

RECIPE FOR MODERN SERIAL

A maid—or wife—or widow—with red hair.
And a cool cheek and pale;
Bright, mocking wit (not set down anywhere);
Great, glistening eyes, soft laces, jewels
And Doucet gowns, that trail.
A man of mark, who's in the Cabinet.
And has the nation's ear;
His hands are clenched, his face is white
and set,
The red haired siren he cannot forget,
But has a wife—dear, dear!
The wife's a miracle of womankind,
All wrongs—and gracious curves,
The suffering agonies of mind
That scarcely she would bear—half blind,
Her beauty she preserves.
A close lipped, strong jawed monarch
Of Finance,
Cynical, ruthless, tall;
All gold, save iron will and steely glance,
He thinks—the markets rise—and then,
perchance,

He yawns—and down they fall.
Add now some dukes and marquises, to taste,
And "extra" ladies, please.
A wicked foreign Prince—dark eyes,
And not a few "chests";
Then let your puppets give their show,
where'er
It's really smart to be;
Hurlingham, Ascot, Stimla, and Mayfair,
Yacht, motor car, balloon—sea, earth, and air.
Sahara and Patee.
Sort 'em, dust 'em, when their task is
done,
Fresh names, of course, they'll need,
A coat of paint, maybe—and then, once
more,
In "Daily Thrills" they'll figure, as be-
fore,
And he that runs (to catch his train)
may read. —Punch.

LOOSE FANG, THE GRIZZLY

We were now just below the edge of the snow, and a little above the place where Henry had seen the bear. There was a slight breeze blowing up the side. Henry now went across through the bushes and I above, in the open, round the edge of the snow. Soon after we parted I came upon huge tracks going up on the snow. I did not follow them, but kept on across them, parallel with Henry. I heard a swishing sound, and, looking up, saw a monster grizzly coming down the snow with swift strides, evidently in a hurry, and almost in a line between me and the sun, and the snow was flashing round him in a sparkling haze. There was not the slightest sign of hesitation. When he

viewed me at a distance of about twenty yards he raised his great head and fixed his eyes on me. Swerving slightly from his course, so as to come straight at me, his forefoot appeared to paw the air.
I aimed at his broad chest and fired, and with a deep, low growl he plunged headlong down the slope, tearing up the snow and earth. He brought up against some small fir, a few yards below and tried to crawl up to me, when I finished him with a shot behind the ear, though, as he started struggling down through the bush I gave him a couple more. There was no blood from any of the four bullet wounds—Arthur H. Mathey in Recreation for November.

REFUTE DR. OSLER'S THEORY

The proposed walk of four and a quarter miles was caught up by other cheerful and aged ones, until eleven starters had volunteered, says September Outing Magazine. It is to be said of them that Dr. Osler's heedless remark about chloroform had something to do with the fire of enthusiasm which swept these pedestrians into their project.

The ladies had a cup of tea by way of preliminary ceremony, and were then persuaded to stand in column to be photographed. The man with the camera was a lad of 78 years, fitly chosen for the task, Jeremiah Merritt Greene, who has been making pictures in the Middle West for fifty years.
Then the signal was given for the start and the eleven entries tripped away at a lively gait. Many of those who followed them gave it up and went home after a few blocks because their legs ached. Early in the pilgrimage several of the venerable walkers had to be held in check. It was hoped that all of them would finish, and, therefore, the amazing energy of the leaders threatened to tire out the others. Two miles were covered as cheerfully as if this were a picnic party, and there were no laggards.

A few blocks from the goal, Mrs. Maria Mueller, aged 80, who was one of the impetuous ones that had to be held back in the earlier stretches, began to do a skipping step along the pavement, as if she were coming "down the middle" in an old-fashioned Virginia reel.
She had an able partner in Mrs. Susan Deckhart, also carrying the burden of 80 years, and between these two the ardor of competition flamed so high that they started off together on a lively little trot for the finish. It was a "dead heat" between the pair, and first honors were thus divided. The others trailed in after them in the best of spirits, all vowing that they were by no means exhausted.
The actual walking time for the party averaged one hour and forty-five minutes for four and a quarter miles.
Every one of these old ladies is the mother of a large and sturdy family. Their consensus of opinion concerning their vigor in old age was that they had worked hard in their homes all their lives, had never "bothered their heads about dieting," and early in life had adopted the rule of "early to bed and early to rise." The average age of these eleven matriarchs is 78 years.

