

**EVIDENTLY HE HAD ENOUGH**

Already Burdened Father Led to Make Caustic Comment on Vital Question.

Arnold Bennett, the novelist, has a joke about race suicide in his new play, "The Honey Moon." His leading lady says, apropos of the birth rate: "What, is the poor, dear thing still declining?"

Mr. Bennett, apropos of his joke, was discussing race suicide the other day in New York.

"A woman," he said, "looked up from her evening paper and remarked: 'It is stated here that a babe is born every time the chronometer ticks off a second.'"

"Her husband, as he wiped the ever-moist mouths of the tiny twins, set one on each of his knees, muttered almost fiercely: 'That's luck, then, to the Rooseveltian doctor who invented chromosome!'"

**THE CAUSE.**



Eph—What were de maffah wif Sal an' dat drug clerk?  
Rufus—Why, she wanted some complexion powder an' he done gib her powdered charcoal.

**Danger.**

Edmund Lamy the skating champion, said the other day at Saranac Lake: "Skating on thin ice is very, very dangerous. I heard two sisters—daughters of an aged millionaire widower—talking the other day about it."

"Did you hear about poor pa's heroism?" the first sister said. "That beautiful young chorus girl, Tottie Tights, broke through the ice this morning, and pa plunged in and rescued her."  
"The second sister bit her lip 'Well,' she said, 'How dreadful! Now we'll have to rescue pa.'"

**Another French Revolution.**

A number of girls have demanded admission to the French military academy. The time may be coming when the daughter of the regiment will give way to the son, and when the romantic cadet bender will wear whiskers.

**Uncerical.**

Hewitt—He expects to be canonized.  
Jewett—What do you mean by that—Fred?

A man may be a member of the Elks and wear an overcoat with a fur collar and still not be an actor.

A woman thinks of her future; other women talk of her past.

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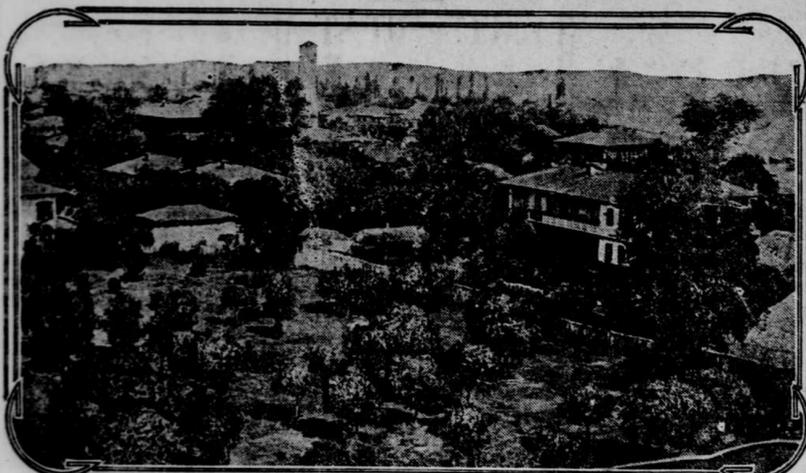
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**HEADQUARTERS OF RUSSIANS IN PERSIA**



**VIEW OF RESHT**  
RESHT, the city from which 4,000 Russians marched on Teheran to demand the dismissal of Treasurer-General Shuster, is the capital of the Persia province of Ghilan and is sixteen miles from Enzeli, on the Caspian sea.

**FINDS BABY WAIF**

**Daughter of New York Banker Discovers Bundle on Steps.**

**Child Thought Cries Were Those of a Kitten—Is Anxious to Claim Ownership of Orphan Deserted by Mother.**

New York.—Bright and early one morning little Rosemary Hollister, the eight-year-old daughter of George T. Hollister, banker, 107 East Sixty-ninth street, raced breathlessly downstairs to the telephone and called up Bellevue hospital.

She could hardly wait for the connection to be made, and then, with an eager catch in her voice, asked: "How is my baby today?"

Delight radiated over her features as she heard that the baby had slept soundly in the infants' ward.

