

SUIT TO ORDER

For Variation

the dressy man likes to have special addition to his wardrobe. We have all his requirements for outings, whether in the country or seashore or for ocean travel. Light suits, two-piece suits, light trousers. Every equipment for correct dressing to suit the season and the place. Extra good qualities at extra low prices.

All orders ready for delivery in seven days

Trousers to Order \$5.00

Scotch Woolen Mills

UNION TAILORS
133 So. 13th
J. H. McMULLEN, Mgr.
Auto. 2372 Bell 2522

RECTOR'S White Pine Cough Syrup

Is a quick and positive remedy for all coughs. It stops coughing spells at night, relieves the soreness, soothes the irritated membrane and stops the tickling. It is an ideal preparation for children as it contains no harmful anodynes or narcotics.

25c per bottle

RECTOR'S

12th and O St.

Wageworkers We have Money to loan on Chattels. Plenty of it. Utmost Secrecy.
129 So. 11th St. Kelly & Norris



OFFICE OF

DR. R. L. BENTLEY,
SPECIALIST CHILDREN

Office Hours 1 to 4 p. m.

Office 2118 O St.

Both Phones

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Dr. Chas. Yungblut

ROOM No. 202 Dentist BURR BLOCK
AUTO. PHONE 3416, BELL 656
LINCOLN, NEBR.

MONEY LOANED

on household goods, pianos, horses, etc., long or short time. No charge for papers. No interest in advance. No publicity or slip papers. We guarantee better terms than elsewhere make. Money paid immediately. COLUMBIA LOAN CO. 127 South 12th.

BROWN'S PARTNER.

The All Around Genius That Would Just Fill the Bill.

The following is quoted from the American Magazine and is signed by H. Lee:

"Here's the whole thing in a nutshell," said Brown to me. "I am now twenty-eight years old, have my own business and have brought it to such a state that I have decided to take a partner."

"Take one," answered I. "There's the rub," he gave back. "My partner must be such an all around knowing one that I'm afraid I'll have hard work to fill the position."

"My partner must be able to make laws and to enforce them, must be able to carry out complicated chemical work, must be a skilled mechanic, must know something of economics, must be able to buy wares of all kinds with due consideration of my finances and must be able to do tailoring of a kind if necessary."

"Hold on, Brown!" said I. "Are you dippy, as the vulgarians say?"

"No," replied he. "I want a wife. Look around among your friends and see if any one man among them could do all that a good housewife should be able to do. She must make just laws for the family and enforce them. She must understand the complicated processes of cooking. Making, mending, washing, ironing and otherwise caring for the clothing of a family require mechanical skill. Bringing up a child properly requires far more knowledge and wisdom than selling dry goods of standard makes and prices year after year. Where are more science and skill required than in the kitchen? And if the wife does not know how to do all of these things how can she direct the work of her paid help, especially if the help knows less than she does?"

"My dear boy," said I, "do the way 90 per cent of us do—marry and trust to luck."

SAVAGE ATHLETICS.

Canary Islanders Who Would Have Made Good Ball Players.

In this age of athletics one might think that no people ever showed so much interest in feats of muscular might and skill as those who have perfected football, but modern games, and even the games of the Greeks at Olympia, may have been more than matched by the sports of peoples now held in light esteem. We have the accounts of excellent authorities for the contention that the athletic training of Canary Islanders makes even the college giants of today seem weak and effeminate.

These islands came into subjection to Spain about the time Columbus discovered America. The conquest was due solely to the superiority of European weapons and not to better skill and prowess. Native soldiers were trained athletes developed under a system that held athletic sports to be an important business, like military drill.

Spanish chroniclers have left accounts of sports of the Islanders. From babyhood they were trained to be brisk in self defense. As soon as they could toddle the children were pelted with mud balls that they might learn how to protect themselves. When they were boys stones and wooden darts were substituted for bits of clay.

In this rough school they acquired the rudiments of warfare which enabled them during their wars to catch in their hands the arrows shot from their enemies' crossbows.

After the conquest of the Canaries a native of the islands was seen at Seville who, for a silver piece, let a man throw at him as many stones as he pleased from a distance of eight paces. Without moving his left foot he avoided every stone.

Another native used to defy any one to hurl an orange at him with so great rapidity that he could not catch it. Three men tried this, each with a dozen oranges, and the islander caught every orange. As a further test he hit his antagonists with each of the oranges.—St. Louis Republic.

Stopping Hiccough.

