

W. O. W. Unveiling.

The W. O. W. lodge of this city unveiled a monument Sunday afternoon in the Steele cemetery to the memory of Sovereign McPherson, amid appropriate and pleasing ceremonies.

The weather was ideal, which helped materially to swell the crowd, and all returned to their homes feeling better for having witnessed this beautiful evidence of brotherly love.

The exercises began by singing "Nearer My God to Thee," followed by a prayer by Rev. Dr. Bailey, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Miss Stumbo recited the poem, "O, why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" in a very beautiful manner, after which the unveiling ceremony was performed by Sovereign W. W. Hanna, C. C., assisted by the officers of the Camp Sovereign Hanna is a very efficient officer and his part, as well as that of his assistants, was well performed.

Consul, Commander, Sovereigns and Friends:

This is the seventh time that you have met here in this beautiful cemetery to unveil a monument to a Sovereign Woodman. Last October I assisted in the unveiling of the 21st at Nebraska City, but this makes 15,000 monuments altogether which the Woodmen of the World have already erected to their departed. Sovereigns, you may ask today, Why are monuments erected and the answer is Love. Love is the fundamental cause of all true acts and deeds.

Love is the foundation principle of a true life, Jesus taught the true life and also the way of salvation. He came to save the world and also to set an example for us. Every act of His was founded upon love. Love is the basis of all true fraternalism. We may ask what love does? By looking over the history of the past, we find that it has commemorated the great events of the past by the erection of monuments.

When Joshua led the Israelitish hosts across the River Jordan to the promised land by the city of Jerico, stones were carried by representatives of the twelve tribes to build a monument for a memorial of that notable event that when in coming generations they might ask concerning that structure, and it would be told them of the love of God for his children and the wonderful deliverance which He gave them.

Egypt is known as the cradle of arts and science, and she built one hundred great pyramids to commemorate her great power in the days of her prosperity and success and to mark the graves of her great kings. The catacombs of Rome which are an amazement and wonder to the American traveler were places to bury their dead. There were labyrinthine and grottos in Syria and Phoenicia built in honor of the dead. Many monuments which were made at different epochs by God's people down the ages of the past have been discovered and unearthed which has given us much light on the Holy Bible. The people of this country have been great monument builders.

The first people that inhabited this land are known to us as mound builders and we know of their history as we decipher the inscriptions and emblems on the monuments they have left. The people of the U. S. has handed down to each succeeding generation the homage and love that they bore to their loved ones by the erection of monuments. The

Bunker Hill and the Washington and Valley Forge tells of the esteem and honor in which our forefathers were held.

Great monuments are erected at the graves of our presidents as witness the Garfield monument in Lakeview cemetery at Cleveland, Ohio, the Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., and the Grant monument in New York. The Leland Stanford University in California as a tribute of honor to a loving son. Here in your own cemetery are erected many monuments each bearing a testimony of love and reverence to the ones who have gone before.

Our government builds monuments to their soldier dead. The great battle fields of the south have been made into National parks and are kept in the very best condition because they contain graves of our brave soldiers who died to uphold and maintain the liberties of the Stars and Stripes as witness today, Chickamauga, Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Every grave is marked by a monument, if not great in its proportions yet it bears the mark of love.

The W. O. W. erects a humble, but a lasting monument of American granite at the grave of every one of their deceased Sovereigns.

Love remembers and cherishes and spreads flowers over the graves of the departed ones; thinks of the good deeds and emulates them. The good of the departed lives enter into our lives and become a part of ours. Our associations have made us better and our aspirations have become higher. Love forgets the faults and spreads the veil of charity and remembers the beautiful and the good. Love provides for the dependent ones. Provision can be made for one's family through the W. O. W. better than through any other organization now in existence.

