those poor devils ahead stranded. There are children, too, they say. You know what that means, Kit—"

cept our own dinner tonight. Does that content you?"

"Will you come with me, and sing them Christmas carols?" "Why not?" She caught the infection of the thought gayly. "I was to sing tonight at some city; where was it? My secretary knows—for five thousand. What then? We will pour the voice out to your day coach pilgrims, Hugh. I hope they will like me."

With her hand laid lightly on his arm, she went ahead through the train, and the word spread like fire. The great singer would give her voice as freely to them for their Christmas eve as she gave from her larder to feed them.

Hamilton never forgot the picture she made as she stood in the aisle of each of the crowded coaches, head lifted, lips smiling, singing old heart songs and carols that left her audiences in tears. And she enjoyed it as the girl of ten years ago would have done, every minute of her progress, while the children reached to rub their cheeks against her velvet gown and the soft fur, and baby hands were lifted longingly toward her violets. She wore no corsage bouquet by the time they had returned to the private car.

There in the cold vestibule they faced each other. Hamilton knew that fate had given him a second chance after ten years.

"I thought there was only the soul of the artist left in you, Kit," he said, gripping both her hands in his warm grasp. "I believed the years had killed all sentiment in you, and here you go with me and give your golden voice to those poor devils. You never looked so beautiful in your life as when you lifted that baby in your arms, the one that cried for your diamond necklace. Do you know it, do you?"

"I know that I have missed the better part of life, Hugh. They say a woman who gives her whole heart to art can follow only the one master. I used to believe that when I was a girl, but no more. One cannot be a great artist and interpret the emotions until one has suffered oneself, has—loved, perhaps."

"Love is not always suffering, dear."

"No?" She smiled at him with eyes filled with tears. "I found it so when I wakened after years of work, and found you gone, and only success to carry me on. I found it was most bitter suffering, Hugh."

The fur cloak slipped back from her throat as he held her in his arms, kissing the full, perfect lips and tender eyes. There was a sudden commotion outside in the darkness, shouts and waving of lanterns. The train crew were returning with a relief party. Somebody yelled that the snow plow was pushing its way through the drifts, and the train would be moving in half an hour.

"We will reach Helena by daylight. Then," said Hamilton, "I am going straight through with you to New York, and we will be married there, before the new year. Does that interfere with your engagements, Kit?"

Madame Cesare laughed softly, and gathered her cloak about her as she preceded him into her car.

"I shall never say it that way again. Hereafter it shall be, do my engagements interfere with you, Hugh?"

"Better not," he flung back. "I shall claim all the light of my star if you do."

"When one has won a star, is it not his?" Cesare's eyes were proud and happy as she answered him. "I have had ten years of all the world can give. Now I ask—only you."

Elasticity of Human Skull.

Fortunately the human skull, although composed of bones, is elastic—much more so than one would think. The average male adult skull, in fact, is so elastic that it may be compressed laterally in diameter by a blow or pressure applied at the center of area at right angles to the surface at that point by 1½ centimeters, or about six-tenths of an inch; recovering its original diameter and form without breakage. The material of which our bones are made is so highly resistant that a cylindrical piece thereof only one square millimeter or 0.00155 square inch in area—i. e., only 1.128 millimeter or 0.044 inch in diameter, has a tensile strength of 15 kilograms or 33 pounds avoirdupois, figuring out at about 21,300 pounds per square inch. A similar sample of hardwood tested in the same manner held only ten kilograms—that is, bone has 50 per cent. more tensile strength than wood. A single bone fiber is shown in the hygiene exhibition, Dresden, supporting a weight of five kilograms or 11 pounds avoirdupois.

Mutual Discontent.

First Clubwoman—No; I'm not going to the annual dinner. The committee always puts me beside the most uninteresting people.

Second Clubwoman—That's just my experience. We were sitting together last year, weren't we?—London Opinion.

Among the Probabilities.

"I see that Willis Moore, the chief weather man, says people will be flying from New York to London in ten hours before long. Believe it?" "Well, I shouldn't wonder. He's been making some mighty good guesses lately."

In These Days of High Prices.