TWO HORSE-TRADING STORIES

Every one who ever lived on the banks of the Kennebec river has heard of "Jim" Keagan, a shrewd Irishman, who thirty years ago was making lots of money buying Prince Edward Island horses and bringing them to Maine, where he always found a good market. He was a great friend and admirer of James G. Blaine, who took pleasure in riding with him behind a good pair of roadsters.
On one occasion "Jim" had out a horse for the inspection of a possible purchaser. As usual, he had a good story to tell. Finally the visitor asked Mr. Keagan his price.
"Five hundred dollars," was his prompt reply.
"I will give you a hundred and a quarter," was the response.
"Jim" looked him over for just a moment, and, seeing that he was all done, cocked his hat in a manner peculiar

to himself and replied, in his characteristic manner: "My friend, that is a 1-1 of a drop, but he is your horse."
On another occasion "Jim" bought a fine horse from one of the nearby towns and agreed to give \$300 for him. The horse was brought to the stable yard, and "Jim" counted out \$300 in bills to the seller, and, taking the halter, asked if that was all right. The seller demurred that there should be 50 cents more for the halter.
"You ask 50 cents for that halter?" asked "Jim."
"Yes," came the reply.
"Well, let's see how much you get," and, taking the bills back as if to recount them, he passed the man 50 cents for the halter, which he slipped from the head of the fiery horse, and remarked that he guessed he would only take the halter and did not care for the horse.

MME. LARIVIERE'S BAD BARGAIN

A few days ago Mme. Lariviere who lives on a farm not far from here, was surprised by a well dressed man who came to the door with an eager request for a rifle, says a dispatch from Blue Sea Lake, Quebec. As it happens, the only firearm her husband possessed is an ancient, wire bound, muzzle loading shotgun.
This and the accompanying powder horn and cap box the excited visitor quickly seized. A large charge of powder was rammed home, a rifle cartridge lying as a curiosity upon the little mantelpiece supplied the bullet, and the gun was carefully sighted and fired, to the great alarm of the lonely housekeeper. What in the world the map with the store clothes and the impressive golden chains was doing she could not fathom.
The shot was evidently satisfactory, for the man replaced the gun, threw a whole silver quarter upon the table, and, with a smiling face, darted from the cabin. From the window she saw him run to the little barnyard, there pick up what she took to be the body

of a dead dog and drag it down the road to where, below the hill, a horse and buggy were standing.
Leon Lariviere came home late that night in a state of exaltation. He had had a coup or two of whisky blanc at the village, and a traveling drummer had paid him a dollar for skinning a superb black fox.
"My faith, but it was a beauty," he exclaimed. "Nice little white hair bleeding through the black fur. Why, blood of my soul, that drummer will sell it for maybe \$300! Funny how all the luck goes to some people!"
"What was he like, this drummer?" asked the housewife, a suspicion of the truth coming into her brain.
"Oh, a fine, big man, with brown store clothes, and two big chains to his vest," her man answered.
In a few moments Leon was tearfully swearing at his wife for selling his fox, killed on his land, killed with his gun, for twenty-five cents, while madam with her apron thrown up over her face was sobbing as she thought of all the fine things \$300 would buy.

THANKSGIVING DAY RATES...

To accommodate holiday travelers a rate of one fare and one-third for the round trip to points within 200 miles of starting point, has been generally placed in effect by the

UNION PACIFIC

Dates of Sale, Nov., 29th and 30th, with final return limit Dec., 4th.

Inquire of E. B. SLOSSON, Gen'l Agent.

GENERAL MENTION.

Brief Items of Interest From Home and Other Places.

Cleveland, O., upholsterers have organized.
Central Labor Union meeting next Tuesday evening.
Don't buy the Woman's Home Companion. There's a reason.
Rogers & Perkins carry an immense line of union made shoes.
The largest line of union made shoes in the city at Rogers & Perkins.
Omaha Typographical Union No. 190 is paying \$7 and \$9 to the strikers.
St. Paul barbers are entering a campaign designed to advertise their union shop card.
If it is union made it will have the label. Don't take some irresponsible clerk's word for it.

