

**NICKNAMES ON THE OCEAN**

Tradition Governs Them Among American and English Sailors and They Never Alter.

In the American and English navies, as well as in the merchant marine, are found nicknames that have been in use since before men dreamed that there was land on the other side of the western ocean. Tradition, most inflexible of all rules, governs them, and they never alter, whether the ship clears from the Golden Gate or from London Docks. Some of the nicknames are of obvious origin; others seem to gain force by their apparent lack of reason.

For instance, why should all men named Wright be called "Shiners"? Clark is invariably "Nobby"; Green is "Jimmy"; and a White is a "Knocker." "Spud" Murphy explains itself, as does "Dusty" Miller. "Lofty" and "Shorty" do not need to present cards to their mates when they sign on, and it is not worth while for the brunette sailor to resent it when a friendly chap calls him as "Nigger"—he can't whip the entire crew, one after the other.

The rigid forms of the quarterdeck do not hold during the watch below, and the captain is the "Skipper," and the first lieutenant is familiarly "Jimmy the One." On fighting ships the gunnery lieutenant is "Gunnery Jack," or more briefly "Guns"; the torpedo lieutenant, "Torpedo Jack" or "Sparks," and the navigating officer, "The Navy."

Even a landlubber would know that "Tommy Pipes" was the boatswain, "Chips" the carpenter, "Jimmy Bungs" the cooper, and "Sails" the sailmaker.—The Sunday Magazine.

**HE LENDS MONEY ON ANIMALS**

Dr. Martin Potter Takes Strange Pledge—How One of Them Succeeded Him.

Not even the author of the "Club of Strange Trades" conceived of an odder means of livelihood than that of Dr. Martin Potter, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He runs an animal pawnshop. If you have a lion that you don't need as badly as you need the money, or want to soak a trained bear for a few weeks, or put up an elephant until you hear from home, go around to Dr. Potter. He'll loan you the money—charge your live stock and he will not charge you any interest. But you'll have to pay the board of your pledge. "I just drifted into the business," said Dr. Potter. "I started out to furnish trained animals to shows. I've rented everything to showmen from a troupe of thoroughbred horses to a red-eyed Numidian lion. By and by I found that I had to lend money now and then to my patrons and take their stock in pledge. It was a necessity of the business, but now I like it."

His stables contain elephants and camels—if you're a regular showman you'll say cam-u-el—and monkeys and a dozen sorts of dogs and all varieties of the cat tribe and the deuce knows what. And his proudest boast is that he was never stuck but once. "Fellow borrowed \$20 from me on a trick dog," said he. "Finest dog I ever saw. I'd have loaned \$100 on him as easy. But I wasn't shown all that dog's tricks by his owner. That night I found that he had been trained to unlatch the door and get out—and his owner had not trained him to come back."

**"I'M LITTLE, BUT I'LL TRY"**

Brave Child of Section Foreman Saved Train and Set Example for All Others.

She was only seven years old, Eileen Martin, the section foreman's daughter, as she stood reaching up to a telephone at the little town of Alta, Cal., telling the agent at the nearest station that a rail was broken. Child-like, she knew the semaphore signals, had come to the track to see the Overland Limited whirl by and had watched the long finger drop, letting the train into the block.

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," she said, when the station agent asked her if she could not stop the train that was past him, and started out with her sister of fourteen who had just appeared. They ran down the track, stopped the train and saved a wreck. Pretty much every primary school in the city ought, within the next week, to hear of Eileen's "I'm pretty little, but I'll try." The alert attention which knew the semaphore signal, the quick wit which understood what a broken rail meant, the decision and initiative which alone sought the telephone, the courage with which she and her sister started up the track, waving their aprons to stop the big Overland Limited as it bore down upon them—these are the qualities which through life bring self-help, for others, success and happiness.

And she was only seven years old, "pretty little," but ready to "try."—Philadelphia Press.

**WORKED LONG FOR SUCCESS**

Mrs. Stannard Wrote Steadily for Years Before "Bootie's Baby" Made Its Hit.

It is interesting to recall just now that the late Mrs. Stannard, otherwise "John Strange Winter," once described herself as a woman writer but not a "woman's righter." Yet there was certainly no lack of character or brain power about the author of "Bootie's Baby," who was indeed an eminently capable woman with a clear, well-balanced intellect, much robust common sense, and a great capacity for organization, which served her in good stead when she turned from literature to commerce.

Struggling authors may be interested to know that it was only after ten years of incessant work that Mrs. Stannard, who lived to write something like one hundred books, scored her first real success. And even this might not have been achieved but for a little piece of luck, for "Bootie's Baby," the work in question, had then been rejected by six London publishers and cast aside as hopeless. Mrs. Stannard's husband, however, happened to pick up the manuscript one day, read it, liked it, and suggested that he should send it to the Graphic. Mrs. Stannard answered: "Send it anywhere you like," and no one was more astonished than herself when in due course the Graphic took it.—Westminster Gazette.

