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# Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

## Policeman on Beat First Time, Makes Big Haul.



NEW YORK.—'Twas a proud day, the other night, for Dennis Redding, beginning his career as a full-fledged policeman. No longer was he to be held in contempt by the coppers of the Tremont avenue police station in the Bronx, where Dennis had been filling the humble office of doorman, which is little more than being a janitor.

Dennis moved up, in and out following Police Commissioner Waldo's new order to increase the efficiency of the force without augmenting its numbers. The order promoted all doormen to be patrolmen.

Dennis' ambition aspired to deeds far above wearing out shoe leather, however, and upon his very first night came the grand opportunity to prove his innate ability. Captain Brennan of the precinct assigned him to keep Third avenue between One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street and One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street clear of underworld folk. Dennis assumed the task at 11 o'clock at night.

Ere the unproductive wee sma' hours had entirely sifted through the hour glass a north-bound Third avenue trolley car was brought to a jerky stop near Dennis' stand. The motor-man, frightfully frightened, nearly broke his neck in jumping from the car to inform the amazed Dennis that a most mysterious bundle was lying close to the tracks at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street. That was a long way from where Dennis was then upholding the dignity of the law, but he lost no time.

The bundle turned out to be a box three feet square. Sainted infernal machines! Dennis lifted the heavy object to his shoulder with extra caution.

When Dennis arrived he was foot sore and shoulder sore. His new clear linen collar, purchased that very day, was starch. Lieutenant McMann was on the desk. He wasn't excited, but he asked what the capture was.

Dennis obtained a jimmy and a hammer, as being the most appropriate instruments with which to open a box labeled "Handle with great care."

Finally the lid was pried off and Dennis lifted out some four pounds of excelsior, underneath which there reposed a boulder bearing this inscription in red paint: "Stung!"

The "fine" is not recorded on the police blotter and Dennis is looking for the Third avenue motorman.

## Is Kansas City Woodpecker a Slave to Science?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Out on Campbell street, the neighborhood is treated each morning to what sounds like the roll of a distant drum or the far away clatter of the trip-hammer on a new skyscraper. It is an elusive sound, now appearing to come from some remote distance, then permeating the whole atmosphere as if close at hand.

The noise was something of a mystery at first, but at last the source of it was discovered. The drummer is a woodpecker, one of the red headed variety. His drum is one of those galvanized iron boxes linemen put, for reasons best known to themselves, just beneath the cross pieces of telephone poles.

It is now several weeks since Mr. Red-head began his musical development. Alighting by chance one morning on the tin box, he, probably as a matter of habit, tried his hard beak on the material which formed his resting place. Apparently the result surprised him. As the resonant response to his tapping rang out he stood erect and looked about him in surprise.

Mr. Red-head flew away. But the result of his experiment lingered in his memory. Here was the Sir Isaac Newton of the feathered world. Why



should the apple fall to the ground, or rather why should his pecking in that particular spot cause all that noise and no hole? He would return and investigate again. He did. Not only once, but half a dozen times that day was the air vibrant with the sound of his hammering.

A night's sleep did not erase the strange phenomenon from his thoughts. Early the next morning his rub-a-dub-dub, delivered almost too rapidly for the separate blows to be distinguished, showed that he was of the stuff that made James Watt marvel at the power of the steam in the teakettle.

Every day since that time Mr. Red-head has delved into the mysteries of science, but hasn't delved perceptibly into the stubborn surface of the echoing box. It is observed that he always hammers in exactly the same place.

## Chicago Sleuths to Study Ibsen and Etiquette



CHICAGO.—When a beautiful debutante is suddenly awakened from the spell of a dreamy walk by the r-r-r-rip of her gown, and she turns in horror to find the neat number 12 patent leather pump of the corner policeman planted on her train, she need not wonder who let him in.

For Chicago policemen are planning to get their names on the invitation lists of society. The activities of a "Raffles" who attends exclusive entertainments and robs his hostesses, has made them despair of trapping him in any way except invading society and meeting the gentlemanly burglar on his own ground.