"Thank you, I'm so glad," said little Rosemary. "You will be sure to take good care of her," she implored. "And may I come to see it today? Yes? Oh, goody, goody," and she hung up the receiver and raced about the house, hurrying mother, hurrying the governess, hurrying the cook, hurrying everybody, so that she might be off to the hospital as soon as possible to see the baby, and, maybe, hold it in her arms once more, as she did for the first time the other afternoon.

Little Rosemary found her baby just like in the fairy book. This little girl is not like most rich little girls, but is a sweet little home-body, and is a great friend of the cook.

One afternoon, when it was raining so hard that a little girl couldn't be in the park anyway, she went down into the kitchen and stood watching the cook baste the roast.

Suddenly, when the wind died down a little, there came the funniest little noise from right outside the window.

"Oh, cook, what is that sound?" asked little Rosemary. The cook didn't know, but thought it might be a little, stray pussy asking for shelter.

Rosemary ran to the door and threw it wide open.

"Come, pussy, come, pussy," called little Rosemary, but she didn't see anything. So she poked her head through the door, not minding the rain, and there, on the mat, she saw a tiny little bundle. And there came again the funny little sound, and the little bundle moved. Little Rosemary

picked up the bundle and ran back to the kitchen with it.

Beside the warm stove she opened it and there was the cutest little baby, dressed in a white silk dress, silk cap and veil. And the baby had the loveliest black hair, and the cutest big, blue eyes, and it cooed and gurgled as the warmth reached its little body. The cook said it couldn't be more than a month old.

Little Rosemary clasped her hands with glee and ran upstairs to the reception hall shouting:

"Mamma! Mamma! Come quick! Somebody's brought us a baby!"

All over the house they heard Rosemary's cry, and all came running to the kitchen—Mrs. Hollister, Mr. Hollister, Sisters Dorothy and Catharine, the butler, the footman and all the servants. They formed a ring around the little baby, and Rosemary and all laughed as the little waif caught Rosemary's finger in its chubby little hand and cooed more so. So they let Rosemary feed the baby with a spoon, while papa and mamma went upstairs to talk it over.

Pretty soon Rosemary went upstairs again to find out if she could keep her baby, and as she passed

the vestibule she saw a girl, not more than twenty, wearing a fur coat and black beaver hat, peeping in through the glass door, and there was an anxious look in her eyes. Rosemary ran to the door, opened it, and asked: "Are you looking for a baby?"

"No, my dear, I am waiting for a friend," answered the young woman, but there was a catch in her voice as she said it. Then she ran away.

Then came a big policeman in a rubber coat to take the baby away. Rosemary cried as though her heart would break, but finally she kissed the baby good-by and let the policeman take it when he promised to smuggle it under his rubber coat so it wouldn't get wet.

**Peg Leg His Pocketbook.**

Hot Springs, Ark.—As ballast for his wooden leg Harry Hinton, when arrested, was found to have a cavity in the wood completely filled with nickels, dimes and quarters, the amount being more than \$40.

When taken to the station Hinton readily submitted to a search, but when ordered to do so, refused to permit his wooden leg to be removed. This was, however, done by force, and the entire limb was found to be hollow and literally stuffed with small change.

"That's my pocketbook," grinned the fellow, when asked about it.

**Loses Fortune and Wife**

**Californian Reduced to Poverty, Due to Discharging Debts, Is Sued for Divorce.**

San Francisco.—From the highest position in the commercial and financial world to a condition of penury where he is compelled to cook his own meals in a cheap lodging house that he may be able to conserve his money to keep up his appearance before his former associates, Harry Sherwood, formerly general manager of the Sperry Milling company and vice-president of the San Francisco Merchants' exchange, is being sued by his wife for maintenance.

Disheartened and broken and suffering from a complication of physical ills, Sherwood was in court and told the story of his downfall, the more pitiable because it is apparently due to no fault of his.

Mrs. Sherwood has been living on a homestead near Georgetown, El Dorado county, given to her by Sherwood when she left him two years ago, he says.

Sherwood brought action for divorce, but when Mrs. Sherwood asked for a change of venue he asked that the suit be dismissed, for he had not the highest society women of the city to contend the application. Then Mrs. Sherwood filed an action for maintenance in El Dorado county.

