

# NEBRASKA HOST FOR SINGERS

## Two Thousand Coming for National Saengerfest.

### MEET IN OMAHA JULY 20-23.

German Singers Come "Out West" for Biggest Musical Event in Two Years. Bring American and European Artists With Them—Two Thousand School Children in Another Chorus.

Two thousand German singers, their friends and the most famous vocalists of this country and Europe will gather "out in Nebraska," July 20-23, for the twenty-fourth biennial saengerfest of the Saengerbund of the Northwest.

For the first time in the history of the organization a place of meeting has been selected west of the Missouri river, the society having unanimously selected Omaha as the meeting place for the big musical event because of the large Auditorium and hotel accommodations, as well as because of the large number of German people in Omaha interested in the saengerbund music.

It is a great thing to Nebraska to have this national saengerfest meet within its borders, as it will bring to the state hundreds of the most prominent German citizens in the United States, and give home people an opportunity to hear them.

The Saengerbund has a most thorough way of organizing and rehearsing the music, the director traveling from one city to another throughout the year and giving instructions, leading the local choruses and assisting the leaders to insure uniform when the big event takes place in Omaha.

This director, Mr. Theodore Kelbe of Milwaukee, has made his last round. His 2,000 singers are ready and could doubtless sing together without a general rehearsal. But rehearse they must, as the leaders never rest.

Such a chorus will be a musical event in the west, and with the artists and orchestra, five grand concerts will be given, each one different in character.

The opening concert, Wednesday evening, July 19, will be entirely by singers of Omaha and South Omaha, it being in the nature of a reception concert.

An artists' matinee will follow Thursday afternoon, at which all the great artists will appear on one program. These will include Miss Mary Munchoff, Madame Hesse-Sprotte, Myrtle Moses, Mrs. Wagner-Thomas, Christian Hansen of the Boston Opera company and Marcus Kellerman of the Royal Opera house, Berlin, and others.

The first concert of the mass male chorus will be given Thursday evening, and the grandeur of such a chorus cannot be realized until it is heard.

One of the most unique arrangements ever made with Nebraska school children is to train them under the direction of the Saengerfest association of Omaha and present 2,000 children's voices at a national saengerfest matinee. These children, trained in the schools of Omaha and South Omaha, will sing Friday afternoon, presenting American and German patriotic airs.

The mass chorus will be the principal feature of the Friday evening concert, assisted by a sixty piece orchestra, which will have a place on all programs, and be directed by Th. Rud. Reese.

The members of the Saengerbund will close the fest with a picnic, following the annual business meeting, and a street parade, Saturday, July 23.

## NO ROOSEVELT FOR FAIR

Former President Will Visit Omaha on September 2.

Senator Burkett has made the definite announcement that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt will be in Omaha on Friday Sept. 2.

Secretary Mellor of the state board of agriculture has decided not to try to get ex-President Roosevelt for the Nebraska state fair. He will do nothing that might lessen the chances of Omaha securing the colonel.

"Colonel Roosevelt is going through Omaha, Sept. 2, for Cheyenne," said Mr. Mellor, "and that would be a week before the fair, so it would do us no good to secure him for the fair crowd. If he stops over in Omaha more people would get to see him and it would not interfere with the crowds which are coming to the state fair."

### Huse Gets Honor.

W. N. Huse, publisher of the Norfolk News, appears on the program of the sixth annual convention, Associated Advertising Clubs of America, which meets in Omaha, July 18-20, and Mr. Huse will speak on "The Country Newspaper as an Advertising Medium."

This is not only the first time a Nebraska speaker has been placed on the national program, but also the first time a speaker has been selected to advocate the country newspaper as an advertising medium. The Omaha committee made the arrangement, not only insisting that a Nebraskan be placed on the program, but a country paper publisher who could bring these users before the big buyers of space.

## A CUNNING WEASEL

The Trick by Which He Trapped His Big Rat Antagonist.

Once a sawmill in a western town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and bold and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day there appeared on the scene a weasel, which immediately declared war on the rodents.

One by one the rats fell victims to the weasel's superior strength, until only one very large, pugnacious rat was left of the once numerous colony. The weasel had a go at the big rat several times, but on each occasion the rodent proved more than a match for his slender antagonist and chased the weasel to a hiding place.

Shortly thereafter the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle the rat got the better of the argument, and the weasel ran, pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile.

He ran in, still followed by the rat, but immediately reappeared round the end of the pile and again dodged into the hole behind the rat. Neither was seen again for some time, but the weasel finally reappeared, looking no worse for the fight.

