

NEWSY NOTES FROM NEW YORK

Apartment House Mascot and His Job



NEW YORK.—There is a man in a big real estate firm in the Wall street district of New York city who has not paid a penny of house rent for the last ten years, although he has lived during all that time in handsome apartments in the most fashionable part of town; the smallest of which never is leased for less than \$2,500 a year. Among the very few who know the secret of how he is able to occupy such expensive quarters free of charge he is the most envied man. Yet he himself finds his good fortune something of a trial.

He does not know from one month to the next where he will have to move. He always is the first tenant of all to move into the house, and when the house begins to fill up he knows he must prepare to get out. Then this man who lives rent free begins to wonder where he will have to move to next. No sooner has his family made a circle of pleasant acquaintances among the other newcomers in a big apartment house than they have to make some excuse, telephone for the moving vans, and have their furniture taken to a new place of abode.

Sexton Finds Ghosts in a Church



THERE are the "ghosts" in the historical old Chapel of the Comforter at 10 Horatio street, near Jackson square, in New York City! Soren Lindgren, who until recently was sexton of the little mission supported by ascension parish, of which the Rev. Dr. Percy Grant is rector, has not only seen the spirits, but he has taken photographs of two of them.

These strange, mysterious figures, according to Mr. Lindgren, congregate every evening at the foot of the altar. It is a weird story Mr. Lindgren tells of his experiences in the church, where he and his wife, who frankly confesses that none of the "ghosts" have been visible to her, had their living apartments.

So interested did the sexton become in the movements of the de-

This nomadic New Yorker's removal from one place to another does not cost him anything, except the wear and tear on his furniture, and the labor of getting settled in each new apartment. His changing about is part of his day's work and arises solely from the fact that he is considered as a mascot or a forerunner of good fortune for a certain rich man, who owns a great deal of Manhattan real estate, and who is continually improving it by putting up large apartment houses.

One of the crucial periods in the life of an apartment house is when it just has been completed, and it is desired to fill it with tenants. All the apartment houses owned by this rich man are managed by the firm of agents in whose employ is this mascot who never pays rent. Just how the superstition started is not known, but that the man who believes in it has grounds for such belief that are satisfactory to himself is evident from its long continuance.

When a new apartment house belonging to this great landlord is finished, the lucky clerk in the agent's office is notified that his quarters will be ready for him on such and such a day. His apartment is the first to be completed. The other apartments may be still in the hands of painters and decorators and the halls may be littered with shavings and broken plaster. But this professional first tenant has to have his household belongings moved in and get them arranged as artistically as possible with-

Elephant Collects Pennies in Zoo



keeper's practice when the bank was full to take Congo across to the soda fountain nearby and buy him a quart of ice cream out of the day's receipts. At this rate Congo soon learned the value of money, and also began to love it—not for its own sake, but for what it brought him. When Richards went for his luncheon a few days ago he carefully emptied the bank, leaving Congo with a vacant tin box.

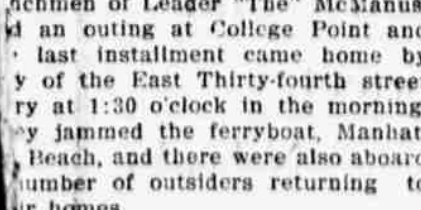
When the keeper had finished his meal he hastened back to the faithful Congo, but on the way met four jubilant urchins, who were dividing 60 cents.

There stood Congo, swaying mournfully. Beside him Sultana and Khar-toum, two other elephants, were holding up their educated fellow, who seemed ill.

A seedy man standing at the rail explained the case:

"Some boys were just in here with some apples they'd stole, and every time they gave the elephant with the bank an apple he gave them a cent, and as soon as they got his last cent they beat it."

Mock Court Ends in Real Court Trial



HE Yemassee Haymakers, a West side organization in New York city, whose members say they are enemies of Leader "The" McMannus, had an outing at College Point and last installment came home by way of the East Thirty-fourth street ferry at 1:30 o'clock in the morning. They jammed the ferryboat, Manhattan Beach, and there also aboard number of outsiders returning to their homes.