Hiccough is a distressing and sometimes a dangerous complaint. Many times a swallow of water will stop it. If simple measures fail the following has been found very efficacious: The nerves that produce hiccough are near the surface of the neck. They may be reached and compressed by placing two fingers right in the center of the top of the breastbone between the two cords that run up either side of the neck and pressing inward, downward and outward. A few minutes' pressure of this kind will stop the most obstinate hiccough.—Dr. Charles S. Moody in Outing.

A Gentleman and Boots.

The "first gentleman in Europe" got the very worst definition of a gentleman from his valet when driving down to Brighton. The prince regent was arguing about the gentleman and finally turned to his valet. And the valet replied that a gentleman was one who did not clean his own boots. It was a stinky's reply. One likes better the demand of the Duke of Wellington, "Give me men who can sleep in their boots."—London Graphic.

Snubbed.

Hamm—Do you recognize the profession? Ticket Man—Yes, but if you'll stand out of the line quietly I won't give you away.—Cleveland Leader.

A Friendly Greeting.

"How did you enjoy your vacation?" "Fine! It made a new man of me!" "I congratulate your wife."—Exchange.

WHAT CAME OF A FLIRTATION

By E. BARTLET THORPE

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Jack Mendenhall and myself were midshipmen together in the navy. One day while our ship was lying at anchor in Japanese waters Jack and I got permission to go ashore together.

We sauntered along one of the streets till we came to the outskirts, where the houses were farther apart and their surroundings more ample. Passing a garden inclosed by a low wall, we saw a couple of pretty Japanese girls picking flowers. Jack took out his handkerchief—the method in those days of flirting; I don't know how they do it now—and waved it. We were not more than a dozen yards from the girls, one of whom, seeing a couple of European youngsters in uniform, tossed a rose over the wall. It fell at Jack's feet. He picked it up, inhaled its odor, kissed it and put it in the buttonhole of his jacket.

Both girls laughed, and the other girl threw another rose, which I picked up, inhaled, kissed and put in my own buttonhole. Then, like good boys, we walked on. We didn't care to appear too presuming, and we didn't wish to frighten the little birds by rushing matters. But we didn't walk very far. We soon turned and went back toward the place where we had seen the girls. We argued that if they wished for our further acquaintance they would remain where they were, expecting our return.

We found them in exactly the same place, but as we drew near they turned their backs upon us. Jack gave a loud "Ahem!" One of the girls turned and smiled. I gave another "Ahem!" and the other girl turned also. This was enough for Jack, who needed only a moiety of encouragement, and he vaulted the wall. I followed him. It was making an acquaintance under difficulties, we not speaking the Japanese language and they not knowing a word of English. Jack, whose boldness naturally gave him the initiative, pointed to the flowers growing about us and by a well enacted pantomime indicated that we would like some of them. The girls understood, plucked a lot for each of us, then by pantomime asked us to inspect the grounds.

Of course we got separated, Jack going with her who had thrown him the rose, I with her companion, who had favored me. Why they took the liberty of receiving us so unceremoniously I didn't know. They were surely of the samurai class and must have been of wealthy and respectable parents, for the place in which they lived was a large one and their kimonos were made of the finest texture. I was inclined to think that papa and mamma were not at home. At any rate, we spent a couple of hours with them, chatting all the while in the unspoken language of love which young people don't need to study. Before parting with them we exhibited sufficient ingenuity to inform them that we would call again as soon as we could get another leave.

It was two days after this that we were ordered to report in the captain's cabin. We found there a couple of Japanese men of the higher class and a third who was an interpreter. The men looked as solemn as owls. "Young gentlemen," said the captain, "since you were the only officers ashore on leave the day before yesterday I think that a message brought by these persons must be for you. Besides, I recognize these gawgaws as belonging to you."

He held up a scarfpin that I had given one of the girls and a ring Jack had given the other. Jack and I were dumfounded. The captain motioned the interpreter to speak. He told us that each of us having given a present to a young girl—a gift in Japan being considered a proposition of marriage—their fathers had come aboard to say that two noble Japanese families would feel honored at an alliance with so great a nation as the United States by giving a daughter to each of the young officers who had asked for her hand.

The matter was far too serious to warrant any expression of amusement. The captain saw at once that we had got into a flirtation and unwittingly proposed marriage. Not wishing to give offense, he took the matter into his own hands, much to the relief of us youngsters who had got into the scrape.

"Tell the gentlemen," he said to the interpreter, "that, representing the United States, I am highly honored that the propositions of my officers should be accepted, but that since the offer was made without permission I shall be obliged to lay the matter before the president. I sail for America tomorrow, will discover his excellency's wishes, if possible obtain his permission and act accordingly."