The former associates of Sherwood say he was known as a man of the highest business integrity, who discharged every just and some unjust obligations. He is obviously a man of the finest sensibilities, and his untimely fall a result of human misery could give rise to. It was the story of a proud man brought almost to desperation. It was the story of a man proud of his reputation for business integrity reduced nearly to penury. It was the story of a man proud of having contributed to 35 years of wedded happiness, during which seven children were reared and married, dragged into the humiliating limelight of the divorce court. It was the story of a man, proud of a vigorous body and mind, reduced to mental and physical distress.

**Says She Was Humiliated**

**New York Court Awards Woman \$250 for Injured Feelings at Bathhouse.**

Albany, N. Y.—The court of appeals has decided that a woman who is ejected from a Coney Island bathing establishment after she has paid the price of admission is entitled to recover damages for the indignity and wounded feelings suffered by her when she was ejected. The court accordingly affirms a verdict of \$250 in a suit brought by Ada S. Aaron against William J. Ward.

The opinion in the case, written by Chief Justice Cullen, states that the plaintiff, intending to take a bath in the surf, bought a ticket from the defendant's employe for 25 cents, and took her position in a line of the defendant's patrons leading to a window at which the ticket entitled her to receive a key to a bathhouse. When she approached the window a dispute arose between her and the

defendant's employe as to the right of another person not in the line to have a ticket given to him in advance of her. As a result the plaintiff was ejected from the premises, and the defendant's agents refused to furnish her with the accommodations to which she was entitled by her ticket.

Upon the trial the defendant contended that the plaintiff was not entitled to recover more than the price of her ticket, and it is this question that is considered by the court of appeals. The plaintiff sued for breach of contract and the defendant insisted on that ground that she was not entitled to damages for the indignity of her expulsion. In affirming the judgment for the plaintiff, the court says that the bathing establishment stands on the same footing as a place of amusement, and that one ejected is entitled to damages for humiliation and indignity.

He who stabs in the back is never any good in a stand-up fight.

**PLAY BRIDGE TO SAVE GIRL**

**Chicago Society Women Raised \$300 for an Unfortunate Who Was Disowned by Father.**

Chicago.—Bridge whist was played by 200 society women the other day for the benefit of a girl in the slums, the identity of whom none of them knew. The girl's reclamation had been already begun by the Paulist Fathers. The money raised, about \$300, will be turned into the fund to complete the reformation.

The girl, who is now nineteen, is said to have fallen in love two years ago while attending a convent. She ran away from school and was married. Her father, said to be a rich contractor, disowned her. She was deserted six months after her marriage and her father refused to take her back.

After efforts in other directions she gradually drifted into the underworld. She became a victim of drugs and finally told her story to Father Ferry. He had her placed in a sanitarium where she has been cured of the drug habit.

**YOUNG WOMAN BULLFIGHTER**

**Senorita Terera Vies With Men of Mexico in Playing With Death in the Arena.**

Mexico City.—Senorita Terera, the woman bullfighter, has for many years been something of a character about this city. The fighting of bulls is the first passion of the peoples of Spanish blood and the great arena in Mexico City is such as to make any other place of amusement the world around look to its honors, for in it may be seated 100,000 people and every seat



Senorita Terera.

looks directly into the bull ring. Here the Senorita Terera has met many a wild and longhorned bull from the mountains and played with death between his horns. The secret of bullfighting lies in self control, for the successful fighter must stand still until the bull is within an arm's reach before beginning the leap to one side. If this movement is made too soon the animal has time to change its course and may overtake and dispatch the bullfighter. Senorita Terera has tied with the men of Mexico for years in this dangerous amusement and is still alive to repeat her exploits.

The bull fight was once popular in ancient Greece and Rome and was introduced by the Moors into Spain from whence it passed to the Spanish colonies throughout the world. The bull fight is held in an arena of more or less magnificence. The bulls are turned out one by one with many forms of pomp at a ceremonial where they are assailed, first by horsemen, picadores, who attack them with the lance; second, by banderilleros armed with sharp pointed darts and flags; and, third, by the matador, who with the sword gives the coup de grace to the tortured bull, sheathing the blade with one sure thrust up to the hilt in the body of the bull just at the juncture of the neck and spine. Some times more than a score of bulls are killed at one entertainment. In Spanish countries the bull fighter is a popular hero.

