

MADE IN LINCOLN
MADE BY FRIENDS

LINCOLN MONEY
LEFT IN LINCOLN

LIBERTY FLOUR

No better flour sold on the Lincoln market. Every sack warranted. We want the trade of Union men and women, and we aim to deserve it. If your grocer does not handle Liberty Flour, 'phone us and we will attend to it. Ask your neighbor how she likes Liberty Flour. We rely on the recommendation of those who use it.

H. O. BARBER & SON

GREEN GABLES

The Dr. Benj. F. Baily Sanatorium
Lincoln, Nebraska

For non-contagious chronic diseases. Largest, best equipped, most beautifully furnished.

Suit or O'coat to Order

UNION MADE **\$15** UNION MADE

You can have your pick of 500 Fall and Winter Patterns. Tell us just how you want it, and we will make you a Suit or Overcoat with style, quality, workmanship, and above all, A FIT. Behind every garment we make is our guarantee to make it good.



133 South Thirteenth Street

J. H. McMULLEN, Manager

Auto 2372

NEBRASKA'S SELECT HARD-WHEAT FLOUR

Wilbur and DeWitt Mills

THE CELEBRATED

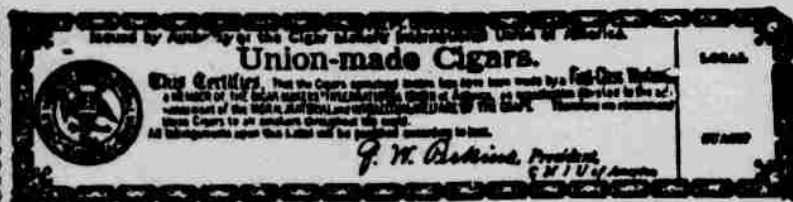
LITTLE HATCHET FLOUR

RYE FLOUR A SPECIALTY

Telephone us
Holl Phone 200, Auto 1459

145 SOUTH 9TH, LINCOLN, NEB.

Your Cigars Should Bear This Label...



It is insurance against sweat shop and tenement goods, and against disease.

Prince in Papua

By C. ROSS JOHNSON

(Copyright, by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

This happened when his serene highness, Prince Carl of Baratara, was visiting his Britannic majesty's possessions in New Guinea.

He came—Prince Carl—in the Baratarian cruiser Konigin Hildebrande, and with him was a gorgeous staff—plump and beautifully gilded over its plumosity. The Konigin Hildebrande anchored off Port Moresby and waited for the British governor to arrive. Meanwhile the prince and his staff went ashore to have some shooting. They got it—after the continental fashion, which consists of blazing away at everything, sitting shots preferred. Not a bird could be seen around Port Moresby for some time afterward, but they brought many back with them, big and little. And they called it sport.

When the governor came in a little excursion was planned to show the prince something of the interior. So the horses were saddled and early one morning they started.

The white servants of the prince were sent on ahead with natives carrying delicate viands and the camping gear, with instructions to await the main party at a certain place at midday.

For a short way the others could ride two abreast and after he had somewhat thawed Count Bierundonner found in Mr. O'Brien a fairly congenial companion. O'Brien was the secretary for lands in British New Guinea, and, when a young man, had been to Baratara; so he and the count found a common subject of interest. Moreover, in the matter of women and wine their tastes were similar.

At noon, tired and thirsty after his exertions, the prince heard with languid joy that they were near lunch. They soon struck the rendezvous and the Englishmen perspired freely when they beheld only one native sitting there, his swag beside him. Him they rapidly questioned.

As Mr. O'Brien afterward told his chum, "Those damned Dutchmen had got lost, and after waiting some time the 'boys' concluded that they must be in the wrong place, so cleared off ahead."

The Englishmen raved and the gilded staff used Baratarian oaths that were 18 inches long and would sink in mercury. His serene highness suked and looked anything but his title.

"Open his swag and see what he has got," said his excellency the British governor. "It is no good," and he gave vent to a lurid burst of blasphemy—"it is no good using bad language."