**Interesting Antiquities.**

One of the huge stones of the Avebury Druidical circle, which is much larger and older than Stonehenge, has fallen owing doubtless to the effects of weather. Aubrey, who acted as guide to Charles II on a visit to this district in 1663, declared that Avebury as far surpassed Stonehenge as a cathedral does a parish church.

The rampart and fosse enclose nearly 30 acres, but of the original 600 stones there are now only 18 standing, the number in 1722 being 44. In addition to the circle Avebury possesses an interesting church dating from before the Conquest and an Elizabethan manor house, while a mile away is Silbury hall, the largest artificial mound in Europe, being 135 feet high and having a base which covers five acres.

**Bunting Thoroughly Tested.**

In very truth a modern battleship does, in modern phrasing, carry some bunting. About \$150,000 is spent by the United States navy for flags each year. Every case of bunting costs the government \$560; every roll costs \$11.25. The bunting comes from Massachusetts. Every piece is subjected to the most severe test. It must weigh five pounds to every forty yards and stand the weight test of seventy pounds to two square inches. It is steeped in salt water for six hours and then exposed to the sun for the same period of time. If after this treatment it continues to be bunting of a distinguishable color it is pronounced fit for service.

**Snakes in Plaster.**

In a small part of a South Carolina swamp represented on the second floor of the American Museum of Natural History is included a snake group among the logs, vines and water hyacinths. The group shows side by side poisonous snakes, the water moccasin, and the non-poisonous, the brown water snake.

An example of the deadly moccasin water snake of the south is made from a wax cast by James C. Bell, with color work by Frederick H. Stoll. It is extremely lifelike and realistic, quite enough to give the visitor an acquaintance with the species.

**Perfect Analogy.**

Shortleigh—My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondike.  
Longleigh—Why, how's that?  
Shortleigh—Plenty of wealth, but cold and distant.—Smart Set.

**Tim Molony —Brute**

By M. J. Phillips

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"You're a brute, Tim Moloney!" said Sheila O'Brien, her blue eyes flashing, "to whip Danny Cassidy!" "Poor little Danny," mocked Big Tim. "Sure, he weighs two hundred." "But he isn't as big as you are," returned Sheila, with a glance of admiration, sternly repressed. "You had no business to strike him."

"He danced five times with you last night," accused Big Tim. "Every time he does that, and brags about it, I'll thump him!" "You have no thought of a poor girl's reputation," rejoined Sheila, on the verge of tears. "Sure, what will folks say, when they know two big omadhauns were fighting about me?"

Being unused to the ways of women, Tim blundered then. "If you didn't dance but once with Cassidy," he pointed out triumphantly, "there'd be no fighting and no talking."

"I'll dance with who I please," flared Sheila, white and angry. "Here's your ring, Tim Moloney; you can't prison me!"

It was a useful Big Tim who found himself in the street soon after, his modest diamond ring in his pocket and desolation in his heart. That the hammering of the bumptious Cassidy would bring any such result he had never for a moment dreamed, or he might have been slower about going into action.

But the damage was done. He promised himself sternly that if Cassidy didn't keep a civil tongue in his head another beating would be his portion.

Big Tim, lately promoted to the "Broadway squad," governed the busiest corner in the city with a rod of iron. Inches over six feet, with shoulders as broad as a door, he carried his bulk like a willow wand. He was a handsome chap, with roguish brown eyes. His brown hair showed an unruly desire to curl behind, though it was clipped short. He was always clean shaven, with a tinge of healthy red in his firm cheeks.

Chauffeurs, motormen and teamsters were on their best behavior at his corner. He had a singular dislike for ar-



"Waitin' is good for them"

gument and a red-blooded love for action. The man who did not heed the white-gloved hand was likely to find himself jerked bodily to the paving stones by a blue-clad giant with a leap like a catamount.

The next day after his quarrel with Sheila he ruled his little kingdom with the impartial excellence of Solomon, albeit it was all done subconsciously. The warning whistle blew and traffic stopped. With one hand he held three converging strands; a gesture of the other and the fourth thread worked its way through. Then he shuttled the others back and forth with the calm confidence of the weaver who carries his design ever before him.

His thoughts were not on his work. Everywhere he looked he saw Sheila's blue eyes blazing with anger, clouded with tears. Every sound resolved itself into Sheila's voice. "You're a brute, Tim Moloney!"

Again and again he rehearsed their quarrel, or thought of the seven hundred dollars saved up with which to start housekeeping. The poor little spurned ring throbbled and burned against his heart.

He did not know that, mid-afternoon, Sheila, lips compressed and head held high, came down the avenue. She was on a wholly unnecessary errand which, she assured herself, was very important. Nor did he know that on pretense of waiting for a car she was watching him with a betraying wistfulness.

