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CUTTING HIS PANTS.

A Funny Man's Criticism of the Sartorial Artist's Efforts.

When a tailor puts you on the measuring box, with a man guarding the door so that you can't get away and another making a book on the game, he reels off something like this as he goes about you with his measuring tape: "13-2-11-16-8-4-18-11-46-Gee, you're beginning to get a front, ain't you?—6½-17—side and two hips, Jimmie—33¼-36—Can you come in tomorrow or Friday?—19-6—House or a flat, did you say?—28—Custom of the house to have a deposit on all orders—16—What was that last, Jimmie, did I say? Oh, make it 23 in the middle—What did you say your name was, mister?"

Now, nobody can make any combination of the foregoing figures which will spell anything like a decent pair of pants. But the tailor cares nothing whatever about the figures which he calls out to Jimmie and indeed makes no reference to them in his later operations. He knows the pants won't fit, anyhow, so what's the use? If you watch him you will discover that he usually takes up some other man's measurements when he undertakes the laying out of that particular garment on which he puts your name.

Having selected from the mass of papers on his desk a set of figures which suits him, he goes behind his counter, yawns, looks in the glass, smooths down his hair, hunts for the place where he left his cigar and at last picks up a thing which looks like a board rule, with a curve in the corner like a hockey stick. If you are not watching him he will probably cut your pants by ear and will not bother to use this implement, but if you insist upon inspection he'll make a pretense of scientific use of this instrument, whose real nature or pur-

pose no human being knows or ever will know.

What the tailor is thinking of as he begins to make chalk marks in a piece of blue paper, using this rule as a straight edge, is the "joy ride" he is going to have with Marie in his new auto that evening. It makes no difference to him whether the chalk slips or not, nor is it important how far along this or that angle he allows the straight or curved line to run. He knows they are not going to fit, anyhow, so why should he bother about it overmuch? The only hope you can possibly have meantime is the one raised in your bosom when the tailor, from behind the counter, looks up and says: "Jimmie, why in the world didn't you mark the name on this gent's pants? Oh, well, never mind."

The tailor goes on making several cute little pictures on the blue paper by aid of this curved thing, which has numbers scattered along it here and there. He draws in several isosceles triangles, converging at more or less the same point; but, not liking the looks of these, he rubs out some of the lines and tries over again. Then he forgets which ones he rubbed out. It makes no difference anyhow. At last he stands off, critically gazes upon the pattern which he has been casting, makes a hit or miss crosswise dab with the chalk—which determines, wholly by chance, how long your pants are going to be—and smiles to himself.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fearless Queen Sophie.

In 1860, when the combined armies of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi attacked Gaeta, Queen Sophie of Naples conducted the defense, her husband, Francis II., being utterly unnerved. Most of her time was spent upon the ramparts, where she remained during the hottest fire. She was absolutely without fear. Once when a bomb burst in the room where she was dining with her husband and his suit she walked to

a mirror that hung on the wall and, noticing that her hair was whitened by the plaster the bomb had scattered, remarked: "What a pity powdered heads are out of fashion! White hair suits me admirably."

He Won the Trick.

"Oh, George, dear," she whispered when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred! None of the others was ever so thoughtful."

George was staggered but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear. You overrate me. This is the one I've always used."

She was inconsistent enough to cry about it.

Locality.

"Where were you born?" asked the judge of election.

"Have I got t' answer that question?" inquired the man who wished to vote.

"Yes; that's the law."

"Well, sir, I was born in th' steerage, if ye've got t' know."—Chicago Tribune.

Long and Short.

"What's all this trouble about the long and short haul?" demanded the secretary of the woman's club.

"It's this way," explained the treasurer. "Some dressmakers say a train ought to be six feet in length. Others say three feet is enough."—Washington Herald.

The Genius.

The principal difference between a genius and a fool is that the genius is able to get people to take up his ideas and make fortunes out of them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The man who combats himself will be happier than he who contends with others.—Confucius.

What the World Lost.

"It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual high browed young woman. "I had written a modern society novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Miss Tartun.—Chicago Tribune.

Manners Versus Mannerism.

There's a vast difference between manners and mannerism. For instance, manners takes its soup softly and quietly, while mannerism gargles it. Manners says, "Parss the buttah, please," while mannerism bites a chunk out of a piece of bread and stutters, "Slip me the grease, will you?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Contest.

"All men," said the earnest citizen, "are born equal."

"They are that," replied Mr. Rafferty. "But they don't stay equal after they're big enough to get together in the schoolyard."—Washington Star.

Commendable Caution.

"My son, remember this—marrying on a salary has been the salvation of many a young man."

"I know, dad. But suppose my wife should lose her salary?"—Cleveland Leader.

Dear at the Price.

McClubber—The footpad said "Money or your life!" so I gave him \$2. Mrs. McClubber—Huh! You're always getting stuck, Billy!—Puck.

Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing.—Johnson.