

RAISED THE WAGES

BILL FOR TEACHING MODERN EUROPEAN LANGUAGES MADE MUCH DISCUSSION.

IN THE LEGISLATIVE BUDGET

The Work Being Done in Both Houses by the Lawmakers of Nebraska.

The lower legislative house is disposed to be kind to the governor and attorney general, but other state executive officers must worry along without any salary raises, judging from action in committee of the whole Thursday upon Palmer's proposed constitutional amendment.

The house voted down a proposition to increase the salary of the treasurer, state superintendent and auditor to \$3,000 a year and that of the secretary



GEORGE W. POTTS of Pawnee, Chairman of House Ways and Means Committee.

of state to \$2,500. It agreed, however, to give the attorney general \$3,500 per annum and the governor \$5,000, instead of the present \$2,500. The lieutenant governor was reduced from a state senator's pay to one and one-half that amount.

Incidentally the governor's term was extended to four years. All of these changes are, of course, subject to the will of the senate and later to that of the people at the polls.

A simple-appearing bill, providing for the teaching of modern European languages in the common schools, under certain conditions, brought forth so much discussion in the house, Tuesday that a breathing spell was announced, the debate to be taken up again. Several members, born in Europe, took the floor in opposition to the bill and declared most emphatically that America is a country of Americans. If anyone is not satisfied to have their children taught the language of the adopted country alone they were welcome to move away. The defense of the measure came from American born citizens, with the exception of one member of Jewish descent.

Farmers Oppose Bills.

The perennial proposal to purchase the Fremont normal school and convert it into a fifth state normal is receiving opposition even at home. Representative Shipley of Dodge county, of which Fremont is the county seat, has received a petition signed by fifty members of the farmers' co-operative union of the county, listing the bills to which the union is opposed. The purchase of the normal for \$150,000 is one of them.

Buech's resolution for a committee of three to prepare legislation making executives of state institutions liable for deficiencies in excess of a fixed percentage was introduced in the house and passed unanimously. It is directed particularly to prevent a repetition of deficits like the \$30,000 overexpenditure by the Kearney industrial school.

Will Favorably Report Bill.

Senator Smith's bill imposing a 2 per cent tax upon the gross receipts of all express companies will be favorably reported by the house committee on revenue and taxation. The committee practically decided this much at a recent meeting, but postponed final action until all members might be present.

"Billy" Carson, who was deputy food inspector under the Shallenberger administration, was high man in the contest for postmaster at Edgar.

Killed Sheriff's Bill.

The fees and salaries committee decided against the bill for which Sheriff Myers of Lancaster county, representing the sheriffs of the state, has been working. This bill called for 10 cents per mile for sheriffs while traveling on their duties. The present law says five cents per mile.

At a special election held at Oxford for the purpose of voting bonds to install a municipal electric lighting plant, the proposition carried by a vote of more than 2 to 1.

HIS DEEP SCHEME

Peter's Philanthropy Proved to Be Rather Two Sided Affair.

BY JANE OSBORNE.

When pretty Marion Drew, after three years in society, took up settlement work and gave up her Saturday mornings at the country club for the sake of teaching the "little mothers" of the tenements the art of sewing, a decided damper was cast on country club activity. Half a dozen young men who had shared the honors of Marion's companionship on the links, and on the courts, tried in various ways to dissuade her from her philanthropic activities. She would catch something, get some terrible germ from one of her children—that was the first argument. She would be unable to teach them anything they didn't know; she would make a public spectacle of herself, get her name in the papers, have to associate with "a lot of freak philanthropists." None of these arguments had the slightest effect on Marion.

The strange thing about it was that the young man who had hitherto enjoyed more of Marion's society than his less favored rivals, the most ardent lover of Saturday morning sports, Peter Meeker, made no effort to dissuade Marion. The fact is Peter had deeper schemes.