More is to be gained through the W. O. W. than in any other organization. Only 3 per cent have a competency at 70 years. A person who joins the W. O. W. and stays with the organization will never die a pauper and his grave will never go unmarked. The principles of the W. O. W. are to take care of the dependent ones, if a Sovereign dies young to take care of the Sovereign himself if he lives until he is old and to erect a monument at the grave when he dies. Love teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whoever believeth on him should not perish but should have everlasting life." The man who takes hold of God with one hand and holds out the other to his fellow man teaches and exemplifies the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. If the true relationship of man was known and practiced by mankind, strikes, poverty, want and wretchedness would be things of the past, this world would be a heaven to go to heaven in. Then this world be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Love in the W. O. W. spreads the principles of Christianity and fraternalism. These are the principles that humanity depends on, for its future welfare and happiness. They must permeate and dominate every life and then every life would be brought in touch with the divine which will bring us to that ideal to which we all aspire. A life imitating that of the Divine Master's Life in its beauty and grandeur is sublime, and to attain it, is the desire of every true Woodman.

May the lives of these departed ones and the exercises here today and the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit influence us all to make every endeavor to live for God, for home and for humanity and to carry out the principles of love honor and remembrance. Let us close with a poem written by John Boyle O'Reilly:

These we love truly never die,
Thou' year to year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.
For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love: not love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.
Well blest is he who has a dear one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of love is death.
The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh thro' woeful years,
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.
Thank God for one dear friend,
With face so radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth
Thro' twenty years of death.

After the address of Rev. Davis the whole congregation joined in singing "Rock of Ages," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Mastin, rector of the M. E. church.

The monument is a beautiful Barre granite from a Vermont quarry, having been erected by A. Neitzel of Falls City, which reflects honor on the order that erected it as well as a tribute of love and remembrance to the departed Sovereign.

Sovereign John Crook was Master of Ceremonies.

Tired nerves with that "no ambition" feeling that is commonly felt in spring or early summer can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. One will absolutely note a changed feeling within 48 hours after beginning to take the Restorative. The bowels get sluggish in the winter, the circulation often slows up, the kidneys are inactive and even the heart in many cases grows decidedly weaker. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is recognized everywhere as a genuine tonic to these vital organs, it builds up and strengthens the worn out weakened nerves; it sharpens the failing appetite and universally aids digestion; it always quickly brings renewed strength, life, vigor and ambition. Try it and be convinced. Sold by all dealers.

County Surveyor, John A. Crook, has called the Tribune's attention to the displacement of the corner stones which mark the boundary for the owners of sections of land in this county. The displacement of these stones when willfully done is unlawful, and when accidental is annoying to the surveyor the same as if they were willfully displaced. The people interested in these corner stones should see that they are preserved. It makes surveying expensive for the land owners and must in the future give rise to disputed titles. This is something that all people are interested in, and they should not only see that corner stones in which they are interested are preserved at their proper places but must be interested in seeing that others do not destroy them. Workers of roads have been unusually careless in grading them out. Also those stones located along the river bottoms which are constantly filling up should be kept uncovered or other stones placed above them for witness stones. The government in 1855 set stones at all section and quarter section corners. All future subdivisions of land must be made in the same straight line or in lines parallel with these stones. Each one should appoint himself a guardian to see that these stones are carefully preserved.

How Time Has Changed Things.

Thirty years ago, says an exchange, one of the old-fashioned steel-wire spring wagons was a luxury. In a funeral procession a mile long you would see perhaps two or three of them. Everybody rode in farm wagons. Twenty years ago a top buggy was a rich man's good fortune and but few of them were seen. Today a top buggy with a rubber tire is as common as a Democrat in Texas. Anybody and everybody has them. A farm wagon in a funeral procession would be a novelty. Automobiles are fast getting to be common. A newspaper printed yesterday is stale. If a letter is twenty-four hours traveling a thousand miles there is a kick coming. Ten dollars don't last as long as ten cents did with our grandfathers. We spend more for socks and suspenders than grandfather did for his Sunday clothes, and still we wonder what is the matter with the world that it does not grind out as many blessings as it did a century ago.

How about that concert the Hiawatha band was to give us?
The event of the day was still to come. Dear old Uncle Doctor, the man who had officiated at the advent of little Mrs. Herrick herself and who had made a tremendous pet of her ever since, was coming to view her baby. She was especially eager to hear what he would say. When he walked in the first thing he did was to pick up the child and carry her to the window, where he studied her at arm's length for fully a minute. Then he turned to the little mother, who stood, awaiting his comment, her heart in her eyes. "Her face," he said, amiably, "seems to be perfectly symmetrical, except that one eye is slightly strabismic."