The curiosity of the men in the mill being aroused, they proceeded to investigate the hole under the lumber pile. They found that the weasel had dug the hole sufficiently large at the opening to admit the rat, but had gradually tapered it as he proceeded until at the other end it barely allowed his own slender body to pass.

When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground tunnel he quickly slipped through, and while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole the weasel dodged in behind him, caught him in the rear and in a place where he could not turn round and finished him at his leisure.—Harper's Weekly.

## POISON IN FLOWERS.

Dainty and Beautiful Blossoms in Which Lurks Death.

When the good friar in "Romeo and Juliet" reflected upon the properties of the simple flower, "within whose infant rind poison hath residence and medicine power," his observation embraced a goodly category of well known flowers whose secretions furnish the world with so many poisons.

For instance, the laburnum, which has been compared to a fountain of gold leaping into the sun—a most poisonous thing imaginable, inasmuch as it is poison in leaf and flower and seed. Even the grass growing beneath it is poisonous by reason of its proximity to the innocent looking blossoms overhead, and it has been found necessary to guard against cattle eating this grass for fear of fatal results.

The bulbs of such dainty and beautiful flowers as the narcissus, hyacinth, jonquil and snowdrop secrete the most deadly poisons, not to speak of the oxalis, the monkshood and the foxglove, all of which furnish noxious liquors sufficient to destroy life.

To these may be added certain of the crocuses, the lovely lady's slipper, the quaint old jack-in-the-pulpit and the laughing little buttercup. The latter, despite its most innocent appearance, is one of the worst of the poisonous flowers. Even the cow is aware of that and carefully avoids it. The cousins of the buttercups, the peonies, the larkspurs and the rest, all contain toxic fluids.

Another source of deadly poison is the oleander tree, while the bark of the superb catalpa tree contains many deadly doses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### An Unfamiliar Alias.

There may be nothing in a name, but the American traveler of whom the Living Church tells found at least confusion therein. He had landed at Liverpool and hastened out of the city to a rural village, where he found a charmingly old fashioned inn which delighted his soul. It was late when he arrived, and when he asked what he could have for supper the buxom landlady suggested minced collops. He agreed with enthusiasm, the dish sounded so romantic, so Robin Hoodsy, so almost mediaeval. And what do you suppose they brought him? Just plain hash!

### Bread in Sweden.

In Sweden the bread of the people is for the most part hard, thin as a dinner plate and about the size of one. It is baked without yeast, and the water is practically all extracted in the process of baking; hence, relatively per pound of bread, its cost is much higher than in the common forms of bread as we know them, containing one-half their weight in water that has cost nothing. Loaf bread and rolls in Sweden are a luxury.

### Making Time Profitable.

"See here," cried the busy merchant, "don't you know my time is valuable?"

"Well," replied the book agent, "I'm sure it might be valuable to me. If you'll give me five minutes of it I believe I can sell you a set of these books."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Finding Issues.

"We've got to buy a paper if we wish to go in politics." "Sure. Then we'll have a lot of issues to offer the people."—St. Louis Star.

# THE JADE STONE STREET.

## Experience of an American Who Went Through It.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Granville lazily rolled another cigarette. "Why is it called the Jade Stone street?" he questioned.

Neal Scott did not remove his gaze from the busy Shanghai thoroughfare outside the club room windows.

"I don't know," he said. "A boy approached with a tray of tinkling glasses, and Scott beat his head over the tray as if to hide the concern in his eyes.

Granville waited until the boy had departed and then tossed his cigarette away and stiffened in his chair. "I'm going into the old city tomorrow, and I intend to find out why it is called the Jade Stone street."

"A foolish quest," returned Scott lightly. "Once before a man went into the city to find that out, and he never came back."

"I shall find out nevertheless," said Granville stubbornly, "or I'll never come back either."

"I'll go with you, then," Scott's voice was matter of fact now.

"Not if there is a risk. This is my own funeral," objected the other.

"As your most intimate friend it is my duty to attend upon your obsequies, then," retorted Scott, rising and stretching his lean form lazily.

The conversation turned to other matters, but later before parting for the night they agreed to meet early the next morning and go into the native city upon Granville's "asinine quest," as Scott chose to call it, which they did.

Almost before they knew it they were approaching one of the dark, cavernous gates of the old city.

"Got a gun?" asked Scott suddenly. Granville smiled sheepishly. "Yep."



HE DARED NOT TURN HIS HEAD.

Thought I might need it after what you said."

The other nodded approval and touched his own hip significantly.

"There are many more fascinating streets than the one you are seeking," said Scott after long silence. There was a trace of uneasiness in his voice that Granville noted with a lurking smile. "There is the Street of the Brilliant Eye" or "the Thousand Bells"—a dozen others far more suggestive than this one."