The swag contained but a few tins of meat and biscuits intended for the baser sort. The fowls and leg of goat and other delicacies, alas! were miles ahead. Months afterward in the whirl of a Baratarian ballroom the Count von Bierundonner confided to the beautiful Baroness von Homburg that he would never forget the sight of his royal master sitting in his shirt sleeves on a log, with a sheep's trotter in one hand and a ship's biscuit in the other, while he occasionally slipped muddy water out of a jam tin.

"I hope," said his excellency politely, "that your serene highness' servants have come to no harm."

"Pray God they have broken their necks," said his serene highness with much earnestness, and pulled viciously at a small, red mustache. Mr. O'Brien and the native were sent rapidly forward to collect the carriers and see that they camped at the right place for the evening; also, incidentally, to find the "Dutchmen."

Chastened and resigned, the prince and his attendants rode slowly on. They crossed a stream and ascended a hill, but refrained from expressing any delight at the view, as was manifestly their duty. Capt. Freiherr von Kladerdatch rode under a lawyer vine, and was unable to keep his horse quiet. His remarks, which embraced the animal and vegetable kingdom, were comprehensive, and brought a tired smile to the careworn face of the prince. They passed the nipa palm hut of a south sea islander, and here, by common consent, they left their Christmas tree decorations.

The scrub was more open now, and, riding over a plain, the party scattered somewhat. His serene highness evinced no desire to be spoken to and rode alone, while his excellency discussed the anti-Semitic question with the chamberlain. Shortly after five they met Mr. O'Brien riding back. He had found most of the carriers and the three "Dutchmen"—the latter in a speechless and semi-paralytic condition. Joyfully they rode into camp, to find their flies pitched and fires burning.

"I am very sorry to say," said Mr. O'Brien to Count Bierundonner, "that the carrier with your tent and hammock cannot be found, but as I am accustomed to roughing it, I will be very glad if you will make use of mine. I have had your things put in," he added. "Impossible, my dear friend," said the other, and went on to explain how, being a soldier and the son of a soldier, he was inherently adapted to sleeping under a tree with his spurs for a pillow. But Mr. O'Brien was firm and overruled the count's objections. They entered the small fly.

"You see," said O'Brien, pointing to the tightly stretched hammock swung

about three feet from the ground, "I will sleep just beneath you."

There was a sudden commotion in the camp and the two men ran out. The governor's valet rushed up. "The prince!" he gasped. "Have you seen him? He is lost—the prince!" and he vanished into the dusk like one possessed.

It was strange that the principal figure should get lost without anyone noticing it, but being in a bad temper no one had felt particularly anxious to go near him and each concluded that he was with the other.

His excellency hurried along the path. It was a trying moment for him and his prophetic eye saw international trouble in the near future.

"Follow me," he said. He had already sent the natives out in different directions and the camp was resounding with the crack of rifle and gun to the unspeakable delight of small native boys. They wandered through the bush for nearly an hour. Then suddenly they found him.

There was a glimmer ahead from a hut in a small clearing. "Alec's place," said the governor. "He might know something."

They pushed open the door and entered. There was a flaring lamp in the dirty room. In one corner, gazing blankly at a figure at the rickety table, stood Alec—a negro from the Muritus. Over his shoulder peered his Papuan wife and Jimmy Japan, while Mac, a half-caste, stood on one bare foot and thoughtfully scratched his woolly poll. Seated on the table, dismally sucking two feet of sugarcane and glaring at his hosts, was the prince. His shirt was in rags and his face was scratched and dirty, while two little pigs rubbed themselves grunting against his spurs.

"We thought your serene highness—"

"Would like something to eat," snapped the other.

Twenty minutes later a very disheveled and exhausted half-apparent was helped into camp. He had gone through enough to tire a man—not to mention a prince.

Dinner was over and the prince seemed recovering. On the bank of the river O'Brien was in earnest conversation with the native corporal.

"This place," said O'Brien to the Count Bierundonner, who strolled up, "this place is the very devil for alligators."

"Du lieber Gott!" ejaculated the latter piously.

"Yes; but you are all right in your hammock, you know. It's worse for me on the ground. It's only a few yards from the river, you see, and they might sneak up and nip me."

"What do you propose doing?" asked the count, much moved.

"I shall put a barricade round my bed; then they can only fool round outside and smell at me, but won't be able to get in."