Despite his preoccupation Tim saw the little old lady on the curb as soon as she arrived there. She had silvery hair. It showed around the delicate face, beneath the bonnet, which was fashion's last word in the seventies. She was bent and carried a cane. She wore a shawl; her gown was pitifully shabby. In her faded blue eyes was a look almost of terror. The streets were slippery with new fallen snow.

Tim's whistle shrilled. Both hands went up decisively. All traffic—trucks, motors, trolleys—stopped. The living stream, pouring in from four

directions, was dammed. Motormen banged their gongs peevishly, chauffeurs honked inquiringly. But Tim looked neither to the right nor the left; he hastened to the old lady on the curb.

"You want to cross, ma'am?" he asked, with his sunny smile, and offered her arm.

The old lady took it gratefully. "I suppose a lame old woman has no business on this busy street," she said, a little breathlessly. "Sure, and you have, ma'am," returned Tim, stoutly. "Take your time; I don't slip. 'Tis bad footing."

"Thank you, young man; you're the first person I've met since I left home that wasn't in a hurry. The city's a dreadful place!" "It is so, ma'am," agreed Tim, soberly.

When their slow journey was half completed, the old lady realized that the lane of six feet which they were traversing was banked on every side by impatient hundreds who waited on her footsteps.

She halted and withdrew her hand from the policeman's arm, the better to raise a chiding forefinger. "All these people waiting just for me? You shouldn't have done it. They're more important than I am."

"They think they are, but they're not, ma'am," assured Big Tim. "Waitin' is good for them."

He gave the nearest motorman a level glance that stopped him in mid-bang. A grim, contemptuous stare, sweeping over a befurred chauffeur and significantly to his license number, brought the fellow's gauntleted hand quickly from the horn.

The other curb was won at last, and the old lady turned for a final word. "You're real good," she said, earnestly. "The city can't be such a dreadful place when there are boys like you in it. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, ma'am—in Ireland," returned Big Tim. "I hope you write to her?"

"Twice a month, ma'am." "Keep on writing. Don't ever miss. Mothers set store by letters." She smiled lonesomely. "Good-by, Mr. Policeman."

Big Tim, bareheaded, bowed courier-like over her fingers. She dropped him a little curtsy. To Sheila it was like a scene from a play. The snow was clean and fresh. The glittering show windows, pricked out by their myriad lights, were the background. The old lady and Tim, unconsciously graceful and sincere, held the center of the stage. The hurrying crowds on the walk filled in.

The temper of the audience in the street changed at the little tableau. Impatient scowls gave place to smiles.

Big Tim dove into the tangle and zigzagged his way to the middle of the street again. His whistle sounded. His white-gloved hand was aloft, beckoning. The snarled strands of traffic straightened out and shuttled back and forth.

The motorman who had banged the loudest gave Moloney a friendly grin as he rumbled past. On all sides people nodded and smiled. There was something heart-warming about the gentle kindness of the big policeman.

"I'd like to get across, Mr. Moloney," said a timid voice when traffic had settled down again. Tim turned like a shot. It was Sheila, demure and friendly.

"Yes, ma'am," he stammered. Almost at the curb she hugged his elbow suddenly to her breast. "You aren't a brute, Timmie," she said, warmly. "I'm a mean, ungrateful girl, so I am."

"Sheila!" cried Tim, huskily. "Can I come up tonight?" She smiled dazingly, and a blush mounted to her rounded cheeks. "If you'll bring me my ring."

"Darlin'!" said big Tim, fervently.

**Success in Life.**

The service in philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit is to rouse, to startle it into sharp and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us—for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.—Walter Pater's Conclusion in "The Renaissance."

**Mystery in Corner Stones.**

One phase of New York life that lures me past all resistance is the opening of an old corner stone," said the city salesman. "Every time my progressive townsmen pull down a building that was put up a few years back with impressive ceremonies I try to be present at the unsealing of the old stone. Nothing reveals the change in fashions more mercilessly than its contents. The other day they opened the cornerstone of a building that had run its course in 12 years. It had been the whim of the owner to preserve certain articles of feminine adornment for future ages to marvel over. Along with the more serious documents representative of contemporary life were a box of hairpins, a baby's feeding bottle, several toys and photographs of pretty women."

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
Estate No. 3019 of Heinrich Mohr, deceased, in the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.  
The State of Nebraska, ss.: Creditors of said estate take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is September 16, 1912, and for payment of debts is April 15, 1913; that I will sit at the County Court room in said County, on June 17, 1912, at 2 P. M., and on September 16, 1912, at 2 P. M., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. Dated February 9, 1912.  
(Seal) **GEO. H. RISSER,**  
County Judge.  
By **ROBIN R. REID,** Clerk. 16-11

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