That evening, in her room alone, Mrs. Herrick sat down at a desk to fulfill her husband's request, but a lump swelled in her throat as the various comments on the baby crowded into her mind. At last she laid down her pen abruptly and tiptoed over to the bed. There lay the baby, wide awake. Regardless of rules, her mother snatched her up and dropped into a rocker.

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THEY WERE BLIND

"Take one last look at baby's beautiful eyes, Chester," said young Mrs. Herrick, as they waited on the station platform for the train. "It's cruel to think that you will not see her again for a whole week, but we must remember all the friends down to Bixby who have never seen her even once."

"That's a fact," Herrick agreed, generously. "You write me every word they say about her, Bessie—especially Uncle Doctor. I bet he'll be astonished to see such a fine, angelic baby." "I know he will. The truth is, one reason I'm so eager to take the baby down there is that she's never had any real appreciation outside of ours. It's no wonder, in a big, selfish city like Chicago, where every one is absorbed in his own affairs. Why, even the grocer's boy acts as if he were doing me a favor when I tell him he may look at her asleep in her basket! I'm just going to revel in seeing father and mother and all the Bixby friends go wild over the little darling. There's the train."

The next morning, arrived at the home of her girlhood, Mrs. Herrick waited in a flutter of anticipation, while her own mother cuddled the wonderful baby. "You haven't once said how pretty she is, mother," she complained at last.

The grandmother smiled. "You see, my babies all had dark hair and a great deal of it right from the start," was her apologetic reply. "She's a nice, healthy little girl, though, dear. Don't you mind?"

"Hello, there!" broke in a boyish voice as Mrs. Herrick's young brother bounced in at the door. "How do, sis? Where's that kid? Gee, but isn't he funny! This is your Uncle Dan, sir."

"What are you thinking of, Dan? Your little niece is a girl." "Oh, it's a girl, I know," sheepishly. "I wasn't thinking for a minute. Wasn't Chester awful disappointed 'cause it wasn't a boy?"

"Of course not! We both wanted a little blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter."

"Call this golden hair?" inquired the baby's grandfather, whimsically, as he bent and stroked the scanty down. "In my day we'd have called that a towhead."

"Tow!" echoed the ruffled little mother. "You ought to see the baby's hair gleam and glint in the sunlight! This house is so shaded with trees that you can't half see her. Here, I'll take her, mother. She's tired and sleepy—little blessing! Do I go to my own old room?"

From her own old room Mrs. Herrick issued that afternoon proudly bearing a freshly dressed baby. On the stairs she stopped to pull down one of the petticoats, so that its fine lace and infinitesimal feather stitching should peep from below the dainty dress.

"Nan Fledging was always so crazy about pretty clothing that she'll appreciate the work on that petticoat," she was thinking, as she hurried down to the parlor, where one of the friends of her recent girlhood was waiting to see her.

"Well, well, Bess!" was Nan's greeting. "Awwfully glad to see you, if you do look like a ghost of yourself. So this is the wonderful infant? Let me get a look at the little tike. Well, I declare! My goodness! Did you ever!"

With that Nan definitely dropped the subject of the baby and began to tell about the course of study in the literary club.

If Nan's call was a disappointment, the visit of the married friend was a tragedy.

"What a mite!" she exclaimed. "I suppose she looks so little to me because my Harold was always so big. And I don't think she's as strong as she ought to be, Bess. At her age, Harold would straighten himself right up. But then, Harold had cut two teeth when he was as old as she is; he's a sort of a prodigy. I can hardly wait for you to see him."

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"Let them be blind if they want to," she whispered to the soft little neck. "Your mother knows that you're the beautifullest, loveliest baby in the world—your nicey-picey, goody-poody, sweetie-tweety!"

After that she felt much better.—Chicago Daily News.

NO RULE TO GUIDE

OFFICIAL TITLES A DIFFICULTY FOR THE UNINITIATED.