"The Jade Stone street for mine!" said Granville emphatically.

Scott and Granville approached it from the lower end, and once in the shadow of the swinging signs, with nothing save thick mud beneath their feet, Granville's interest waned. His quest seemed an idiotic one, and he marveled at Scott's patience in accompanying him. Nevertheless he tried not to show his indifference and looked about for some means of obtaining his information.

A carver in ivory and jade peered out from his niche in the wall, and Granville stopped abruptly. "Will you act as my interpreter, Neal? I'll question this old duffer. He's the oldest Chinaman I ever saw."

The jade cutter's wheel had ceased its whirring revolutions, and the old man watched the Americans from his twilight niche as some brazen god in its shrine might have done. There was the same impassivity of countenance. Even the eyes, like bits of polished jet, were motionless.

Then stillness fell upon the street. Save for the shuffling of padded shoes there was silence profound. Granville cleared his throat noisily and then started at the sound of his own voice. He turned to his companion.

"You've made me as nervous as a witch, Neal," he complained. "Just ask the old beggar why this is called the Jade Stone street and get it over with."

Scott put the question in the vernacular, and the yellow lips moved in answer.

"Says he doesn't know; always been called that." There was a malicious gleam in Scott's blue eyes.

Granville stared resentfully at the

gleaming black eyes, so fathomless to his probing question, and turned away. With his movement the street seemed to sink into a twilight obscurity, from which shadowy forms melted as if by magic and left the narrow pavements untenanted. The sun had drawn behind a heavy black cloud, and a low mutter of thunder vibrated the buildings.

"Where have they gone?" he questioned, wondering.

Scott shrugged his broad shoulders. "I'm afraid we'll find out in a minute," he growled. "I was a fool to humor you, Granville. We're in a devil's mess."

"I don't understand now what it's all about, Neal. What harm have we done merely asking a few questions?" Granville's voice took on an injured tone.

"I told you it was foolhardy to meddle in things that do not concern us. We'll have to run the gantlet of something, as we must do now!" Scott spoke in a low tone, but his voice was acute with restrained feeling.

"Run the gantlet!" echoed Granville faintly.

The other pointed up the gray tunnel of the street, where a patch of lighter gray shone like a window in a high wall.

"See that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That's the end of the street, the top of the wall. The gray spot is our goal now. Give me your gun, Dick. I'll understand when to give it back to you, never fear! There! Follow me. Run for your life toward that gray square of light at the top of the wall. Remember, there are a thousand yellow faces behind doors and windows and lurking in alleyways. Our safety depends upon our speed! Ready—go!"

Like arrows from the bow the two men shot forward, Scott leading by a bare twelve inches. Granville's face was quite pale, and he tried not to see the peering faces even as Scott had described them. He heard long hissing breaths, and strange shrill cries broke behind him as he ran. They passed through an empty street, yet as they passed it was peopled behind them with padding trit-trit of feet and low cries and shrill cackles.

Scott's long, white clad form covered the distance with amazing agility. To Granville's tired eyes he seemed merely a white streak which he must follow or be struck in the back.

Time and again he felt that some assassin hand hovered over him, yet he dared not turn his head lest the hand make the downward stroke.

He panted up the incline in Scott's wake, with starting eyes glaring at the gray patch of light growing larger every moment. Behind him sharp cries mingled with the pushing crowd. Afterward he never heard that shrill cry of the Chinese, "Hai yah!" without the same feeling of blind terror that pursued him up the incline of the Jade Stone street to the very parapet of the wall, where he fell breathless beside his friend.

It was several moments before he realized that they were safe at the end of the street. Several white clad forms trooped along the wall from the river gate and, sitting on the parapet, stared inquisitively at Granville.

"Feel better, old chap?" they asked in chorus.

"Haven't got all my wind back," admitted Granville dazedly. He wondered vaguely why these chaps from the club should have appeared at the very moment when the danger over, he and Scott had reached a zone of safety at the top of the hill. Their smiling faces under white sun hats and the general air of hilarity that prevailed during the lighting of cigarettes seemed strangely out of place after his race with death. He shuddered slightly and turned to Scott.

That gentleman had joined the others on the wall and seemed more intent on the flight of a carrion crow drifting black against the gray clouds than on the recent exciting events.

"Why is it called the Jade Stone street, Granville?" sneered Beals from the end of the row.

Granville stared, at first uncomprehending and at last with growing light. He got upon his feet and scraped the mud from his white shoes.

"Was it a plant?" he demanded.