Two weeks after Marion had begun the "settlement game," as Peter and his friends referred to her activities, Peter also discovered a set of long dormant humanitarian motives somewhere in his make up, and decided to go into settlement work, too. So while Marion taught the art of sewing with the view of making more useful mothers and wives of the little girls in her class, Peter was teaching their more tractable brothers the art of basketball with the aim of making more useful citizens out of them. That is, that was his avowed motive. Peter taught his boys on Friday evenings and Marion taught her girls on Saturday mornings, so they seldom saw each other at the settlement house. Meantime, Peter became friendly with all the authorities on settlement work he could manage to meet, informed himself on the intricacies of teaching basketball and useful citizenship and, on all occasions, spread the story of Marion's wonderful success as a settlement worker.

"She began two weeks ago with only ten little girls," he would tell their mutual friends, "and since then her class has grown to twenty." He didn't add that the reason for this increase in membership was an ice cream feast served on his order.

"Marion is a wonder at that sort of work," he would go on, "and I have no doubt that she will make it her life work."

News of the ice cream party spread through the neighborhood with wonderful effect and in another week the twenty had increased to thirty. Marion was glad they appreciated the treat, she told them. It had been given to them by a "friend of theirs," and she wanted the secretary of the little club to write a letter of thanks to this "friend." This Marion did in order to instill habits of politeness and gratitude in her small charges.

"But, teacher," said one of the class to Marion, "you ought to thank the friend—cause the friend must have done it for you. The friend has never seen us, and people don't give parties to people they haven't seen."

This was sound logic certainly, but Marion met it.

"But this friend has heard a great deal about you. Now I am sure our little secretary can write a nice letter."

The bright-eyed little secretary was pensive for a few minutes. Then she raised her hand and asked:

"Teacher, what must I call the friend?"

"Oh," said Marion, with a blush that did not escape the keen eyes of her little secretary. "I think you won't need to use the friend's name. I will deliver the letter for you."

The secretary chewed the end of her pencil in thought. "Yes, but, teacher," she finally asked. "Is it a 'lady friend' or a 'gentleman friend'—cause on account of the 'Dear Sir' or the 'Dear Madam' at the top. The teacher at school said we should begin letters that way. Before long the letter was written. "Dear Sir," it began, "we thank you for the grand ice cream you gave us. Our mothers and fathers say, 'What a nice teacher we must have to have such a rich friend to give us such a treat.' We hope you will come to see us sew sometime."

Marion read the letter and, though, it was not quite what she had expected, she put it in her handbag, and that night posted it to Peter without comment.

Thus encouraged, Peter ordered another ice cream treat for the following week, but this time the roll of the class had reached forty, and as news of this second treat went the rounds of the neighborhood, the class reached sixty. It was really a marvelous success. Never since the settlement house had been established had any one had such a popular class as had Marion. But it would have taken a far more resourceful settlement worker than Marion to keep sixty little girls busy sewing without feeling the strain.

"Say, teacher," said one of them to Marion one day, as she encircled Marion's slender waist with her little arm. "We wished you taught us school."

"Yes, teacher," added another little girl. "We were saying how grand it would be if you taught us school. And, say, teacher," she whispered in confidence to Marion, "my father knows a policeman who knows an alderman with a pull and maybe he could get a teaching job for you. You don't get paid for teaching here, but at real school teaching you get rich."

A prominent member of the sewing class poo-pooed the idea. "Teacher don't have to work. She is going to get married. Aren't you, teacher? Sure, teacher is going to marry the rich gentleman that sends the ice cream. Aren't you, teacher?"

Marion was still blushing from the effects of this remark when an auspicious silence fell on the crowd of children and all eyes were focussed on the door. Then a chorus broke out. "Teacher, here is your friend. Here is your gentleman friend," and Marion turned around to see the beaming face of Peter.

Poor Marion was never so confused in her life as she was at this minute. Of course, she was glad Peter had come, but having to speak to him with 120 bright and eager eyes fixed upon her made her for the time being wish she had never gone in for settlement work. However, Marion managed to welcome the visitor and introduce him to the class. Then to Marion's surprise he stepped before the class and smiled and started to talk. He was proud, he said, to know the sewing class. He had decided to give them a picnic. He would arrange to charter a little steamer and would take them for an all-day sail next Saturday. They were all to come and bring their brothers and sisters, he told them, and he would ask Miss Drew to see that they had a good time.

