

CHINA IS MAKING PROGRESS

Part Played by America in Country's Advancement Acknowledged With Gratitude.

His imperial highness, Prince Tsai-Tao of China, in the course of a speech he delivered at the twelfth annual dinner of the American Asiatic Association at Delmonico's in New York, said:

"It is an encouraging sign of the times that Americans are taking a much greater interest in what is going on in China than they did a little while ago. The free interchange of views on questions of public interest cannot but be advantageous to both countries. On the other hand, we also wish to know more about other countries. Our officials and merchants are beginning to travel more and more to foreign lands in search of information and opportunities. This thirst for foreign ideas is having its effect upon the whole country. China is now passing through a great crisis in her history. The old order of things is fast giving place to the new. What we need most now is men—men able to do the work that has to be done.

"Though we have established schools and colleges in all parts of the empire as fast as we can, it will be some decades yet before we can hope to have such schools and colleges as you have in this country. Still, we have made a beginning. In the meantime we intend to send a steady stream of students to your country. Thanks to the generosity of the American government, in remitting a portion of the Boxer indemnity, China is able now to send 100 students to this country each year for the first four years and 50 thereafter. There will soon be 40 government students to this country. These students on their return to their own country cannot but give a good account of themselves.

"It is my sincere hope that they will do their part in guiding the affairs of their country in the path of progress and reform and in binding China and the United States together with a strong tie of friendship and good feeling."

BABY'S SCALP CRUSTED

"Our little daughter, when three months old, began to break out on the head and we had the best doctors to treat her, but they did not do her any good. They said she had eczema. Her scalp was a solid scale all over. The burning and itching was so severe that she could not rest, day or night. We had about given up all hopes when we read of the Cuticura Remedies. We at once got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and followed directions carefully. After the first dose of the Cuticura Resolvent, we used the Cuticura Soap freely and applied the Cuticura Ointment. Then she began to improve rapidly and in two weeks the scale came off her head and new hair began to grow. In a very short time she was well. She is now sixteen years of age and a picture of health. We used the Cuticura Remedies about five weeks, regularly, and then we could not tell she had been affected by the disease. We used no other treatments after we found out what the Cuticura Remedies would do for her. J. Fish and Ella M. Fish, Mt. Vernon, Ky., Oct. 12, 1909."

"Show Me Another."

Soon after twins had arrived at the home of a prominent dry goods merchant recently the proud father led his son Richard, aged four, into the room to see the little strangers. The father first pulled down the covers and showed one of the babies to his son. He then walked to the other side of the bed and exhibited the other twin. Richard gazed at the two for a moment with a noncommittal look on his face, and then demanded: "Show me another, papa."

LEWIS' "SINGLE BINDER."

A hand-made cigar fresh from the table, wrapped in foil, thus keeping fresh until smoked. A fresh cigar made of good tobacco is the ideal smoke. The old, well cured tobaccos used are so rich in quality that many who formerly smoked 10c cigars now smoke Lewis' Single Binder Straight 5c. Lewis' Single Binder costs the dealer some more than other 5c cigars, but the higher price enables this factory to use extra quality tobacco. There are many imitations; don't be fooled. There is no substitute! Tell the dealer you want a Lewis "Single Binder."

Not Exactly What She Meant.

She—We've bin very busy at the mothers' meetin' gettin' ready for the sale of work.

Desire for Information.

"Mrs. Gaddington wants to know all about everybody's business."

Hearsay Evidence.

Mrs. Frost—How's your husband? Mrs. Snow—The members of his club say he is looking splendid.—Life.

Success for Seventy Years.

This is the record of *Perry's Peppermint Cure*. A reliable remedy for all forms of coughs and all kinds of complaints. Get the genuine. 25c, 50c and 1.00.

A smile that won't come off soon becomes monotonous.

KINGS OF SAILORTOWN

By JOHN BRAND



WITH the passing of the sailing vessel from the sea has gone the sea's romance. Romance cannot live without its villains. Boarding masters, bucco mates, bullying captains—these were the villains of sea romance, and they are gone, or going, with the sailing craft they lived in.

