

DESTROY THE STORKS

IN GERMANY THEY ARE CONSIDERED ENEMIES OF SPORT.

Prejudice is resulting in their systematic slaughter in parts of the Fatherland, and the birds are rapidly being thinned out.

No one who has any delight in Hans Andersen's tales can hear unmoved that the stork has fallen upon evil times. Four years ago it was noticed that they were building less on Turkish house-tops and their diminishing numbers were regarded by the superstitious Ottomans as an evil omen for the future of the race in Europe. On leaving Europe at the end of summer, they seem to penetrate far down the interior of Africa. One that had been caught and marked in Prussia was captured in Natal, near Colenso. Whether the disappearance of wild animals from South Africa before the advance of the settlers also affects the storks is a question not yet settled.

However that may be, attention is being drawn anew to their dwindling numbers in Alsace, now that they are getting ready to leave for the south. German scientists have ascertained that they are also getting fewer in the Palatinate, Hesse, and Franconia. The country people are making valiant efforts to maintain the numbers of their visitors by placing artificial nests on the roofs of their houses, and even by feeding them artificially.

But the storks in Germany have to contend with a prejudice most difficult to eradicate. They are looked upon as enemies of sport. It is true that they sometimes raid the families of hares or find their food in ponds well stocked with fish. But the damage they do in this way is negligible in comparison with the great boon they confer on farmers by destroying mice and moles.

If we are to believe the German ornithological paper, "Mitteilungen über die Vogelwelt," a bad example in the treatment of this useful bird has been set in high places. The Grand Duke of Oldenburg is said to have given orders for the curtailing of the number of storks in his state. Fifty per cent. of them are to be shot down. By depriving the female birds of their male admirers, the Grand Duke hopes to "cut down the birth-rate." The German paper containing this announcement protests against a barbarity which deprives villages of their old-established guests, but it adds that similar cases are reported from Upper Franconia, where the owners of sporting estates are actually compelling the peasants to remove the storks' nests perched on their cottage roofs.

The paper appeals to the public to put a stop to this work of destruction. In Alsace happily such brutal methods are unknown. There the bird which symbolizes such venerable traditions is treated with universal respect.

Couldn't Stand for Wager.
Baylis Steele, capitalist and promoter, one day became involved in a dispute over a question of Biblical history.

"Elijah was a lucky man," he remarked. "Instead of being compelled to linger and die of some unpleasant disease, he was carried to heaven in a whirlwind."

"You're wrong," protested the party of the second part, who happened to be afflicted with an impediment in his speech. "Bay-bay-lis, you're r-r-r-wrong. Elijah went to heaven in a chariot of fire."

"You can't convince me that that good old man was struck by lightning," retorted Steele, and the dispute waxed warm. After it had raged for some three minutes it reached the betting stage.

"Bet you I'm right," said Steele. "T-t-t-taken," said the party of the second part.

"What'll we bet?" asked Steele. "W-w-w-well," stammered the other, "seeing that you d-d-d-don't know any m-m-m-more about Scripture than you do, I s-s-s-guess it had b-b-b-better be a-a-a-Bible." And Steele admits that right there he backed out.

Bought and Paid For.
"You say this is worth \$5," said the wary customer. "Now, do you guarantee that I'm getting \$5 worth of value for my money?"

"Five dollars' worth of value!" flashed the bright young clerk. "Why, mister, for every one of them things we turn out there's four middlens, seventy-eight drummers, five banks, two railroad pools, eighteen advertising agencies, seven lawyers and \$42 bill-boards all running up expense accounts and adding value to that there article so fast that the company's practically giving you the 24 cents spent on patent royalties, shop upkeep, raw material and labor."—Puck.

Getting Even With "Greatness."
"It is my delight to meet a Great Man," grimly said the Old Coder. "I extract a deal of glee from having a paunchy, self-important, ultra-inflated, prominent citizen in a fancy waistcoat announce to the Personage: 'Oh, Senator Hamshak, permit me to present to you Mr.—or—Hawhuh!' Then, as the Presence graciously grasps my hand with the clinging clutch of a outfish and unctuously remarks that he is glad to see me, I like to note how it seems to galvanize him into new life and causes him to submit me to instant and keen scrutiny, to have me innocently inquire: 'What is the name, please?'"