As soon as the boat started Charles "The" McMannus, 567 Tenth avenue, called some of the pluckers together and announced in no soft tones he was going to open court and as a judge he would sentence every brought before him for disorderly conduct. The idea was taken up readily and several of the "officers" appoint-

parted spirits that he purchased a camera and lay awake at night to take snapshot pictures of them. The Lindgrens took up their residence on an upper floor of the church last November, and the presence of the "ghosts" was revealed to Mr. Lindgren the first night he slept there.

"Be not afraid," he assured me. "This building was once a dance hall, and it was here that I wasted a fortune which had been left to me by my father, who was an Italian nobleman. I killed a man in this very room. Yes, I stabbed him in the back. I stole the money to buy rum, and here I am a physical wreck."

"Early the next night," he said, "as the old man approached the altar I fixed my camera in position and gave the picture a long exposure. Mrs. Lindgren was with me and we went directly to our apartment and developed the picture. Only the white outlines of the man's face, head and beard were shown in the photograph, but by using a pencil on one of the negatives, I succeeded in drawing an excellent likeness of the mysterious figure."

Paul a Prisoner—The Voyage

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 31, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 27:1-26. Memory verses 22-24.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."—Psa. 37:5.
TIME.—Summer and autumn of A. D. 59 or 60.

PLACE.—On the Mediterranean sea, on the way to Rome.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.
The voyage of life illustrated by Paul's voyage toward Rome.
1. The Voyage on a Peaceful Sea. From Cesarea to Crete—Vs. 1-13. The ship. After it was determined to send Paul to Rome under military escort, the first thing was to find a ship. There was probably very little direct commerce between Cesarea and Rome, and hence they embarked in a trading vessel which coasted northward along the shores of Palestine to Sidon and around the eastern point of Cyprus, past Cilicia and Tarsus, and part of Pamphylia to Myra in Lycia, near the southwest angle of Asia Minor.

The second ship was a large Egyptian merchantman loaded with grain from Alexandria.
The ship's company included Paul and other prisoners, Luke, who writes the account (note the "we" in the story); Aristarchus, an old friend of Paul who was one of the committee that accompanied Paul to Jerusalem with the collection for the poor (Acts 20:4); Capt. Julius, with a guard of soldiers from the Augustan band, besides we know not how many other passengers, and the crew.

The Peaceful Voyage.—They sailed westward. It took them several days to reach the port Cnidus on a peninsula at the extreme southwest point of Asia Minor, although the distance is only 130 miles.

The sailing was still difficult, and they put into a harbor called Fair Havens on the southern coast of Crete. Here they waited for pleasant weather. But it was late in the season, and rough, stormy weather must be expected to prevail. Paul advised them to remain at Fair Havens till spring opened.

Paul's advice was good, but it is not strange that experienced seamen should not regard very highly the opinion of a scholarly landsman.
2. Storm Tossed on a Wintry Sea.—Vs. 14-26. "There arose against it" (v. 14), the ship, "a tempestuous wind," typhonic, tempestuous, like a whirlwind; a hurricane, a typhoon, a cyclone.

15. "When the ship was caught," a very strong expression, implying that the wind seized hold of the ship, as it were, and whirled her out of her course. "We let her drive," R. V., "we gave way to it, and were driven" before the wind.

18. "The next day they," the sailors, "lightened the ship." The imperfect denotes that they began to lighten the ship, set about it by throwing out some of the cargo, not the precious wheat which was thrown overboard later (v. 38).

19. "Cast out with our own hands," that is, of the passengers as well as of the crew, "the tackling," "the furniture of the ship, its fittings and equipment, anything movable lying on the deck, upon which the passengers could lay their hands, such as tables, beds, chests, and the like."

20. "When neither sun nor stars appeared," We have to remember that before the invention of the compass the sun and stars were the only guides of sailors who were out of sight of land. "All hope was then," at last, henceforth, "taken away."

The Vision of Cheer.—Now Paul comes to the front, the only one in the whole ship who could bring a message of hope. The reason for his assurance follows. An angel came to him with a message from God, as Jesus had appeared to his disciples in the tempest-tossed boat on the Sea of Galilee.