Disguised in full dress suits and their wrists shaved to prevent the bristles from showing in the gap between glove tops and the latest model patent reversible cuffs that will bear evidence to the tender ministrations

of Hop Wah, president of the Chinese Laundry trust, they propose to attend fashionable functions and watch for the society thief. They are confident that even the most acute observers will fail to detect them as detectives while they mingle with the throng of Beau Brummels.

The latest exploit of the Chesterfieldian burglar was to make off with much valuable loot, including \$250 from the handbags of women guests, while Mrs. G. H. Grubbs, 1040 Dakin street, Edgewater, was entertaining. When this was reported, word went out from the Town Hall and Summerdale stations that the limit had been reached, and that policemen assigned to duty as sleuths, must provide themselves with dress suits and study books on "Etiquette, and How It Should Be Served," preparatory to their social campaign.

"Don't you just love Ibsen?" a hostess will ask.

"Well, I don't want to 'knock' our friends, lady." Patrolman Cornelius Bourbon McGillcuddy may reply as he toys with his tea cup, "but if the Gibson you mean is the new 'cop' over at Thirty-third, I can't second the motion. No mum."

## Farmer Offers Pigs as Starter for a City Zoo

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A domestic department in the zoological garden is urged by George L. Laage, who, in a letter to the Zoological society, offers to present a nucleus in the shape of a pair of blue-blooded hogs. Although officers of the society believe that what the St. Louis collection needs most is wild animals, some favor such a supplement as Mr. Laage proposes, and his communication will have serious consideration.

The Laage letter is as follows:

"I have noticed with a great deal of interest the progress being made toward establishing a zoo in Forest Park.

"Not wishing to intrude at the same time I am anxious to make a suggestion and a donation.

"So many of the city children, grown folks as well, have seen all kinds of wild animals in traveling menageries, but how many of these city folks have seen our ordinary domestic animals in their habits?

"My reason for this suggestion: About a year ago I had on exhibition



in a show window, a prize pig. A mother with her two children stopped to take a look at it. The children exclaimed: 'Oh, mamma, what a funny looking dog that is!' The mother knew no better and could not explain to her children.

"Why not exhibit our own food-producing animals, such as cows, sheep and hogs, to the children who never get to the country, and let them know where their food stuff comes from?"

"Domestic animals can be secured without cost. Anyone having pride in them will be glad to donate or loan them to your proposed zoo.

"To start the ball-a-rolling, I will donate a fine male and female Duroc Jersey hog."

## A WORD PERSONAL.

The issue of Will Maupin's Weekly of August 30 will be a "Harvest Home" number, a repetition of the annual editions of this newspaper. I believe I am warranted in saying that the special editions of this newspaper are about the best possible textbooks on Nebraska and Her Resources. I am not going to make any big promises, but I do promise that the forthcoming annual number will be the best ever issued by me. As to what this means, I refer you to the annual editions of the past.

In the "Harvest Home" number I purpose telling you a few things about Nebraska's history, about her productivity, about her enterprise, about her resources and about her possibilities. I will give statistics that are startling, and presented in an interesting manner—not in the old dry-as-dust fashion. Something will be said about the men who are doing real things for the upbuilding of the state; something about the big enterprises of the state, both under way and in prospect. In short, the "Harvest Home" number will be worthy of the study of every Nebraskan who wants to know more about his state.

Of course I will appreciate all support given me in this enterprise. The edition will be a good advertising medium for live and progressive business establishments. This paper is fighting for the "home patronage" idea with all its might, and seeking to cultivate state pride and state loyalty. I ask your cordial co-operation in my efforts to advertise Nebraska's resources and build up her local institutions.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

## Object Lessons in Thrift

AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

Lincoln, Nebr.

It is not the dollars you earn and save that make you independent. It is the dollars you earn, save and put to work. Busy dollars make men independent. A dollar hidden away is serving no good purpose. A dollar put to work earns money for the owner, earns money for the borrower, and earns money for the general public by enlarging the volume of business.

When you save a dollar, put it to work at once. Make it earn more for you, while serving the public. We will show you how to make your savings earn more money for you. The record of nearly twelve years of successful business is our recommendation. Come in and let us explain our system to you.

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## HORSE GOODS

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