Chief among them in their generations was the boarding master of sailortown. Though he never went to sea, he was the heavy villain in every plot that delivered the unlucky sailor, or the unluckier landsman, into the hands of captains and mates. Mostly they were sneaking, brutal, cunning scamps, these boarding masters, owners of low dives along the waterfront, which they misnamed sailors' boarding houses. They hung in the wake of incoming ships, made friends with the easiest marks among the crews and baited or bullied them into their dens. There poor Jack Tar was kept and entertained with bad whisky and worse women until his money was gone. Then he was shipped aboard some vessel, after signing away one or more months' unearned wages in payment for an imaginary board bill and a "donkey's breakfast," sea slang for a straw bedtick. "Blood money" and "dead horse," the sailors called this robbery. The captains always paid it, taking the sailor's "advance note," which was certain to



be paid out of the debtor's "hide" or his wages.

Boarding masters of this class were petty rascals. They dealt in men at retail. The brothers John and Peter Sherman, of Irvington, on the Pacific coast, were of another type. They dealt in men wholesale, shipped entire crews. Their boarding houses were licensed by the government. Captains bargained with them openly. The shipping commissioner of the port winked at their devious ways. A crowd of thugs, runners and hangers-on served them and thrived by their favor. They were men of substance and owned or controlled as part of their business every saloon, dance hall and resort in the crooked streets and dark alleys about the wharves. Upper Irvington drew a deadline about the waterfront and seldom ventured over it outside of business hours. Jack and Pete Sherman were kings of Irvington's sailortown.

Every autumn saw a big fleet of "wind jammers"—ships of 2,000 to 3,000 tons register—lying off Irvington. The wheat of the new northwest was in their holds, consigned to ports in Europe or India, by way of the six-months' journey round the Horn. The wheat fleet, Irvington called it, and when the wheat fleet came, upper Irvington stirred itself, sailortown roused to vicious life and the sailortown kings reaped a harvest of blood money.

No captain shipped a crew from Irvington until he had done business with the kings and paid their price. Captain Brown, of the bark Carmarthaenshire, learned that to his cost. He put into Irvington for a cargo at a time when ships were plenty and men hard to get. He was unconcerned, for his men had been shipped in England and would not be discharged until the home port was reached. Captains of deep-laden vessels lying in the stream eyed the Carmarthaenshire's crew enviously. Jack Sherman quietly sent a man or two aboard the "limejuicer" to visit and smuggle in forbidden whisky. By twos and threes Captain Brown's crew left him and were hidden about sailortown. The Irvington police were asked to bring them back, but however hard they looked for deserters they didn't find any.

Then one dark night the rest of the crew vanished over the side, to the last man, after knocking the breath out of Captain Brown and tricing the mate up to the main ferral. And before the astonished captain could recover breath enough to roar for "law" Jack and Pete Sherman had his men shipped in one of the waiting vessels and away. Next day the captain was waited on by the kings, who blandly offered to find him a new crew—at \$50 the man. He roared again—to the British consul, to his shipping agents, to the police, who were sympathetic but helpless. Nobody could be found to even hint that the kings had any hand in the affair and the shipping commissioner's records were clear. He had shipped no deserters that he knew of.

But Captain Brown swore that if he couldn't get back his men, or get the dogs of justice to even bark at the kings, he at least would pay them no blood money for a new crew. So he went to another port and brought a new crew to Irvington by steamer. His bark was hauled out into the stream and her crew kept close in her forecastle. That night she was boarded by masked men, who swept her new crew over the bows into the stream. Gossip had it that some of them were drowned. Captain Brown gave up and paid the Sherman boys \$75 instead of \$50 each for a crew, and put to sea in a hurry. "They're bleedin' swine, but they're kings of



a witness" and was dumb. After the "advance note" and a preposterous slop chest charge had been deducted from his wages, they handed him the balance, a pitiful little pile of small silver, and told him to get out. It was against the law, of course, but he didn't know that.

He was set adrift, almost without money, in a land of strangers. A hostile land, too, for the gendarmes in front of the office eyed him with distavor. He was desperately lonely, and felt the grip of circumstance keen upon him. As he wandered about the strange streets he discovered, sewed in the lining of his coat, an envelope, until then unnoticed. Its contents were four one-hundred-dollar bills and this note:

Irvington, Oct. 17.
Mr. James Hunter,
Dear Sir: Here's your dust. We kept your gun. It would only make trouble for you. We are not thieves, only boarding masters. You would get drunk and we needed your money. While your money will you get ashore. You will need it all, for Black is certain to turn you adrift dead broke. Quit boozing and be a man.
Yours truly,
PETER SHERMAN.

sailortown," he said.