Minneapolis printers are up against an injunction, and arguments thereon are slated for tomorrow.
Boston Garment Workers added 300 to their membership last month by a thorough campaign of organization.
During the month ending November 15, twenty-eight Typographical Unions secured contracts for the eight-hour day.
One hundred and fifty San Francisco cigarmakers are on strike to enforce a demand for a new wage schedule.

News comes from Philadelphia that negotiations are on looking to a settlement of the strike on the Philadelphia Inquirer.
The carpenters report the state of trade unusually good for this time of year. There are few, if any, idle union carpenters in the city.

The secretary of the Milwaukee school board has notified the contracting printers to put the label on all work done for the board.
The continued fine weather has been beneficial to the bricklayers. They have been busy as niggers right along, and are praying for good weather right up until Christmas eve.

Chairman Shonts wants to disregard all laws in the building of the Panama canal and employ coolies ten hours a day. Shall the coolies and lengthened hours follow the flag?
Don't forget that Bro. McCoy, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, is a union boot and shoemaker and that he carries a fine line of union made shoes. Give him a call. He does repairing.

"Wanted First-class non-union compositors." You see that advertisement every day. It's no use, however. There are no first-class non-union compositors. All the good ones are in the union.
The Milwaukee railroad has granted its car workers an increase of 5 cents a day, and the men are now hustling around for available building sites. They want to put their increased wage into houses and lots.

The Central Labor Union meets next Tuesday evening. Let every delegate be present. All unionists in good standing are eligible to admission. Help make the Central Labor Union an active and positive force in the labor movement in Lincoln.

J. S. Bishop has been made chairman of the council committee on printing. Mr. Bishop opposed the union label evidence and waxed facetious in explaining his vote. The union printers need except no consideration at the hands of Mr. Bishop.
The building laborers are having a prosperous season. Work continues in the department. The interior building and the Incon Traction company's improvements make places for more men than can be secured. All the idle men in Lincoln are idle froc choice.

Prince Louis of Battenburg, the royal admiral who has just visited the United States, is a printer by trade. He visited the Baltimore news office and the chapel immediately met and elected him a member. The prince expressed his delight and made the printers a neat little speech.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen are meeting with trouble in trying to secure concessions from the Grand Trunk railroad. The committees have been in Montreal six weeks without accomplishing anything, and much uneasiness is felt.

Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux chief who was reputed to have fired the shot which killed General Custer, is dead at the Standing Rock reservation in Boreman county. His death occurred September 12, but the fact only became known to the state authorities today.

The Indian, during his lifetime, gave the United States troops as much trouble as any other who ever lived. He always bore the reputation of being a "bad" Indian, and never lost his hatred for the white man.

Rain-in-the-Face joined Sitting Bull in his famous uprising, and was one of the leaders in the battle of the Little Big Horn river, June 25, 1876, which is popularly known as the "Custer massacre." He always claimed that he fired the shot which ended the life of Custer. Rain-in-the-Face was a pure blooded Sioux and was 62 years old at the time of his death.

A hard fighter, a maker of trouble, a horse thief, an Indian who would kill on the slightest provocation, the best general Sitting Bull ever had under him in his campaigns, Rain-in-the-Face was one of the most picturesque, dangerous and daring chiefs who ever fought against the troops of the United States. He belonged to the Sioux tribe, and was a full-blooded member of it, without a drop of any other Indian blood in his veins—a fact of which he was excessively proud.

The Custer massacre was largely due to his oath of vengeance against the entire Custer family—an oath resulting from his arrest in the early '70s by "Tom" Custer, a brother of General Custer. Custer arrested Rain-in-the-Face for murder in western Dakota and took him to a government prison in Missouri. Here the Indian chief was held captive several months, but finally made his escape.

"I will kill you all," was the threat he left behind him for "Tom" Custer and the whole Custer family. The Custers were warned by friendly guides and Indians that Rain-in-the-Face was the most formidable and dangerous man in the entire Sioux tribe, and that he would surely do all in his power to carry out his threat of vengeance. The Custers, however, were inclined to scoff at the Indian's power of fulfillment of his oath.