SCHOOL FIFTY YEARS AGO

Reminiscent Writer Tells of the Fashionable Girls' Academy of a Period of the Past.

The fashionable girls' school of fifty years ago was a most interesting place apparently. "Looking backward to those busy, shining hours," writes Julia C. R. Dorr, in Harper's Bazar, "my first thought is, how we all studied! How eager we were! What keen delight we took in construing an intricate sentence or in solving a hard problem!" There were about fifty scholars, or possibly seventy-five; and among them was a group of eight or ten bright young fellows who were fitting for college; preparing to enter as sophomores the coming autumn. What an ambitious lot we were, to be sure! I was the only girl in the "advanced Latin," and had the honor of a seat on one end of a long, narrow recitation bench, a little withdrawn, as was proper, from those stars of the first magnitude.

The problem of coeducation had not come up then. If a girl wanted to study with her brother and his friends, she did it—and that was all there was of it. How we sought for the derivation of words. How we reveled in the classical dictionary, brought by one of us and thrown into the common stock, passing from hand to hand, from desk to desk! The first word of greeting in the morning was a question about the coming lesson; the latest word at night was a reminder of the last one.

How many teachers did we have? Just one. I doubt very much if he was a marvel of learning, though I thought he was then. He was just out of college himself, and he had had no wide experience of books or men. But he had the rare gift of being able to stimulate and inspire his scholars, and kindle every latent spark of enthusiasm in their natures. Enthusiasm is a better word than ambition in this connection. Study was joyful labor, done for the pure love of it. It was its own end; not simply a means to some other end.

The village academy of that day taught concentration if it taught nothing else. Study and recitation went on in the same room and at the same time. We had but few iron-clad rules. Whispering inordinately was, of course, not allowable, but if there was real occasion for speaking we spoke, and no one was the worse for it. We had never heard the expression "good form." It was not in vogue then. But if it had been, we would have said with one voice that it was not good form to disturb others.

"Horny-Headed Romany."
How a prominent Missouri farmer was "scratched" by the tillers of the soil in his race for governor of Missouri, shortly after the war, is told by one who was there and knew how it all happened.

"This man," said the narrator the other day, "was one of the most prominent farmers and cattle raisers in the state. I shall not use his name. He was running on the 'greenback' ticket. Some place he had heard the humble agriculturist referred to as 'horny-headed yomanry.'"

"This phrase was just to his liking, and he thought it would please the farmers to be referred to as 'horny-headed yomanry.' And it might have done so had he not somewhat twisted the appellation in his attempt to use it.

"There are no grander set of men in this great state of ours," he said at his first big meeting of farmers' than you 'horny-headed romany.'" But that was too much for the farmers. The candidate was scratched."—Kansas City Journal.

Couldn't Dazzle Mammy.
The young man of the house really was making good in a way that delighted his parents and brought him much flattery from friends and neighbors, but old Mammy, the family servant, remained unimpressed. One day when he had done a particularly brilliant piece of surgical work and delivered an especially profound address before a great convention, he said to Mammy: "I'm not a baby any longer, and I think you better call me Mr. Charles hereafter." The old darky snorted her indignation.

"Who—me?" she asked. "I ain't never no wine call you Mister! You ain't no Mister any more! I see a Miss! You couldn't wiggle yo' fingers so pert a-cuttin' out folkses' insides if I hadn't a-kep' 'em limber wid smackin, an' you couldn't hear de patient's heart a-beatin' ef it wa'n't for me forever washin' yo' ears so clean! You ain't nothin' but a measly little boy to yo' ole Mammy!"

Quick Business.
William Loch, collector of the port of New York, was discussing the wondrous speed and simplicity used in the transaction of American business.

"In a banker's office the other day," he said, "I saw a door open, a head stuck itself quickly into the opening and a voice demanded:

"Quarter?"
"Yes," the bank president replied.
"Month?"
"Yes."