Marion gasped, but no one noticed it, for the class of children was overcome with joy and excitement. Finally, at the stroke of the hour for dismissal, Marion got the little girls, with some difficulty, to file out of the building. Then she came back to Peter waiting for her in the class room.

"Peter," she said, holding two hands out to him. "You are the kindest man in the world. I never knew it was in you. It is so wonderful to feel that you take pleasure in this, too, when everyone else criticizes me for it." There were tears of weariness in her soft brown eyes, that made them glow with more warmth and sympathy than Peter had ever seen in them before.

He had intended to make a clean breast of it, and tell her the truth, that he wasn't interested in the work at all, but had done it all because of his interest in her; that he had sent the "parties" to the children so that the class would get too large for her to handle, and she would be forced to give it up and so come back to the club activities; that he had told people of her success so that they would weary her with their comments—but now as he looked at her he hadn't the heart to spoil her enthusiasm over his interest. Besides he had really enjoyed the sewing class and the prospect of spending next Saturday with Marion. Making a boat load of poor children happy was much more alluring than the prospect of sharing her society with a half a dozen other young men at the club.

"Marion dear," Peter said, encouraged by what she had just said to him. "I know you meant what you said when you said 'No' before, but won't you give me another chance?"

Marion was perplexed, and then the sound of childish voices was heard again in the hall.

"I knew he was a swell when he sent the first 'party,' one of the little girls was saying, 'but I never knew he was such a big swell till I saw him.'"

Another voice broke in. "Say, isn't teacher lucky? Maybe they are married already."

Peter smiled at Marion, and Marion looked up with happiness in her eyes. "Yes, Peter," she whispered, "I am lucky, but let's escape before they see us."

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Matter of Pronunciation.
"That was a misunderstanding which did not necessarily indicate ignorance," said Albert de Roode, the new head council of New York's examining board of plumbers. "It was just such a misunderstanding as befell the young German girl."

"A rosy, blue-eyed, yellow-haired German girl called at the general delivery window and asked if there was a letter there for Lena Muller."

"There's one for Lena H. Muller," said the clerk, interrogatively.

"Yah, dot's me," said the girl, smiling and blushing.

"You forgot the H, eh?" said the clerk, as he handed her the letter.

"Ach, so I did," she answered. "H, twenty-two next Chuly."

Tip From the Admiral.

Admiral George Dewey, complimented on his superb health on his seventy-fifth birthday, smiled and said:

"I attribute my good condition to plenty of exercise and no banquets. We eat, you see, too much. One-third of what a man eats enables him to live."

"In that case," said the reporter, "what becomes of the other two-thirds?"

"Oh, that enables the doctor to live," Admiral Dewey replied.

Settlement Work.
Post-Thompson has gone in for settlement work.

Parker—Helping the poor or bill-collecting?—Judge.

ALBANIA'S FEUD CODE

Nation Where the Rifle Takes Place of Law.

Sixty to Eighty Per Cent. of the Male Inhabitants of Little Kingdom Are Killed in Personal Warfare.

Scutari, Albania—Today the law of the Albanian lands is neither Christian nor Koranic, but there is a code of the mountains as unalterable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, which, at least until quite recently, was unwritten. This code Dukagin, so called from the prince of a family who so long ruled districts of Albania and which had been generally accepted by the leading men of other clans and flags, is transmitted by tradition in certain families which have arrogated to themselves the rights and privileges of custodians of the law, and who are as well the possessors of certain variants of the Homeric songs, the only true versions they claim. The questions treated in this mountain code, Stephen Bonsal writes in the North American Review, are certainly not novel and somewhat monotonous to the dweller of cities. Provision is made against the stealing of animals and trespassing on land. However, these matters invariably lead to, if they do not end in, murder, and the dockets of the mountain court are rarely crowded. The rifle has generally done its work before the pleadings are made before the court of elders, but the law of the blood feud or vendetta which is also set forth in this code is as interesting as it is wonderfully intricate.

When it is remembered that 60 per cent of the Albanians are killed in feuds and personal warfare and that in some districts these terrible figures run up to 80 per cent, it may be readily understood how absorbingly interesting these laws of the vendetta are to the Albanian boy when in his twelfth year he has his head shaved and become a possible target for any one at feud with his family or with his cousins ten times removed.