Changes Made in the Forms of Addressing the President and Others in High Position—"Congressman" Not Used.

"Should I address him as 'Your Excellency,' as 'Mr. President' or as just 'President'?" "I'm sure I don't know. Just murmur 'President,' and I guess he won't know the difference."

This conversation, overheard at one of the White House receptions, is indicative of the difficulty with titles encountered by visitors to the national capital. Nor is there any printed guide to follow. These things must be learned from well-posted friends, or mistakes will be made.

In ye olden times no one ever thought of addressing the chief executive of the United States less formally than as "Your Excellency," but that expression is now relegated to the list of things that were. "Mr. President" is the correct form, both in speaking and writing. Mr. Roosevelt has even eliminated "The Executive Mansion" as the name of the president's official residence, and his stationery bears the simple inscription: "The White House."

It is not only with the title of the chief executive that the uninitiated find difficulty, for there are many forms to be learned. For instance, cabinet officers are not addressed as "Secretary Root," or "Secretary Garfield," but as "Mr. Secretary." On the other hand, senators are addressed by their titles, as "Senator Lodge," "Senator Hale." A few people prefix "Mr.," saying "Mr. Senator," but it is not considered as necessary, and by some is pronounced an affectation.

Polite usage requires, invariably, the prefix to the titles of members of the supreme court. For instance, one addresses the chief justice as "Mr. Chief Justice," and the associate justices as "Mr. Justice," although in making an introduction one would add the name, as: "Mr. Justice White."

The rule which applies to the president applies also to the vice-president and to foreign ministers, who are addressed as "Mr. Minister," but in the case of ambassadors the form "Your Excellency," is used except where one is reasonably well acquainted, when the simpler "Mr. Ambassador" is adopted, and in every instance one or the other of these terms is used instead of the diplomat's personal title of baron, count, or whatever it may be.

Throughout the government service there are officials who are addressed by their titles with the prefix "Mr.," such as the civil service commissioners, the interstate commerce commissioners, the controller of the treasury, and it is always safe when in doubt to so address a man who holds a public office.

With members of the house the simple "Mr." should be used, and not "Congressman," which is regarded as provincial, despite the fact that President Roosevelt is apt to use that form. There are some members of the lower house of congress who like to be addressed as "Congressman," and it is probably in deference to such preference that the president has adopted that expression. The speaker of the house is always addressed as "Mr. Speaker."

Army and navy circles also present no little confusion because of the conflict between official titles and social usage. For instance, those who know never address socially a lieutenant by his title, despite the fact that he is so designated in the army register, and is so addressed by his brother officer when on official business. He is simply "Mr. Smith," or whatever his name may be, and receives his title in the social world only when he reaches the grade of captain. But, you may object, every one refers to and addresses the leader of the Marine Band as "Lieutenant Santelmann." Very true, and that is because Lieutenant Santelmann is not a commissioned officer. He receives the title by virtue of his position as leader of the Marine Band, which carries with it the rank of lieutenant, and therefore every officer, whether speaking socially or officially, is punctilious to use the title. And so, too, is the same care exercised by every officer, should he have occasion socially to speak to or communicate with an enlisted man of any arm of the military service, to address him by his rank alone, as: "Sergeant," "Corporal," "Private."

Cat with Knowledge of Music.

At a meeting of a Washington short story club the other evening a young woman from the northeast section, whose mind is said to run to innovations, produced from her handbag a roll of manuscript written on the faintest of ebru-tinted paper delicately perfumed with violet, and read her literary offering. It proved to be an account of the wonderful doings of her pet pussy cat, "Sweet Pea," as she had named the animal. She read how she had trained the cat to sing "Auld Lang Syne," "Annie Laurie" and other venerable airs in the high falsetto voice for which the feline family is noted. Then the young woman related how, in the balmy summer nights, in the romantic moonlight, her pet cat would station itself on some neighboring fence and suddenly fill the neighborhood with strains of music instead of the usual caterwauling that is produced by mauling pussy cats and Toms.