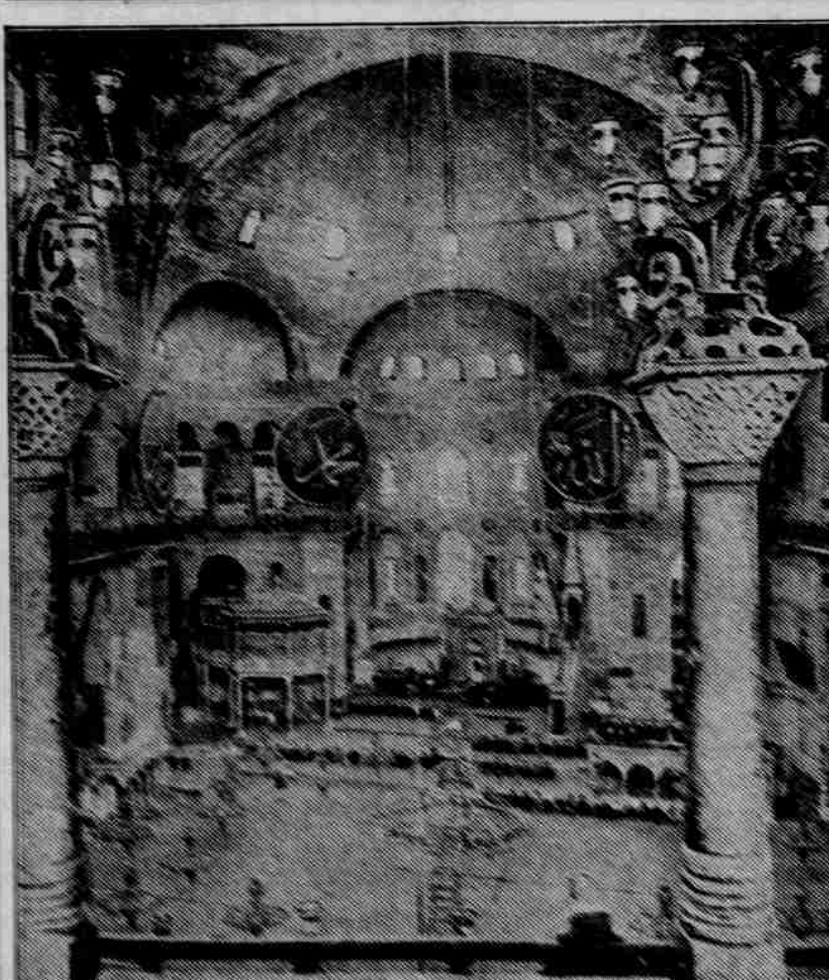
"Four half?"
"No, five."

"Right."
"The head withdrew. I asked in wonderment:

"What kind of a cipher is that you are talking?"
"No cipher at all," the president replied. "That was one of Chicago's leading financiers, and I have just arranged to lend him a quarter million dollars for a month at 5 per cent."

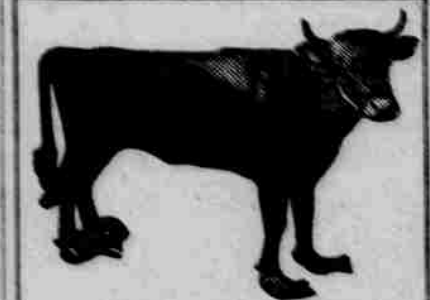
OUT OF THE ORDINARY

In the Mosque of St. Sophia



This is one of the very few photographs ever taken of the interior of a Mohammedan mosque. It shows the Turks at their noon worship in the mosque of St. Sophia, the beautiful building in Constantinople which is in danger of collapse owing to the damage caused by recent earthquakes. The dome of the mosque is supported by four arches, which in turn are supported by 107 gigantic and beautiful pillars of green marble and red porphyry, with capitals in the Byzantine style. It is believed that in the vaults under the church there lie superb treasures of classical art thrown there by Ottomans when they conquered Constantinople.