The law of the mountain, according to the code Dukagin, says blood that has once flowed cannot be lost or forgotten. It must be wiped out with more blood, but two serious wounds are the equivalent of one dead man and under these circumstances the feud can be set aside. He who has fired on an enemy without hitting him is not only discredited but "has taken his enemy's honor," as is the expression of the country, and he must and does expect to be killed at the



Albanian Military Officers.

first opportunity. But where no blood has been spilled vengeance may be satisfied by the payment of an indemnity to the offended person, otherwise there begins an interminable vendetta which compels all males of the families involved, except priests, to be ever on their guard.

When each family has secured an equal number of murders it is permissible for the elders to intervene and order a general bessa, or pacification. Sometimes, but not always, one of the families refuses to desist, and it is then not infrequently condemned to see the family home set on fire and all its members driven into exile by duo process of mountain law. When this is decided by the council of the elders the duty of applying the torch devolves upon the bayraktar, or standard bearer, of the clan. As the family that is condemned to see its household goods go up in flame is frequently inclined to fight, no one not belonging to the tribe, however he may want to, is permitted to take part in the row, for, as the code in an unusually humane spirit sets forth, should this interloper be killed a vendetta between the tribes would ensue and hundreds of men might be uselessly slain.

Lowest Price for Seat in Years.
New York.—The lowest price paid for a stock exchange seat in many years was paid when a \$50,000 offer effected a sale.

Complaint on Onion Tariff.
Washington.—Government officials received a protest from Bermuda planters over the high tariff on onions.

LARGE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

Successful Candidate Should Have Been Happy, but There Were Reasons Why He Was Not.

"I suppose you're very happy, now that you're elected mayor?"

"Well, I can't say that I am. I thought I would be, but it hasn't worked out that way."

"But you got such a splendid vote. It ought to make you feel happy to think the people have such confidence in you."

"That is cheering, of course. It is fine to know that the majority of the people believe in you. Still, I'm not altogether contented."

"I can't understand it at all. Here you've been elected to the highest honor in the community; you have splendid opportunities to do good work; you may graduate from this position to broader service for the state, and possibly from the state to the nation. You ought to be happy if anyone is."

"I know it. But I'm not. The fact is, I am up against it. I have four political managers who did splendid service for me, and each one demands the same job"—Detroit Free Press.

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder, and the doctors told me that I was going to die."



W. D. Smith, der. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Julius Caesar.
The almost unanimous verdict of ancient and modern times is to the effect that Julius Caesar was what Shakespeare calls him: "The foremost man of all this world." Never before or since has any one exhibited in so high a degree all the qualities of a born ruler of men. And never had any man a grander role to play. To preside over the most important crisis in the history of the human race was a task that none but the greatest of men could successfully perform. Caesar swept one obstacle after another aside, and stood at last where he meant to stand.

No Doubt.
"Say, Billy," called the junior clerk, "how do you spell citizen?"
"C-I-T-I-Z-E-N."
"I know about the front end of it, but is it 'z-u-n or s-u-n'?"

Smokers find LEWIS' Single Binder 50 cigar better quality than most 10c cigars. Adv.

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At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS
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WILLING TO TRY.



Mrs. Youngwidow—No one can ever take the place of my dear dead husband.

George—Why-er-I was going to suggest that I take his place.

Similar Position.

Little Robert was much interested in the picture of a stork which he saw in a magazine.

"Say, mamma," he asked, what has become of the bird's other leg?"

"It has raised it up among its feathers," replied the mother.

"That's funny," the boy observed. "I thought it was trying to clean its shoe on its stocking like sister Ethel does."

Natural Result.

"That girl rings true."

"Of course. She is a fine belle."

Charge for the advice you hand out if you want people to take it.

"Can you beat it?"
Surely not, especially when it comes to a case of Poor Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Costiveness, Biliousness, Colds or Malarial Disorders. It is then that
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS
proves its merit. You really should try a bottle without delay. It will aid you wonderfully. Refuse substitutes. Get Hostetter's.

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Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try
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