The name of Sherman was never coupled openly with the story of that night raid, but the kings shipped all the crews from Irvington afterward.

No ship went to sea short-handed. However blind the shipping commissioner might be in other ways, he saw to it that the shipping laws were obeyed as to the number of men required for types and tonnage of ships. A man might never have seen the sea, but if he were not too drunk to say he was an able seaman and to sign his name to the ship's articles, that settled it. He would probably be an able seaman or a dead greenhorn before his ship reached port.

This official insistence on the letter of the law sometimes caused the kings to do strange things. Toward the end of the season they were at times hard pushed for one or two men to fill out a crew. Then did all men in sailortown not in the kings' special favor hunt cover and stay hid until the last ship was out of sight beyond the bar. For Jack and Pete were no respecters of persons. All men looked alike to them, and they sent to sea more than one who held himself too acute to be trapped into an unwilling voyage. Well-educated, well-dressed and companionable, the kings mixed with the best and worst that drifted into their realms, and once in their clutches no man escaped from them except by the open sea.

Jimmy Hunter, Yale man and cowpuncher, went down to the waterfront alone one day, against the advice of the upper town, to see the sights. He was wise to the world and had a year's thirst and pay with him. He met the kings, who were glad to see him. Just one more man was needed for the square-rigger Good Hope, then lying in the stream waiting for a crew, with her captain, Black, swearing at Jack and Pete for delaying him. The kings attended to Hunter's thirst and were friendly, even confidential. No secret was made of their trade. They told him stories of shanghaied sailormen and of crews they had stolen from one ship for another. He was much interested. Jack took him up to the shipping commissioner's to see the crew of the Good Hope shipped. He was even asked to and did sign his name once or twice "as a witness." A friend from the upper town risked a broken head to warn him. But the Sherman boys were also friends—at least three hours old—and, anyhow, he could take care of himself.

At last he caught Pete in an attempt to drug his whisky and left the kings, with a laughing comment on sailortown ways. Well outside the deadline he stopped in a quiet saloon. It was late and he and the lonesome bartender had a nightcap together. When he came alive next morning he was at sea in the Good Hope and a beefy English mate was kicking him in the ribs.

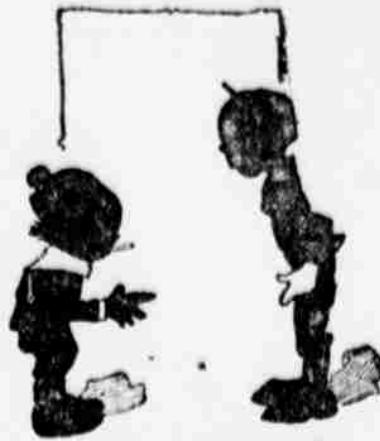
Of the months that followed Hunter never told much. He learned sailors' work; he had to. He picked up a scar or two from the English mate's brass knuckles. Also he acquired a deep desire to kill the kings of sailortown, Captain Black and the mate.

At last he found himself in the consul's office at Dunkirk, France, dressed in the clothes he had on when he met the Sherman boys. For a wonder, they had sent them aboard with him. He was in United States territory again, and, first off, he would square yards with Captain Black. But—the consular agent was a Frenchman who would neither speak English nor understand Hunter's French unless he wanted to. Captain Black lolled in an office chair and grinned while Hunter told his troubles. When he had finished, without a word of comment the consular agent spread out two papers, the ship's articles and an "advance note." "Ees thees votre nom?" he asked. It was. He remembered his signing "as

ON HER DIGNITY.

"I should like a drink of water," said the young man, politely.
"You'll have to wait until mother comes downstairs," said the young lady, haughtily. "I want you to understand that I never go into the kitchen."

GOOD AND WARM.



First Office Boy—I hear your boss made it hot for you yesterday.
Second Office Boy—Yes; he fired me.

Not His Fault.

"I refuse to accept these photographs," said an irate woman to a photographer; "my husband looks like a baboon!"
"I can't help it, madam," replied the photographer; "you chose him," didn't?"

CUT THIS OUT

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