After his escape Rain-in-the-Face joined Sitting Bull and his braves. It is a curious fact that, although associated with Sitting Bull in many desperate battles, Rain-in-the-Face never had a high opinion of the old chief.
It was a year and a half after the escape of Rain-in-the-Face that Gen-

How Much Is It Worth?



THE QUESTION with you concerning your suit or overcoat should be, "How much is it worth?" It should not be "How much did it cost?" A custom made suit or overcoat should cost no more than it is worth to you for wearing purposes. Is you pay more you lose. Why pay for a mere manufacturer's name? The clothes, not the name, is what you want.

From FIVE to FIFTEEN DOLLARS

That is range enough in custom made clothes or overcoats. More than that is too much. Our \$5 suits and overcoats are sold elsewhere from \$8 to \$12 because other dealers ask larger profits in order to meet larger rent expenses. Our \$10 suits and overcoats are equal to any that other dealers ask \$15 and \$18 for, and for the same reasons.

ABSOLUTELY NONE BETTER

We do not hesitate to declare that our \$15 suits and overcoats are the very best that can be made. We ask no more, because we make a fair profit at that price. You buy the goods, not the maker's name.

FIT AND QUALITY

You should demand two things in clothing for the money you pay—Fit and Quality. An ill-fitting suit of poor quality is dear at any price. Our clothing fits, and the quality is always of the very best. You always get the worth of your money when dealing with us. We are looking for the trade that we can keep—and to keep it we must give satisfaction, in price, fit and quality. Try us once, and we will take chances on your becoming a regular customer. We want regular trade.

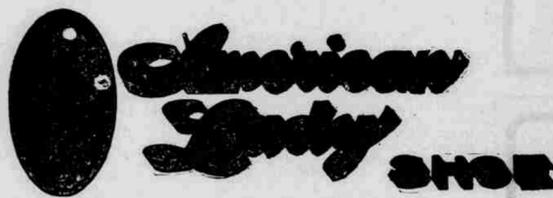


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FAMOUS AMERICAN LADY SHOES

Shaped and manufactured by the largest shoe factory in the world; made by the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co. and sold by Branch & Miller Co.—the largest stock of Hamilton-Brown shoes in the state, the best shaped, best fitting, best wearing, most comfortable ladies' shoe made. They are made in the Ideal patent kid vamp and foxing flexible sole empress heel, sap toe, elb last, also in patent laid vamp dull mat quarter flexible sole Cuban heel Blucher Arcadia last and black vici kid, Goodyear welt sole, military heel, Duchess last No. 408, in vici kid vamp and foxing in laid scroll lac; stay, hand turned sole, military. We carry them in all the above styles and all sizes.

Prices: \$3.00 and \$3.50 Per Pair

The Largest Exclusive Line of Union Made Shoes in the West

eral Custer and some 300 men of the Seventh cavalry started on the hunt for Sitting Bull. The command followed the trail of the Yellowstone and on June 25, 1876, the United States soldiers finally found the Indians in camp in the valley of the Big Horn. The Custer massacre inspired in great measure by Rain-in-the-Face and in fulfillment of the Indian's threat, followed.
Not knowing that they had come

upon the full body of Sitting Bull's warriors, General Custer and his men rode into a trap which, according to other Indian chiefs, had been prepared by Rain-in-the-Face when he knew the Americans were coming to join battle. Rain-in-the-Face had thrown out scouts who kept him thoroughly posted on Custer's movements for more than a week before the opposing forces came in sight of one another. When the fighting actually began,

had been killed by the volleys of the Indians, it was Rain-in-the-Face who led the final charge against the knoll where Custer and the survivors stood, gallantly defending themselves as best they could. Gradually the dauntless handful of men in blue became fewer and fewer and gradually the shots from the soldiers became more scattered, as man after man fell beneath the bullets of the Indians. Finally but one living form stood

erect, facing the ring of Indians. It was General Custer, his sword shattered, his revolver empty, the last member of the Custer family at the mercy of Rain-in-the-Face, the general's brothers already having been killed. There was silence for a moment and the Indians ceased to fire or advance. Then came a puff of smoke, a single shot, and General Custer fell dead beside his troopers. Rain-in-the-Face had kept his oath.