The message was that he would be saved because he (v. 24) "must be brought before Caesar," as God had promised him before (Acts 23:11). Paul's safety was as sure as God's promise. The promise had been obscured before this, but it had shone out again through rifts in the clouds. "God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." Doubtless Paul prayed earnestly for the safety of those who were in the ship with him; and their lives were granted in answer to his prayers. The good man is never selfish even in his prayers.

The Port to Which We Should Sail.—A statesman declares that "The first requisite of one who would have a successful life, as of the pilot of a ship, is a knowledge of its goal. No helmsman however skilled in handling a wheel or experienced in seamanship would be trusted to guide a vessel unless he knew and could specify in which direction it should go. A knowledge of the goal of nations is the first essential of statesmanship, and also of manhood and womanhood."

Chicken, Deviled.
Singe and prepare the chickens as for boiling. Mix together one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one salt-spoonful each of curry powder, dry mustard and paprika, adding just enough olive oil or melted butter to make a thick paste. Make a number of incisions on the breast and thighs of the chicken and rub into them the paste; brush all over with a little melted butter and broil over a clear fire. When done, arrange on a hot platter, squeeze over a little lemon juice, garnish with cream and serve with tartare sauce.

SPURNED

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE
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The woman paused, breathless, at the entrance of the familiar office building. Three years? It seemed either yesterday—or an eternity! Poising herself determinedly, she passed on through the lobby and touched the elevator bell. Her face was very white now, in contrast to its accustomed warm pink, and the set expression about the lips imparted to it the look rather of 39 than 29.

In less than two minutes she found herself seated in the little box-like anteroom to wait her turn. Nothing was changed except, perhaps, a trifle or so in the furnishings—new things duplicating as far as possible the old. The clock, the book cases, the pictures were the same. Looking at them was like opening an old wound, and she kept her eyes resolutely on the hands crossed in her lap.

Finally the door at her left opened and a haggard-faced man entered. He picked up his hat from the table in the center of the room and passed out. The doctor glanced toward the woman and nodded; the next instant, their eyes locked. He pronounced her name in a formal tone, and she rose automatically and went into his private office.

Dr. Drury pulled up a chair and motioned her to be seated.
Without a word she sank down, pulling nervously at her glove-fingers.
"And what can I do for you to-day, Mrs. Pellum?" His inflection was courteous, professional, to a degree.

"It's the same old thing—Jack," she said, with a little incaught breath. Her eyes evaded his keen gaze.
The doctor's brows went up the barest trifle. He looked at her with a puzzled interrogation. "Pardon me, but with hundreds of patients coming and going continually—"

"You—have—forgotten!" The tone breathed subtle reproach.
Dr. Drury cleared his throat to hide his annoyance. He turned away



briefly, and drew down the dark green shade over the open window. "Neurasthenia?" he questioned meditatively.

The woman gave a little sigh and laid her hand over her heart with an expressive gesture.
"Too much coffee, eh?"
"I never touch it." She bit her lip hard, an incipient frown drawing her black brows closer together.

"Go west—away from this enervating climate."
"I've been west—east—north—everywhere, only to come back again and again. I—can't stay away—that is the thing." She dashed the mist from her eyes with a furtive forefinger.

Dr. Drury regarded his patient with quizzical gaze. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Pellum," he remarked presently, "that you have allowed yourself to become morbid. Have you tried—occupation?"

She laughed softly. "There's nothing I haven't tried, nothing. I—I'm starving!" she broke out in sudden passion, "can't you look at me and see that?" She covered her face with her hands and drew long, spasmodic breaths.

"Doubtless you need a tonic, my dear madam," and he began scribbling hastily across a prescription blank.
The woman watched him in silence, her face depicting a variety of strange, panoramic emotions. Her next words were calculated to precipitate a crisis.
"There's no use beating about the bush any longer, Jack. You already know what's the matter with me—don't you? And notwithstanding your simulated indifference, I can see you—remember. You—can you look into my eyes, John Drury and deny that you still love me?" She had risen, and was standing very close to him, her pink, palpitant cheek just grazing the rough black of his coat-sleeve.