Their roars of laughter answered his question.

He turned and looked down the street and into the jostling, shifting crowd. A shrill "hai yah!" pierced the air, and he felt the hair crinkle along his forehead and turned back swiftly to hide his agitation.

"Initiation, I suppose," he grunted, half angry, wholly relieved for the moment.

Scott's mirthful face sobered, and he reached out a hand and pulled Granville down beside him. "We've all been through the mill, Dick," he explained. "It's the only way to teach a newcomer to keep away from the native city if he has any idea of prying around. We run the new chaps through this street. So many of us have run the gantlet that the natives catch on in a minute when they see a couple of us drawing near and one a stranger. They lend themselves unconsciously to the little farce and disappear. But it might become a tragedy at any moment if bad men from any other street should be on hand, say a few river pirates spending their money in the city! As it is, the Jade Stone street is the most peaceful thoroughfare in Shanghai. The denizens are harmless, industrious workmen, even as the old carver of jade whom you questioned. But you know how it feels to realize that a real Chinese mob is at your heels, and it teaches you how to keep out of danger. Would you want to try it again, old man?"

After a long silence Granville spoke one word, "Thanks," he said gruffly. And they all understood.

## PLANNED BY A WIDOW

By M. QUAD

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The widow Hunnewell had been a widow for four years, and she hadn't found much in life for her. She had had to split her own wood, build her own fires and milk her own cow. Every day she had missed Mr. Hunnewell, and when night came and the wind moaned and the rain fell and the shingles blew off the roof she wept and wished it were all over.

At length Professor Doty arrived in the village. Not only that, but he arrived next door. He was a professor of natural history in a college, and he came to the village for his vacation. He was a man of sixty, tall and reserved and dignified. He gave every one a feeling of awe. Mr. Hunnewell, on the contrary, had been short and fat and jolly, and people used to poke him in the ribs and joke with him. It was probably the contrast that caused the widow to fall in love at first sight.

She leaned over the fence and introduced herself, and he approached and talked to her. He had found a tree toad hidden in the bark of a locust tree, and he was glad to talk to some one about his find.

While the professor lectured the widow fell deeper in love and kept exclaiming: "Do tell!" and "Oh, my soul!" She was an interested listener. She said she'd give anything to learn all about toads and bugs and grasshoppers and clams, and the professor was a bit flattered. If the woman next door had been a nice, loving woman she would have invited the widow over to make further acquaintance, but she was a different person. She said that widows had too much rope as it was and that Mrs. Hunnewell was always out of tea and coffee when a neighbor wanted to borrow. And the professor wasn't to be caught sight of so often either.

However, when Providence gets its machinery once started there are generally results. One night when the wind didn't moan and the shingles didn't rattle, but when it was moonlight and calm instead, the widow was awakened from her sleep by a bad dream. She thought herself surrounded by potato bugs and fighting for her life. The dream made such an impression that she got out of bed and looked out of the window. There was the explanation before her eyes. The professor had climbed the fence and was in her yard and down on hands and knees in the grass. He had on so few clothes that it was easy to guess he had risen from his bed to look for crickets. Not a word did the widow say. She just got into bed and did some thinking. That thinking resulted in her sending for the village constable next day and saying to him:

"Mr. Richards, if a widow living all alone should have reason to believe that her house was about to be broken into, what should she do?"

"You mean if she saw a man dodging around in the yard?"

"Yes."

"Well, she might scream."

"Yes."

"Or she might throw something out of the window at him."

"Yes."

"Or she might take her life and her broomstick in hand and rush out and crack his skull."

"I see."

"But if I was that woman I'd borrow a shotgun, load it with salt and fire on him from a window."

"And what would the salt do?"

"Keep him in bed for about a week. If there is anybody spooking around your house o' nights I've got the gun and the salt, and you can protect yourself. The law will be on your side. Aim at his legs and let 'er go."

The widow took a couple of hours to think it over and then sent for the gun. She was taught how to fire it, and when the sun went down that evening she felt that events were going to happen before morning. What Professor Doty was looking for the night before was crickets. Their songs had floated into his open window at midnight and awoke him. He had climbed the fence into the next yard without a thought of trespass. He had got down on hands and knees and pawed around, but the crickets had evaded him. He would try again.

If there had been any bells in the town they would have been striking 11 o'clock when the waiting, watching widow heard some one softly drop from the fence, then come into sight crawling over the grass. She saw him grab with this hand and the other and heard him chuckle. Then she pointed the gun out of the window and shut her eyes and fired. There was a whoop and a yell, and she rattled downstairs to find the professor lying on the grass. He had been salted. Nevermore would he be fresh again. Nevermore would he want any salt on his potatoes.