The interpreter translated the captain's speech, and the Japanese gentlemen signified acquiescence and after leaving their addresses, with all necessary information, departed.

"Gentlemen," said the captain when our would be fathers-in-law had gone, "you may consider yourselves under arrest. To suffer any of my officers to put a slight upon the Japanese people might cost me my commission."

We sailed the next day, and on reaching American waters the captain wrote to Japan that, while the president felt highly honored that two noble Japanese families had accepted the proposition of two of his young naval officers, in the American navy marriage was discouraged and permission could not be granted.

TOWER OF LONDON.

The Picturesque Old Structure on the Banks of the Thames.

The Tower of London is one of the most picturesque places in all England. It is located on the north bank of the Thames and just east of the business district of London. It occupies about twelve acres and is surrounded by a broad and shallow moat. In feudal days it was one of the strongest fortresses in the country and was deemed impregnable. It is now a government storehouse and armory and, above all, one of the sights of London.

The moat, which, with the battlement and towers, makes the stone structure such a hoary antiquity, is bordered within by a lofty castellated wall. At frequent intervals of this part of the structure there are massive flanking towers.

Within this wall rises another of similar construction, but of greater height. Here are the various barracks and armories. In the center of all is the lofty keep or donjon known as the White tower. This was erected in the days of William the Conqueror and contains one of the most charming little chapels of Norman design which have remained till the present day.

The White tower was the court of the Plantagenet kings. In the north-west corner is St. Peter's chapel, now the garrison church. In another part is the jewel office, containing crown jewels of enormous value. One set which you see in the center of a case is said alone to be worth about \$15,000,000.

Nearby is the horse armory, containing a truly wonderful collection of ancient and mediæval arms and armor. In the court just beyond is a slab marking the spot where Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII., was beheaded. Similar fates befell many other famous personages in English history within the great walls of the Tower of London.—Boston Herald.

NIPPED THE REVOLT.

Dramatic Manner in Which Zelaya Caged the Conspirators.

Zelaya, the extraordinary man who for sixteen years retained the presidency of Nicaragua, only to lose it because he went too far in offending the government of the United States, was never satisfied unless he performed his coups d'états in the most dramatic fashion possible. This story the New York Sun tells of him:

His spies once brought him information that a revolution was being planned by several of his army officers. They were to meet on a certain evening at the house of one of the conspirators to arrange the final details. While they were eagerly discussing the best way to seize the president the door opened and in walked Zelaya himself.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said pleasantly. "I heard you had a party here this evening, and I have dropped in to share the fun. Quite a distinguished gathering. You are discussing military matters, no doubt?"

He went on, chatting affably for a half hour, while his enemies were torn with fear and suspense. Did he know of the plot? Most of them thought he did and wondered whether they had better not put a bullet in him at once. But he was so cordial, so thoroughly at ease, that they hesitated.

Presently he rose, poured out some wine and raised his glass. "A toast, gentlemen," he said. "Here's long life to the president of Nicaragua and confusion to all traitors!"

As he spoke he hurled the glass against the window, where it smashed in pieces with a crash. The door flew open, and thirty or forty soldiers, who had been waiting outside for the signal, rushed in. All the plotters were convicted, but the president dealt leniently with them. Some were imprisoned and some exiled, but none was shot.

How Weasels Carry Eggs.

One morning a weasel was surprised crossing the public highway leading from Jedburgh into Oxnam Water. It was observed to be carrying something under its chin and pressed against its slender neck, and when a collie dog belonging to one of the onlookers made a dash at the little creature it dropped its burden—a hen's egg—and, gliding under the roadside hedge, disappeared in the woodland. On being picked up the egg was found to be without a crack. The nearest poultry run is about 300 yards distant from the place where the weasel was intercepted.—Scotsman.

Spiteful.

Patience—I hear you're engaged to be married.

Patrice—Where in the world did you hear that?

"My maid told me."

"How did she hear it?"

"A policeman told her."

"More mystery. How came a policeman to know it?"

"Why, the man you're engaged to told him when the officer was taking him home!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Judge's Joke.

Sheriff Guy is responsible for a court of session story. Once when the present lord justice, Clerk, was conducting a jury trial he made a small jest. The audience thought it its duty to laugh. "Silence!" shouted the mace in measured tones. "There's nothing to laugh at!"—Westminster Gazette.

A Shocking Question.

Traveling Man (to hotel clerk at counter)—Can I take a bath here? Clerk (indignant)—No, sir; hire a room.—Lippincott's.

MARS' TOM ASHLEY

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"Uncle," I said to an old darky sitting on a barrel, "who owns this plantation?"

"Mars' Tom Ashley,"

"Have the Ashley's always lived here?"