"Dear God," thought the count. "The monsters might climb this barricade and nip me." He seemed depressed, but, recollecting that he was a soldier, comforted himself bravely.

Tired out, every one turned in early. The count watched with fascinated interest Mr. O'Brien's preparations for the night. This gentleman had collected everything he could lay his hands on and built them like a wall round where he lay, under the count's hammock—boxes, swags, biscuit tins and buckets. The count examined it critically and with a knowledge of strategy and the art of war.

"Look," he said. "I will move a little this box—so."

"Thanks very much, old man," replied Mr. O'Brien from inside. "Is it better now?"

"Yes," said the count, "yes—much better—for me," he muttered, as he crawled into his hammock. "The brutes might have come upstairs as it was," and he sank into a sweet sleep.

"Downstairs," O'Brien moved restlessly on his rugs. He was stiff after the unaccustomed ride, and the bed was hard. He dreamed that the prince was lost and that he was being led off to instant decapitation. He dozed off again and dreamed that the alligators were crawling up and sitting on his chest (tinned lobster). He awoke with a start and a yell. There was a crash—then something got him firmly by the arm. With a convulsive shriek he brought both legs together and put all his soul into one last kick. There was an answering shriek from above as the Count von Bierundonner, receiving the full force of the kick in the small of his back, was hurled bodily out of his hammock and landed groaning some yards outside the tent.

The whole camp turned out in confusion.

"What's the matter?" queried Dallas, the private secretary, hurrying up with a lantern.

"An alligator," gasped O'Brien, who was pinned down with two boxes on his chest. "Save me, old chap. It has got me by the arm."

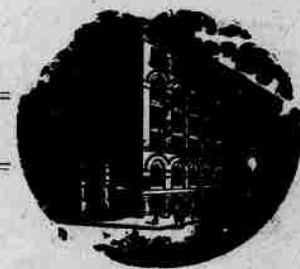
"An alligator," said Dallas. "You essence of an idiot! Why, you driving ass, you have knocked over a bucket and the handle has closed over your arm. Get up, you juggins, and I will take your arm out."

Then an irate and scornful camp, after having told Mr. O'Brien exactly what it thought of him and provided for his future in a few powerful and well-chosen expressions, returned to its interrupted slumbers.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Established 1901

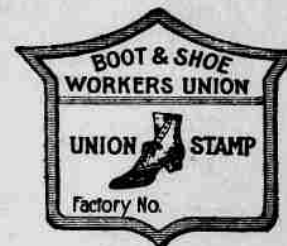
15th and O Sts.



"Your system saved me \$19.25," said one of our depositors last Saturday night. His checks were receipts. Are yours? Start an account today.

Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

THE EAST O STREET BANK



Named Shoes are Often Made in Non-union Factories.

DO NOT BUY ANY SHOE

no matter what its name unless it bears a plain and readable impression of this Union Stamp.

All Shoes without the Union Stamp are Always Non-Union

Do not accept any excuse for the absence of the UNION STAMP.

BOGT AND SHOE WORKERS' UNION

246 Sumner St., Boston, Mass.

John F. Tobin, Pres.

Chas. L. Baine, Sec.-Treas.

First Trust and Savings Bank

Owned by Stockholders of the First National Bank

THE BANK FOR THE WAGE-EARNER

INTEREST PAID AT FOUR PER CENT

Tenth and O Streets

Lincoln, Nebraska

Chilly Weather Cheerfulness

These mornings make you think of the furnace, eh? And coal bills? But what's the use of worrying yet—there's lots of time. Chilly mornings and evenings? They can be cured at small expense—smaller than worrying and feeding the furnace.

A Gas Heater Does the Work

Attach it to the gas jet in dining room, sitting room or bath room. No work, no worry. A cent or two and the room is comfortably warm, and the furnace out of business for weeks and weeks to come. Cheaper and cleaner and better. With the furnace you must use enough coal to heat the house and most of it wasted these days. The gas heater merely gives you the heat you need, where you need it and when.

Ask the Users Their Advice

We'll stand that test—you ask those who are using the heater these days. Several thousand of them, and you ought to among the number. We sell the heaters, good ones, at a low price.

Lincoln Gas and Electric Light Co.

OPEN EVENINGS