Squirrel—You seem to have a very small family this year. Mother Clucks. Mother Clucks—At the present prices of eggs it's too expensive to raise large families.—Judge.

ROMEO CAUGHT IN CHIMNEY

Curious Antics of a Breton Lover Cause Excitement in Village in Brittany.

This story comes straight from Morlaix, a very modern place in Brittany. Our Romeo, like Chaucer's hero, was caught in the chimney. He was going to his sweetheart, instead of running away from her. The pretty Juliette was a distance of some seven miles from his home. The enamored Romeo tramped it on foot all that distance. At night he reached the house, and called, but got no answer. As the door was shut he decided to try the roof. On the roof he found that was quite wide enough to let him down. He descended for some distance, but then, as he came near the fireplace, the chimney narrowed. He slipped and got in a narrow neck. Here he was caught, unable to move up or down. Before long he felt a suffocating sensation. If the thing lasted much longer it would be the end of him. He could stand it no more. After groaning he yelled, and he bellowed so well that not only was his sweetheart disturbed in her slumbers, but the whole village was excited.

The nearest chimney-sweep was called, but he could not help him out. The gendarmes woke up the mayor, and he, with all the notables of the place, went to look. They consulted among them, and the only way to liberate the captive lover was to pull down part of the chimney. This was done by some masons, and he was presently released, but before being allowed his freedom a police report was drawn up, with a view to inflicting a series of fines for breaking into a private inclosure, damaging other people's property, waking up the authorities unnecessarily, and causing a public scandal. Poor Romeo was very sad when it was all over.—Paris Correspondence, London Telegraph.

ROTHSCHILD OF THE EAST

Mitsui Family of Japan is Famous for Unsullied Honor of Their Name.

The Mitsui family of Japan have been called the Rothschilds of the East; but while the fame of the latter has gone abroad over the world, says the Atlantic Monthly, the Mitsuis have remained practically unknown except to a few western merchants who have had extensive dealings with the Orient.

The European family owes its great renown to the fact that for a century there has been no slightest stain upon its commercial honor. But its career, it should be remembered, has been passed in a world where business itself has been held in honor; while the Mitsuis, engaged in a pursuit utterly condemned by public sentiment, for three centuries, in spite of the demoralizing influence of the social ban, have been trusted by government and people alike and have kept the honor of their name unstained. Now, thanks to the new spirit animating the nation, they no longer stand so conspicuously alone.

Other great commercial families are being ranged with this one, their members not only enrolled among the peers of the realm, but ranking with the merchant princes of the west as exponents of all that is honorable in the conduct of mercantile affairs. To their number are yearly being added many of the Samfrai, or nightly chivalry of old, who once scorned all contact with trade, but who are now returning to bring to the rescue of their country the fine sense of honor in which they were educated under the ancient regime. That they will eventually succeed in their task, backed as they are by the instinct of common honesty pervading the rank and file, there can be no manner of doubt.

Apparatus for Finding Water.

The hazel twig as a water finder has been supplanted by a remarkable invention, consisting of a simple apparatus. The principle on which the instrument works is the measuring of the strength of electric currents between the earth and the atmosphere. These are always strongest in the vicinity of subterranean water courses, the flowing waters of which are charged with electricity to a certain degree. The apparatus takes the form of a box-shaped instrument fixed on a tripod, with a dial on which a needle is used to indicate the presence of water. If the needle remains stationary it may be taken for granted that no subterranean spring exists; the spot where the greatest movement of the needle is obtained is that where well boring operations should be made.

How to Clean Tapestry.

Shake the tapestry gently but well to remove loose dirt and then immerse it in a cleansing fluid composed as follows. Take four ounces of soap to a quart of water and boil it until it becomes a jelly; then divide this equally in two tubs of hot water, adding a cup of bran to each tub to prevent the colors from running. It is best to sew the bran in cheese cloth bags, so that it will not stick to the fabric.

After washing the tapestry alternately in the two tubs, rinse in water strongly flavored with vinegar (to prevent colors fading) and dry.

After the heavier weight of the water is out, stiffen with a thin boiled starch and iron quickly on the wrong side with a rather hot iron.

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