"Reckon dey hab, sah. De Ashley's lib heah ever since a long time before de wah. De oldest son ob de oldest son allus growed up to drap into de ole man's shoes. Dey come might nigh bein' a break once, though."

"How was that?"

"'Ht was Mars' Tom's father, Mars' Pape Ashley. He father, Mars' Tom's grandfather, Thomas Ashley, war might fine man."

"Mars' Pape he went norf to college, an' somehow or udder he got no'tern notions in de heah. Dat war a few yea's befo' de wah. Mars' Pape get de 'dicious idee dat all de niggers in de souf had oughten be free. Wus'n dat, he fell in lub wid a no'tern lady an' married her."

"I recommender might well when all dat happen. Mars' Pape he come down heah an' he talk wid de ole man. An' he try to mak de ole man believe dat he oughter gib all us niggers on dis heah plantation free papers, an' de ole man ought to stick up fo' de Union an' all dat kind o' talk. Yo' know what Mars' Thomas say? He say: 'My son, yo' hab disgrace yo' ancestors. Yo' onworthy to be called my son. I'm gwine to dishabit yo' an' leab dis plantation to yo' cousin Ernest Crane.'"

"An' yo' know wha' Mars' Pape say? He say: 'De plantation won't be worf a bale o' cotton. Yo' niggers 'll all be free, an' de souf 'll be no' count.'"

"Den yo' know wha' Mars' Thomas say? He say: 'One southe'n man kin whip five Yankee.'"

"Mars' Pape he go norf, an' nobody didn't see him no mo' in dis yere kentry till ater de wah. He didn't lak to fight agin his southe'n friends, so he go to speculatin'. He had some money ob his own, an' he buy all de cotton he kin get his hands on. Mars' Thomas he raise a regiment o' southe'n troops, and he fight lak de debil. He come back a big gin', but he only got one leg an' one eye. All his niggers was free, de plantation was all pulled to pieces by firs' de northe'n troops, den de southe'n troops, an' dar wa'n't a bit o' fencin' anywhar. All the niggers go off 'cept me. I stay heah to tak' care o' de ole man when he come back."

"Mars' Thomas he wa'n't so proud as he war when he went away, all dress' up in his new sojer clo'es. He wouldn't nebbber talk to a nigger den, but when he foun' me heah all alone an' saw how de plantation look he seem might sorry. He say to me, 'Jullias, ma boy, yo' wort 500 o' nary white men.'"

"Atter dat he talk to me 'bout eberyting. One day he come to me an' say: 'Jule, I got a letter from Pape to-day. He say he bought cotton at 8 cents a pound an' sold it at a dollar a pound. He got all de money he want. He offers me plenty to restock de plantation.' An' I say, 'Gwine tak' it, mars'? An' he say: 'Tak' it! Yo' s'pose I gwine to tak' money from my son what stay in de norf all through de wah instead o' bein' heah an' fightin' fo' de souf? No, sah. Ma son daid to me. I gwine to leab dis heah plantation to Ernest Crane.'"

"One mawnin' while I war down at de crick crossin' who I see but Mars' Pape. He tak' my han' an' might glad to see me. He ask me all 'bout de ole man an' say he come down wid his wife an' leetle boy to git a reconciliation. He ask me to let 'em all in de house when de gin' ain't dar. He say dey gwine to try to take de place by storm. He tell me dot he got plenty money fo' his fadder an' no use he libin' all alone an' de ole home gwine more an' more to rack."

"I tink it might fine ting fo' de ole man, an' I say I help 'em all I kin. So one mawnin' early I let 'em all in. Mars' Pape and Missy Ashley dey git in a closet in de dinin' room an' pretty nigh shut de do'. I put de little boy on de fambly chillen's high chair, an' he wait dar fo' he grandfather to come down to breakfast. When de ole man come into de room and see de little felish settin' up on de udder side o' de table he stood still wid he mouf an' eyes wide open."

"'Howde, grandpa?' said de chile."

"'Who are yo'? axed de gin'."

"'Tom Ashley, de nex' owner ob de plantation after yo' an' papa.'"

"'Yo' see, Mars' Pape tell him what to say. Mars' Thomas war so lonesome an' de chile war so purt dat de ole man couldn't stand dat. He jis went to Mars' Tommy an' put he arms around him an' hugged him. When I see somepin shinin' in de gin's eye I jis open de closet do' and out steps Mars' Pape an' he wife."