**WILL LIVE IN A HOUSEBOAT**

**Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins of New York and Their Baby to Thus Spend the Winter.**

New York.—While other babies are taking chances with croup and influenza in the north this winter, little John Randolph Hopkins will be enjoying life cruising about Florida inland waters in a houseboat. Of course his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hopkins, will be with him, so that there will be little chance of his



Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and Baby.

falling overboard and becoming a free lunch for a hungry alligator.

John Randolph Hopkins is a very lucky youngster. He is worth \$5,000,000 in his own right, a tidy sum of which he will become possessed when he reaches twenty-one. Probably by that time the fortune will have doubled or trebled.

While ordinary children must get their pleasure from rag dolls and Teddy bears, young John Randolph Hopkins has the advantage of a real live menagerie which his father maintains on the roof of his Fifth avenue mansion in this city. The live Teddy bears, however, will not go to Florida; they have been sent to the Hopkins country home at Irvington.

**To Live Among Poor.**

Chicago, Ill.—Twelve well-known business and professional men of Chicago will forsake their usual pursuits and manner of life for a time and live in the slums of Chicago, if plans under consideration by the Social Service Commission of the Men and Religion Forward Movement are adopted. The need of first hand information as to conditions in the poorer districts of the city is the cause for this contemplated radical move.

Reform in the manner of life and work of the immigrant classes is one of the things which is being emphasized the most in the men's movement and such information is considered essential to the work.



Was there any place where she could be really quiet?



The Snow Began to Fall.

where she might be alone. On the crest of a hill, far up the road, stood the schoolhouse where she taught. It was closed now and dark.

"I will go there," Nell said to herself, and just then a voice behind her called: "Supper is ready."

"I don't want any," Nell said wearily. "I'm going out for a little while, Mrs. McGregor. I'll be back by ten."

The snow began to fall softly as she left the house, and by the time she reached the school it was beginning to drift against the fences. There was no fire within, but Nell lit a candle, and when the warmth began to steal into the room, she drew the one big chair close to the hearth and in the peaceful loneliness gave herself up to her thoughts.

But she was not to remain in peace long. There was a sound of sleighbells without, heavy steps on the threshold, and she looked up to see the burly form of a young farmer in the doorway.

"Well, well," he said, "I saw the light and came in. Who would have dreamed that you would be here alone?"

Nell smiled wearily. "I came to be quiet."

"Then you don't want me."

"Oh, sit down," she said, somewhat ungraciously.

But he stood by the fireplace and looked down at her.

"What's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing," faintly.

"Don't tell me that; I know better."

"If I tell you," she asked, "you mustn't give me any advice. I have had so much advice I hate it."

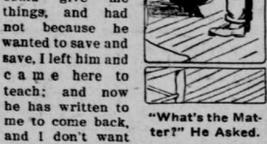
He sat down beside her. "Tell ahead," he said, "and I'll promise to listen like the Sphinx."

"You see, it is this way," she said; "my uncle in town is rich. He is a miserly old man, and he made me miserable when I lived with him. I'm not going to tell you about my childhood, how little the love there was in it, and how I was starved spiritually as well as physically. When I grew old enough to understand that he could give me things, and had not because he wanted to save and save, I left him and came here to teach; and now he has written to me to come back, and I don't want to go, yet he is sick and old and alone. I told Mrs. McGregor and she tells me to stay here. Then all the family talked about it and everybody advised. They meant well—but I couldn't stand it. I—I don't want to go, but I must."

He started to say something, then checked himself.

"I'd like to break that promise," he said.

"No, you mustn't," she said firmly. "You've all been so good to me here, and if you," she caught her breath, "join the others in asking me to stay, it will make it so hard for me to go."



"What's the Matter?" He Asked.

"Nothing," said Jack.