COW WITH FREAKISH HOOFS



A. G. Davis of Dennyville, Me., owns the "freak cow" here pictured. The animal has four hoofs, each one of which is no less than twenty-two inches in length, and so badly twisted and contorted that the animal can only walk with difficulty. When a calf she developed ungainly hoofs, which grew as she became older; and, though the horny growth was frequently pared away, it returned again and again, until at last the owner gave up trying to effect any improvement in the creature's anatomy, and began to take her round to local fairs and exhibit her as a curiosity. The hoofs are of a deep green color, and closely resemble a lobster in conformation.

SOME USES FOR SAWDUST

In its finer forms sawdust is made of perhaps fifty different woods, and in varying degrees of fineness, to be used for a wide variety of purposes. But sawdust in all its forms, coarse and fine, has many uses, and common sawdust is sold in enormous quantities.

The sawdust familiar to everybody is that which is gathered from lumber mills and mills in which lumber is resawed in manufacturing. This common sawdust is used extensively on floors to take up dampness in sweeping, and it is used for packing bottled goods and for bedding horses, and in ice houses. Some sawdusts are screened at the mills to remove chips and sticks.

Sawdust combined with oil is put up in packages for use in sweeping carpets, in place of the old-time scattered tea leaves. Sawdust from various non-resinous woods is used in great quantities in the smoking of meats, and sawdust in the form of pulp is used in the manufacture of dynamite.

Sawdusts of various kinds and colors are now used, combined with cement, in making floors, especially in hospitals. Such floors, made with the material in a plastic condition, can be laid in a single piece, without cracks or joints, and so made germ proof, and they are more silent and easier to the tread than tile.

Among the better kinds of sawdust some are used for curious common purposes, as, for instance, one of the uses for Spanish cedar sawdust, which is very light, is for packing even cheap chemicals contained in glass shipped over long distances, and where weight would count in the freight cost.

Manufactured satinwood sawdust is used in the preparation of pastel boards for drawing purposes. Saw-

just of briarwood is reworked for some special uses. Lignum vitae is put to some chemical uses.

The heaviest sawdust is that of ebony, and this sawdust is black in color, though even in the ebony sawdust there are traces of tiny white fibers. The ebony is not a large tree and its wood is not black through; its sapwood is white; it is particles of this sapwood that appear in the sawdust, mingled in the sawing. But to the eye except on close inspection the ebony sawdust appears black.

The whitest of all sawdusts is that of holly, which is manufactured into a very fine pulp form. This holly sawdust is used for floor material and also in the manufacture of some grades of wall paper.

There is a manufactured sawdust called lemon sawdust, which is not made from the wood of the lemon tree, but which is in tint of a clear, bright lemon color, this lemon sawdust being used for the same purposes as satinwood.

Manufactured rosewood sawdust is of limited use; various mahogany sawdusts, including white, are used more extensively for various purposes; that of a wood called vermillion, which is a bright red mahogany from the East Indies, is used in making composition floors, sometimes for color squares, in cases where such floors are not laid in a continuous, unbroken piece.

AGED TORTOISE TAKES TRIP

At the age of two hundred, or thereabouts, a tortoise belonging to the duke of Beaufort decided this year to take a summer holiday. It was missed in July from the duke's Forest of Wentworth, near Cheslow, Monmouthshire, and has been found at

Newport, in the same county. The tortoise had walked to the outskirts of Newport—eight or nine miles—and then had been picked up and carried into the town. The age of the duke's tortoise is given "approximately" by the forest rangers, but it has hibernated under a particular rock in the forest for thirty years, and its great age is inferred from its size and weight. It is eighteen inches long and weighs ten pounds. There is nothing unusual in such longevity; a patriarch in the "Zoo," known as Methuselah, died three years ago at the reputed age of two hundred and fifty.

HOW SOME PEOPLE SLEEP

The Japanese stretches himself on a rush mat on the floor and puts a hard square block of wood under his head.

Chinese beds are very low, scarcely rising from the floor, but are often carved exquisitely of wood. The inhabitants of the tropics often curl themselves up like monkeys at the lower angle of a suspended hammock and sleep very soundly that way.

The Russian likes no sleeping place so well as the top of the big soapstone stove in his dwelling. Crawling out of his blistering bed in the morning, he delights in taking a plunge in a cold stream, even if he has to break through the ice to do so.