Very painstakingly, and without a word, Dr. Drury laid aside his tablet and pencil and—shrugged.

"Don't be a fool, Dolly." His tone was admirably modulated, but the barely perceptible twitching of his upper lip revealed a transient weakness—to his companion.

She laid a trembling row of fingertips on his arm. He remained impassive, and she caught his hand in her hot palms, crushing it convulsively. "Jack!" The word was half-whisper, half-craze.

He shook off her fingers brutally. "I thought we had settled all this, years ago. Didn't I say enough then? or are we to repeat the scene?" His eyes searched her shrinking face mercilessly.

Presently she began to speak again, in a low, broken voice.
"I, too, thought that it was over—then," she said, "but—it couldn't be, dear. I've found that out. I cannot forget. God alone will ever know what those three years were to me. Hell itself can hold no greater tortures—"

"Stop!" He turned blazing eyes upon the pleading woman; his face flamed with dull crimson. But even as she looked up, a softer light made its transient passage across his features and his eyes fell away from hers. Her hands dropped listlessly to her sides, and her slender body shook from head to foot.

The clock on the mantel ticked audibly. A minute passed, two—three. At last the woman lifted her eyes. The doctor stood with folded arms, his gaze on the floor. Without looking up he said: "Several patients are waiting for me. We do no good by prolonging this interview. Good afternoon." He started toward the door, but the woman interrupted him with a little low cry of pain.

"Jack—Jack!" the word broke hoarsely from her white lips, "you can not mean that this is—the end? that—that—O my God!" she crumpled down on the floor and flung her arms about his knees in the tragic abandon of despair.

An instant the man stood like stone; then suddenly his powerful frame shook under a torrent of emotion, and he lifted her in his arms, staining her to him in a passionate embrace. His lips swept her hair, her eyes, her mouth with burning kisses. At last he released her, white and trembling, and she staggered against the wall for support.

When their eyes met finally, all the old slavish devotion had come back to the man's. "We can't stay on here," he said huskily, "I—I'm married now, you know. In a week I can get my affairs into shape, and we can go away—anywhere you say."

The woman contemplated him a second in baffled silence. Then swiftly like a fork of lightning, rage and disappointment flashed athwart her quivering face.

"You fool!" she shrieked, "when I was so near it, to be defeated at last. I hate—hate—hate you, do you understand? Do you think after that day three years ago I could ever think of you again except to despise?"

"Shall I tell you why I came here to-day?" she hurried on, gaspingly, "it was because I heard that you had grown famous, grown to be a great man. That you had married a beautiful girl, and were happy—your name in everybody's mouth, your opinion valued above all others' . . . perhaps you have heard of Lynette MacFarlane, famous on two continents as one of the leading woman sculptors? . . . I want to be world-famous! And had I succeeded in my quest to-day, I would have been . . . 'Spurned' has been offered a place in the great International contest . . . the figures are complete—just one little expression lacking in the man's face, eluding me persistently . . . I came a thousand miles to get it, and you have—failed me!" The woman paused, her breath all gone. Her face was lined and pallid, and she beat her hands together in the passion of her defeat.

The man stood watching her stupidly. His tongue moved, but made no sound. He put out his hand blindly; it fell limp at his side.
"Dolly!" His lips framed the word at length in a dull monotone; his eyes sought mutely to kindle some answering spark in hers.

But with an ejaculation of disgust, the woman wheeled and swept past him to the door.

Wiping Out Mosquitoes.
The war against mosquitoes in Greater New York and Jersey has proved an eye-opening, heart-felt, surprising success. There are places in Greater New York where three years ago a herd of cattle would stampede in terror from mosquitoes, where cows had to be milked in a cloud of damp, burning straw, where the pests would settle and form a gray film over the stomachs of poor old horses, where these pests were so thick as to trouble a hunter seeing the sights along his gun barrel. To-day in some of these very same places there are not only few, but no mosquitoes, a blessing in comfort and real estate value that is simply unrepeatable.—New York Press.

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