"Then marry her," said the old uncle. "And I'll come and live in the cottage alone."

Nell's face was in her hands, and as Jack bent over her, she whispered, "Oh, I can't let you do it!"

"It is the only way that you can make my New Year happy," he told her, and as she looked up into his face she knew that what he said was true. (Copyright.)

"He doesn't deserve much at your hands," the man stated.

"I know," she said wearily, "but to-morrow I begin a new year, and I don't want to begin it wrong, yet I don't know the right."

"I don't believe much in saying things," the young farmer remarked; "my policy is to do them. And now, are you going to stay here in this lonely place much longer? It is snowing and it is late."

"I suppose I ought to go," she said doubtfully, "but it is so lovely here in the silence."

"Look here," he said suddenly; "don't you keep your tea things in that little cupboard? I have got to go to town, and when I come back I'll bring something for a little supper, and we can watch the old year out. Then I'll take you home in the sleigh."

"How good of you." She held out her hand to him. "You haven't bothered me with advice, and you are doing something to make me comfortable. That is just like you, Jack Norton."

He blushed a little, this big kindly man, who looked upon the little woman from the city as a being from another sphere; she was so dainty, so different from the girls in his own village.

Nell knew what she was doing when she told him not to ask her to stay; she had known for a long time of the question that trembled on his lips. She knew he wanted to marry her, as a woman knows who is wise in the ways of men.

She thought of the life she might lead if she married him, a life in the big farmhouse, sunshine in summer and secure in winter. Then she thought of her life with her uncle in a dark apartment in the streets of the city. She knew that, in a way, it was a false idea of duty that would take her back. Yet she had to go, some force that was in her seemed compelling her.

The wind blew in great blasts against the little house, the snow had drifted up to the window sills, and white lines of it pointed across the window pane like ghostly fingers. Dragging footsteps came up the path. Nell listened. It was not Jack Norton; these were the steps of an old man. From the door a voice quavered:

"Are you there, Nell?"

"Uncle," she said, fearfully, "how did you come here?"

"I met a young man down the road," he said. "I wanted him to guide me to the McGregors. He told me you were here."

"You didn't answer my letter," the old man went on, when she had made him sit down.

"Are you going back with me?"

"Now that she was face to face with his meanness, it seemed to Nell that she could never go with him.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Here's a grateful girl," the old man stormed, and just then the sleighbells jingled and, in another moment Jack Norton was in the room, his arms full of bundles, his eyes beaming.

"So this is your uncle," he said. "I thought so when I directed him here. You'll stay and have supper with us, won't you, sir? We are going to see the old year out and the new year in."

"Who are you?" the old man growled.

"I?" Jack's eyes flashed from Nell's cowering figure to the grimness of the uncle. Then suddenly he took things in his own hands.

"I'm the man your niece is going to marry," he said.

"What!" the old man shouted.

"I'm the man your niece is going to marry," he said securely. He had seen the joy in Nell's face.

"But she is going home with me." Jack shook his head. "No, she is going home with me. You can come whenever you wish, sir. The old house is big enough for twenty uncles, or if you like it better, there is a cottage at the edge of the farm where you could stay if you wished."

The old man flashed a crafty glance at him.

"Would it cost me anything?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Jack.

"Then marry her," said the old uncle. "And I'll come and live in the cottage alone."

Nell's face was in her hands, and as Jack bent over her, she whispered, "Oh, I can't let you do it!"

"It is the only way that you can make my New Year happy," he told her, and as she looked up into his face she knew that what he said was true. (Copyright.)

**A Christmas Tomato Harvest**

Harvesting tomatoes at Christmas is a novel industry that keeps 35 feet on its plants were grown in the great greenhouse. The profits were so satisfactory that another greenhouse

of the same height and width, but 700 feet long, was built. As it was not completed in time for last year's planting of roses the owners raised tomatoes in it.

Apparently the returns were even greater than those from roses, for this year tomatoes were again planted. There is virtually a big truck farm under glass, and \$0,000 tomato plants are now producing fruit, which is sold at high prices in the big cities. Elsewhere on this tract 55,000 carnation plants are now in bloom.