"Missy Ashley she went up to de gin' an' put out her han'. De gin' too fine a man not to take a lady's han'. He took it an', bowin' lak a south'n gen'leman, very low down, he kissed it. She put de gin's han' in dat ob Mars' Pape. De gin' leab it dar, but he turn away he head, an' I see de tears runnin' down he cheeks. I wonder ef he cryin' fo' de los' cause or de wreck ob de plantation."

"Dey all sot down to breakfast. Mars' Pape had sent in chicken an' potatoes an' lots fine tings instead ob de co'n pone dat de gin' war used to. Missy Ashley poured de coffee, an' dat war de happiest breakfas' eber happen on dis heah plantation."

"Dey all daid now but Mars' Tom."

STRUCK A SNAG.

A Painful Jolt For the Good Roads Ambassador.

I'll never forget the night I called on the Widow Yarn. She owned forty acres on the main road, which I hoped to have improved. In practically every house in the county I had been hospitably received because I was a human being. A pioneer citizen, member of the Good Roads club, took me in a carriage to see the widow. "I'll watch the horses," this wise old citizen said.

"I don't know what would frighten them," I suggested, but he seemed to expect a brass band or some other unusual sight, although it was 8 o'clock at night. I soon knew why he preferred to sit out there in the cold.

"Mrs. Yarn, I believe," I began ingratiatingly when the door was opened.

"Well," the person who stood there observed, "I've been here forty years. You ought to believe it."

"This," thinks I to myself, "is a strange place for curbstone humor." And then aloud: "I have been talking for good roads, madam. We have decided to run a rock road by here, and as—"

"Who has decided?" This in the voice of a conductor when he asks you how old your little boy is.

"Why," I stammered, "the Good Roads club, and—"

"I don't belong to it, do I? They wouldn't have a woman member, would they?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I have been chiefly—"

"Sure you don't!" the Widow Yarn snapped. "You're chiefly concerned about taxing my forty acres into the county treasury without letting me vote on it. What right have you to come over here to build roads? Are you a road builder? Did you ever build a road or pay for one?"

"Madam," I said, "you really do have a vote on this question if a road district is organized. You have forty votes—one for every acre you own, and—"

Her face lighted up with a light that never was seen before on human face unless perhaps in riding on an old transfer or getting rid of a bad nickel. She opened the door wider—I had not been admitted up to that moment—and asked me to enter.

"You say I have forty votes?" she inquired.

"You have," I assured her, feeling like the bearer of good news.

"Well, glory be!" the Widow Yarn sighed, rocking herself comfortably. "Glory be, say I! I'll cast them all against your old rock road. Now I must be getting ready for prayer meeting."—Charles Dillon in Harper's Weekly.

The Terrors of Frankness.

"There is no worse vice than frankness," said a playwright. "How should I feel, for example, if I asked you for your opinion of my plays and you answered me frankly, quite frankly? Why, I should feel like the poor lady at the bridge door who said to her hostess' little daughter:

"'Your eyes are such a heavenly blue. And what color are my eyes, darling?'"

"The child's high treble traveled easily to the farthest corner of the quiet room as she replied, looking earnestly up into her questioner's face: "Dwab middles, yellow whites and wed wims!"—Exchange.

Ruskin and the Turners.

How closely famous pictures can be imitated by skillful artists was proved by an exhibition by Ruskin in 1875 of a series of facsimiles of Turner's pictures in the National gallery, London. The collection was accompanied by a characteristic note from Ruskin, in which he said, "I have given my best attention during upward of ten years to train a copyist to perfect fidelity in rendering the works of Turner and have now succeeded in enabling him to produce facsimiles so close as to look like replicas—facsimiles which I must sign with my own name to prevent their being sold for real Turners."

Kith and Kin.

"Very interesting conversation in here?" asked papa, suddenly thrusting his head through the conservatory window, where Ethel, Mr. Tomkins and little Eva sat very quietly.

"Yes, indeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Tomkins and I were discussing our kith and kin, weren't we, Eva?"

"Yeth, you wath," replied little Eva. "Mr. Tomkins said, 'May I have a kith?' and Ethel said, 'You kin.'"—London Tit-Bits.

A Deduction.

"Little Willie Withers is the brightest and best behaved boy in the neighborhood."

"Allow me to deduce."

"Go ahead."

"You don't know little Willie, and you've recently been chatting with his mother."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Envious.

Howell—I'm engaged to Miss Rowell. Congratulate me, old man. Powell—I would if I did not know that in her case a nomination is not equivalent to an election.—Smart Set.

Another of Woman's Rights.

"How are Brown and his suffragette wife getting along?" "Not at all. She insists on reading the sporting page before he does."—Detroit Free Press.

Time ripens all things. No man is born wise.—Cervantes.