REASONING IT OUT

The Girl Won, of Course, But Not by Argument

"My, what a loud one!" whispered Herbert.

They sat up straight and listened for mother's approaching footsteps, but not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.

Gertrude put her head back on Herbert's shoulder.

"Mother didn't hear," she giggled. "It's a wonder," said Herbert. "It sounded like an old cow pulling her foot out of a swamp."

"Louder than that," said Gertrude; "it sounded like Old Bob the hawkman chirping his horse, and when old Bob chirps his horse, you know, you can hear him all over town."

"Yes, I know," said Herbert, "but even so, he doesn't chirp his horse as loud as a cow pulls her foot out of a swamp."

"I'd like to know why not?" "It stands to reason. Of course, Old Bob makes a loud noise when he chirps his horse; we'll all admit that; but when an old cow pulls her foot out of a swamp it just naturally stands to reason that she can make more noise than ever Old Bob could!"

"No, Herbert." "Yes, Gertrude." "No, Herbert." "Yes, Gertrude."

"No." "Yes." "No." "Yes." "Herbert Knight, I just want you to understand that you don't necessarily know it all, even if you have been to college, and I just want to tell you again that if Old Bob was chirping his horse at the same time that the old cow was pulling her foot out of the swamp, why, you just wouldn't be able to hear the old cow—that's all!"

"But, my dear girl—" "Don't you call me your dear girl!" "But, Gertrude! Listen! Listen to reason! I love you dearly, but let the basis of our love be reason! That is the only enduring love! Now, when Old Bob chirps his horse, how does he make the sound. With his lips! Very well, now let us say that Old Bob's mouth is three inches wide. Let us ever say it is four, and that when he chirps he presses his lips together until the surface of contact is four inches by one inch—a total of four square inches. Now, on the other hand, here's the cow—"

"I just don't care! When Old Bob chirps his horse—" "Just one moment, please. Now here's the cow and we'll say that her hoof is three inches in diameter or, say, nine inches in circumference. Let us also say that it is three inches high, so when her foot is in the swamp there is a total contact surface of 27 square inches as against Old Bob's four—"

"That makes no difference. When Old Bob chirps his horse you can—" "Of course it makes a difference. And when you take into consideration the fact that the cow has so much more strength than Bob, and that her foot is of such shape that it lends itself most peculiarly and particularly to the production of a loud, chirping sound, why, then, my dear—" "Don't you call me your dear!" "But, Gertrude, your stand is so ridiculous!"

She looked at him with a face like ice.

"For the last time," she coldly cried, "I say that it sounded like Old Bob when he chirps his horse!"

He gazed back at her like a man who is being sorely tried, but who will die for his convictions.

"And I say," he as coldly answered, "that it sounded like an old cow pulling her foot out of a swamp."

"I warn you now!" she cautioned him, and with the air of one who fires a last shot over an enemy's bow she exclaimed: "Old Bob!"

"I cannot help it!" he decisively answered, and with the aspect of a man nailing his colors to the mast he clenched his teeth and returned: "Old cow!"

"Old Bob!" she cried. "Old cow!" he firmly responded.

"Old Bob!" "Old cow!" "Bob!" "Cow!" "Bob!" "Cow!"

She slowly took off his ring and slowly gave it to him, averting her head suddenly and sobbing: "G-g-go! G-g-go! I can never be yours!"

"But, my dear girl! Gertrude! My love! Listen to me! You must listen to me!"

"I want you to g-g-go away," she sobbed. "We could never be h-happy together and I want you to g-g-go!"

"But, Gertrude—couldn't you see that I was—that I was only joking?" She lifted her tearful face from her handkerchief.

"Couldn't you see how absurd my arguments were?" he cried. "Why, of course Old Bob chirps to his horse louder than an old cow pulls her foot out of a swamp! Of course he does!" He took her hand, solemnly replaced his ring, pressed her to him and as he gave her another loud one she closed her eyes in ecstasy and murmured to herself over and over again:

"O, I can twist him around my little finger! O, I can twist him around my little finger!"

Bronson—What makes you think we will have an open winter? Woodson—My wife has just purchased an expensive set of furs.—Judge.