Of course the plan was to rush him into the house, call a doctor and keep him around for a week as an invalid. There would be romance in the salt and gratitude for the soups prepared for him, and those things might lead on and on. They didn't, however. The professor cursed; he swore; he wriggled; he said that any woman who would shoot a barrel of salt into an innocent man ought to be hanged, and as he made his way to the fence he called back:

"And my wife is coming here in the morning to stay for two weeks. Woman, keep your old crickets and be hanged to you!"

## A BRAVE GIRL.

Her Terrible Experience While on a Smuggling Expedition.

This tale of heroism displayed by a young woman engaged in smuggling contraband goods over the Swiss-Italian border comes from Geneva: "Mlle. Poretta, aged eighteen, and her brother, aged twenty-three, left Swiss territory to cross the Baldisco pass carrying contraband goods into Italy. On the summit they were overtaken by a violent snowstorm and were soon in deep snow. The Poretta roped themselves, the young man leading. They lost their way, and while attempting to find the path Poretta fell through the snow into a crevasse into which he nearly dragged his sister. The girl, however, planted her ice ax in the snow and withstood the shock.

"Early the next morning several smugglers crossing the pass from Swiss territory into Italian found the young girl near the ordinary route taken by smugglers and recognized her at once, as she belonged to a smuggler's family and lived at Chiavenna. The smugglers at once drew up the brother, but found that he had died during the thirteen hours his sister had held him by the rope. He had received severe injuries in the head, and his body was frozen.

"The smugglers carried down the brave girl, who was almost unconscious, as well as the dead body of her brother, and notified the Poretta family at Chiavenna. On reaching the valley the girl had recovered sufficiently from her terrible experience to explain that she and her brother had spoken for several hours after the accident and at last he had said that he felt nothing and wanted to sleep.

"A warm night followed the snowstorm, or two dead bodies would have been found. Under the great strain the rope had cut through the girl's clothes and her waist was bleeding when she was rescued."—Chicago News.

## MISERY AIDING MISERY.

The Helping Hand Among the Beach Combers of Marseilles.

Harry A. Franck in "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" writes of the trying times when he was a beach comber in Marseilles: "Long, hungry days passed, days in which I could scarcely withstand the temptation to carry my kodak to the mont de pieté (pawnshop) just off the sailors' square. Among the beach combers there were daily some who gained a few francs by an odd job, by the sale of an extra garment or by 'grafting,' pure and simple. When his hand closed on a bit of money the stranded fellow may have been weak with fasting, yet this first thought was not to gorge himself, but to share his fortune with his companions under hatches. In those bleak November days many a man ranked a 'worthless outcast' by his more fortunate fellow beings toiled all day at the coal wharfs of Marseilles and tramped back, cold and hungry, to the Place Victor Gelu to divide his earnings with other famished miseries whom he had not known a week before.

"More than one man sold the only shirt he owned to feed a new arrival who was an absolute stranger to all. These men won no praise for their benefactions. They expected none and would have opened their eyes in wonder if they had been told that their actions were worthy of praise. The stranded band grew to be a corporate body. By a job here and there I contributed my share to the common fund, and between us we fought off gaunt starvation.

"In a dirty alley just off the place was an inn kept by a Greek in which one could sleep on the floor at 3 sous or in a cot at 6, and every evening a band of ragged mortals might have been seen dividing the earnings of some of them into three sou lots as they made their way toward 'L'Auberge chez le Grec.'"

### Halley's Achievements.

Edmund Halley was a very great man. He was not only the first to predict correctly the return of a comet, that which is now known by his name, but also—before Newton had announced his results to any one—arrived at the conclusion that the attraction of gravitation probably varied inversely as the square of the distance. While these and other important achievements of his are well known it seems to have been forgotten that Halley devised a method of determining the age of the ocean from chemical denudation.—Dr. G. F. Becker in Science.

### Tommy Knew.

Teacher (addressing class)—A philanthropist is a person who exerts himself to do good to his fellow men. Now, if I were wealthy, children, and gave money freely to all needy and unfortunate who asked my aid I'd be a—

She broke off abruptly to point at a boy in the class.

"What would I be, Tommy?" she asked.

"A cinch!" shouted Tommy.—Exchange.

### The Cure.

He—There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?

She—Do you call there often?

He—No, indeed; not any oftener than I can possibly help.

She—Call oftener.

### What Did He Mean?

Mrs. Benham—Death is the debt we owe to nature. Benham—Nature does not send out her bills often enough.—New York Press.