In Lapland the native crawls, head and all, into a bag made of reindeer skin and sleeps warm and comfortable within it.

The East Indian, at the other end of the world, also has a sleeping bag. Its purpose is to keep out the mosquitoes rather than to keep its occupant warm.

NOVELTY IN TOMBSTONES

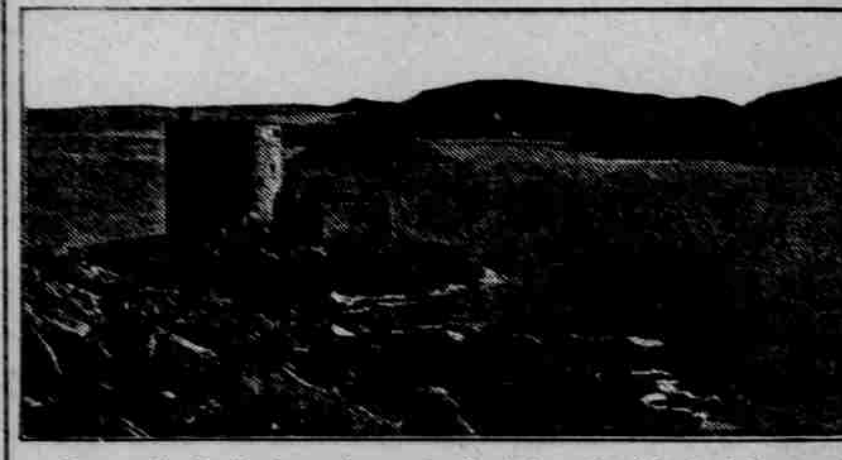


The accompanying photograph, taken in a churchyard in Essex, England, shows a novelty in the way of tombstones. Framed in the stone, it will be noticed, is a photograph, a representation of the person buried in the grave. The print, a bromide apparently, is well preserved, despite its twenty years of exposure to the sunlight. It is closely sealed from the weather, covered in front by glass and framed round with a border of slate. The photograph bears the signature of the occupant of the grave.

BIGGEST OF THE MAMMOTS

The skeleton of a mammoth just set up at Stuttgart is the largest ever discovered. Bones were found in the diluvial deposits of the river Murr, in Swabia, and months of work since then have been rewarded by the obtaining and removal of a nearly complete skeleton. The great size is indicated by the fact that the skull weighs nearly three-fourths of a ton, while the upper foreleg is four and one-half feet long. The specimen is remarkable for the great length of the legs, the general lightness of frame, and for the shortness of the curved tusks—less than eight feet long. It seems to represent a transition type between the most ancient mammoth and the feebler and smaller modern elephant.

Cromwell's Castle, Trescoe



Cromwell's Castle, here shown, is situated on the island of Trescoe in the Isles of Sicily. As its name suggests, it was built in the time of Cromwell, and even after all these years it is in excellent repair. Most of the material for building was taken from another castle, which stood on the top of the hill above it, and belonged to the royalists, and was called Charles' castle. Cromwell's castle stands about sixty feet high, with walls twelve feet thick and raised on arches. The roof is bomb-proof and flat, and was armed with a battery of nine-pounders. On the top there is a parapet wall, and at the base (next to the sea) is a stone platform, which was also armed. Standing out a little way in the harbor (on the right of the castle in the photograph) is a small rocky island called Hangmen's Island, where the parliamentary forces executed their royalist prisoners.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate No. 3129, of Thomas Hornby, deceased, in the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, ss.: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is May 15, 1913, and for payment of debts is December 15, 1913; that I will sit at the County Court room in said county, on February 17, 1913, at 3 p. m., and on May 15, 1913, at 2 p. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.
Dated October 9, 1912.
GEO. H. RISSER, County Judge.
By ROBIN R. REID, Clerk.

Man past 30 with horse and buggy to sell stock condition powders in Lancaster county. 75 dollars per month. Address Room 2, 1106 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

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Kansas City, Mo.—A score of persons were injured in a rear end collision of street cars on the elevated tracks in the west bottoms here. Physicians say several may die.